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The Turner Films, Ltd.]

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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



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PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1915.

New Series, No. 85.



"UNDER THE RED ROBE."

Owen Roughwood (Gil de Berault) and Dorothy Drake (Renée de Cocheforet) in the Clarendon version of Stanley J. Weyman's great novel. The film is a coming Gaumont Exclusive.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

MANY readers have asked us when *The Juggernaut* (the big Vitagraph drama) is to be released. In January as a Gaumont Exclusive.

"A Select Circle confined to people who have not seen Charlie" has been formed. The members, says the *Cinema*, now number four. Who can they be?

A Child's Prayer:—"Bless father and mother and King and Queen, and all our brave soldiers and sailors who are fighting for us, especially Charlie Chaplin."—*Daily Sketch*.

We hear that *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* which B. and C. have made for the Ideal is a winner. The old-time cab, as compared with the modern taxi, was slow, but it's the "Mystery" of course which has done the trick.

Constance Collier, the well-known actress, is said to be going out to California for film work. We have read also that Sir Herbert Tree is going to appear before the cinema camera in America. It's a long, long way to—England!

Writes a reader:—"I looked in at a cinema and found a funeral procession passing on the screen. The lady-pianist was playing 'We all go the same way home!' Quite time she went, anyway."

"Up to the present no comedian has succeeded in establishing popularity both on the balls and in the pictures, says the *Bioscope*, but Billy Merson may be the first to accomplish the task." The man in possession—so to speak.

Alexander Dumas wrote *The Three Musketeers*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and a lot of other books. Alexander was some writer, believe us! On a bet, he wrote an entire volume in a week which is even more rapid work than that accomplished by photoplay writers.

Our memory reverts back to the film, when some brave and beautiful girl ran forward, every time an accident happened, and, tearing her white petticoat into strips, made a tourniquet for the victim. Now we don't suppose she'd have anything tearable about her person except a handkerchief and a powder-rag!

"Within a few years from now large numbers of British men and women will be earning good incomes by writing for the pictures, and the output of films produced by British brains and enterprise (says Leonard Williams in the *Daily Mail*) will have grown to some hundreds of times its present figure." Perhaps!

Chang's Rest-Cure.

"CHANG," the valuable orang-outang, who made himself ill the other week, was dying for three solid days. During his last moments some of Selig's pretty actresses were called in to tempt him with costly delicacies. The miracle worked, and the animal is now him-

self again. "Chang" is as artful as a wagon-load of human beings, and we wonder if he ever was ill.

Hidden Talent.

THE following letter was received by the Famous Players Company:—"I am desirous of becoming a Picture Actor, and am writing to enquire whether you would be prepared to engage me. I should prefer to be a Dramatic Actor, because I imagine I could act better as a Dramatist than as a Comedian. I am at present with a local firm of Auctioneers, having only left school last August, but should prefer to be an Actor, as I have had an ambition to become one ever since I thought of starting in business, and feel sure that with about three weeks training, I should be able to do anything that was required of me. I am 15 years of age, stand 6 feet in height, so with a little disguise, would make a good actor."



FUN ON THE FILM.

"Who's yo' in mourning fo'?"
"Why, de wife of de gen'man what gave me dis overcoat."

(A Cartoon by Henry Mayer for Universal Films.)

"Carried Away."

BECAUSE Fay Tincher, the Komic comedian, became excited during the staging of a scene in *Unwinding It* it cost her \$1. This amount was used in restoring a piece of statuary borrowed for the occasion. The scene was being enacted in an artist's studio, and in her excitement the cane she was wielding became unmanageable and knocked the statue from its pedestal. Fay likes to make a "hit" in every scene, but she does not want the cane again when statues are around.

A Moving Picture Miracle.

WE understand that Billie Ritchie has received a tribute to his wonderful fun-making powers that is without parallel in the whole history of the stage. When the L-KO comedy, *The Fatal Note*, was being presented at the Palace, Aintree, near Liverpool, Billie Ritchie's funny antics so convulsed the audience that Corporal Robert Beck who had been invalided home from the war as a deaf mute, suddenly recovered his powers of speech, and burst into a peal of hearty laughter.

Not only was he able to laugh, but he can now talk and hear as well as ever before, so that the cure wrought by Billie is little short of miraculous.

Comedy Serial Coming.

SINCE the time when Mr. Selig first inaugurated the film serial with *The Adventures of Kathlyn* the moving-picture market has witnessed a deluge of "perils," "adventures," and "episodes." Yet it has remained for the house of Selig to introduce another idea in filmland. It is not what might be termed a "serial" this time, but a series of twelve comedies, each in two parts, complete in itself. This series, which will be issued under the title of *The Chronicles of Bloom Center*, will be crowded with good, healthy humour. There will be no "slap-stick" comedy and no vulgarity, but there will be plenty of logically humorous situations guaranteed to incite unaffected laughter.

In Love with California.

FANNY WARD, who will be seen later in *The Marriage of Kitty*, a Lasky production, has fallen in love with California. "It was, in a way, very difficult for the first few days," she says. "I was nervous of course, because I realised I knew nothing about picture work. I am all right now though. Will you believe that I really can't sleep after seven o'clock in the morning, wide awake and just glad to get up? Twelve o'clock is my New York hour. I don't know when I have taken such a fancy to any place in my life. Any one who doesn't like Los Angeles must have something wrong with him, there's a screw loose somewhere. Yes, I am willing to sell my English homes."

A Cure for the Screen Struck.

A GIRL who worried the producer of the episodes of Kalem's *Hazards of Helen* Railroad Series for a month, in her effort to land a position as an actress, has been cured of her yearning for a photoplay career. To get rid of her the producer invited the young lady to accompany the players who were about to work in the climax of *Nerves of Steel*, a forthcoming episode. The guest saw Helen drop from a boom-hook to the tender of a speeding train, heard the producer explain that she would have to perform similar stunts if he engaged her—and took the first train home!

Talking of Feet!

THE following is a new and true story of Charlie Chaplin. During a lull in the production of a film several of his pals chaffed him about his unique pedal extremities, which they compared to tramears, gunboats, and other colossal apparatus. Charlie pretended to be offended, and strolled away. A few minutes later he came back apparently thrilling with horror and excitement. "Talking of feet," he gasped, "I-I-I've just seen a man drop two hundred feet into the square outside!" "What?" ejaculated his listeners, starting to their feet with blanched faces. "How shocking!" "Of course, the poor fellow's killed?" "No," replied Charlie, nonchalantly twirling his cane; "you see, he dropped two hundred feet—of film!"

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **MODERN TRENCH WARFARE:** Discharging an aerial torpedo.
2. **BELGIANS' CONSUMPTIVES SANATORIUM:** A revolving hut used by the Wounded Allies Relief Committee.
3. **"THE MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE":** Enthusiastic reception at his Scottish home, and presentation to Corporal Angus, V.C., who saved the life of Lieutenant Martin.
4. **"MISTRESS OF THE PACK":** Exercising foxhounds in preparation for the coming season.
5. **MR. BOTTOMLEY** uses his powers of persuasion on behalf of the 2nd London Regiment.
6. **MILITARY ATTACHES** of neutral nations at the Front.

Eighteen Thousand Actors

IN A MIGHTY FILM SPECTACLE. "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"
TO BE PRESENTED IN LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME.

IN *The Birth of a Nation* David W. Griffith, America's greatest cinema producer, has given us a motion picture spectacle that is unsurpassed and seemingly unsurpassable. The creation of an artist and master technician, it is bound to create a tremendous sensation wherever the picture is shown.

The play deals with the long struggle between North and South America, treating it in a thoroughly original manner, yet with an accuracy that is positively amazing. It gives a lucid and vivid explanation and description of the Civil War, and shows, after a terrible period of travail and bloodshed, the ultimate birth of the nation—the nation that has given us David W. Griffith, and through him so many photographic and dramatic effects seen on the motion picture screen to-day.

In spite of the stupendous theme, the story is so ingeniously constructed that in it evolve a little knot of love stories as well as the personal histories of some of America's greatest men. In a combination of adventure, romance, tragedy, comedy, and spectacle we gradually and eventually witness the birth of a nation—the light which followed the darkness, the joy which came after pain.

With *The Clansman*, an historical novel by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, as foundation, D. W. Griffith built up this mighty spectacle, a drama so vast in conception that it is entirely without parallel in any branch of Art.

The Story of the Picture.

A cargo of African slaves landed in North America was the first cause of the troubles which preceded the birth of a great nation. The South declared it would secede if in 1860 a Republican President was elected. That President, Abraham Lincoln, issued a call for 75,000 volunteers. For the first time in American annals he used the Federal power to subdue the sovereignty of individual states.

The story begins in Pennsylvania, where the Stoneman boys had been guests at Piedmont, S.C., of their boarding-school chums, the Cameron boys. Phil Stoneman and Margaret Cameron, "fair as a flower," had looked, longed, and loved. Ben Cameron had never met Elsie Stoneman, yet the portrait of her which he had pilfered from her brother Phil seemed just the dearest, sweetest thing in all the world—Elsie was the girl of Ben's dreams. The younger lads of the two families simply romped together. Two of the most charming and lovable of all the Cameron clan were the Doctor and Mrs. Cameron's youngest daughter, Flora.

Immediately upon the outbreak of war Phil and Tod Stoneman were summoned to fight for the Stars and Stripes, whilst Ben Cameron and his two younger brothers were to fight for the Stars and Bars. The years dragged wearily along,



MAE MARSH, as Flora, the "little pet sister," whose leap from a rocky height to a tragic death shows well the strength and daring of this clever actress.



HENRY WALTHALL, as Ben Cameron, the "Little Colonel." The leading character, it is, of course, made much of by this fine actor.

full of conflict, and strife, and bloodshed Piedmont gaily entered the struggle but ruin and devastation followed, the town getting a foretaste of plunder and pillage in the raid of a mixed body of white and coloured guerillas.

Then Fortune began to favour the Union cause. Southern wealth and resources were burned or commandeered by Sherman on his march to the coast. Of the Cameron lads, two perished in battle, and one of them face to face with his dying chum Tod. Grant was pressing the Confederacy in the famous campaign around Petersburg. Just when Confederate supplies were running low a provision train was cut off, and Ben Cameron, now known as the "Little Colonel," was called upon by General Lee to lead a counter-attack, divert the enemy, and aid in the rescue of the train. Here we see the panorama of a huge battlefield stretching over miles of hills, plain, and valley. Colonel Cameron and his men formed for the advance and charged over broken ground, the grim harvest of Death sweeping most of them away. Then came a bayonet-rush of the faithful few right up to the trenches and a frightful hand-grapple with the enemy. Cameron, the sole survivor, gained the crest of the Federal works, but fell wounded into the arms of Captain Phil Stoneman, U.S.A., his one-time bosom friend.

Prisoner in a Washington hospital, Ben Cameron slowly recovered from his wounds, to meet Elsie Stoneman, the original of the daguerrotype he had treasured so long, who appeared in the rôle of volunteer nurse. Elsie met Ben's mother at the hospital, and both women later paid a visit to Abraham Lincoln to beg him to clear the "Little Colonel" of an odious charge. The President readily agreed, and handed Mrs. Cameron her son's papers of release.

To Austin Stoneman, who was Elsie's father, and leader of Congress, it seemed that Lincoln was adopting measures with the prostrate South that were ridiculously mild. "I shall treat them as if they had never been away," was Lincoln's gentle reply to Stoneman's demand that the leaders be hanged and measures of reprisal adopted. Stoneman, in his anger, determined to establish the complete political, social, and domestic equality of the negroes, and already he was training a half-caste protégé—one Silas Lynch—to go South as "leader of his people."

The war ended with the encirclement of the Southern Army, and then there ensued a terrible tragedy—the assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, in the crowded scene of a festival performance at Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14th, 1865. The South felt, and quite rightly too, that it had lost its best friend.

A few years later the climax w.



THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, as played by Joseph Hembrey.

reached. Austin Stoneman, now supreme, through the Congressional power of overriding President Johnson's veto, went South to supervise his "Equality" programme. He was accompanied by his children, Elsie and Phil, and upon arrival in Piedmont they took a house next door to the Camerons. There Elsie became engaged to the gallant little Confederate Colonel, Ben Cameron, but Phil was not successful in his attempts to woo his old sweetheart Margaret, upon whom the shadows of war hung too heavily.

The Crusaders.

Meanwhile the reign of the "carpet-baggers" commenced. The ensuing State Election was won by the so-called "Union League," Silas Lynch, the half-caste, was selected Lieutenant-Governor. A Legislature, with "carpet-bag" and negro members in overwhelming majority, looted the State. Everything was in disorder, and lawlessness ran riot. Whites were knocked down in the street, overawed at the polls, and robbed everywhere. As a last resource Ben Cameron determined to lead the white men of the country in organising the "invisible empire" of the Ku Klux Klan. Faithful and devoted women of the South spent their days and nights behind locked doors making the white, ghost-like costumes of these crusaders.

Over this new development Austin Stoneman boiled with rage, and Lynch's spies were sent out. They returned with evidence that garments were being made by the Camerons, and that Ben Cameron was night-riding. Stoneman desired Elsie to disavow her "traitorous" lover, and she, surprised and hurt that Ben was employed in such work, gave him back his troth.

About this time little Flora Cameron, the delight of the Cameron home, was sought after by the renegade family servant Gus, who had joined forces with the Militiamen and become one of Lynch's crew. Time and again Flora had been warned by her parents and brothers never to go unaccompanied into the woods hard by the cliff called

Lovers' Leap. Little heeding the admonition, she took her bucket one day and started off to the spring. She was followed by Gus, the renegade. Frightened by his approach, she broke into a run. Gus raced after her. Ben Cameron, hearing that she had gone into the woods alone, hastened forth and made a third person in the chase. In desperation the little girl tore this way and that, dodging her cruel pursuer until, almost cornered, she climbed to the jutting edge of Lovers' Leap, from which, as Gus approached nearer, she leaped to certain death. Ben Cameron discovered the dying child a few minutes later, and a heartrending scene took place when he reached home with his sister's body in his arms.

Sweet Flora's Death Avenged.

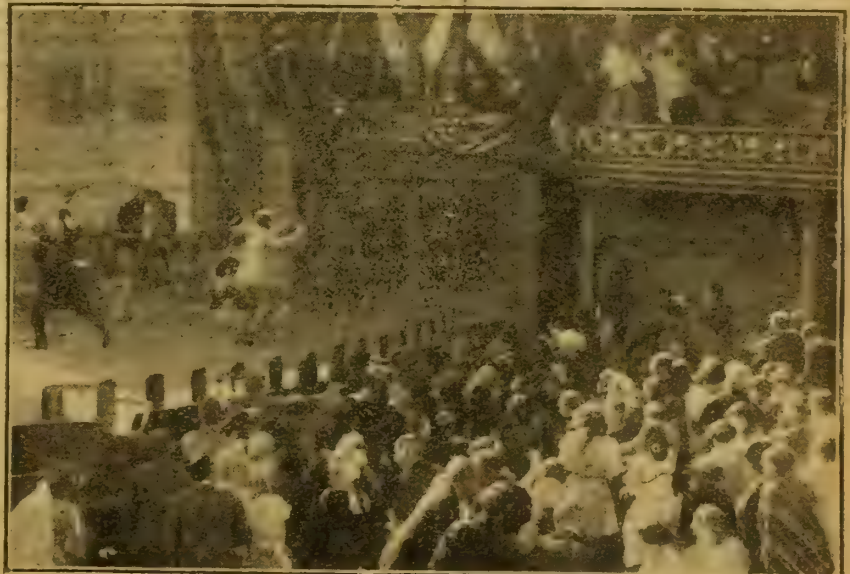
Gus escaped at the time, but was afterwards captured, tried, and found

guilty. The Ku Klux Klan then sent a messenger to the Titan of the adjoining county asking for reinforcement to overawe the carpet-baggers and negroes.

The next outrage upon the cruelly-tried Cameron family was the arrest of Dr. Cameron for having harboured the claspmen. As the soldiers were parading him to jail, Phil Stoneman, now thoroughly in sympathy with the Southerners, assisted in the organisation of a rescue-party. They beat down the Militia, enabling the Doctor and his wife Margaret, Phil, and the faithful servants to get away to the country, where they found refuge and kindly hospitality in the log cabin of some Union veterans.

In the meantime Elsie Stoneman, in the absence of her father, went to see Lieutenant-Governor Lynch on behalf of her brother and the Camerons. But, instead of helping the daughter of his "friend," Lynch seized the opportunity of declaring "love" for the beautiful girl, saying he would make her the white queen of his empire. In view of her rebuffs he ordered a negro Chaplain to be sent for to perform a forced marriage. At this crucial moment news was received of Stoneman's return to the town, whereupon Lynch went out to tell him that he intended to marry his daughter Elsie. Thus Stoneman, the "social equaliser," the theoretical upholder of the inter-marriage of blacks and whites, found all his theories upset by the simple personal event. But, rage and storm as he did, Stoneman was also altogether helpless. There was but one hope anywhere—the courageous and chivalric host of Ku Klux riding for dear life Piedmont-ward.

At their head rode Ben Cameron, the "Little Colonel." They were armed to the hilt, and pledged to victory or death. As they dashed into the town their guns mowed down the militia troops opposing them. The Lynch mansion was taken, and Ben and his men burst into the



The remarkable scene (from the film) in the Ford Theatre, Washington, showing the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, in a private box, by Wilkes Booth, an actor, on April 14th, 1865

room and freed the Stonemans; Ben taking the grateful Elsie in his arms. But there was other work to do. Hastily a party of the clansmen remounted and, making for the log cabin where the Camerons were in hiding, arrived there to find the little party at their last gasp, surrounded by the Militia-raiders, who were succeeding in forcing the door. Suddenly the crack! crack! crack! of the Ku Klux rifles announced rescue and safety. The surprise attack routed the raiders completely, and the men and women of the party hugged and kissed their deliverers.

That is pretty well the end of the story. To Ben and Elsie, and to Phil and Margaret, the sequel was a delightful double honeymoon by the sea. To the people of America the outcome of four years of strife and bloodshed was the birth of a new nation. Lincoln's desire to restore the negroes to their African home was never carried out. The new nation, the real United States, as the years drifted by, turned away for ever from the lust of war and began to look forward to the day when the brotherhood of love should bind all nations together.

D. W. Griffith is a genius who makes and unmakes at will the emotions of the public. In this masterpiece of his there is scarcely a human emotion that is not held up to the light of human criticism and sympathy—from the ambition of a great statesman for his country down to the wiliness of a self-seeking mulatto woman; from the desperate horror of a million men fighting for conviction's sake upon a battlefield red with the blood of slain to the *joie de*



"DR. AND MRS. CAMERON," two rôles beautifully portrayed by Spottiswoode Aiken and Josephine Crowell.

vivre of a loving and beloved little girl. We are introduced to every conceivable sphere of life and to every possible class and type of American men and women. Scenes change with the velocity of lightning; one moment the scene extends over miles of battlefield and myriads of sprawling, crouching human forms, the next we see only a face—the face of a young girl with tears in her eye and on her cheek—and we are absorbed in personal emotion.

It's Wonderful Fascination.

The variety and the minuteness of detail in this play are no less wonderful than the uniformity and compactness of the plot. We have seen numberless photo-plays unrolled—films of every kind and condition of charm and interest; but none quite so fascinating as *The Birth of a Nation*, which held us mute and spellbound for a period of something like three hours.

Its two acts contain twelve thousand feet of film, but it has been estimated that more than one hundred thousand feet of negative film was exposed and developed in the making of the picture, which cost £100,000 and took eight months to produce. No fewer than eighteen thousand people and three thousand horses were employed in its production, and a city extending over sixteen miles was built solely for the enacting of the story. Quite one of the most extraordinary things about this remarkable picture is the fact that the faces of all the central figures were copied from photographs of the originals. In the case of Abraham Lincoln no less than twenty men were tried before that famous President could be faithfully impersonated.

An expensive set was the Ford Theatre, Washington, for the assassination of the President. The interior was made to appear the same as on the night of April 14th, 1865, when Laura Keane played in *Our American Cousin*. This scene, which is screened in a few minutes, required two whole days of rehearsing for several hundred people before the camera was used. As an instance, too, of the extraordinary attention to detail paid by the

players, Ralph Lewis, who enacted the rôle of Austin Stoneman, the great commoner and noted Southerner, wore a shoe with a three-inch sole for two months before appearing before the camera, to make it possible for him to appear as a cripple. After finishing the part it required another two months to get his strained muscles normal again.

The Sensation of the Season.

For some months past *The Birth of a Nation* has been entertaining packed, first-class audiences in America at full dramatic prices, and was proclaimed by Press and Public the sensation of the season. We cull the following lines from long criticisms in leading American papers:—"Mr. Griffith comes pretty near working a miracle. . . . As if by the waving of some magician's wand, the great scenes are nurlled before us. . . . In the short space of three hours the audience sees, hears, and feels a period of fifteen years. . . . It lifts you out of your seat and thrills you as the speaking-stage never did and never will. . . . The whole thing was fascinating, yes, terrible beyond belief, because you saw, as the angels looking down from heaven must have seen, all of the causes that led to the Civil War, the bloody struggle in which brother fought brother. . . . It will make you laugh. It will make you cry. It will make you angry. It will make you glad. It will make you hate. It will make you love. It is not only worth riding miles to see, but it is worth walking miles to see."

And so we think. And so you will find it by visiting the Scala Theatre, London, where *The Birth of a Nation* will be shown twice daily from September 27th onwards.



MIRIAM COOPER AS MARGARET CAMERON.



LILLIAN GISH AS ELSIE STONEMAN.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS, a very popular Edison player. He likes comedy best, but is equally successful in drama. (See page 17.)



BLANCHE SWEET, a new star in Jesse L. Lasky films. She made her *début* for that company in *The Warrens of Virginia* recently. (See page 8.)



ETHYL COOKE, who appears in Thanhouser films. She is the wife of Harry Benham, and mother of Leland Benham, both also Thanhouser players.



FRED PAUL, the English actor who made such a hit in *A Study in Scarlet*, a Samuelson film, for which company he has lately been producing.

A SWEET HALF-HOUR

"PICTURES" INTERVIEWS BLANCHE SWEET, THE LASKY STAR

"YOU don't mind me getting on with the make-up, do you?" asked my victim with a charming smile when, preliminaries over, I had taken a chair by her dressing-table for a quiet chat. I assured her that I did not, and inwardly blessed Fate and a good chauffeur for getting me to the studios in time to become a spectator of so important an event. It was an opportunity I wouldn't have missed for the world.

I believe I hinted at something of the kind to Blanche Sweet, for I distinctly remember that there was a little pink blush on her cheeks when she made me familiar with a box of delicious chocolates and begged me to feel at home.

"I can scarcely help feeling that," I said, "when you give me so kind a reception. In fact, you make me so much at home that I am almost forgetting I have come to you on business."

She opened her eyes in mock distress. "Oh, dear! how very formidable that sounds!"

I laughed.

"Yes," I assured her; "I come as deputy for the British public, and I know you will—"

"Just how many pages am I to fill?" she interrupted, gazing at the note-book in my hand. There was a wicked little light in her eyes that was quite irresistible; and we laughed together.

"I am sure there must be lots to tell me about yourself!" I pleaded.

"No, there really isn't much that's interesting," she corrected, modestly; "but at any rate I'll fire away or you will be getting impatient."

She gave her chair a businesslike little jerk, and looked seriously into the glass.

"My first theatrical appearance I remember very vividly," she began. "I had gone to New York with my mother, and was seeking a position on the stage. We had a letter to Thomas Wise, who was then about to star in *A Gentleman from Mississippi*. Mother did my hair up and let me put on my first long dress, and sent me to see him. After a talk—this was at the theatre—he sent me to see William A. Brady, the producer, who was standing in the wings. Mr. Brady looked at me, and then called to Mr. Wise that he could not use me. Mr. Wise asked the reason, and Brady said, 'How can I use a leading woman who is not old enough to have all her teeth yet?'"

"It was true. I was just getting my second crop of teeth, and had a big vacant space in the centre of the upper row!"

"Shortly after that I went to the biograph and got a job as extra girl in the pictures. Nearly every one was an extra then, and no one received more



than a pound a day. Mary Pickford was there, Florence Lawrence, and a number of others. The first picture I appeared in was *A Corner in Wheat*, and then I was far,

far in the background. At that time one was a leading woman one day and an extra the next. The first picture I played lead in was *The Long Road*. I think it was Miss Pickford's turn to hold up the back wall that day."

"You came into prominence as *Little Blanche*?" I queried.

"Yes," the fair-haired star admitted; "but for some time I was not properly 'on' the stage. I varied my career with intermittent periods of study. I would get tired of the pictures or the stage—I was principal dancer with Gertrude Hoffman for quite a while—and then fly to California for a few months at school. When I became tired of study I would go back to work."

"Quite an ideal arrangement," I broke in, with enthusiasm. "You have really had a most interesting life."

"I don't know," She shrugged her shoulders. "I have never had to take any daredevil chances as lots of us do. And I never played heavies either"—after a brief mental review—"I suppose because I am a blonde. No blonde can look like a villainess. I have always been the heroine or the fair-haired c-h-e-i-l-d, whichever it chanced to be."

"And your favourite rôle?" I put it.

"Ah, my favourite rôle—that was *Judith of Bethulia*. But I loved my part in *Home, Sweet Home*, and in *The Accusing Conscience* too. In fact I love all my rôles, and live through them so earnestly that often I imagine myself to be some one else when the day is done. After acting in *Stolen Goods* I remained for some little time under the impression that I was a Red-Cross nurse!"

"Should you like to be one?" I asked.

"I should. But I have just fixed up a contract with the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, and am working hard in the new series of Lasky-Belasco productions now being staged for the screen. They are all well-known dramas," she explained, "and I make my first appearance in *The Woman, Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, and *The Warrens of Virginia*."

"And is it true," I ventured, "about the record-breaking salary?"

She admitted that it was.

"Really it is delightful, and I am perfectly happy at the Lasky studio. Every one, from Mr. Lasky down, is trying to turn out the best in moving pictures, and one feels inspired. I had a little fear when I first went there, because I had been accustomed to the same director for so long, and many directors are noisy and excitable—frighten one out of one's wits. The first time I saw Cecil B. De Mille (the Lasky director) I thought he was that way, but he is as quiet and considerate as one could wish. He gets the best work out of his cast, too. Everything is done just the way he wants it, but without any fuss



BLANCHE SWEET: a characteristic pose.



BELGIANS AND FRENCH LEAVE THE BURNING CITY: Blanche Sweet as a Red Cross Nurse in *Stolen Goods*, a coming film.

Even in the big battle-scenes of *The Warrens of Virginia* he was not a bit flustered."

Miss Sweet paused a moment as she threw back her head to view her make-up in the mirror, and I noted that, although slim, she had the true athletic figure of the American woman.

"Are you fond of sports?" I asked, a little irrelevantly, perhaps.

"Indeed I am," came the ready reply. "I go to all kinds of sports. That is, I

intend to go in for all kinds, but I never seem to have the time. I am driving my own car now. I have an owner's and a driver's licence. I'll never forget the day I went down to get my driver's licence. I wanted to drive up to the place in such a grand manner they would come out and beg me to accept a licence with their compliments. Naturally I was nervous, and nearly wrecked a couple of telegraph-poles before I finally managed to stop in front of the place. 'I am all right now.'

I happened to note a surreptitious glance at the watch on milady's wrist, and suspected that I was hindering work.

"I would like to ask you one more question, Miss Sweet," I said as I rose to go, "Are you married or not?"

She looked at me with just the least suspicion of coyness in her bright, laughing eyes, "I am only eighteen, remember!"

M. OWSTON-BOOTH.

"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 6. OUR NEW PIANIST.

WHEN Reggio Brown first appeared in our town

He shone with the blaze of a comet;
And the ladies declared when his playing they heard,

That he hadn't an equal—far from it!
He would skilfully play half the night and the day

Pyrotechnic festoons of arpeggios;
And our manager said he would wager his head

There *never* was music like Reggio's.

But one night there came here a new lady-cashier,

Who resided at Tooting, near London;
And poor Reggio fell to her magical spell,
So much so that his genius was undone.
His absurdly sad eyes to the screen wouldn't rise

(Proving clearly how Cupid can harm us),
His attention would flee from the best comedy,

And he never looked once at the dramas.

It was awkward because the result of it was
His music lost all application;

For a *chanson d'amour* becomes rather a bore
In a scene of acute animation.

Any critic could tell—or a novice as well,
Or a schoolboy without much acumen—
There is something quite wrong with the pianist's song
When he helps out a comic with Schumann.

Or supposing we'd one, say a film of a Hun
Executing a babe with a sabre;

Well, it's not *a propos*—to the point, don't you know—

To be tinkling the
"Last Waltz" of
Weber.

Thus she wielded
fell sway, though
no person could
say

How our patrons so
mildly endured
him;

Till the manager
said: "You must
both get you wed!"
And the consequence
was—well, it cured
him!"

"BRIAN."

THERE NEVER WAS MUSIC
LIKE REGGIO'S



How to Write a Picture Play.

BY A SCENARIO EDITOR. PART III.

IT now only remains to discover the most suitable form in which to write the scenario, so that it may be easily dealt with, first by the scenario editor and afterwards by the producer.

The scenario editor of a big firm of cinematographers as a rule puts on one side all scripts which are not typewritten. However good a handwriting may be, it is more difficult to glance rapidly over than typewriting—and the editor's first glance is nearly always a rapid one. He gets so used to reading plots that it only requires a hasty survey to show him whether a scenario is worth considering more carefully or not. Always have your scripts typewritten, then—of course on one side of the paper only, and on paper without lines. This last item only refers to those authors who do their own typing; professional typewriting offices invariably use unruled paper.

It is usual (at any rate in this country) to send a letter with a script; but such letter must be as short and concise as you can make it. The following is an example of all that is necessary:—

"To the Scenario Editor,

"Messrs. Movies, Ltd.

"Dear Sir—I enclose herewith for your consideration scenario of a three-reel drama entitled 'The Path of Duty.'

"Yours faithfully,
"_____"

If you wish to state a particular price for your work, put the figure on the front page of the script, not in the covering letter.

Write your name and full address on the first and last pages of your scenario (the first page occasionally gets torn off and mislaid) and bind it together with a good paper fastener of the correct size—the "push through and bend over" type are as useful as any.

Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope of the right size and shape to receive your script without any additional folding, and fix your scenario envelope and covering letter temporarily together with a bent-steel-wire clip (cost about 6d. a gross).

It is the "set-out" of a manuscript which most concerns the production department, and naturally what is right for the producer is also right for the editor. The best way is to begin with the title-page, containing the name of the film, its type (drama, comedy, &c.), its approximate length in reels (each reel averages 1,000ft. of film), and the name and address of the author.

Follow the title-page by a *synopsis* of the story—i.e., tell the editor the whole plot in as few words as possible, but don't on any account miss out any details. Don't say, for example, "Burglar Bill manages to escape by a clever ruse. . . ." It is absolutely essential to explain that clever ruse.

After the synopsis comes the cast of characters, with very brief particulars about each of the principals.

The *scene-plot* next claims attention. This is merely a full list of scene-settings, or locations, with the numbers as they appear in the scenario. Example:—

Mr. Brown's Study	Scenes 1, 14, 22
Passage	4, 19
Ballroom	2, 6, 9, 17
&c. &c.	

There should be two lists of scenes, one for "interiors," i.e., scenes which are photographed in the studio—and one for "exteriors," or outdoor scenes.

The "body" of the scenario is now all that remains, and this, of course, consists of full details (without dialogue) of the action which takes place in each and every scene. The scenes should be numbered consecutively from the beginning to the end of the scenario; should it be a two or three reel film, don't begin renumbering at the commencement of the second and third reels.

It is the fashion just now to type scripts on small sheets of paper, roughly half-quarto size, and to put only one scene on each page. Of course this method is rather extravagant in the amount of paper it uses, but it has many advantages from the producer's point of view.

Above all, remember to do everything in connection with your scenario *thoroughly*. The old saying is a very true one—"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

THE END.

TUNES AND THEIR PLAYERS.

Drawn by
Fred Adlington.



A WOMAN WITH A PAST

Adapted from the Nordisk Film by CLAUDE WILSON.

"BY Jove! what a charming girl!" muttered Philip de Gardieu, as, passing through the entrance-hall of the hotel, his eye fell upon Helen Montel. "Must try and meet her again," he mused, little dreaming, as he strode through the door into the street that his wish was about to be gratified in a very different way from the one he imagined.

Just then, however, Helen Montel felt very far from charming. Having been left an orphan at an early age, she had fallen into the hands of a gang of "crooks," and incidentally into the power of their chief, a man named Raoul, under whose direction and in whose company she was staying in the hotel at that moment.

"Oh! if only I could get out of his clutches," she thought, "and start all over again!" Accompanying Raoul to his room, Helen soon learned what was to be her "part" in the night's programme.

"Now I hope you understand exactly what you have to do," concluded Raoul, looking the girl squarely in the face. "I want no blundering, remember, and I don't feel disposed to run through it all again."

"I quite understand," she falteringly replied.

"Good! then the sooner you get to work the better."

Helen quietly left the room without further argument. Passing stealthily along the corridor, she paused outside the door of Philip de Gardieu's room, and peering fearfully round to make certain that she was unobserved, quickly turned the handle and entered.

Her search for "booty," however, was of short duration, for Philip, feigning sleep from the moment he heard the door open, and noticing the mission upon which his fair intruder was engaged, sprang out of bed and seized hold of her. Helen at once drew her small revolver, but before she could attempt to make any use of it he had overpowered her and sent the weapon crashing to the floor.

Upon recognising the girl he uttered a cry of surprise.

"What! What do you want here?" he asked inquiringly, in low and even tones. "Surely you have made a mistake—wrong room, or something like that, perhaps; or—er—"

"No! There's no mistake," cried the girl defiantly. "I am a thief, and it is in that capacity that I am here in your room to-night. But you don't understand! How could you? It is not my fault, I assure you. I—I!—oh, for God's sake, save me from him! It is he that compels me to assist him in all his foul work and undertakings; and I cannot help it."

And, throwing herself down upon the bed, she sobbed out to Philip the whole of her miserable life-story, telling him



HELEN QUIETLY LEFT THE ROOM.

how she had got mixed up with the gang and of the evil influence that Raoul had exerted over her.

Philip listened to her in silence. Then, overwhelmed with an uncontrollable desire to avenge his poor and unfortunate acquaintance, he rushed straight into Raoul's bedroom.

Opening the door unnoticed, he tackled the "crook" from behind, and, picking up the revolver which Raoul had dropped during the struggle, forced a confession from him.

"You miserable hound!" he cried, still covering Raoul with the revolver, "you have only Providence to thank that I do not hand you over to the police immediately. It is only out of consideration for this young girl that I spare you from the punishment you so richly deserve."

Next morning Philip took charge of Helen. He placed her under the care of his sister, believing that time and environment would restore the girl once more to her proper position in life.

Within six months Philip had fallen a hopeless victim to Helen's charms, and,

pleading his cause without delay, obtained her willing consent to their marriage.

On their return from the church after the ceremony they encountered Raoul, who, having read the marriage announcement in the papers, had determined to seek his revenge. Climbing the verandah of Philip's house, and locating Helen's boudoir, he forced the windows and entered the room. In an instant his hands were about her throat, and he would have strangled her had not her screams attracted Philip's attention. Rushing into the room, Philip threw aside the intruder, but while he attended to his half-fainting bride Raoul had made good his escape.

Some weeks later, Philip, acceding to the request of the "Deputation Committee" which visited him, agreed to represent his party at the forthcoming election. Opposing a Mr. Barfoot, a man much disliked on account of his most erratic ways, Philip felt no uneasiness with regard to the ultimate issue of the "poll."

With Barfoot, however, the news of "opposition" came as a great shock.

"I can't afford to risk opposition at a time like this!" he cried, cursing and stamping up and down his study.

"A Mr. Raoul to see you, sir," announced the small page. "In connection with the election I think, sir."

"Raoul! Raoul! I don't know the fellow. Still, show him up."

"Good evening, Mr. Raoul," began Barfoot, suavely, as the latter entered the room. "Something to do with the election, I think?"

"Yes," returned Raoul, obscurely. "It has something to do with the election right enough. How much is it worth to you to be returned unopposed, to have a clear field without opposition?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand what you are driving at. You mean—"

"I mean that I can give you a strong weapon to use against Philip de Gardieu, if you care to pay the price. His wife is an ex-criminal. I can prove it."

In a flash Barfoot realised the strength and possibilities of the situation.

"Your own terms," he agreed readily, "when our object is finally accomplished."

"Good! One thousand pounds to start with, say, and another instalment at the finish. Is that agreeable?"

"Quite."

Then Raoul disclosed to his new confederate the whole story.

"Go," he added in conclusion, "and see de Gardieu at once. I fancy he will be only too anxious to withdraw from the candidature when he learns how much you know."

An hour later Barfoot was seated in Philip's study. "I've come to request

you to withdraw your candidature from the forthcoming election," he interposed meaningly, rising as Philip entered the room.

"Upon what ground, might I ask, am I indebted to you for the honour of this visit?" asked Philip, coldly.

"Upon any grounds you like," retorted Barfoot, insolently. "But unless you withdraw immediately from the contest I shall be reluctantly compelled to state some of the astonishing and painful facts that I have heard concerning your wife!"

Philip started back a step, as though he had been struck. "So that's the game, is it?" he cried hoarsely. "And how do you suppose that any information you may possess concerning my wife will influence my future arrangements?"

"I should not like to say. Only if it became known generally that Mrs. de Gardieu was an ex-criminal, perhaps—"

"Silence! you blackguard! Say another word at your peril. Leave me! If you come back in two hours you shall then have my answer."

"Philip! Philip!" distractedly cried his wife, coming from behind the curtain as Barfoot left the room. "I have heard everything that has passed between you—every single word."

Philip buried his head in his hands and groaned.

"Listen, dearest," she continued. "There is only one thing to do now, and that must be done at once. I will go away for awhile—until the election is over. When your opponent returns, tell him that his news has been the cause of our separation, and that you have turned me out."

"But, my darling!" broke in Philip, "I really can't—" "Please do as I wish. Believe me, it is for the best, and there is no other way. So good-bye, my darling! Say good-bye to me here, then you will not be seen letting me out." And with one long, passionate embrace she had gone.

"My wife has gone! I have turned her out!" flashed Philip upon Barfoot's return. "So perhaps you may be satisfied at last—now that you have ruined my home. Go," he added, pointing towards the door, "before I have you thrown out."

When Raoul heard of Barfoot's failure his anger knew no bounds. "Meet me to-night outside Philip de Gardien's villa," he cried, "and leave the rest to me."

As Philip sat alone in his study that night, pondering over his wife's hurried departure, the tinkling of the telephone bell on the table by his side suddenly attracted his attention. Answering the call, he was astonished to hear his beloved's voice vibrating across the wires. "I'm so thankful you are safe, my darling," he cried. "I've been worrying awfully about you ever since you left me. What's that? Just a moment, little one. There's some one knocking at the door. Hold the line. I shan't be a second."

Placing the receiver down upon the table, he rose and crossed the room to the door. Finding no one there, he

walked down the steps and looked along the drive.

As he did so he was seized from behind by Raoul and Barfoot, who had been in hiding, and who, after chloroforming and roping him, bore him off in triumph to their waiting motor.

Helen, patiently waiting at the 'phone, could not understand why her husband did not return to finish their conversation, and it was only when the butler, who had been left for dead on the doorstep, had recovered consciousness and tried to 'phone for the police, that she learned what had happened.

Returning at once to the house, she found a ring belonging to Raoul, lying upon the drive. Immediately suspecting foul play in consequence, she hurried with all speed to the Crook's headquarters—the old cellar workshop—the place she had known so well in former days.

With the aid of the doctor and chauffeur who accompanied her, she succeeded easily in removing the padlock that fastened the door, and, bursting into the cellar, found that she had just arrived in time to save her husband from a terrible and hideous death.

Philip had been securely chained against the wall. In front of him, on a tiny wooden platform, stood a highly explosive bomb, connected by means of several electric wires from a battery to an iron rod projecting out of the wall.

His wrist, encircled by a broad iron bracelet, was attached to a mechanical pulley which was slowly dragging it higher and higher towards the projecting-rod.

"When the plate you wear round your wrist," he had been told by Raoul, "touches the iron rod in the wall the

electrical current will be completed, and the bomb will explode."

Thus was he placed when discovered by his wife.

"The fiends! the fiends!" she cried, hysterically, rubbing Philip's wrist between her hands. "Heaven will surely punish them for this!"

"Stay, little one," cried Philip, bending down and placing two pieces of iron near to each other behind the door. "They are sure to come back to see why the bomb has not exploded. When they do so, in opening the door they will cause these two irons to touch, and, completing the circuit, they will be killed by their own device."

As Philip had prophesied, Raoul and Barfoot, puzzled at the non-action of their bomb, returned to investigate the cause.

"He must have slipped the wrist-piece," swore Raoul under his breath, as he inserted the key into the lock.

"There is plenty of time to readjust it," smiled Barfoot, fiendishly, "and he will—" But the sentence was never finished.

As Raoul threw open the door a terrific crash, followed by an avalanche of falling debris, occurred. The two arch-plotters had paid the price of their villainy.

A just retribution had speedily followed upon the heel of all their crimes.

This sensational Nordisk three-reeler, with its unusually interesting story, is quite fascinating to watch. It is beautifully played, and the magnificent "sets" for which the company is so noted are one of the features of this particular production. Helen, the heroine, is played by Ebba Thomson, and Philip, the hero, by Robert Dinesen.



"WHEN THE PLATE YOU WEAR ROUND YOUR WRIST TOUCHES THE IRON ROD IN THE WALL THE ELECTRICAL CURRENT WILL BE COMPLETED, AND THE BOMB WILL EXPLODE."

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

If You Cannot Get "Pictures."

"I have no trouble whatever in getting my copy every week. I gave a standing order to my newsagent months ago, and he never fails me. My dear PICTURES is always on the doormat on Saturday mornings."

C. (Clapham Junction).

[Will disappointed ones follow suit? Ed.]

Archibald! Certainly Not!

"A friend of mine says he knows somebody that has just come from America, and this American party told him that Maurice Costello had a 'fearful row' with Florence Turner in a public street. Florence Turner seemed to have been in the wrong, and Costello said that he would leave the Vitagraph Company if she did not leave. Hence Florence Turner coming to London. Now the person who told my friend all this said a report of the affair appeared in three American papers, one being the *Brooklyn Citizen*. I should be very pleased if you would tell me if you have heard anything about it."

LAUREL (London).

Train Smashed Indoors!

"I do wish I could understand how film scenery and properties are created. The other day a friend of mine, who knows a cinema producer, showed me a roll of poster-bills he had had given to him, and assured me that the play they represented had been taken entirely in the studios. One picture showed a terrible railway smash—two trains, a length of railroad, and a house in the background. Several carriages of both trains were smashed. I can understand the railway lines and the house being 'sham', but the trains, that is where I am at a loss. Can you tell me how it is done?"

H. L. (Anerley).

It's Grant! It's Wonderful.

"I had read so much about *My Old Dutch* in your paper (which I wouldn't miss for worlds) that I rang up my favourite cinema to inquire when he was showing it, and this was his reply: 'It's on this very week. And let me tell you, sir, that it's the finest film I've ever shown. I've never, until now, recommended any particular film, but even if my opposition house was showing it I'd feel like standing out in Sackville Street and yelling about it. It's great—simply wonderful!' That night I went and took my best girl, and we found that it was all he described and more. My sweetheart cried, and she declares that I did as well, but I won't admit that."

C. J. (Dublin).

Wanted at the Front.

"I have just seen the Hepworth Comedies as shown to our Tommies at the Front, and it is my opinion, and the opinion of many others, that the cinema must now play a very prominent part in the entertainment of our heroes. What is more likely to raise the drooping spirits of a jaded soldier than a good, rousing comedy? Now my word is—Chaplin must go. He is wanted somewhere near the fighting line. He is great—inimitable—the One and Only. Wounded soldiers home from the Front have rapidly developed severe attacks of Chaplinitis, and have communicated it to their pals on their return to the trenches. It is the duty of the great B.P. to supply all the wants of their defenders, and the greatest want of these is Charlie. Another favourite wanted 'there' is Mabel Normand. How would light comedy suit Vivian Rich? Tommy would love her so!"

J. M'Q. (Edinburgh).

If you find it difficult to obtain 'Pictures' regularly tell your newsagent so. He can get it if you give him the order.



RUTH STONEHOUSE.

YOU know that Henry B. Walthall is Essanay's new leading man, and that he appears in the famous Character Drama, "Temper."

That is enough to make every exhibitor desire to show this film, and we know that whenever it is shown in the House near them the readers of "Pictures" will want to see it.

But without beautiful Ruth Stonehouse the play would lack much of its interest, for her splendid acting as Rose Claybourne lifts the play right out of the ordinary. You have read so much about her in "Pictures" that further comment is needless, but if

"TEMPER,"

A Three-Act Character Drama,

is not on your exhibitor's list we know he will be glad if you will remind him about it. Point out that it is an

Essanay

THE EXCLUSIVE FILM

Essanay Film Service, Ltd., 22, Soho Square, London, W.



Essanay



Essanay

GENTS' SUITS FREE!**ASTOUNDING BUT GENUINE OFFER!****READERS MUST TEST REMARKABLE CLOTHING BEFORE PRICES GO UP!**

Just fancy, readers! Whether a blacksmith, carpenter, engineer, labourer, farmer, or clerk, could you, by solid grinding work, wear a small hole in a 4s. 6d. pair of Trousers, or 14s. 9d. Suit in six months? Remember, six months of solid grinding, hard wear! If any reader can do this, he can get another garment free of charge!

Now, prices must go up! Delay will cost you dearly, so get patterns at once of the remarkable new cloths that will not wear out or tear, that are sent Free to all those readers who just send a postcard to the Holeproof Clothing Co., 56, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

They are amazing! Try your hardest, you cannot tear them, yet same in appearance as the very finest tweeds and serges sold at £3 and £4. And the price for Trousers is only 1s. 6d., and for simply 14s. 9d. you get a really well-made, smart-fitting Suit. In every parcel a written guarantee is sent plainly stating that if the smallest hole appears within six months (no matter how hard you wear goods) another garment is sent absolutely free of charge.

See advertisement below and send postcard at once for free patterns, measure form, and fashions, but mention "Picturegoer."

**HOLEPROOF TROUSERS****4/6****GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS.****WEAR PAIR OUT AND WE GIVE ANOTHER FREE.**

A most remarkable absolutely Holeproof Cloth, exactly same as finest tweeds or serges, suitable for best or rough wear.

BREECHES, 6/- SUITS, 14/9

As a trial we send pair Gent's Trousers for 4/6. Breeches, 6/-, or complete up-to-date Suit for 14/9 made from our remarkable newly-discovered Holeproof Cloth. Guarantee in parcel if hole appears in 6 months another pair free. Send price and 4d. postago, with waist and leg length, also colour, or postcard for free patterns (say Breeches, Suit, or Trouser Patterns), to the

HOLEPROOF CLOTHING COMPANY,
(Dept. 32), 56, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

*Thoughts of a Picturegoer.***Good Cheer Every Week.**

That is what you want these days, and it is just what EDISON PLAYS provide.

If you feel depressed, down-in-the-mouth, tired or stale, don't waste time thinking about it, but seek out a Cinema showing an EDISON PLAY, and notice how quickly your depression and fatigue disappears under the cheering influence of EDISON PICTURES.

The stories are so immensely interesting, so well acted, and so vividly brought before you, that you are taken out of yourself in spite of yourself. Yes! EDISON PICTURES are the ones to see.

LOOK OUT FOR

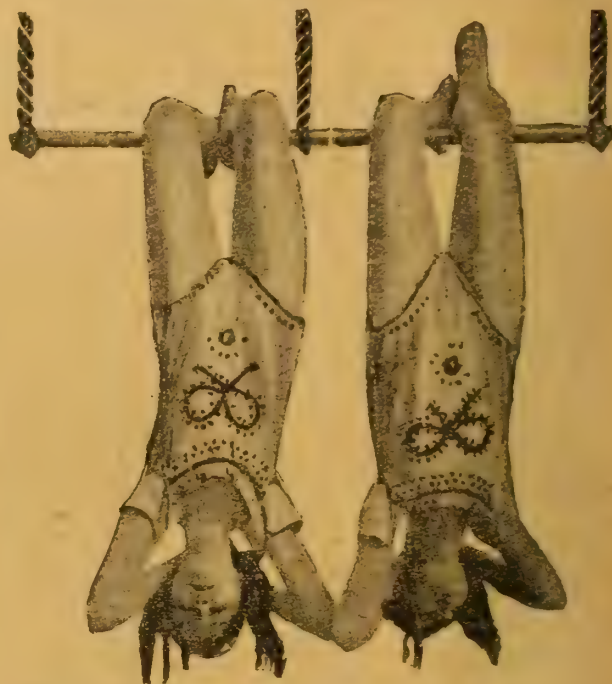
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AT THE BEST CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

FREE!

We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON Players on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour St., London, W.

The Young Picturegoer**DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—**

What fascinating little actresses are Marion and Madeline Fairbanks, the thirteen-year-old Thanhouser Twins! Of course, you have seen them? Their expressive, dark eyes and oval faces, framed in soft, dark, curling hair, are familiar to millions of picturegoers. During their long stay with the Thanhouser people the twins have appeared together and singly in a very great number of picture-plays. They worked so hard during the first half of this year that they have been enjoying a long summer vacation in the mountains.

But what I set out to tell you is this. A four-reel drama has been produced especially for these youthful stars, and it is called *The Flying Twins*. The picture on this page is taken from a scene in the film, and shows the pair as trapeze artistes. In the film they are the two daughters of wealthy parents who run away with a circus company. Now if you like circus scenes (and who does not?), with their clowns, horses, and wonderful acts in the sawdust-ring; if, too, you like farm-life, with its chickens, ducks, and cattle, and if above all, you are fond of the twins (and who is not?) you will quickly fall in love with this very exciting drama. But the picture is not to be released yet for some weeks.

Who would be a producer? The poor man's worries must be inexhaustible. No matter what the film on which he is engaged calls for—it may be a burning mountain, or a typhoon, or an earthquake, or even a white elephant—if the scene requires it the producer must go out and find it, and great must be his worry until he has done so. In Los Angeles recently a Reliance-Majestic film called *The Fox Woman* required a Japanese baby. A search was begun, but all the Japanese mothers in the district refused, the superstition, amongst them being that if a baby is photographed it will surely come to dreadful harm. At last, however, the searchers' patience was rewarded. In a small fishing village some miles out a Jap father and mother were persuaded to lend their infant to the studio in exchange for a large sum of money. "Be very, very careful with it!" pleaded the mother, and Miss Teddy Sampson, who plays the Japanese wife in the drama, went to great pains to assure the real mother that she would take care of the baby all the time it stayed in the studio. And so it came about that for three days Miss Sampson was tied to her little charge. She washed and dressed and fed the baby, saw to his daily nap, and watched over it with a

sweetness and tenderness that would have soothed the weeping Jap mother had she been able to see her. The baby, in fact, was returned to the parents after being used in the film in even better condition than when it was received.

"What is the difference between a vessel that has just been torpedoed and PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER?" After wading through hundreds of answers two or three times over, and feeling as though I had been torpedoed myself, I decided to award prizes to a boy and a girl for the following:

"A torpedoed vessel generally sinks, but PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER survives everything by always rising." — *Dorothy Hickman* (13), 14, *Avenue Road, Highgate, N.*

"The vessel has been 'holed' by the 'dread Hun,' but PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER is 'sold' by the 'hundred.'" — *Edward Watson* (14), 31, *McCulloch Street, Glasgow.*

Some bright answers worth reading are:

"The difference is that one goes down, and the other goes up.
"The vessel will go under. But PICTURES will never go under.
"One sinks to earth, the other rises to fame.
"The news that a ship has been torpedoed brings sadness into many hearts, whereas PICTURES brings gladness and joy to all its readers.
"One is seen in danger, in the other there is a 'danger' scene.
"The vessel's sail sinks lower and lower; the PICTURES' sale rises higher and higher.

"The vessel is ending its career and is going to the bottom, but PICTURES has commenced its career and will come to the top."

"One is 'overtaken' in the 'blue' sea.

And the other is 'turned over' and 'read,' see?"

"The one has been 'hit, and the other is 'It'."

"One is Doomed whilst the other is Boomed."

AWARDS OF MERIT (six of which will entitle the winner to a special prize). — *Eva Preston* (Stoke-on-Trent), *James Briscoe* (Manchester), *James E. Hingley* (Tipton), *Coralie L. Denning* (Lanes), *E. Sydney Dale* (Macclesfield), *Betty Jones* (South Wales), *Lavinia Preston* (Stoke-on-Trent), *Ivy Neal* (Watford), *Edgar Kellner* (Chorlton-cum-Hardy), *Albert Richardson* (Brockley), *William Smith* (Brentford), *Nellie Bush* (Thornton Heath), *Alfred Crick* (Desborough), *L. Willis* (Birmingham), *A. Morrison* (Islington), *Maud Snell* (Leytonstone).

A NEW "RIDDLE-ME-REE" COMPETITION.

It is many weeks since you had one, and the following was sent to me by one of yourselves, but unfortunately the sender omitted to include his or her name. Here it is:—

My first is in	Mary Pickford, but not in	Fred Paul.
My second ..	Ruth Roland.	Owen Moore.
My third ..	Mary Fuller.	"Pimple."
My fourth ..	Jane Gail.	Betty Brown.
My fifth ..	Tom Santschi, and also in	Ford Sterling.
My sixth ..	Charles Chaplin, but not in	Alice Joyce.
My seventh ..	Earle Williams.	Alma Taylor.
My eighth ..	Maurice Costello, and also in	Florence Turner.
My ninth ..	Stewart Rome.	Wally Van.
My tenth ..	Harold Lockwood.	Billy Ritchie.
My eleventh ..	Flora Finch.	Edwin August.
My twelfth ..	Tom Mix.	Edith Storey.
My thirteenth ..	Bessie Eyton.	Harry Benham.

The hidden letters will spell the name of a well-known film-player. When you have discovered it write same on a post-card addressed to "Riddle-me-ree," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., and post to reach me by Monday, October 4th, which happens to be the birthday of

UNCLE TIM.



A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

"SOME" FIGURES.

'The Birth of a Nation,' the World's Greatest Photo Play, produced by D. W. Griffith, cost **£100,000** to make.

Griffith figures on the salary list at **£20,000** a year, because he "knows how." He is the World's Greatest Motion Picture Producer.

Under Griffith's controlling hand and brain, **18,000** actors played parts in 'The Birth of a Nation.'

In the wild rides of the Ku Klux Klan **3,000** horses were used, and the roads of a whole county commandeered for a day.

On the 27th of September, The Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road, opens with the first presentation in London of this mighty spectacle. Two performances daily at **2.30** and **8.**

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

and the

MOTION PICTURE.

Q You probably visit an Electric Theatre once a week or more. Do you realise that the major part of the enjoyment you derive from the "Pictures" is due to the genius of D. W. Griffith?

Q D. W. Griffith is the World's Greatest Motion Picture Producer. He is responsible for almost every improvement in photo-plays during the past ten years.

Q Griffith introduced Mary Pickford, Lilian Gish, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Henry Walthall, Robert Harron, and hosts of other screen favourites.

Q His talents are behind every player and every scene in "The Birth of a Nation," the gigantic motion picture spectacle which is to be presented at The Scala Theatre, twice daily from September 27th, at 2.30 and 8.

Q "The Birth of a Nation" will not be produced at Cinema Theatres in London. A visit to the Scala is necessary if you do not wish to miss the greatest motion picture of all time.

◎ PICTURE ◎ PERSONALITIES



CARLYLE BLACKWELL (Lasky Star)

A Real Film Drama.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL has been staying at Coronado Beach, and one evening he ferried his machine across the bay to amuse himself. During the evening a Mrs. Ray, a guest at the big hotel at Coronado, was held up by a motor-car thief and robbed of some valuable gems. The police were on the alert, and this ends reel one.

Reel two starts with Carlyle being duly amused and preparing to return home. He wanted a nice ride, so he avoided the ferry and started out on the long way round. A little way out the actor saw a man lurking behind a tree, and, having heard that a robbery had been committed,

and having some money, he started to speed up. The man held a gun and called on him to stop, but instead of doing so Carlyle spurred off at a speed of sixty miles an hour, despite the bullet which whistled over his head. After a few miles had been negotiated he looked round and found that two cars were chasing him, so he did his little best to make his own go a bit faster.

Before he entered the town he was stopped by police lined across the road with guns; they dragged him from the car and handcuffed him for avoiding arrest. Then he learned that his pursuers were also police after the robber, and that he, Carlyle, was the suspected character.

His protests were unavailing, and it was five in the morning before Mrs. Ray could be induced to go to the police-station to identify the ruffian who had robbed her. When she saw Carlyle Blackwell she nearly collapsed, for they knew each other quite well. Of course, he was released immediately, and instead of getting angry he gave the police cigars. He expressed himself as delighted afterwards with the publicity which this real life incident brought him in the Southern papers. They were just full of it.

A Film Star at Ten.

IT is difficult to realise when watching Joan Morgan's brilliant and finished acting that she is only ten years old.

She is a born cinema actress and takes the greatest delight in her work. In *The World's Desire*, *Queenie of the Circus*, and *Iron Justice*, all British films, Joan Morgan had important parts, but it is in the new Renaissance production *Light* that she achieves her most pronounced success so far. She plays the difficult part of the Messenger, the little golden-headed girl who, entering the drama of greed and passion, passes like a ray of sunshine through the story, ultimately triumphing over the evil and bringing peace and reconciliation in her train. Joan Morgan is supported by a full West-end cast, including Julian Royce, Harding Steerman, and Mona K. Harrison. Sidney Morgan is responsible for the production, which Davison's Film Sales Agency promise to show us in due course.

Rats and Mice as Ghosts.

NEVA GERBER, a comparatively newcomer to the Beauty company, has been greatly disturbed by the California rats and mice, which, with other vermin too small and numerous to mention, make life uncomfortable in that land

of sunshine. "But anybody," she says, "may rid her house of rodents by a very simple process. Capture one of the pestiferous things alive, incase its feet in rubber (a common elastic band will do), tie a small piece of white cloth around its neck, and set it loose. The 'ghost-like' beast will make all haste to rejoin its companions. With noiseless tread, dashing in among them, it will produce such a panic among its superstitious kind that never again will any of the creatures venture to invade the domain of human beings." To the gift of clever mimicry Miss Gerber, it may be noted, adds a particularly lively imagination.

Deserted Films for Flying.

ONE of many popular picture men who have left the cinema world for the fighting world is William Fenton. He is a brother of George P. Fenton, of "Fenton's Picture Circuit," and commenced his career in the film business seven years ago. Since then he has managed picture-theatres, under his brother's direction, in Alfreton, Redcar, Winsford, Dipton, Chopwell, Dalton-in-Furness, Cockermouth, West Kirby, Hoylake, and Darlington, where many of our readers have, no doubt, made his acquaintance. He also managed the firm's film-hiring business in Glasgow.

At the very beginning of the war Mr. Fenton rejoined his Majesty's Navy, and was afterwards transferred to the Naval Flying Corps. His detachment were more than spectators when the Zeppelin was blown up at Ostend some

weeks ago. Mr. Fenton is now in the Dardanelles, and may good luck be with him!



WILLIAM FENTON, of "Fenton's Picture Circuit," who is now doing his bit in the Dardanelles.

A Great Character Actor.

IT is three years since Augustus Phillips joined his fortunes with Edison films, which, by the way, are the only films he ever appeared in. His success was immediate, however, as he had an excellent groundwork and experience on the stage. His work is always characterised by an intense sincerity, genuine appreciation of finely-drawn light and shade in his characterisation, which, with his mobile face, never fails to register with marked effect.

Mr. Phillips' first theatrical engagement was with his brother, Philip Phillips, at eighteen years of age. Later, at the head of his own stock company, he toured the middle West, and since then he has played everything on the stage, from Uncle Tom to Othello and Svengali. Although he has appeared mostly in straight leads in Edison films, and has added to his film popularity as a result, he likes best to play character parts; and his work as the grasping Hebrew in *The Stone Heart* came as a surprise in its dramatic simplicity of strength. One of the hardest parts to "get over" ever shown on the screen was as the devoted, desperate husband in the three-reeler *With Bridges Burned*, when his work was unexcelled for tenseness in quiet scenes and subtle power.

Mr. Phillips has appeared with equal success in comedies as in dramas, and the finish he imparts even to his comedian parts but accentuates the humour and his versatility.



NO one ever imagined that there were so many laughs in this world until Billie Ritchie sprang into joyous prominence as a picture comedy star. To-day millions of people respond gladly to the happy invitation extended by Billie Ritchie to all the world—"Come and have a laugh with me."

You can always laugh with Billie Ritchie. No matter how dull life may seem, or how heavy may be the cares that burden your mind, the joyous antics of the inimitable L-KO comedian will bring happy laughter to your lips.

Billie Ritchie is never wearisome, never disappointing. His freshness and originality keep with him always. Every new picture in which he appears sees the introduction of some crazy new stunts funny enough to wring tears of mirth from the most hardened picture critic.

Whenever you see Billie Ritchie billed at a picture theatre you can go inside knowing full well that there are many minutes of joyous mirth before you. So look out for every new L-KO comedy in which Billie Ritchie appears, and be sure you see them all.

Billie Ritchie



PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE

gives real

WAR NEWS.

DO NOT

MISS IT.



OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE.

CHARLIE AT WORK.—You all know Charlie, and all the world knows that Charlie is funny. When we tell you that this film is the funniest film that Charlie has yet produced you will go and see it. Nuff sed!

—*Essanay Comedy, two parts (Nov. 1).*

WILLIE GOES TO SEA.—A gem in film comedies. Wheeler Oakman as a "Nut" is worth seeing, even if your visit meant risking German "shells." Did you read our story of the film in No. 81? If not, send for that back number.

—*Selig Comedy, 1,000 feet (Sept. 30).*

THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW.—Frances Hodgson Burnett's drama of faith and love, in which Mary Pickford as Glad, a slum-girl, has made one of her greatest successes. When we saw the film a lady exhibitor asked us to excuse her for crying audibly. We counsel you not to miss this.

—*Famous Players Drama, four parts (Oct. 4).*

THE GOLDEN RAINBOW.—A charming picture, showing how stolen gold, hidden among boulders near a waterfall, is discovered, together with the thief, by means of Nature's rainbow. A pretty love-story in addition plus a strong cast, including Harry V. Meter, Vivian Rich, and Jack Richardson.

—*Flying A Drama, one reel (Oct. 7).*

THE ANIMATED GROUCH-CHASER.—The first of a series of rib-ticklers by the clever French cartoonist Raoul Barre. "Novel, quaint, different, and laughter-compelling," they are bound to be popular. This picture starts and ends in laughter, whilst the cartoons so amuse the principal character—Daniel (played by Herbert Prior)—that they cure him of his dyspepsia.

—*Edison Cartoon-Comedy, 586 feet (Oct. 7).*

STEADY COMPANY.—Nan has a drunken father. One day she agrees to walk in the park with Jim, who has many a time offered her his seat in the tram, thus winning her gratitude. In the park they come across her father, drunk. Jim takes him home. Nan hides in her room, ashamed. But Jim is made of sterling stuff, and assures Nan that he cares for her alone. You will like this it only because Pauline Bush is Nan.

—*Rex (Trans-Atlantic) Drama, 965 feet (Oct. 13).*

OTHER FILMS TO WATCH FOR:—

The Woman Who Did (Broadwest), Grant Allen's famous book; *No Greater Love* (Gaumont Exclusive), featuring Mlle. Regina Badet, of "Zoe" fame; *Mystery of a Hansom Cab* (Ideal Exclusive), the world-famous novel; *The Exploits of Elaine*, the great Pathé Serial; *The Second in Command*, a Metro production; *Who's Who in Society*, a clean comedy-drama released by Kine Trading Company, Limited; *The Arab*, a Lasky picture of the desert; *Lost and Won*, featuring Florence Turner, and another Ideal Exclusive; *A Pair of Queens*, a Vitagraph comedy in which "The Big Comedy Four"—Flora Finch, Kate Price, William Shea, and Hughie Mack—provide the fun; and *Sweet Lavender*, the most celebrated of all English plays, by Sir Arthur Pinero, which Hepworths have filmed with Henry Ainley, Chrissie White, and Alma Taylor in the cast.

DAVISON

THE BRITISH AGENT

A NEW RECRUIT!
LUPINO LANE
The Empire Comedian
In a New Series of British Films.
See "HIS COOLING COURTSHIP."

Released November 8th.

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MOTION PICTURE SPECTACLE

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

ADAPTED FROM THOMAS DIXON'S FAMOUS NOVEL

"THE CLANSMAN."



|| 'The Birth of a Nation' marks a
New Era in Motion Picture Art.
✿ Every photo play enthusiast
should make a point of seeing it. ||

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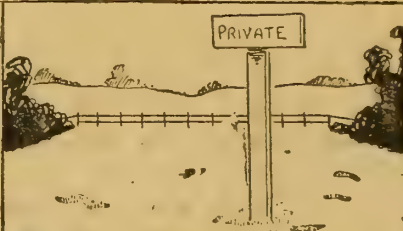
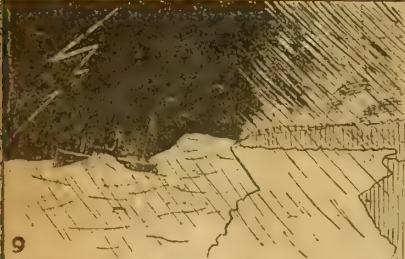



(Telephone - Gerrard 1444)

OUR NEW FREE COMPETITION

1ST PRIZE £10 **2ND PRIZE £5** **10 PRIZES of 10/6**

200 Handsome Consolation Prizes.
SCREENED STARS
START TO-DAY! It costs nothing to enter!

We give below the second set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition "Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite **free**. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player, Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 10s. each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the second set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Mention "Screened Stars" to all your Picture-going friends. **IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER!**

7 	8 
Pimple	Field
9 	10 
Gail	Oakman
11 	12 
Foot	Storey

**ENTRY
FORM.**

NAME
ADDRESS

**2nd
Set.**

GOSSIP
AND EDITORIAL

HAPPY thought! If you like this number, resolve to get PICTURES every week and read it regularly. This issue is the first of a new volume—the ninth! Just fancy—and six months' copies in each. Doesn't time fly! I might have told you last week that Vol. VIII. was complete, but did not realise it until too late to say so. It gave me quite a shock. I hope you will enjoy Vol. IX. better than its predecessors, for I mean to try and make each volume brighter than the last. Bound copies of Vol. VIII. will be ready shortly for those who desire them.

Contest and Competition.

No. I cannot say yet when the result of the contest will be published. Several readers have asked the question; but if they could see the task which faces those registering the votes they would have patience. Meanwhile are you seeking out the film stars whose names are hidden in the puzzle pictures on this page? If you want the first set, it is still possible, I believe, to get a copy of last week's issue by sending three halfpence to our publishers.

To Read or Not to Read.

"The cast was so small that I could not read it"—thus writes a reader. It's an old complaint and twin brother to that other complaint—the sub-title which is flashed off before half of it is understood. Why the whole of the screen is not utilised for lettering in pictures I can never understand, nor can I even guess why so many makers put absurd designs round their sub-titles and tint the film in all the colours of the rainbow. Casts, sub-titles, "letters," in fact all wording in film-pictures should be solid white on black and minus borders or any other marks whatsoever. Lettering should be as large as the screen and the number of words appearing allow it to be. Occasionally—very occasionally—we get this, but more often than not the words are too small or too highly coloured, or both, to be of any service to the audience.

"The Man in Possession."

I met Billy Merson after seeing his second film, *The Man in Possession*, and told him he had gone one better than his first. He was glad I thought so, and intimated that his third, *The Only Man*, which he is now at work upon, would be at least two better. There is no question about Billy being funny on the screen. No one could see him as the Bailiff in and "out" of possession without laughing. On the night of a swell party the "man" obliges his "victim" by donning gladiatorial robes (with a pipe) and posing as a millionaire. A struggle with a bluenankee, a love-affair with an elderly spinster, and a chase through every room in the house from which he is finally ejected head-first through a window, are some of Mr. Merson's playful antics in this second

"Homeland" production, which is being controlled by the Globe Film Company.

As It Should Be.

Big developments are pending - if not already completed - in connection with a well-known British producing firm. Details have not yet been passed to me for publication, but I think I shall violate no confidence in stating that a number of London stage stars will appear in their best roles under the banner of a Company already famous for artistic productions. Good!

Famous Novel Filmed.

Before the next issue I shall have seen *The Woman Who Did* - that is to say, the big film of Grant Allen's novel of that name which is the first of the "Broadwest" productions, and certain scenes of which were actually taken in Italy. I am watching this Company with particular interest, and believe they are going to give us not one but many great English pictures. All interior work for Broadwest Films is done in their up-to-date and charmingly situated studio at Esher, Surrey.

The Wrong Turning.

I took it myself, and missed the first of five reels of *The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning*, the latest British Empire production. I thought the trade show was in one turning, and found it later on in another. But I arrived in time to see the blood-curdling feather and pistol fight between the two women - the girl who

took and the girl who led her to do so - and found it a real thriller. Probably you have seen this play by Walter Melville, for it has had a big stage career; but whether you have or not, you will find that the film provides a positive feast of melodrama, and photography and acting are excellent.

A Mighty Motion Picture.

On no account miss *The Birth of a Nation*. Even if you do not happen to be interested in American history the

action and wonderful effects throughout this D. W. Griffith masterpiece will keep you breathless. If it entertained me for three hours whilst projected in silence in a little showroom, how much better will you find it at the Scala Theatre, London, plus the specially written music of a band of forty musicians, and with full battle and other effects! Personally, I am looking forward to this big "theatre" show with all the enthusiasm of a first-nighter.

F. D.



THE SEARCH FOR THE HAND OF THE MUMMY. A Scene in the Egyptian Desert from *The Wraith of the Tomb*, a coming "three reels of sensation and mystery" produced by Cricks and Martin. This is the film referred to in a previous issue as *The Curse of the Hand*.

THE WOMAN WHO DID

Grant Allen's Famous Novel.

WHAT DID SHE DO?

BROADWEST FILMS

show what she did in their 6-reel British Masterpiece just completed. The work comprises Italian portion taken in Italy.

Featuring EVE BALFOUR & THOS. H. MACDONALD

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LARRY TRIMBLE

"The commonplaces of eulogy—already exhausted—need not be employed in referring to the unique achievement of Larry Trimble. As an author and producer of picture-plays he has won to universal distinction, and is now a vital figure in picturedom."

Robert Grau, in "THE THEATRE OF SCIENCE."

Larry Trimble's name as producer of picture-plays is a guarantee of satisfaction to the picture-playgoer all over the world. Recent past productions—"Shop Girls," "Through the Valley of Shadows," "Alone in London," "My Old Dutch"—just to mention a few—testify to the truth of this.

Turner Films

"Pictures made
for You."



NERVOUS DEBILITY

**Splendid Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets—the
All-British Remedy.**

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets simply made a new woman of me," says Mrs. Sheppeck, of 18, Ponsonby Buildings, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E. "Twice now," she told an interviewer recently, "they have done me worlds of good when all the usual medicines had proved quite useless. The first time was when I was suffering with severe nervous debility. I was extremely weak and shaky, and though I had treatment I got no better. At last I was told there was nothing for me but to go away for a change of air. I couldn't do that, so I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets instead, and it was truly wonderful how they set me up."

"This last attack I had broken down altogether, could do absolutely nothing, and I really thought I was dying. I was in bed, of course, and I simply lay helpless, and all the things given to me made no difference whatever. I hadn't the strength of a baby, and I was dreadfully nervous, food I hardly touched, and altogether my case seemed hopeless. I don't know why I didn't think of Dr. Cassell's Tablets sooner, seeing what they had done for me before; however, I did in the end, and began taking them. Well, the result was that I improved almost from the first dose. Soon I was up and about again, till now I am as well as ever in my life."



Mrs. Sheppeck, London.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown	Infantile Paralysis	Neurasthenia	Anæmia	Indigestion
Nerve Paralysis	Wasting Diseases	Nervous Debility	Palpitation	Stomach Disorder
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Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by chemists and stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 10½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical.

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Send your name and address, and 2 penny stamps for postage, &c., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A K 19), Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with IN ROTATION. When casts are required name of Company must be given.



PINKY (Camberwell Gate).—We have the cards you want of Kathlyn Williams, Florence La Badie, James Cruze and Baby William Wade, price 5d. the lot, post-free. Roscoe Arbuckle is "Keystone Fatty." Thanks for love.



LOIS WEBER, of Trans-Atlantic.
She is author, actress, and producer, and
two of her greatest film successes are
Hypocrites and *Scandal*. This picture is
one of our postcard series.

NORA (Manchester).—You and your friend are quite Amazons—laicy having a boxing match amongst the luffuses! We have postcards of Ella Hall and Gertrude McCoy. Of course, the photos of Mary Fuller you received came in reply to your letter. Thanks for crosses; they are the kind we can bear.

FREDDY FRYER (as before).—"Amid Raging Beasts" (Seig):—"Milbank," Wheeler Oakman:—"Blackmoor," Roy Watson;—"Mrs. Milbank," Bessie Eytan;—"Baby," Lucille Carter. The other we cannot get, Friend Freddy boy.

FIRTH (Liverpool).—Addresses are:—Henry Ainley, c/o London Film Co., St. Margaret's-on-Thames, Twickenham, and June Gill, c/o Universal Film Studio, 43rd St. and 14th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. It is against rules to reply by post.

BLUE EYES (Grimsby).—Really we are so old we have forgotten if we are married or not. We are too bashful to ask Mary Pickford all the personal questions you ask us, so what had we better do about it? Glad you have had your photo taken. Of course you intend sending us one. We like *your non-de-plume*. Blue's a pretty colour.

FLYING BUFFALO (Huddersfield). (Why not Zeppelin?)—We supply picture postcards of cinema players, and we have bromide enlargements of Mary Fuller, Warren Kerrigan, and Pauline Bush. No other kinds. The portraits of players, on the P. and P. covers are printed from photo blocks.

JOHN T. (Pontefract).—Many thanks for your excellent photo, also for views of your fine town. The Editor will be pleased to sign your autograph album. So you heard from some readers about your collection of postcards? Wish we were near enough to see it.

ALICE (Maida Vale).—Thank you for nice letter card of Worthing. So glad you had a nice holiday.

LIONEL (Plymouth).—We hope you will win the prize for the best sequel to "A Diamond from the Sky" (Flying A). We do not give opinions on film plots—have no time to read them, Lionel. Much obliged for best wishes.

E. C. B. (Southfields).—Write to the American Co., Ltd., of 193, Wardour Street, London, W., for particulars of the competition for a sequel to "A Diamond from the Sky."

MARIO (Putney).—We do not recommend our readers to pay fees for cinema acting tuition. As you, however, wish to take it up as a pastime, Stedman's School, of Great Windmill Street, London, W., might be of service to you. The supply of experienced film players far exceeds the demand, so we fear you will find it difficult to get a show. Have you no acquaintance on the films?

L. T. (Plymouth).—Welcome, new reader. The drawing you send is not quite up to our standard, L. T., although the joke is quite good.

IVYLEAF (Sheffield).—We published a photo of Leo Delaney in the P. and P., for January 23rd, 1915. Louise Vale, Gretchen Hartman, Franklin Ritchie, Edward Cecil, and Alan Hale played in "A' am Bede." Consider us your friend. Have sent your love to Vivian Rich and Mary Fuller.

DETERMINED AND AMBITIOUS (Stamford Hill).—Read our reply to "Anxious (Newport)" in last week's P. and P. We do not reply by post.

W. G. B. (York).—We do not know what Charles Chaplin's religion is. Besides, what does it matter so long as his art pleases you.

BIRD (Watford).—Write Famous Players Co., 166, Wardour St., London, W., and they will let you know when "Her Triumph" will appear in your district. We named some of the theatres in a recent issue.

ONE OF YOUR READERS (West. Norwood).—So glad you like our Portrait Gallery. Warren Kerrigan's photo was included in No. 83 issue.

GRACE (Edmonton).—Wishes we have not heard of since the war began, but films in which he played are still being released. Muriel Ostriche and Boyd Marshall did not play in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

ROSE (Dulwich).—Charles Chaplin has not appeared at music-halls in London recently: he is in America. There have lately been competitions at cinemas for the best imitations of him. Perhaps that's what you have heard about.

TWO FLAPPERS (Stoke Newington).—The suit that the one and only C. C. uses is worth its weight in gold. Can any man imagine him playing in one of his irresistible films wearing a new suit? No, a thousand times No. Old friends are best, ditto suits. Did you see our photograph of his "togs" two weeks ago? Pimple is busy recruiting.

JENY (Birmingham).—Ella Hall's address is the one you say. We should think she would like to hear from an admirer like yourself. Alan Forrest is with the same company, so his address is the same. We have no postcards of him yet. We have postcards of both James Morrisons—Flying A and Vitagraph—which do you want?

HARRY (Treharris).—Charlie Chaplin was born at Walworth, not at Fontainebleau.

T. C. M. (Camberwell).—says he has received no answer to his letter to an advertiser in P. and P. Write him again, and if not satisfied write us.

E. S. (West Ham).—Dorothy Kelly was "Diana" and James Morrison played "Rodney" in the Vitagraph film "The Passing of Diana."

LEONARD (Peckham).—If, after asking the manager, your picture theatre does not show the Griffith films, write to Western Import Co., 4, Gerrard St., W., and ask them when and where they will be shown in your neighbourhood. The war is responsible for a lot of film troubles, particularly those relating to French, Italian, and Danish films. We know of no job as "Saturday Afternoon Film Spotter" going. The London Film Co.'s productions—"Rupert of Hentzau" and "The Prisoner of Zenda"—are quite top-notch.

CARTOON (Birmingham).—We note that you, as representing our lady readers, would not mind our artist poking fun at them as well as at the men. We will tell him; but Mr. Adlington is rather chivalrous, you know.



A LIVE "PROP."

DOG: "This film actor is so absent-minded he takes me for a steamer-rug."—Life.

PRAIRIE FLOWER (Lewes).—"The Wily Chaperon" (Flying A):—"Myrtle Stern," Vivian Rich;—"Mr. Brown Smith," Charlotte Barton;—"Mr. Stern," Harry Von Meter;—"Dick Willis," David Lithgoe;—"Mrs. Jennings," Louise Lester;—"Country Curate," Perry Banks;—"Butler," Wm. Todmarsh. G. M. Anderson is producer as well as player. The word Essayay is made with initials of the surnames of the proprietors of the Company Spoor and Anderson—S and A. The other information we cannot obtain.

RIFLEMAN S. B. (Somewhere in France).—Glad P. and P. affords you amusement. Best wishes for all you and the boys wish yourselves.

WILLIAM (Glasgow).—You will see that you have guessed exactly what our new competition is; now win a prize.

* * * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

EDITORIAL MATTERS

Address: **The Editor, "Pictures and the Picturegoer," 18, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.** Telephone—Regent 346.

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SMILES

EVERY woman knows that if her husband's faults came out in pimples his face would look as if he had the measles.

Got It?

"What is personality?"
"Personality is what makes a success of a star who has no looks and can't sing, dance, or act."

Better than Nothing.

GOOD LADY (bidding her better-half an affectionate good-bye): "N-now, J-John, d-don't forget to write me s-something every d-day—even if it's only a ch-cheque."

Plenty Like Him!

"Here's your verses—we can't print such stuff as that!" said the editor loftily.

"Well, you needn't be so haughty about it!" retorted the "poet." "You're not the only one who won't print them."

Realisation.

CRAWFORD: "What do you think would happen if we could see ourselves as others see us?"

CRABSHAW: "As far as the women are concerned, they would probably put on more clothes."

Now and Then.

FORTUNE-TELLER: "You will be very poor until you are thirty-five."

PHOTO-PLAYWRIGHT (eagerly): "And after then?"

FORTUNE-TELLER: "You will get used to it."

Those Dear Girls.

ANNIE: "It was awfully dark where we met in the cinema, and the first thing I knew, he'd kissed me."

FANNIE: "I wouldn't be angry about it, dear. I don't think he'd have done it had it been in the daylight."

His Prescription.

MOTHER-IN-LAW: "The doctor said I was all run down and needed strychnine as a tonic. Now, I don't want to take too much. How big a dose do you recommend?"

SON-IN-LAW (hopefully): "I wouldn't take more than a tablespoonful at first."

A True Philosopher.

"I hear that Gay is considered the most optimistic actor in your company."

"Yes, indeed. If he failed in his art he'd thank Heaven he had his health; if he failed in health he'd thank Heaven he had his art; and if he failed in both he'd say there was no use having one without the other."

A Duck of a Shoot.

"I am shooting wild ducks," answered the city man, in a cautious whisper. "Don't come any nearer, or you'll scare."

"Them ain't wild ducks!" was the exercised rejoinder of the farmer. "Them's tame ducks!"

"That's all right, old fellow," returned the city man. "My wife won't know the difference."

Drama and comedy of a different kind

(From Then to Now—
Part 10)

A succession of dramas and comedies all alike would make any cinema seem dull. And dull cinemas are bad cinemas.

To say that Hepworth Picture Plays are ever a succession of similarities would be absolutely untrue. But pointing to results is better than merely praising ourselves; therefore we take "The Passing of a Soul" and "Spies" as our examples—the first remarkable for the beauty and uniqueness of its story, the second charming for the realistic "Englishness" of its war-time humour.

The "Passing of a Soul" tells how the substitution of another girl for his dead sweetheart saved a man's life. "Spies" involves a soldier, a girl, and a poet; of whom the girl is the sweetest, the poet the funniest, and the soldier the luckiest.

The cinema you generally attend—wouldn't you like to see these pictures there? Ask for them to-night.



Hepworth Picture Plays

c/o Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman Street, Golden Square, W.



See it, Tommy?—
"Mackintosh's"!

Trust to the kiddies to find it in a window crowded with other sweets. It's the sweetmeat that Mother commends—yes, and furtively samples herself—for the wholesomeness of Mackintosh's is known to all the world.

MACKINTOSH'S

TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."

Just Toffee-de-Luxe cunningly blended with real English Mitcham Peppermint.

4-lb. tin, 5/-; 1/4 lb., or loose.

Rib-tickling Comedy and Hair-raising Thrills

"A TALE OF TWENTY STORIES"

L-KO Farce-Comedy. 1,657 feet approx. Released November 11th.

L-KO comedies are always good, but here is one that stands out as one of the funniest pictures this famous company has ever produced. And it's "some" thriller, too; indeed, no more remarkable combination of chuckles and thrills has ever been presented on a motion picture screen.

The L-KO comedians fool about on the edge of the roof of a twenty-storey sky-scraper in a way that makes one's scalp tingle. There are thrills, gasps and more thrills, interspersed with the wonderful comedy scenes, making this fine production unique in every way.

It's a picture out of the ordinary; whatever you do don't miss seeing it.



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The AND PICTUREGOER **1^{D.}**

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

UNDER THE RED ROBE

The Dramatised Version of Stanley J. Weyman's great Novel has been filmed by the Clarendon Co., and will be released on Monday, November 22nd.



SPEAK TO YOUR LOCAL MANAGER ABOUT IT.



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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



JESSE L. LASKY

presents

EDGAR SELWYN

in the greatest
drama of the
desert ever
produced,

**"THE
ARAB."**

"Lasky's finest picture."
—*Vide Press.*

Released
MONDAY, OCT. 11th.

Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.



MARY FULLER

A fine new study of the "Victor" Star of the Trans-Atlantic. (See page 26.)



HERE'S YOUR OLD FAVOURITE AGAIN

TOM MIX the world-famous Cowboy and most popular Film Player of the day carries out a series of further daredevil and death-defying "stunts" in this his latest creation,

"WITH THE AID OF THE LAW"

You surely don't want to miss seeing this exciting TOM MIX picture! Ask them to show you it, without fail, at your favourite Cinema. It has a good, strong, and original plot, and is acted with great force by this most famous of all cowboy

players. Don't forget that TOM MIX is included in our set of six Selig Players which we are offering you for a few days only at the special reduced price of 3½d.

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Six Powerful
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Tales, and each
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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

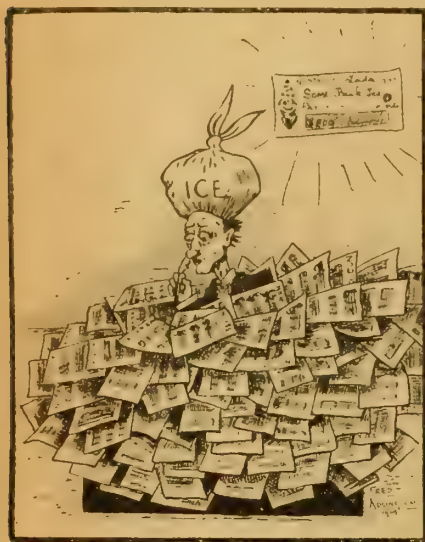
WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1915.

New Series, No. 86.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM: A charming Scene taken in Italy
for the filming of Grant Allen's Novel, *The Woman Who Did*. Thos. H. Macdonald as Alan Merrick, and
Eve Balfour as Herminia Barton. (See page 23.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES



A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

Writing Music for a Fifty-Reeler in 1940.

WINIFRED GREENWOOD, of the American Company, has appeared in eight hundred productions. Truly a record in screen-work.

Dainty Lillian Walker is to head the cast in the Vitagraph production of the stage comedy *Green Stockings*. Lillian would be lovely in any colour.

The Essanay Company are busy on an eight-reeler of the famous story of *Robinson Crusoe*, a subject which should fascinate the young and the old.

Young Claude Percival has given up the idea of becoming a £500 per week film comedian and returned to his old position as head of the shirt department.

"Laugh and be beautiful!" declares Essanay's pretty actress, Edna Mayo. "Try 'a Smile-an-Hour' treatment for those 'scowl' lines on your face, and in a week you'll find yourself better-looking." We're trying hard.

We'd love to visit the dressing-room of Carey Hastings, the Thanhouser actress. Among other things which decorate its walls are a pair of motor goggles with a three-inch splinter sticking in a lens (a narrow escape!), an autographed necktie, and three small shoes presumably belonging to a girl and a half.

An Expensive Imitation.

"I'm working for a Picture Company, and they're 'taking' me just as I am," said a drunken man at Dudley to a police-officer. He had been found crawling on his hands and knees in front of a tramcar. "I'm Charlie Chaplin," he informed the Magistrate. "Are you, really?" replied his worship,

who knew better. "Then you will pay ten shillings." Moral: If you *must* imitate Charlie, keep sober.

"Flower" Films for Mary Fuller.

It is interesting to note that a series of "flower" stories have been specially written for Mary Fuller, the Trans-Atlantic star. The first of the series is *The Little White Violet* (released shortly), in which her countless admirers will see her in a rôle full of opportunity for displaying her powers for pretty, sympathetic characterisation. Apropos of this series a "lily" portrait study of Mary appears this week on our front cover.

The Song Cinema.

THERE seems, says the *Star* to be a certain affinity between the cinema and the musical world. In America the picture palace has become a sort of concert agent, and, I learn from *Musical America*, Damrosch, Hofmann, and Mme. Leginska are among the many artists who have appeared upon the "movies." They say over there that at least 20,000,000 people see each picture. America has gone further than assisting music through the cinematograph. It has set the fashion of engaging artists of the first rank to sing during the exhibition of the pictures.

Tongue-Twisting in Theatre-land.

A RIVAL to the famous "Sister Susie" found its way into the programme of the popular revue *All Scotch*. The authorship was attributed to Harry Grattan, but that gentleman begs to disclaim the honour. This is how it runs:—

"Charlie Chaplin causes cachinnation.
Combining quaintly crablike crawls with comic curves and cane,
Congested crowds cause crushing
Kept continually conchusing.
Craving Cheery Charlie Chaplin's champion curative campaign."

Rhyme and Reason.

A LOT of girls in this world of ours would picture actors be. They think it fine to pose in plays with wide publicity. They never think of the hard work the trials and the real tears that come to those who long to pose before the real and nears. The best advice that we can give to those now fillum struck is to stay at home and not to roam, for there is little luck! Those who act upon the screen have studied long and well, so we suggest that home is best, for picture work is—(Well, it's not what it's thought to be!)

Turning the Handle.

THESE figures, taken from the house organ of an American theatre, will interest all picturegoers:—

During the month of June the operators ran 848 reels averaging 1,000 feet to the reel, making a total of 848,000 feet of film. In order to run this number of feet through the machine, which runs one foot to each turn of the crank, our operator turned the crank during the month 848,000 times. So please excuse the operator if he is a little cranky.

There are sixteen pictures to a foot, which makes 12,568,000 pictures. The mechanism of a picture machine is so geared that the cam shaft revolves once for every picture. The month of June reduced to miles would be 162½ miles.

The Making of Mae Marsh.

TWO years ago an awkward, timid girl in her teens followed her actress-sister, Margaret Loveridge, at a safe distance to the Biograph studios, where D. W. Griffith presently found her watching in open-eyed astonishment the making of a motion-picture. Her finely-shaped head and intellectual brow attracted the producer's eye, and although her hair was plastered down flat on her head, and her arms and face badly sunburned and freckled, he realised that in this young woman he had made a find. Before a month had passed the ugly duckling began to be transferred into a beautiful swan, and to-day Mae Marsh, who played an important part in *The Birth of a Nation*, captivates old and young with her beauty and charm.

Film Fiction from "Truth."

THERE are coming thrills for picturegoers. The American Biograph Company have secured the rights of producing some of the famous "Queer Stories" from *Truth*. The first to be filmed is *The Wheel of the Gods*, which deals with the revenge of a doctor whose beautiful wife is engaged in an intrigue with a wealthy lover. Surprising his rival and his wife together one day, his betrayer ingeniously explains that he has called for a consultation. The doctor, apparently accepting the explanation in all good faith, overhauls the other, and informs him that he is suffering from a disease of the heart, which must kill him in three months. His betrayer accepts the diagnosis unquestionably, and in every little indisposition sees a confirmation of his death-sentence. At last, broken down by the strain occasioned by the horror of his supposed inevitable end, he shoots himself. The physician, his end accomplished, goes his way.

Films on the Eve of Battle.

AMONG the German war novelties introduced in the Russian front the cinema is taking a prominent place. On the way to the attack, at the stopping-points, says the *Evening News*, the officers show to their men cinematograph views of the villages and towns which they are to capture on the morrow. The soldiers see beforehand the road along which the army must march, with all its details.

The officers explain how the difficulties of the route may be surmounted, where bridges may be thrown over the streams, and where the best river fords are situated. The attention of the men is directed to any depressions in the soil, the existing trenches, forests, and valleys.

Nothing is omitted that can give to the soldiers an opportunity to lighten the labours of the march. Thus, on entering a town, the soldiers know at once where the barracks and bake-houses are situated and where the tradesmen's shops may be found.

Are You Star-hunting? See p. 38.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **EARLY MORNING SCENES** with the London Scottish during a route march somewhere in Kent. 2. **LONDON IRISH AT PLAY:** The Centipede race at a Sports meeting. 3. **WINSTON CHURCHILL** makes a rousing speech to munition workers. 4. **THE MILITARY NEWS** edited and delivered in Camp is immensely popular with our soldiers. The Editor at work. 5. **GETTING READY TO RETURN TO THE FRONT:** Convalescent Austrians at bayonet practice. 6. **A GIFT FROM THE CINEMA TRADE:** The Mayor of Newcastle presents a motor ambulance (seen in the background) to military authorities. 7. **UNCLE SAM'S NAVY:** Battleships steaming into New York Harbour.



THE WOMAN WHO DID

Adapted from the Film of Grant Allen's Novel

BY IVAN PATRICK GORE.

THE great physician listened intently until his son had finished the story that had brought him hastening home from a visit to the country.

"And the young lady, what does she say?"

"She—" Alan Merrick answered, flushing as he saw the twinkle in his father's shrewd eye—"she loves me—"

Dr. Merrick sprang to his feet with a laugh. "Then that should settle the matter for both

of you. Why, when I was your age my first call would have been at Doctors' Commons for a special licence—then I might have remembered my duty to my parents!"

"Then I have your consent, father?"

"And my blessing, boy. . . . One moment"—he crossed the room to where his desk stood—"unless the world we live in has changed greatly since I was a boy, there are more useful things on a honeymoon than even the parental benediction. . . . Here you are, boy," he added, handing Alan a cheque, "and if that falls short of your requirements, don't be afraid to ask for more. . . . God bless you both!"

With a heart as light as air, Alan ran down the steps of his father's Harley Street residence, and hurried in the direction of St. Paul's in search of the licence that would consummate his happiness. That being speedily procured, he turned Chelsea-ward, where the beautiful girl who had captured his heart, and who was shortly to be his bride, lived an unconventional life of girl bachelorhood. . . . Herminia! Herminia! the name seemed to dance on his lips as he swung through the crowded streets to think that a few days' hours would see the dream of that glorious summer realised. Again he smiled to himself as he remembered his sweetheart's rather peculiar views, and the warning her old father, the Dean, had seen fit to give him when he had sought the old cleric's benediction on his suit.

"Herminia is not the only woman who refuses to swallow all the teaching of convention," he muttered to himself as he turned into the house of studios and Bohemian residences where she lived, "but once she is a wife, of course, she'll climb down!"

Another few moments and he held her close in his embrace. "My darling," he whispered, "everything is all right."

"Goodness!" she laughed, "how serious you are. . . . Of course everything is all right."

"I mean," Alan answered, "that I've seen my father and he's not only given us his blessing, but—"

Herminia drew away from his encircling arms. "Oh! why could we not have kept our secret to ourselves, dearest? It was so beautiful—so sweet—and now every one—"

"Darling, sooner or later our love had to become known, so why not now?" Then, in a hasty attempt to turn his sweetheart's thoughts from the publicity she hated—"I tell you, the Governor's a sport. . . . He handed out a rattling cheque upon the spot, so I slipped through and got a special licence before the coin could burn a hole in my pocket."

"You did—what?"

Alan laughed. "Why, slipped up to Doctors' Commons immediately for the necessary little bit of paper. . . . With this we can be married without a soul knowing, if you like, although I would like the Governor and one or two of our most intimate friends to witness the happy event."

"Give me the paper, Alan!"

"Why, certainly, my darling." With a light laugh he handed the licence to her. "It's quite in order. . . ."

Very deliberately she struck a match, and, having lighted the licence, held it up until the charred ashes fell crumbling from her white fingers to the ground.

"Herminia! What do you mean?"

She faced him unflinchingly, "You know very well what my views on marriage are, and, dearly as I love you—passionately as we both love—I cannot sacrifice my views. No, dear. I would not risk my happiness even at such a price."

With a ghastly face Alan turned away and reached for his straw hat. "Then all is over," he said, hoarsely. "I am a man, not a bloodless automaton, and I cannot go on like this. . . . My manhood calls for all or nothing!"

With bent head he walked towards the door, but as her soft fingers closed on his he swung sharply round. . . . The next moment her arms were round his neck, and she, all-compelling in the passion that held her, was dragging him down into her embrace.

"Beloved," she whispered, "you shall not leave me again. . . . Alan, I am a woman even as you are a man. . . . Heaven made us for each other, dearest, and sent us to each other's arms. . . . O Alan! you have made me so happy."

Herminia Barton soon found that, however great her own personal satisfaction was at throwing the trammels of convention to the wind and practising the theories she had so boldly preached, the effect on her friends and acquaintances—those who had most applauded her doctrines of freedom being the most censorious—was disastrous. . . . In short, instead of being exalted as a martyr, she quickly discovered that she had descended to little better than the moral and social status of a pariah. . . . But the worst blow fell when, having whispered her great secret in Alan's ear, he hurried hot-foot to claim the assistance of his famous father.

The old doctor heard him in grim silence to the end. "Have you made her your wife? Is she an honest woman?" he demanded, sternly.

"Father, you know what Herminia's views are—what—"

"I know nothing of the young woman's madness save that it has dragged my name into the mire—that her gross disregard for ordinary decency has robbed me of my only son."

"Father—"

"I have nothing further to say, nor do I want to hear anything; but if you have any affection left for me, and any control over your mistress, you will



"HEAVEN MADE US FOR EACH OTHER, DEAREST."



ALAN REELED AND WOULD HAVE FALLEN.

poor creature who knew she was beyond human aid.

"Come be brave, Herminia! who perished, keeping back her tears with difficulty, and to-morrow we will come again."

Alan, dear oh, merciful heaven! With a cry, she ran across the room and dashed the glass from his hand. "Oh! my dear what have you done?"

"Nothing very serious I hope, dear. The day is so infernally close and hot that I took the liberty of helping myself to a glass of water from this jug."

"Ah, Alan," Herminia gasped, her eyes wide open with horror, "have you so soon forgotten the priest's warning?"

For a moment Alan was serious, then he laughed. "By Jove, I think I must

abandon her! In a very few moments she then beat her forehead and at sight of the sick man the other crossed himself devoutly.

"Quick!" Herminia cried, clapping her eyes to the members of the room.

Mr. Merriek has been taken ill, and we must hurry home at once.

With the help of the Italian doctor she succeeded in getting Alan to the launch and so home, but, once there, the local doctor shook his head sadly.

"I regret, madam, but I can do nothing, but..." he hesitated, then plucked up courage at the sight of the agony in her dark eyes. "Madame, will surely pardon me, you must call me immediately for his illustrious father."

Alone once more, Herminia was left to fight the battle between her love for the man who lay so still and silent and her pride, and in the end her love conquered, as a true woman's love always must and she did as the Italian advised.

With the following day Dr. Merriek's reply arrived.

"Am coming out to attend Alan immediately," it ran, "but must strongly advise you as a matter of duty to get married at once." The agony of the hours that followed left their marks on Herminia for life. Again she fought the fight between the principles she had adopted and the love that was in her heart for the helpless man and the little one who would shortly come into the world—their child. In the Lady-chapel, where side by side she and Alan had knelt, she prayed long and fervently for Divine guidance; then, comforted, she returned to their apartments.

"Alan, my darling, Alan!" she whispered in the ear of the man who lay so still.

"Dr. Merriek!"

At the sound of the announcement she turned slowly from the bed to face the stern face of the man who had travelled post-haste to the aid of his son—the man she loved. Ignoring her presence, Dr. Merriek bent over the



"A SOVEREIGN!" SHE CRIED IN ASTONISHMENT.

have done; but cheer up, darling. I'm not afraid."

As they left the tenement and walked back home she forgot her fears and joined whole-heartedly in an expedition to explore the lake which they had promised themselves for some days past; but suddenly, when side by side they stood gazing out over the blue depths, he stumbled and reeled heavily against her shoulder.

"Sorry, my dear," he stammered, steadying himself with a great effort, "it's the heat. . . . Funny, I feel wretchedly faint, and I don't remember ever having fainted in my life."

Again he tried to laugh away her fears, then after a very few yards he reeled, and would have fallen but for her protecting arm, and so they made their way to where the electric launch was waiting them; but every minute made his condition worse, until at last he sank upon some steps and Herminia called



DOLLY MEETS RICH YOUNG WALTER BRIDGES.

persuade her to leave the country until . . . The old man's voice broke, and, turning abruptly, he left the room.

Yielding to Alan's entreaties, Herminia at last consented to obey Dr. Merriek's wishes, and the full summer found them wandering through Italy. There, amid their beautiful surroundings, and with casual acquaintances who knew nothing of the history of the young Englishman and his beautiful companion, the young couple soon began to forget the slights and covert insults that had marred the first months of their romantic union. But one peerless day in old Perugia the blow fell in an unexpected manner, for, while dawdling over late meal, the caretaker of the house in which they had apartments announced a visit from a priest attached to the neighbouring Cathedral.

For a moment Alan and Herminia looked at each other in dismay, but the good old man soon put them at their ease.

"Pardon this intrusion, and at such an hour," he exclaimed in excellent English, "but you are strangers, and I considered it my duty to warn you. . . . Touch no water in Perugia, for typhoid is laying waste the city, and sparing neither rich nor poor, and the epidemic has been traced to water supplied by our polluted springs."

Then, bowing and smiling, he went off to his work of self-sacrifice in the slums where the poor were dying like flies.

"Thank heaven, he warned us in time, sweetheart!" Alan exclaimed, as they heard the old priest conveying his dread message to the other inhabitants of the house. "There's a train in two hours' time, and —"

"No, dear," Herminia interrupted gently, "you go if you think fit, but my duty is here among the sick."

In spite of all Alan's arguments and pleadings, she persisted in her resolve, and the following morning saw the devoted couple set out upon their errand of mercy.

Into noisome cellars, dungeon-like in their damp blackness, and up into scorching attics Alan and Herminia made their way, until at last their supply of comforts were exhausted for the day; but in the last garret that they visited Herminia lingered to console a



STRONG IN HER LOVE TO THE END, SHE HAD PAID THE PRICE OF HER CONVICTIONS.

still form; then, with a scarcely-smothered sob, turned on his heels and passed into their sitting-room.

Scarcely knowing what she did, Herminia followed.

"Were you married before he—he died?" he answered, brutally.

Herminia swayed dizzily. "No——"

"Then the child——?"

"Will be your son's child!" she answered, proudly. "Alan was mine in life—he is mine in death."

"I have done with you," exclaimed the Doctor. "You have no right any longer in my son's apartments."

The years that followed Alan's tragic death were terrible ones for Herminia. The little money her dead lover had been enabled to leave her was quickly swallowed up by the claims of her own illness, but her pluck soon began to recapture the lost ground her life's mistake had yielded, and by the time that little Dolores was eight the mother had succeeded in establishing herself as a writer for the minor publications.

Then one day the little one rushed into the room where her mother sat working. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, "see what the gentleman gave me!"

Herminia took the proffered coin.

"A sovereign!" she said in astonishment. "why, surely there must be some mistake, dearie!"

"Not a bit, mum," her landlady, who had entered, chimed; "the gentleman saw Miss Dolores playing in the street, and spoke to her. 'For the sake of your eyes that remind me of some one I once loved,' says he, 'will you take that from me, my pretty one?'"

"But the gentleman?" Herminia asked, "do you know his name?"

"That I do, mum. 'Twas Sir Anthony Merrick, the great physician!"

The room swam round Herminia, but she controlled herself until the woman had retired; then, useful though the coin would have been, she returned it by post to her dead lover's father.

The following week brought an offer from the great doctor to adopt the child, whose identity he now knew, but Herminia proudly refused it. "While I

live," she answered, "I can work to provide for the child of the man I loved."

Again the years sped on, bringing many vicissitudes to the little ménage, until at last, just as fortune was beginning to smile on the woman who was prepared to sacrifice all for the memory of her dead lover and Dolly was approaching womanhood, some friends asked the girl to stay with them, and there she met the rich young Walter Brydges, who, infatuated by her beauty, asked her to become his wife, and, loving him with all the strength of her warm nature, she consented.

For some weeks fate seemed to have cast its chief gifts in the path of the young lovers, then a shadow fell across Dolly's path, and she hastened home.

"Mother," she said, facing the loving woman, who shrank instinctively from the expression in her daughter's eyes, "who was my father?"

"Oh, my dear!"

"I am asking you a question, mother. Was he the son of Sir Anthony Merrick, the man who wished to adopt me years ago? And is it true that you were never legally his wife?"

Herminia held out imploring arms.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" she sobbed.

"Oh, you need not lie to me—the truth is in your eyes! . . . God forgive you and the man who was my father—between you, you have wrecked my life!"

She fled wildly from the roof her mother's loving hands had built to shelter her, and went straight to Sir Anthony.

"I am Dolores Barton," she said.

"And your son Alan's daughter. . . . Years ago you wished to adopt me, but my mother's pride forbade. . . . Now I have left her for ever, and I come to you for protection!"

Sir Anthony received her gladly, and within a few days she took her seat at his table as his heiress. . . . His power and name smoothed away the trouble between her and her lover's friends. Then one day, as they sat at dinner, she received a note in the hand she had once loved so well.

"My darling," she read, through sud-

denly tear-dimmed eyes, "when you receive this I shall be beyond aid, and shall trouble you no more."

With a cry she sprang to her feet. "Grandfather," she cried, "mother—my mother—read! . . . Oh, dear mother!"

In a few moments Sir Anthony and she were hurrying to the house that had once been a happy home.

"Mother! mother!" she cried, as she hurried up the stairs. "'tis I, Dolly. I have come back to you, darling. . . ."

But the mother's ears were deaf for all time. . . . Strong in her love to the end, she had paid the price of her convictions, and left the child she worshipped free to lead a life of luxury and respectability with the man she loved. She had passed out to the Great Beyond, confident that One Whose understanding is greater than that of the world would forgive and reunite to the man who, in the world, had been her all.

Candidly, this is one of the very best English productions we have seen. It was made by Broadwest films, and, long as the film is, every foot kept us interested until the end. Broadwest is a live British firm, although a comparatively new one, and we hope to see more of their work shortly. Nothing less than Italy itself would satisfy the Company for the Italian scenes in *The Woman Who Did*, and the taking of these sunny pictures must have given the artistes a nice holiday. Five Balfour has made a big hit in the difficult and delicate rôle of Herminia. Thos. H. Macdonald is splendid as Alan Merrick, and George Folley has given us nothing better than his Doctor Merrick. We learn that the United Kingdom rights of the drama have been acquired by the Gerrard Film Company, 13, Gerrard Street, W.

MIX, THE MARVEL

ALTHOUGH Tom Mix, the intrepid cowboy actor-author-producer of the Selig forces, and the subject of our artist's impressions on the opposite page, has only been working about a month since recovering from his accident he has completed no less than six thrilling subjects. One of his latest successes is *The Heart of a Sheriff* (to be released on October 7th).

The feature of this picture is the runaway-pair horse wagon, which after a long run falls over a hill, horses and all, and rolls over and over until level ground is reached. Tom, as the sheriff, follows on horseback and rescues the occupants. In this, as in all his roles, the cowboy actor is amazingly realistic.

A story comes to us from Las Vegas which illustrates the true-to-life-ness of the pictures produced by Mix. An aged Frontiersman was sitting on the steps of his home, near the outskirts of the city, while Mix's Company was filming a scene in an open field near by. After watching the action intently for some minutes he turned to a reporter from a Las Vegas paper who was standing near and said, "That young fellow sure makes us old-timers think we are living back in the good old days the way he rigs up them scenes. When that there stage-coach came rumbling up Bridge Street the other day with all the boys surrounding it, as though on guard, I'll tell ye right now that kind of made me think I was dreaming. He's a real Western man, and no movie actor by long odds. I seen him grow up in the saddle 'round these parts, and what he puts into them pictures he learned through good hard knocks on the ranches."

PICTURE PLAYERS IN PEN AND INK



Tom Mix, the Selig Daredevil Cowboy, as seen at the Cinema by Frank R. Grey.

NO GREATER LOVE

DOWN the Parisian Boulevards each evening theatre-going traffic moved in a never-ending stream. The idol of the hour was Sadunah the dancer. To miss her performance was to miss the artistic sensation of the day. Sadunah had many admirers—men and women too, who deemed it a privilege to pay her homage; to render tribute to a wonderful performance. But Sadunah was more than a great artiste; she was a great mother, one to whom no sacrifice for her daughter would be too awful. Editha was a winsome girl on the threshold of a womanhood which her mother had decreed should be entered with every hope of future happiness.

Into their lives came Henry Laroche, secretary to Mostyn May, a wealthy financier. The young man had seen Editha, and loved her, and in the hope of gaining the mother to his cause he often mingled with her admirers after the performance. The dancer, however, encouraged no one, and jealously guarded Editha from her artiste's life. That the world should forget she was only a dancer's child was the mother's sole ambition. Chance having acquainted Laroche with Sadunah, he frequented the house in the hope of seeing the daughter, but Editha evinced no desire to extend their acquaintanceship.

The fame of the dancer reached Mostyn, and, pressed by friends and Laroche, he went to the theatre to see her performance. Sadunah's grace and charm carried him away, and he invited her to dance at an entertainment he was giving to his friends. In accepting she unconsciously took the first step in the direction of the great tragedy.

A big crowd gathered at the financier's house to see the famous dancer, and among the guests was Mostyn May's millionaire uncle, Clifton Judd, an infirm invalid, who lived alone with his valet Mark Repton. Sadunah's weird and wonderful dance created a deep impression, but none was so visibly affected as Mostyn. When Sadunah left the house she realised that the Money King was ready to place his name, and fortune at her feet. But all his efforts to induce the dancer to promise to marry him failed, and one afternoon Mostyn accused her of being in love with some one else. In reply Sadunah showed him the portrait of Editha. "My daughter," she murmured gently, "than whom the world holds nothing dearer."

"What do you think of him, darling?" asked Sadunah of Editha after an introduction to Mostyn. "What if he became your father?" The girl's answer must have been satisfactory; a few weeks later she was waiting in the financier's house for the return of the lovers from their honeymoon.

The Earl of Wansford, one of Mostyn's business friends, accepted an invitation to attend a ball being given by Mostyn May and his wife to celebrate

*Adapted from the Gaumont Exclusive,
A Film Version of
William Le Queux's Latest Novel.*



"SADUNAH THE DANCER."

the birthday of their daughter. Lord Sandown, the son of the Earl, came with his father and fell in love with Editha at first sight. Sadunah saw in this a brilliant match for her daughter, and decided to use her wit to bring about a marriage. Unable to deny his wife anything, Mostyn wrote to the Earl inviting him and his son to their Château Mirimar on the Riviera, whither they were going for a holiday. Sandown, having told his father of his love for Editha, succeeded in inducing him to accept the invitation, and shortly afterwards the merry party gathered at the beautiful chateau overlooking one of the loveliest bays in the world. Sadunah's plans succeeded, for a marriage was arranged between the Earl's son and the financier's step-daughter. During the mutual congratulations upon the terrace Laroche came on the scene, and although he endeavoured to tender hearty good wishes the engagement sounded the death-knell of his hopes.

To the chateau also came Uncle Clifton. The old man had written that his health was worse. As he believed that the Riviera sunshine would ward off the inevitable, he would be grateful

if his nephew and niece would prepare for his reception the little cottage at the Devil's Pool. Accompanied by his faithful shadow Mark, the decrepit old man arrived, and took up his abode in the cottage perched on the summit of the treacherous cliff.

All was peace and happiness at the Château Mirimar until the morning post brought dismay to Mostyn and Sadunah. A colleague of the financier wrote that some one had got wind of Mostyn's operations with the Fan Farigoul Transfers. Several shareholders had lodged complaints, and unless 250,000*l.* was available at the end of the month to put things straight Mostyn knew what would happen. As a precaution the writer was leaving at once for the States.

So serious was the situation that Mostyn immediately consulted his wife. Sadunah was horror-struck as she read the letter. The plans she had schemed for her daughter's future appeared to be blasted.

"Then you were only a thief after all," she cried, in anger.

"This is no time for recrimination," replied her husband. "What can you suggest? We must get out of the mess."

"You have brought it upon yourself. Why do you ask me for suggestions? Even such a sum as this should not trouble you."

"But it does. My recent speculations have all turned out badly, and I cannot raise a tenth of the amount."

"Then you must confess all to your uncle. He can help us out."

Uncle Clifton, however, was not disposed to help. On the contrary, he was intensely annoyed, and a heated interview ended with Mostyn being ordered out of the cottage.

Like a tigress defending her young, Sadunah paced up and down the room, as she turned over and over the dire problem. After years of toil, after long planning to see her daughter happily married, the mother was faced with the ruin of all her plans. "No, no," she muttered, "it shall not be," and from the terrace she summoned her husband.

"Your uncle's death can alone save us," she told him.

"True; but he may linger for years," answered Mostyn.

Sadunah approached close to her husband and looked straight into his eyes.

"Then kill him!" she hissed.

"I cannot, I dare not!"

"You must, and you shall," declared his wife. "Think what it means. The great financier dragged down to the level of the meanest thief. Sadunah the dancer a byword, and my darling Editha irretrievably ruined when life for her is only just beginning."

The dinner-gong ended the discussion, but worse was before Mostyn. A note from his uncle was handed him in which the old man wrote, "Make what excuses you like to your guests. I will not eat



KILL HIM, MOSTYN KILL HIM NOW!

at a thief's table. . . . Heaven give me strength to reach town to-morrow to revoke my will."

Faced with the loss of friends, wealth, and love, to become a convicted felon, Mostyn trembled. The poison of temptation instilled by Sadunah flowed through his veins, and he girded his determination to contemplate the deed.

The most trying meal either of them had ever sat through came to an end. The house-party retired to bed, and midnight saw the man and wife again facing the terrors of the situation. Mother-love surged through Sadunah. Love for husband, pride of her own great reputation were nothing beside her daughter's needs, and relentlessly she goaded her wavering husband to kill the old man and make abundant provision to meet the crisis. Desperate as was the need before, now as she read the letter, "to-morrow to revoke my will," there could be no hesitation.

"Kill him, Mostyn, before he can leave. Kill him now!"

But still her husband hesitated. "I cannot end the days of the dear old man. I would rather go down in disgrace."

"Disgrace! Do you realise what it means to us all? But I will not be disgraced, neither shall Editha. You shall kill him. Come!"

And, forcing a revolver into his hand, Sadunah continued to plead so hard that he finally gave way. Together in the chill night air they climbed to the cottage. At the door he stopped and would return, but the woman whispered, "Be brave. It is that or ruin. Go!"

Almost falling, Mostyn stumbled into the cottage to commit unwillingly the crime to save them. Old Uncle Clifton was sleeping in the alcove with Mark tossing uneasily on a couch outside.

One report two reports! The straining ears of the terrified Sadunah heard two shots! What did it mean? Sadunah had overlooked the presence of the valet, and it was the man's rush to the side of his master when the shot was fired that led to his death on the steps.

With the revolver still clutched in his nerveless fingers, Mostyn rushed out and told his wife what had happened. His terror was such that nothing could induce him to return and place the revolver in Mark's hand. "If you cannot, I can and will," said his wife as she entered the cottage and saw the results of

the deed of blood. Stooping down, she placed the revolver in the hand of the dead valet, and then led her broken husband back to the chateau. In the bedroom she saw that the lace of her dress had been torn—and wondered.

When the manservant from the chateau reached the cottage with the morning coffee he failed to arouse the inmates, and called the gardener. The crime was discovered, and the horrified servants ran back to the chateau.

The guilty pair had watched the proceedings, and as the alarm was given Mostyn shuddered.

"Be a man!" whispered Sadunah. "You are safe if you act the man."

With well-simulated horror and grief they received the dreadful tidings, and Mostyn accompanied the men of the party to the scene.

Laroche was one of the number, and when leaving the room he found the piece of lace missing from Sadunah's gown, and without a word placed it in his pocket.

An inquiry was held, and a double verdict returned against the guiltless valet—that he murdered his master whilst in a fit of delirium tremens and then committed suicide.

So far all was well, but as the days passed Mostyn, tortured by remorse, haunted by visions, and worn out by sleepless nights, was on the verge of a mental collapse. The day the solicitor called to read the murdered man's will—the will husband and wife had done so much to save—the climax was reached. As he leant over the table to sign the documents Mostyn fancied he saw in the chair opposite him the man he had murdered.

With a loud shriek he fell dead.

A month passed, during which Sadunah could not wipe from her mind the memories of that awful night. Trying to forget, she spent hours with the young lovers, and was seated with them one morning when a letter reached her from Henry Laroche, saying that her late husband's affairs were now in order. As an executor it was his duty to make a thorough examination of all documents, and he had ascertained certain facts she knew of. They were so important that he was leaving at once for the chateau to confer with her, and also to discuss a matter which touched him closely.

"What does it all mean?" she asked herself. "He cannot have discovered anything, and yet where is the letter which brought about the tragedy?"

In due course Sadunah met Laroche, who began the interview by producing a copy of the verdict at the inquest and then, to the mother's dismay, he showed her the letter, which she regretted not having destroyed, and the missing piece of lace! It was too late; the die was cast and she must find a way out.

As Laroche was walking to the chateau he met Editha and Sandown launching a boat. The happy lovers were rounding the point when the secretary launched his thunderbolt.

The sight of the lovers steeled the determination of Sadunah to fight to the last. Laroche recognised this, and at once declared, "It is Editha I want. Give her to me, and I remain silent."

"No, no; anything rather than that," cried the stricken mother.

"Very well, arrange matters as you like. I will come for my answer to-night."

The strain of the rack was Sadunah's for hours. Should she sacrifice her dear Editha or herself? It was the supreme test of her mother-love, and the decision had to be taken. She wrote to the Earl that, for reasons she could not explain, it was no longer possible for Editha to marry his son.

As the letter was completed Editha entered the room, and there was an affecting scene between mother and daughter, in which Sadunah mentally suffered the tortures of the damned. No, she would not sacrifice her daughter's happiness and her own ambition for the girl, and she tore up the letter.

When Laroche came for his answer Sadunah told him to do his worst. But



SHE SPRANG AT HIS THROAT AND PUSHED THE MAN THROUGH THE FENCE.

he had not played his last card. "Very well," he sneered, "I will go at once and inform your daughter of the truth."

This was the moment for Sadunah's decision. "Meet me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock at the Devil's Pool, and I will take you to Editha," was her calm retort.

The unexpected reply sent Laroche away quite satisfied that Editha would be his, as well as the money, and that it was blood-money mattered not.

The morning broke bright and fair. On the terrace Editha and her lover were seated when Sadunah, gowned in white as for a bridal ceremony, came down the steps unheard. Bidding her beloved child a mute farewell, she climbed to the height above the Devil's Pool. Waiting beside the broken fence was Henry Laroche. Sadunah greeted him gaily, and, calling his attention to the beautiful view, she sprang at his throat, and with great force pushed the man through the fence. Together they fell, and both were drowned in the Devil's Pool, which lay deep at the bottom of the cliff. Taking the terrible secret with her to a watery grave, Sadunah had sacrificed her life for the happiness of her child.

Never before has a photo-drama marked with such beautiful emphasis the love of a woman for her child. *No Greater Love* is a drama of intensity throughout, revealing the wonderful power of mother-love. Husband, fame, life itself are all surrendered in one glorious sacrifice for the child the woman bore. Our readers will no doubt remember Mlle. Regina Badet in *Zoe*, one of the most successful films issued in 1913, and this fascinating actress has played the part of "Sadunah." It is a great conception, for she has given us a moving interpretation of the soul-stirring story. M. de L'Isle appears as "Mostyn," Paul Guidé as "Laroche," and Mlle. Nizar as "Editha." The film will be released by Gaumont on October 25th.



"MOVING PICTURE"-GOERS.

Pa takes his pets to the pictures.

Julius

HALL CAINE ON THE FUTURE OF THE FILM PLAY

SO magnificent a thing is the Famous Players production of *The Eternal City*, both from an artistic and a dramatic point of view, that it is with immense satisfaction we receive news of it being followed into the cinema world by another of Hall Caine's successful novels—namely, *The Christian*. This latter has just been completed by the London Film Company, with Derwent Hall Caine (son of the author, who, by the way, has recently made a huge success in *Pete* at the Aldwych Theatre) as "John Storm" and Elizabeth Risdon as "Glory Quayle."

When the other day Low Warren, of the *Kinematograph Weekly*, spent a pleasant hour with the great author, the conversation naturally turned upon the film-play, and Hall Caine made it clear that he, for one, recognised how universal to-day is the appeal which the picture-screen makes to the peoples of the world.

New Vehicle of Expression.

"It is a fine—a magnificent—thing," he said, "to speak to a great public. All our dramatists and writers from Shakespeare downwards have sought the widest outlet for their work. One hundred thousand readers represents one hundred thousand hearts touched—something much to be desired. A fine thing to be able to do, but a great responsibility. It is in this direction that the cinematograph will help the author. It is a great new vehicle of expression, a work that does not require translating. The author depends on the vehicle of words. He must therefore always be conscious of the limitations of his language. If he writes for England and the English people he has an enormous public truly, but if he wishes to appeal to humanity as a whole he must find a means of surmounting the barrier of English language and life. He must rise beyond it, and find a new means of expression if he would prove equally interesting to the Frenchman, the Italian, and the Russian. Few men are able successfully to do that."

Speaking to the World.

"The cinematograph story-teller—the story-teller who writes in pictures and not in words, whether of play or novel—is speaking to the world. Man is man



MR. HALL CAINE.

(Photo. Low Warren.)

everywhere. He has the same emotions, the same aspirations; he is the same human creature, whether he be black or white. The writer who sets out to produce the great picture story appeals to the widest, the greatest, the most wonderful and the most complex audience the world has ever known.

The Dumas of the Screen.

"... May I say that I believe the day is not far distant when a second Dumas will arise who will give to the pictures a literature of its own. Why should not the world see a great story-teller who can tell a great story to the eye alone? No more will our producers look to the plays and books of

the writers of the day to provide the screen stories which they need. The Dumas of the screen will write for the cinematograph, and not for the publisher of books or the producer of plays. He will understand all the technique of the art, its wonderful advantages, and its limitation. He will write in the new medium of expression, as a writer writes a book, or a painter paints a picture; he will write for the camera alone, and he will produce a great, a marvellous work of art that will set the standard for all future cinematograph plays—a play that will be seen by a greater number of people, that will occasion more discussion, and will make a wider and more general appeal than anything that has yet been done."

Hall Caine's Lament.

"Would that I were a young man—that I were thirty years younger—that I might witness its advent, and that I might perhaps be permitted to play a small part in the making of the new literature of the cinematograph theatre. But it is work for men of a younger generation. I must be content to go on with my books and my plays, and to see them translated by other hands into the medium of the moving picture."

Speaking of *The Eternal City*, Hall Caine remarked: "It follows my story with an exactness that is remarkable. I am delighted with the film, and I only hope that those who see it in the picture theatres will derive as much pleasure from seeing it on the screen as I did myself."

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Quite an Authority.

"I would not miss jolly old P. AND P. for the world. The picture palaces themselves would fall rather flat, I guess, if one did not know the persons acting in the films. I am quite an authority on the 'movies' now, thanks to your ripping little book. Here's to its long life and general prosperity."

L. M. F. (Cheshire).

Children, Cheering, and Chaos.

"At one of the palaces near here there is a Children's Programme every Saturday afternoon, and the *Milvain Dollar Mystery* has been cut out of their programme because they made such a row over it. They cheered and stamped, and shouted, and called out things, until the place was like Bedlam. I've seen some pictures, but I've never heard any audience make such a fuss over anything as that one made over the *Milvain Dollar* that day."

D. R. (Kilburn).

"Star" Huts in Camp.

"I've had a ripping holiday! just on a month at a holiday camp on the East Coast. No tents this year, as the lights shine out to sea, but dear little huts instead, with just canvas windows. I straightway named my hut 'Mary Pickford,' and mother's 'Harold Lockwood,' and the idea so pleased the other campers that they came to me and wanted me to mark their favourite names on the doors of their huts, so we had the 'Maurice Costello' hut, the 'Lilian Walker' hut, the 'G. M. Anderson' hut, &c."

I. N. (Watford).

A Real War Drama.

"Have you noticed in the papers that we are not taking so many prisoners lately? And the following will explain why. A friend of mine told me a story from his brother at the Front. 'We were given the order to charge and got to the top of the trench when a sniper spotted Fred, who was the first out, and the next minute he fell back into my arms with a soft-nosed bullet in his temple. I laid him down and charged and came across the sniper, who saw he was spotted and tried to bolt for it, but I got up to him and he threw up his arms and said, 'I'm for England, are you?' I said, 'You're for Kingdom Come,' and I ran my bayonet through him and thus avenged Fred."

JACKIE (London, W.).

Pictures, Prejudice, and Posters!

"For a long time I have been made really quite unhappy by the prejudice of many of my friends against the cinematograph. I have been laughed at for my enthusiasm by my friends, jeered at for 'wasting my time' by my family, and invariably treated with disdain and contempt when I have introduced the subject of the pictures into my conversation with acquaintances or strangers. Now, this has troubled me very much, for I have always been positively convinced that the art of the moving picture is quite as great as that of the legitimate stage, and that if these cinema-jeerers could once be got inside a picture-theatre they would wax equally as enthusiastic as I. At last, however, I have discovered the reason of this prejudice. It is the crudeness of the picture-posters that frightens away the uninitiated! Yesterday a friend expressed her abhorrence of these 'awful things' and said she could never bring herself to see the plays they represented. Then, for the first time in my life, I began to see that there was a great deal of truth in this, and that it is quite likely people who know nothing of the beauty and artistry of the films are frightened away by the crude and glaring posters. Can't anything be done?"

E. F. (Anerley.)



RICHARD TRAVERS.

All Picture-goers know Richard Travers, and every Picture-play in which he has appeared has shown them what an accomplished and versatile actor he is. As Captain Rutledge in

"VAIN JUSTICE,"

An Emotional Two-Act Drama,

he has added yet another success to those past achievements which have made him one of the most popular actors on the screen. He handles the strong emotional situations, in which this film abounds, with power and distinction, while the love-passages and quieter scenes are finely rendered with all the delicacy and sympathetic charm which make his acting so delightful. Do not miss this great film greatly acted. If you do not see it on the list of future events at your local house, tell the manager. He'll be glad to hear about it, for it's one of the

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Thrills Galore in New Wild Animal Drama.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE JUNGLE"

"101 Bison" Drama. 1,945ft. approx. Released Nov. 15th.

No pictures are more popular than the "101 Bison" wild animal dramas, and here is one of the most thrilling productions in which Marie Walcamp and Wellington Playter—those dare-devil Bison stars—have yet appeared.

It is a picture containing thrills galore. There are hand-to-hand struggles with lions and leopards and other breath-arresting scenes that must be seen to be believed. Indeed, the picture is one swift succession of remarkable incidents that will work spectators up to a pitch of the wildest excitement.



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Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

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They are distinguished by having more laughter per foot than anything else on the screen. The situations are of the funniest, the humour of the quaintest character, and there is a total absence of vulgarity.

They are absolutely U-N-I-Q-U-E as rib-ticklers, and as a laughter- tonic they are the very best you can possibly find.

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OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



DETECTIVE BLINN.—

The detective is assigned to the case of a series of mysterious jewel thefts which have baffled the entire police department. He works his way into the good graces of the two men whom he knows to be crooks, and whom he suspects are minor accomplices in the thefts. "It I can locate the fence," he tells Scott, his aid, "I shall be able to track down all the crooks." How he does so is vividly told in this tale of adventure and mystery—so cleverly told that mystery becomes wonder.

—*Flying A Drama*, 1,989 feet (Oct. 15).

CHARLIE AT WORK.—Two more reels of laughter. You will see Charlie dragging the decorator's cart through busy traffic. You will see him knocking down people with planks, getting more paper and whitewash on himself than on the walls or ceiling, and in the midst of it all making love to the pretty housemaid, and finally behold him a mass of wreckage. In the end we realise with thankfulness that he has survived, and will be able to entertain us in further films.

—*Essanay Comedy*, two parts (Nov.).

THE ARAB.—Edgar Selwyn plays the name-part in this his own drama. It is a wonderful performance, and the scenes of the Bedouins in the desert are remarkably beautiful. The story deals with a young Bedouin who falls in love with the American missionary's daughter. The Turkish Governor of the province is similarly affected by the young lady, and orders a general massacre of the Christians in order to further his ambitions concerning the girl. She is lured to his palace and placed in his harem for "protection." The Bedouin fathoms the scheme, and after many hair-raising adventures enables the girl, although he is heart-broken to lose her, to go back safely to America.

—*Lasky Drama*, four parts (Oct. 11).

AMBROSE'S LITTLE HATCHET.—It served him right. He would not buy his wife new clothes, so she ordered some herself. A fitter arrived with a model. It was out of order, and, taking it into an adjoining room, the head and arms of the model got wrenched off by the fitter. The operation was shadowed on the blind. Neighbours saw it and rushed to tell the husband of the horrible murder—but it all ends happily.

—*Keystone Comedy*, 1,000 feet (Oct. 14).

DAVISON

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

WHITE

For Breakfast
& after Dinner.

& BLUE

ACCORDING TO THEIR LIGHTS. Rugged as the rocky homes they live in are the characters in this sterling two-reeler, which records the deep love and hate of the mountaineers. Bessie Larn as the mountain lass, Pat O'Malley as the tragic lover, Yale Benner as the rugged lover, and Margaret Prussing as the society girl tell a story that throbs with "true-to-liteness."

Edison Drama, 2,300 feet (Oct. 14).

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND.—A great British novel. A Great British film. A classic example of how a clergyman who has committed a great wrong, for which he permits his friend to be punished, suffers with sealed lips agonies of remorse, until he expiates it by open and dramatic confession in the pulpit. An "Ideal" film released by a firm who always secure a good thing when they see it.

Ideal Film Renting Company, four parts (Oct. 18).

HIS COOLING COURTSHIP. The appearance of Lupino Lane in a series of British Comedies is good news, for Lupino Lane belongs to a famous family of British comedians, and is now successfully appearing at the London Empire in *Watch Your Step*. In his film comedies he is aiming at originality, and whilst he gets that he is bound to succeed. *His Cooling Courtship* is the first of his series, and as Lord Clarence in love his troubles will amuse all who have the good fortune to see the picture.

—Davison (the British Agent), one reel (Nov. 8).

THE LITTLE WHITE VIOLET. Viola is the adopted child of the convent. One day she witnesses a wedding, and one of the guests is attracted by her. He contrives to meet her later, and confesses his love for her. Next day he is thrown from his horse. He longs for Viola, and writes for her to come and marry him before he dies. He realises that this would be wronging her, and is about to destroy the letter when he faints. Old Tom finds the letter and gives it to Viola. She comes to the sick man, who wakes and tells her he is sorry to have made her forget her vows. Surprised at his change of attitude, she returns to the convent and takes the veil. On learning that Tom had given her the letter, he has a relapse, and Viola is lost to him before he recovers. The first of a series of "flower" dramas in which Mary Fuller is featured.

Trans-Atlantic Victor Drama, 1,920 feet (Oct. 18).

THE JOURNEY'S END. Although a story of love with a tragic ending, this is a very beautiful picture. Grant has written a book on *Journeys through India*, and Bradford, a hunter, visits him in his Indian bungalow. Helen, an artist in a distant land, reads his book, and corresponds with Grant, their letters developing a strong love-interest. Helen, however, becomes ill and pines away. One day Bradford kills a tiger. He carries it home, and is congratulated by Grant. The tiger's mate follows the scent. Grant reclines in a hammock thinking of Helen. The wild beast, tracing its dead mate, comes into the enclosure and springs upon Grant, who becomes a victim of its teeth and claws. Helen, at the window, in an invalid's chair, enters into the sleep that knows no awakening, and her spirit form meets Grant's approaching spirit. She holds out her arms; their faces are alight with happiness: they embrace, and then, with his arm about her, they walk toward the distant light of the setting sun.

—Selvig Drama, 1,027 feet (Oct. 4).



OUR ARTIST HAS A BRAIN WAVE. A REMEDY FOR THE
PICTUREGOER'S HAT NUISANCE.



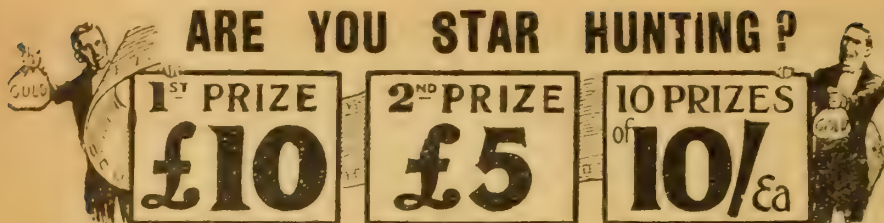
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MISS IT.



200 Handsome Consolation Prizes. SCREENED STARS

START TO-DAY! It costs nothing to enter!

We give below the third set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition "Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite **free**. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus take Player No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A **£10** note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions. **£5** to the next, and **10s** each to the next ten, and **200 Consolation Prizes** to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the third set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the **£10**—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages, so back numbers will help you. Get all your friends to join in the hunt.

<p>13</p>	<p>14</p>
Williams	Washburn
<p>15</p>	<p>16</p>
Marsh	Chaplin
<p>17</p>	<p>18</p>
Keslitt	Cruze

**ENTRY
FORM.**

NAME
ADDRESS

**3rd
Set.**

IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

Veteran Kalem Actor Dead.

THE news of the death of William H. West, a veteran member of the Kalem Company, which took place on August 30th near Los Angeles, will be received with deep regret by a large number of our readers.

William Herman West was born in Newport, R.I., about fifty-five years ago. Following an appearance in *Pinalone* he was for ten years in opera. After five years in repertoire in Brady companies, he was featured for two years in *El Capitán*. He played Foxy Quiller in *The Highwayman* and the Sheriff in *Robin Hood*. One of his most successful roles was as Sir Peter Teazle in *Lord Teazle*. For four years he was at the Tivoli Opera House in San Francisco.

Mr. West went to Kalem nearly five years ago. His ability as an all-round actor early stamped him as one of the best on the screen. His characterisations of the high-caste Chinaman or the American Indian were marked by keen understanding of national traits. His last screen work will be seen in the series entitled *The Mysteries of the Grand Hotel*. He was a gentleman as well as a splendid actor of the old school.

In and Out of Pictures.

Once I made an application
To the Seligs—what elation!
Got a job with bed and ration—
Me and wife.

Took us all down to the ocean,
By the deep sea waves in motion.
All some playwright's silly notion—
Sun and strife.

Clad us in a bit of hunting,
Such as cave-men wear in hunting.
Each a skin—the rest was wanting—
Oh, my wife!

Sunburned legs and breasts and
shoulders,
Shins skinned up with jagged boulders,
Clubs and knives and sea-weed
holders.

Art was rife!

On the cliff the villain kissed her,
Threw her off—the hero missed her!
Now, alas! no agents list her—
Such is life!

W. L. Stanton, "N.Y. Dramatic Mirror."

Viola Dana the Dancer.

APPARENTLY no school-girl ever was more fond of dancing than Viola Dana, the dainty little Edison lead. No matter how hot the day—and what studio is cooler than the "outside" weather?—she is always ready to take a whirl if she can find anybody to brave the wilting pastime. Putting away, she will hum snatches of song till out of breath, and her partner is always the first to ask for mercy by stopping the dance. Modern dances

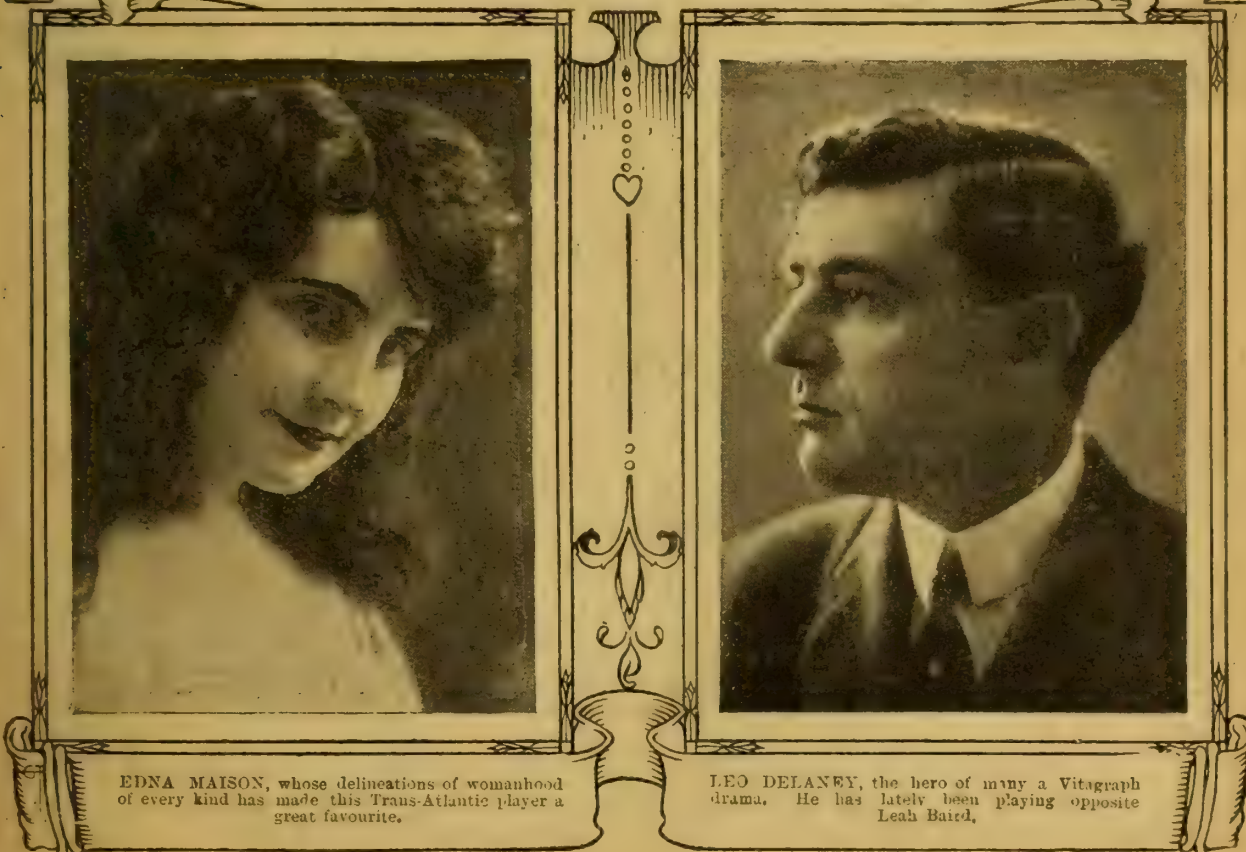
(Continued on page 40.)

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



HENRY EDWARDS, leading man and producer for Turner Films. His recent appearances were in *Alone in London* and *My Old Dutch*.

EDITH JOHNSON, so deservedly popular in Selig films. She was once the posing beauty for the Kodak Company.



EDNA MAISON, whose delineations of womanhood of every kind has made this Trans-Atlantic player a great favourite.

LEO DELANEY, the hero of many a Vitagraph drama. He has lately been playing opposite Leah Baird.



DAME FASHION: "HER INFINITE VARIETY."

The latest fashions (from Pathé's Animated Gazette) show -1. A novel semi-picture hat of plush or velvet, modelled to show off a pretty coiffure. 2. A dainty evening gown of cream or buff-coloured satin, handsomely embroidered with shades of blue and gold. 3. One of the new 'jockey' toques, which are all the rage in Paris, and likely before long to prove equally as irresistible over here.

appeal to this little favourite just as much as the staid classic movements in which she excels. Many calls come from admirers for films in which Miss Dana dances the classic dances; but, unfortunately, such scenarios—calling for these dances—do not often turn up.

The Wraith of the Tomb.

HOW the creepy-crawly photo-play *The Wraith of the Tomb*, recently produced by Cricks and Martin, came to be written has just been explained, to us by the author, William J. Elliott. "Twelve years ago," he said, "I was in Egypt and met an old friend, a well-known Egyptologist, who confided to me that he had recently discovered an hitherto unknown tomb, and from it had extracted the hand of a mummy, which was thought to be that of a princess of ancient Egypt. The wraith of this long-dead Princess, explained my friend, was haunting him, and would eventually kill him. Naturally I attributed the story to a state of nerves. Nevertheless the Professor was found dead under mysterious circumstances in his room in Cairo, and the cause of death could never be satisfactorily ascertained. Some little time ago it occurred to me to make this into a photo-play, the result being the film you have just seen, and which, needless to say, I am delighted with."

Mr. Elliott, who is quite well known as a photo-playwright, has had a most interesting career. At the age of sixteen he ran away from home and became scullery-boy on an Atlantic liner, afterwards deserting at New York, and for some time selling papers in the streets. He afterwards became an actor with the Fit-Up Company; since then he has been by turn soldier, sailor, journalist, actor, and cow-puncher. He has fought through three revolutions in South America, and for the last four years has been devoting his attentions to photo-play writing and at times to playing before the camera.

Being medically unfit for war, Mr. Elliott is taking an unusual interest in occult matters, and possibly we shall see more weird photo-plays ere long from his pen.

The Genuine Article.

WHAT is believed to be the maximum of realism so far as motion pictures are concerned has been achieved in the filming of a mutiny aboard ship as a part of *Neal of the Navy*, the patriotic photoplay serial which Balboa is producing for Pathé. The conflict that will be portrayed on the screen was real, no faking being tolerated by the producer.

The ship *Vaquero* was chartered and put out to sea from San Pedro. Its crew rebelled, as the scenario required. In the offing stood a United States warship. The man on watch saw the trouble and sent a detachment of marines to quell it. As they came over the rail an actual fight ensued between the actors and sailors, the latter using the butt-ends of their guns.

For about ten minutes the mêlée continued; all the while a number of cameras were trained on it from several angles. When a halt was called the decks were crimson. Upon the Captain's bridge another important scene was being enacted. There Lillian Lorraine, who is playing the feminine lead in *Neal of the Navy*, was attacked by a maddened sailor. He had been instructed to handle her gently.

Not knowing this, Miss Lorraine went at the man like a wild cat and threw him to the deck below before he could realise what was happening. At the same time, Bruce Randall was dragged up to the topmast by William Conklin and hurled into the sea, a distance of eighty-five feet. In striking the water on his back Randall sustained minor injuries.

When you see *Neal of the Navy* on the screen you will be thrilled by actual happenings. Such scenes as these are usually "faked" with dummies; but the Balboa players portray conflicts as they really are.

"Found Out" Through a Film.

MARC MACDERMOTT, the forceful Edison star, looking for a quiet evening recently, went with a friend to the Columbia Theatre, New York. In the photoplay there comes a line—"Is General So-and-So here?" Without any warning the impromptu answer was flashed—"No; but General Marc MacDermott is at the front to-night in the tenth row." Immediately every neck was craned, and the house broke into uproarious laughter, to Marc's discomfiture. He is so shy of this sort of publicity.

"A Child of the Stage."

VICTORIA FORDE, the clever comedienne who has become well known in Nestor comedies, is now leading lady for Tom Mix at the Las Vegas studios of the Seig Company.

Speaking of herself recently, she said to an interviewer: "I am what is commonly called a child of the stage. My parents were stock-company players, and my first perception of life was through the optimistic glasses of the theatrical world. And there I have remained all the seventeen years of my existence. As a baby I was cast in many important roles. I am told that my debut caused the audience to grin. And ever after, for some reason or other, I have had the happy faculty of making people laugh.

Personally I am very proud of this achievement. For I consider a good laugh the best tonic in the world. The man who goes through life with a frown has my heartfelt sympathy. Just imagine what a lot of fun he is missing in this good old world of ours! Of course, this applies to the members of the gentler sex too."

GOSSIP

AND EDITORIAL

THE picture-puzzles in our "Screened Stars" Competition are intended to puzzle you, but I hope there is no mystery about the instructions to competitors given on the same page. It is scarcely credible, but a reader actually writes to ask "how to do it." He says he understands the "example" in the first set, but not the test. If we made an "example" of every picture, the only puzzle left would be what to do with the prizes. Each picture represents the name of a British or foreign picture-player, and let me tell you only well-known names are being illustrated—such names, for instance, as are always appearing in these pages.

More British Films Coming.

Although the Budget has been "tapping the bill" lately, the star turn—that which most concerns the cinema industry—is the proposed new tax on imports of films from abroad; said tax to be equal to one-third of their value. It has not been made clear at the moment of writing these lines how or by whom such value will be determined, but whatever the basis and methods adopted, the new duty is bound to create a "certain liveliness" among British film manufacturers.

Now or Never.

A great opportunity presents itself, and it may be taken for granted that not only the old but also the newer firms—and quite a number have "started" since the beginning of the war—will now get a move on before wintry conditions make exterior work difficult. The result should be that we are going to see more British films. We hope they will all be worth our while; but the mere fact that they are British should these days go some distance. I feel sure that readers of PICTURES will heartily welcome any increase in home-made films and loyally support all such through the picture-house paybox.

Wessex and Wales.

I learn from Larry Trimble that the Turner Company have just completed the filming of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, the novel by Thomas Hardy, and that no effort was spared to reproduce the Wessex atmosphere of the story. I learn also that Florence Turner is (or was) in sunny Wales, making a scene for the film of Allen Raine's *A Welsh Singer*, another famous novel, the first edition of which ran through half a million copies.

A Fine British Picture.

To mention novels is to remember the splendid British film of Grant Allen's popular story, *The Woman Who Did*. I found the picture actually more entertaining than I had expected it to be, and congratulate Walter West, of the Broadwest Company, on turning out successfully so ambitious a production.

More I need not write, as the film is prominently dealt with elsewhere in this issue.

For What it is Worth.

I am told that ——— but I must not say who, are starting to manufacture films in a big way at ———. I must not say where. They are building a huge studio and engaging well-known artists, including ———. I must not give names. At least one of the stage plays to be filmed is world-famous, its name being none other than ———. I must not say what. That this firm's productions will win there can be no shadow of doubt, inasmuch as they are destined to be produced by ———, never mind whom, who comes from ———, but I dare not say. After reading the above I fear it will not



"TWO CALIFORNIANS": Young "Balboa" the bear, a native son, and Lillian Lorraine, a native daughter. The latter is playing lead in *Neal of the Navy*—a 28-reel serial film which Balboa are making for Pathé.

tell you much; in fact I am not at all clear why I have written it. When I am able to fill in the blanks the lines may be worth reading.

On the Hoardings.

Have you noticed how the film-poster, the big fellow I mean, is gradually competing with his comparative "grandfather," the theatrical poster? Our good friends the Hepworth Company set the ball rolling in earnest with their

new famous yellow poster, but lately I have found the London hoardings brightened with huge pictures and announcements of films, showing and to come, including *The Birth of a Nation*, *Cabiria*, *The Black Bar*, *The Exploits of Elaine*, and *My Old Dutch*. The fashion (thus being set) is a healthy sign, as good posters of good films should increase picture-going. So long as we do not see film-posters of the crude and old-fashioned theatrical type all will be well. What I have written and thought about such in the past I need not repeat. Fortunately, the artistic merit of all posters has improved by leaps and bounds during the last few years, and some theatrical posters are now veritable works of art.

The Weird on the Screen.

A new thrill was given to me and all who saw the advance screening of *The Wraith of the Tomb*, the newest Cricks and Martin drama, in which the mystery and fascination of ancient Egypt is most realistically conveyed. A mummy's hand brought to London by a Professor of Egyptology brings death and frights to several people, and only ceases its revengeful tactics when it has been replaced in the tomb from which it was stolen. Charles Calvert has made of this subject an excellent film drama, and one that cannot fail to fascinate because of its originality. It has been played by a cast of clever artistes, including Dorothy Bellw, and is sure to have a long and successful career.

Another Serial Coming.

Those old favourites Grace Cunard (Lucille Love) and Francis Ford should receive a huge welcome in yet another, and the fifth, Trans-Atlantic serial, *The Broken Coin*, which is to be released in due course by this Company in twenty-two weekly instalments. Grace Cunard, who plays the feminine lead in this serial, is also the author of the scenario, which is said to be crammed with sensational incidents. It is taken from the novel by Emerson Hough, a great author, and Francis Ford was the magician who arranged many marvellous stage settings for the film production.

F. D.

"The Pictures"

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HENRY EDWARDS

After fifteen years' connection with the stage as author, actor, and producer, Henry Edwards came from the part of "Fritz" in "The Man who Stayed at Home" at the Royalty Theatre, to enact the same part in the film version of the play.

His merit as a picture actor won instant recognition, and in all his subsequent film work he was associated with the Turner Films, Ltd., playing opposite Florence Turner in such parts as:—"John Biddlecombe" in "Alone in London," "Dick Barry" in "Lost and Won," the Son in "My Old Dutch," and "Gabriel Oak" in "Far from the Madding Crowd."

He is now producing—

Turner Films

"Pictures made
for You."



THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

The Noah's Ark above will remind you of your still younger days, but really it is intended to decorate our heading only. If the cinema had existed in the days of the Ark I have no doubt that all the animals would have gone to the pictures after leaving it.

I am delighted to report that quite a lot of charming letters have lately reached me from readers, and one or two nephews and nieces have called at the office to see me. Alas! I am very seldom in the office, and am sorry that my visitors were disappointed. But I appreciate their thoughtfulness all the same. H. Broadhead writes: "Please accept my best thanks for the volume of PICTURES I received as a prize in your recent Competition. I also wish to thank you for photo-buttons, box of stationery, volume of *Champion* and 'war souvenir,' all of which I have won in your delightful little Competitions. I am very sorry to say I am now too old to enter your Competitions. I was sixteen years old on September 9th. Of course I shall still remain a faithful

reader of PICTURES, and read 'The Young Picturegoer's' page."

Another nice letter has come from Pearl Levenson, who says the prize which she acknowledges makes the fourth she has won from me! I tell you these facts to let you see that any one reader may win as many prizes as he or she deserves. Your efforts are judged entirely on their merits and apart from any prizes you may have won already.

Although the "Novel Scene" Competition was perhaps a little difficult, and therefore did not produce the usual big crop of postcards, it has proved a very charming one. Some of the results are indeed worth framing, or mounting into an album. I asked you to cut out and paste up a player's head and make your own background. After much consideration I am awarding the prizes as follows:

H. K. Watté (15), *Brayton Road, Selby, Yorks.*, for a delightful coloured picture of Ella Hall, who is looking across the blue sea at sunset from a pretty balcony.

A. W. Mariner (14), 232, *Gilchester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.*, for a comical scene entitled "Charlie in the Park," which shows your favourite sitting on a park seat between two quaint old ladies of enormous dimensions. Poor Charlie is so "squashed" that there are not much more than his feet, stick, and head exposed. The colours are excellent.

Other very good pictures win the Award of Merit, which, six times won, brings a special prize, and the senders of these are:—Maud Snell (Leytonstone), Douglas Cowen (Paddington), Irene Hockey (Cardiff), P. Yeomans (Deshborough), Arthur Coe (Deshborough), Marie Lister (Ardwick), G. Vine (Paddington), G. Albert (Clapham), Dolly Douglas (Croydon), H. Short (Glasgow), and Fred Raine (Belton).

One of my nieces, Margaret Bridger, who called and was disappointed, has written to thank me for printing her poem on the late Lieutenant Warneford, and sends me another. Perhaps you would like to read it so here it is:—

TO MARY PICKFORD.

My little queen, with your tiny form,
Whose eyes are sparkling blue,
Round whose brow those curls do cling,
Those curls of sunny hue
You are the best little actress shown on
the screen;
Such a hit you made in *Such a Little Queen*.

In another film too your praise did resound.

Faithful the Cricket gained at our bound. In every film in which you have been seen You still are the same sweet little queen; So "fairy maid" may you go on to please Your affectionate cousins over the seas.

MARGARET BRIDGER.

Do you like ghost stories? Here is one about a "ghost" who was solid, lively, and black. Richard Buhler, a Lubin actor, tells me the story thus: "Several years ago I was playing in San Francisco in the company of a well-known tragedian, and *Hamlet* was billed for one of the performances in the Old Bush Street Theatre. Curtain-time was at hand, but the actor who had been cast to play the Ghost of Hamlet's father failed to put in an appearance. A search failed to find him, and finally as a last resort messengers were sent forth for a substitute. They found one Lew Rattler, the proprietor of a *café* adjoining the theatre, who was an old professional, having played many seasons with Haverly's Minstrels. The retired black-faced actor consented to come to the rescue and act the ghost, and, after being introduced to the tragedian, retired to a dressing-room.

"In due time the call-boy summoned him for his cue, and Rattler, clad in his kingly and ghostly mantle, stepped upon the darkened stage with sceptre in hand. When the limelight was thrown upon his figure the tragedian staggered back speechless. No wonder! Through force of habit, the old minstrel man had blacked his face for the part. Noting the embarrassment of the star and seeking to resume the action of the play, Rattler remarked cheerfully, 'What's the matter, Hammy? Don't you recognise your poor old dad?'"

A "PICTURE TITLE" COMPETITION.

This week I shall ask you to invent your best title for the sketch below. It shows an amateur film actor thrown from a fiery, untamed steed on to some thistles. *This'll do to go on with.* Write your title on a postcard, address it to "Title," PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to reach me by Monday, October 11th. Two prizes and the usual awards of merit await the cleverest title-makers in the opinion of

UNCLE TIM.



TWO PRIZES FOR BEST TITLES TO THIS PICTURE.



REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When casts are required name of Company must be given.



Will our readers please note that we have now moved from Adam St., Strand to

85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., to which address all letters, whether for the Editor, Postcard Manager, Answers Man or Secretary, should now be sent?

PHYLIS (Middles).—Address, Elizabeth Risdon, c/o London Film Co., 81, Margaret St., Thames, Twickenham. Glad to welcome you, new reader. Of course you may send us these: X X X X X.

YVETTE (Belton).—Have not heard of the actress you mention. As desired, we have sent your love to Eddie Lyons, F. X. Bushman, and Herbert Rawlinson.

MURICE (West Bromwich).—The Trans Atlantic Film Co., of Universal House, 37 to 39 Oxford St., London, W., controls "The Master Key" and "The Back Box." "The Death Dice" (Reliance)—"Florence" Irene Hunt; "Johnson," Eugene Pallette; "Bass," Fred Burns; "Baptismo," Vester Perry; Mabel Taliaferro and Rhy McChesney played lead in the Ralph Film "11.59 a.m.," an Ideal Exclusive.

INQUISITIVE KID (Leeds).—Glad you are not so solemn as you looked in your photo. The Editor has autographed and returned your album. We understand Anita Stewart is not married.

Mrs. W. (Battersea Rise).—We have no postcards of Thomas Sautsch, if that is the Selig player you mean. Sorry.

WHITE HEATHER (Chesham).—We have sent your query to the G.P.H.S., and no doubt by this time you have heard from them.

THE ONLY WAY (Wimbledon).—The souvenir booklet of the Hepworth film "Barney Rudge" can still be had from this office, price 2½d. post-free. It is packed with pictures, and worth double.

PEGGY (Bowes Park).—We have as yet had no wedding cards from Flo La Badie. Yes, the Answers Man is a descendant of Job, the patient one.

LORNA (Sutton Coldfield).—"The Great Poison Mystery" (Hepworth):—"Vera," Violet Hopson; "Basil," Stewart Rome; "Roland," Cyril Morton; "Mr. Fothergill," Harry Gilbey. Can't say if Florence LaBadie will reply to your letter, but think it most likely. Our postcards and photo-albums are one penny each, with a penny extra for each lot you order, so six will cost you sevenpence. You are quite a little "cheer-box" for the soldiers, Lorna, dear.

ZION PICTURES (Stretford Road).—"The Little Minister" was filmed by the Neptune Film Co. of Boreham Wood, Herts. Their agents are H. A. Browne and Co., Ltd., 29A, Charing Cross Road, W.C., who will no doubt be able to supply you with a copy. Delighted to be of help to you.

SPARK GAP (Chiswick).—We think your letter was answered a week or so ago. You would get all you require in the way of make-up, &c., from Clarksons, of Wardour Street, W. We know of no Amateur Dramatic Society in your district.

JOHN (Hull).—Welcome, new reader. Since you wrote us we gave a list of new Charlie Chaplin films on this page, which you have no doubt seen. Ford Sterling, who was with Keystone, returned to them after producing for himself.

FREDDY (Belfast).—Cannot your friend on the stage use his influence to get you a trial? You are too far off to try the London producers, and as it is a difficult job to get even a super's part we cannot advise you to throw up a certainty for what is, at the start, a very precarious means of livelihood.

JOHN (Wolverhampton) says "The comics never seem to come to Wolverhampton." Stir up your Cinema manager, John.

A LOVE READER (Tells Well).—We have recently given out autographs of Charles Chaplin's life. The Editor will be pleased to consider any address you may submit. Thanks for kind wishes.

F. N. (Blackpool).—Edith Storry and Edith Williamson still play together for the Vitagraph.

A. M. A. (Newcastle).—Address: The Publicity Manager, Selig Polyscope Co., 93, Wardour St., London, W., and he will no doubt be able to supply you with all you want. We have pictures postcard of their players.

M. J. (Walton).—Francis Forde, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. if you have any difficulty in getting pictures in your district, a definite order with your message or to send it will end the trouble.

ENTHUSIAST (Leyton).—Read rule at the top of this page. Call at the film studios, and see if the producers can see you, it is, however, best to get a personal introduction.

SWEET BLUEBELL (Wombwell).—Morris Foster played "John Travers" in "The Adventures of Florence" (Thames). Harold Lockwood is about twenty-eight years old. What a charming comedienne!

YRAN ENOCH Devonport.—We are so glad Mary Pickford wrote you that letter of appreciation of your verses—they merited it. The film you speak of is too old for us to get the particulars you want; it is quite likely Mary played in it. The Answers Man, having just returned from the sea, is too poor to merit the expense of a photo.

JEWS HARE (Wandsworth).—Thanks for joke, which we are using. Sorry no room for drawing.

DONORAY (Harrogate).—It is quite clear, Dolly dear, Teidy Samson's Ford Sterling's wife, and Frank Mann is Donald Hall's better half. Perhaps the masculine Christian names of the ladies led you astray. We never remember seeing such original writing as yours. Of course you may write again.

Y.M.C.A. ARTIST (Ripon).—Thanks for excellent sketch of Chaplin. You are quite a genius. The cast was not published.

THE PHANTOM OF THE VIOLIN (Murgate).—We reply to every letter in turn. We replied to yours a week or so ago. As you have missed it, we give you Charlie Chaplin's address again—c/o Essany Film Mfg. Co., 1,333, Argyle St., Chicago.

CONSTANT READER (Paddington).—Helen Holmes the Kalem star is in America, therefore she is not appearing on the stage in London. We like "being written to," Constant Reader.

SIXPENCE (Harrogate) sends her love to all in our office if we are "nice looking." We plead guilty. "Sixpence," Maurice Costello (c/o Vitagraph Co., East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.) might reply to your letter. Why not try? Stewart Rome, Jack Raymond, Harry Gilbey, Marie de Sola, and Alice de Winton played in "Creatures of Clay."

ESSELLE (Edinburgh).—"The Trans Atlantic Review" is a trade organ published by the Trans-Atlantic Co. You have a nice start with your postcard collection. Have sent your love to Grace Cunard. Address you want is unobtainable.

A PICTUREGOER (Kensington).—See reply to "Sixpence (Harrogate)." Maurice Costello still plays for Vitagraph. Your matrimonial question we cannot answer. Glad P. & P. is "simply ripping."

KIRRY (Tottenham).—"Edwin Drood" will be released Nov. 1. You say Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl" is a duck. That's very odd, isn't it? Thanks so much, Kitty.

J. W. (North Shields).—Glad you have had a reply from Mary Pickford. It was most kind of her to send you a photo of herself. We have postcards of Chas. Mandy, Ella Hall, and Maurice Costello, but not of the other player.

ROSE (Southampton).—Charlie Chaplin played in Fred Karno's London company of "The Mummified Birds," and Billie Ritchie took the same part ("The Drunken Swell") in the touring company, so in all probability the latter visited Southampton. Accept our sincere sympathies in the loss of your father.

V. (Brooklands).—No, Charles Chaplin has not a sister, but he has one brother.

W. F. (Leeds).—Our Portrait Gallery seems to be popular with all our readers, and so does our Confidential Guide. The Chaplin deaf-and-dumb rumour was merrily rolling months before the music hall imitations of him, so it could not have started in that way. To imitate him exactly as he appears on the screen, silence on the actor's part would be absolutely essential. With the thousands of letters we get for this page it would be humanly impossible for treble our staff to reply to each through the post.

RHODA (Erdington).—We have cards of Herbert Rawlinson, Stewart Rome, James Morrison (Vitagraph) and Flying A, both, and F. X. Bushman, but none of Fred Paul. Have sent your love to Herbert—he is a dear, as you say. So Charlie Chaplin saved six lives—yours and five others—by his picture keeping you all interested in one part of the street whilst a runaway horse was cantering around where you would have been. That was real kind of Charlie. "Friendship" with "kisses" is "permitted."

CHARLES (Liverpool).—Yes, if photo of Charles Chaplin is one we have not published the Editor will be glad to see it. Address any of the Trans-Atlantic Players, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

TRIXIE (Filton).—Charles Chaplin was born in Walworth Road, London, of English parents. Have sent you list of postcards in stock.

MAY (West Ealing).—Have given the Postcard Manager box for not sending you a list, and he has now done so. Address James Cruze, c/o. Thanhouser Films, Ltd., Main St., and Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. He may answer your letter, May. Your name, May, carries us back to our first sweetheart.

IVY (Blackfriars Road).—You must ask the manager of your cinema to show films featuring Mary Pickford and Vivian Rich, we have nothing to do with his programme, Ivy. Thank you for the pretty things you say of us.

E. M. W. (Forest Hill).—In our British Contest, we considered it was quite sufficient to give the names and votes of the top ones; to have published all the names and votes would have taken up more space than we could spare. We are pleased that you are pleased with PICTURES.

V. S. (W. Norwood).—In asking if Henry Ainley has played in any other pieces, do you refer to films or stage plays? He is at present playing in "Quinneys" at the Haymarket Theatre. Kind wishes much appreciated.

J. S. (Edlin). We have no postcards of the Gaumont players; none are published now.

NELL (Rosslyn).—William Garwood played "The Cashier" and Violet Mersereau was "The Baker's Daughter" in "On Dangerous Ground." Address W. Farnum, c/o. Famous Players Co., 213, West 26th St., New York City, U.S.A. We have no postcards yet of him. The other cast is not published.

C. E. G. (Haltom).—The Hepworth Co. at Walton-on-Thames; Barkers of West Ealing; London Film Co., St. Margaret's-on-Thames; Clarendon Film Co., Croydon; and B. and C. Co. of Walthamstow are a few of the English Companies.

L. C. M. (Blackpool).—Who ever told you Mae Marsh was Maurice Costello's wife? It was certainly not PICTURES.

JOHN T.C. (Pontefract).—Before sending your autograph album to any players in England it would be best to write and ask the player if he (or she) would sign it for you. We do not recommend the sending of albums, as they might get lost.

A. D. (Plaistow).—Ernest Dench's book, *Playwriting for the Cinema*, price 1s. 2d. post-free from the Secretary, THE PICTURES OFFICE, 85, LONG ACRE, W.C., would give you all the help you want.

L. H. (Shepherd's Bush).—We have no postcards of Elmi Flugrath. Her address is c/o. London Film Co., St. Margaret's-on-Thames. As you are writing her you can inquire her age and if she is married. We'd rather you than us, L. H.

MAGNA BONUM (Saltley).—(Shouldn't it be Magna Bonum?) Have not heard if London Film Co. have sent out postcards as promised, of the chief players in "Rupert of Hentzau"; have you written to remind them? Glad you like our Portrait Gallery. It seems quite popular.

MAISIE (Camberwell Green).—So you heard Pimple at the recruiting meeting in Trafalgar Square! Good luck to him and all the other dear boys in khaki—many of them sons, sweethearts, or brothers of our readers. May they all return safe and sound!

NORTHMAN (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Address Eddie Lyons, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Glad your soldier friends in Flanders look forward to reading the copies of P. AND P., you kindly send.

NOSIE (Brentwood).—James Cruze is American. Don't know if he is married, Nosie, nor can we say why he isn't if he is not.

J. E. (Liverpool).—"Tillie's Punctured Romance," in which Charlie Chaplin played, is a Keystone film. C. C. is, however, now with Essanay. We do not reply through the post.

MARY AND BROTHER WILLIAM (Painstede).—We always publish the record of "picture-palacing" sent us by our readers, so keep your eye on this page. So you still go to the Pictures every night except Sundays. Thanks for love, Shall be glad to see your film sister when she comes from America.

VIOLET (Hemel Hempstead).—You are quite right about Calais—it was just a little joke of the Answers Man. You say Charlie will be written on your heart in "capitl" letters. So now we are even. As you like writing letters, we hope you will write again, Violet.

DOROTHIE (Manchester).—We have no postcards of Edward Earle yet; will let our readers know when we have. Glad all your friends are buying P. AND P.—good girls.

MABEL (Bromley).—You are a darling to get us so many new readers every week. Thanks so much.



IVY CLOSE: A charming pose by this popular player. The portrait is one of our Postcard Series.

W. T. (Lavender Hill).—Send your film plot of a Domestic Drama to B. and C. Co., Hoe St., Walthamstow; or Cricks and Martin, Waddon New Road, Croydon. Glad you've voted, we are now busy registering the thousands of votes.

EDITOR'S PAL (Bayswater).—May we say that your picture (although cracked in the post) is one of the prettiest we have ever received. You ought to be a great success. Did you receive from us the autograph you asked for? Shall be charmed to advise you, if we may, when you call.

* * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

OUR NEW ADDRESS

Editorial matters should be addressed

THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"

85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone—Gerrard 2595.

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SMILES

Gone and Going.

"Jones died the other day, and the only thing he left was a ball clock."

"Good! it won't be much trouble to wind up his estate."

Licked and Useless.

SMALL URCHIN: "Please, mister, this 'ere stamp ain't a good un. Farver licked it, muvver's licked it, me sister's licked it, and we've all licked it, and it won't stick."

Love Wholesale.

SUSCEPTIBLE YOUTH (to himself) whilst watching a film—"I never saw three such beautiful girls. They are positively divine. By Jove! I—I do believe this is love at first sight."

Not His Fault.

"Ye useless lump, the meenister's been here an' told me he saw ye comin' oot o' a public hoose again."

JOCK: "Well—hie—a man—hie—mus' coom oot some time or other!"

Running No Risk.

"Did you follow my prescription?" inquired the physician.

"No," replied his patient. "If I had I should have broken my neck. I threw it out of the ninth storey window."

Reel Charity.

BOY: "Give me threepence for a poor lame man, Mother."

PARENT: "Who is he, my boy?"

BOY (in a murmur): "The doorkeeper at the cinema."

All the Difference.

MANAGER: "I can't use your new comedy; it is too long."

PLAYWRIGHT: "But it is as 'broad' as it is long."

MANAGER: "Come into my private office and we'll talk business."

The Son and Heir!

"Well, my boy," said the visitor to Bobby. "I suppose some day you expect to step into your father's shoes?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby, gloomily. "I've been wearin' out everything else he wears since mother learned how to cut 'em down for me."

Took it for Granted.

"I think, mamma, I must be beginning to look old," said Miss Thirty-five one day.

"But I heard only to-day Mr. Pendennis tell you how young you were looking."

"That's just it. When I was young, people didn't say anything about it."

A Picture Puzzle.

The mother sent her little girl to entertain the cinema actress in the dining-room.

"How is your boy?" she asked.

"Why," replied the visitor. "I haven't any little boy."

"No little boys. Well—how is your little girl?"

"But I have no little girl either."

"Well," persisted the child, nonplussed, "what are yours?"

Entertainers - in - chief to the Nation in Arms

Great Britain in arms, tense under the strain of war with its work and worry, has most serious need of the fresh bright restful recreation which the cinema alone can give at a moderate cost.

No one understands that need better than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And he has willingly given over to us (and equally to the other British companies which have lately appeared) the duty of supplying to the nation such picture plays as will give us all our daily rest.

Why does he discourage American films? Because Great Britain is short £1,200,000,000 on the first year and we don't dare send gold abroad.

Hepworth Picture Plays.

PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

1^{D.}

*Culhbert, known as Gunner Lanyon
sees his wife but refuses to
recognise her even*

when she speaks

ONE OF THE MANY
POWERFUL

AN ENTIRELY
BRITISH

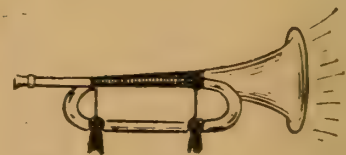
EPISODES IN

PHOTO-PLAY

THE
TRUMPET
CALL

*and what
the*

BRITISH
PUBLIC
WANTS



PRODUCED BY THE NEPTUNE FILM CO
from the well known drama by
G.R. SIMS and ROBERT BUCHANAN



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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



Daniel Frohman
presents

**MARY
PICKFORD**

in

'LITTLE PAL'

Released

THURSDAY, OCT. 14th.

and

**HAROLD LOCKWOOD
and
WINIFRED KINGSTON**

in

**'THE
LOVE ROUTE'**

Released

MONDAY, OCT. 18th.

Both produced by

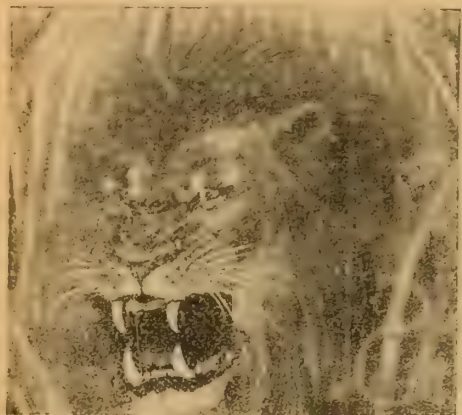
**FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO., LTD.,**

166-170, Wardour Street,
W.



BESSIE LEARN

A really hard worker and a real big favourite in Edison films. (See page 52.)



SUPERIOR WILD ANIMAL DRAMAS

SELIG'S SUPERIORITY IN THE MAKING OF THESE IS RECOGNISED THE WORLD OVER.

If you do not witness a Selig Wild Animal Picture **every week** you are missing some of the most exciting and realistic pictures, featuring Wild Beasts of the Jungle, that have ever been produced. Ask to see them regularly. The manager of your favourite Cinema wants to please you. Tell him your wants, and don't forget to ask for **Selig's**.

Look out for these two remarkable Jungle-Zoo Dramas and then compare them with other makes. You are bound to notice the difference. :: **SELIG'S STAND ALONE.**

THE TIGER CUB

RELEASED OCT. 11TH

A tensely exciting picture depicting an animal's gratitude for kindness.

TRAILED TO THE PUMA'S LAIR

RELEASED OCT. 18TH

A Jungle-Zoo Drama. This is distinctly original. Featuring **VIVIAN REED.**

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DEADWOOD

DICK

The Dashing
Hero of Eng-
land's Boyhood
and Manhood.

A BRITISH HERO

Filmed by

A BRITISH FIRM

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and Entrancing
Fables, and each
Story distinct
and separate.

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THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1915.

New Series, No. 87.



ALMA TAYLOR AS A HAPPY COUNTRY GIRL

Who, knowing nothing of the great City, is lured to London by a villain, and finds disillusionment. A scene in *The Golden Pomegranate*—a coming Hepworth Quality Exclusive. (See page 56.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

A FILM called *As God Made It* was shown recently at a picture theatre in Ohio. Immediately following the title was the official legend—“Approved by the Board of Ohio Censors.”

The Vitagraph studios are now in full swing on a programme of winter releases that will surpass anything heretofore turned out by this company. That's saying something isn't it?

Yale Boss, of Edison's, has received a tribute from far-off New Zealand, consisting of a picture of a Phillipine tribe in native dress, with the simple line beneath, “Maori Haka, Whakarewarewa, N.Z.” It's simple when you know how.

Charlie minus his moustache will be a real novelty. It happens in *Charlie, the Perfect Lady*, the latest Essanay-Chaplin production. This funny comedy will reveal to our lady-friends that Charlie is really good-looking.

The Birth of a Nation is in its twenty-third week at the Auditorium Theatre, Los Angeles. People are paying their second and third visits. Be sure you pay this wonderful show a first visit at the Scala Theatre, London.

The Central News Agency will release *Hard Times* in December. We thought they were released at the beginning of war? But, joking apart, you will like Dickens's great work as recently filmed by Trans-Atlantic.

A reader wishes to know when *The Eternal Triangle* will be released. Has he mixed up Hall Caine's *Eternal City* with the *The Crimson Triangle* (a Martin film), or does he refer to any popular cinematograph love-drama?

The editor of the *Savitory Record* suggests that seats of the “plush”-covered type are not hygienic, and points out that cane-covered and perforated-wood seats, so general in omnibuses and tramcars, would be free from criticism in this respect. Personally we vote for plush with pictures.

Fire Stops a Film Scene.

RECENTLY during one of the battle scenes for the *Broken Coin* serial Grace Cunard changed her occupation and became a fire-fighter. The flames started in the under-bush, and though all the artistes assisted in putting it out—and Grace Cunard was at the front all the time—fifteen acres were burnt clean to the ground—underbush, trees, and all.

A Tip for Playwrights.

YOU probably know a lot of people, write Hepworth's in one of their trade booklets, who are anxious to write plots. They probably come to you for advice and criticism. Do you mind if we give you a little tip? Tell them all that plot-writing is a very serious and difficult business. Explain that the

technique of plot-writing is much more difficult than the technique of stage-play writing. Tell them that until they really know how to write good plots, they ought not to send them to companies. And tell them not to take seriously the amateur articles of advice which appeared in a big morning paper.

“Charming” the Picture Public.


THE (German) Crown Prince conceived (some years ago) a desire to increase his popularity, and, in order to realise this desire, says a writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*, he made use of the cinematograph, after the manner of a candidate for election. He caused to be produced not merely a few, but hundreds and hundreds of films in which he was the principal actor, and of which numerous copies were dispatched to the picture theatres in every town and village, with the object of arousing admiration and respectful deference for his person. All these films, without exception, showed him in the exercise of his military

duties. . . . One saw him at the head of his troops haranguing his soldiers, occupying himself with each one of them, and, thanks to the influence of the cinemas, all these actions which had been carefully prepared and studied, and were really quite exceptional, appeared in the eyes of the public to be habitual and normal. — *The Bioscope*.

Personality in the “Pictures.”

“THE British film producer will not be benefited by the Budget,” writes Dan Roman in the *Star*, “because the public flock to see, not pictures but personalities. Who founded the prosperity of the Essanay Company? Broncho Billy. Who built up a fortune for the Vitagraph people? Maurice Costello, who held the hearts of the fair sex the world over, and does now. Who made the Keystone the prosperous company it is to-day? Ford Sterling. Who popularised the Copenhagen films in this country? Asta Neilson. The British producer imagines that he has merely to produce something good, and the public

(Continued on page 48.)

WESTERN UNION				No. 154
ANGLO-AMERICAN DIRECT UNITED STATES				
CABLE LETTERGRAM				
No. 784	Service Instructions	Time Received. 12:56 P	Receiving Office See back of form for Telephone Numbers.	
Via Western Union.		No. 39		
Handed in at Los Angeles		No Inquiry respecting this Message can be attended to without the production of this paper.		

To Bilt Picture 18 Adams
Street Strand Lon
Many thanks for certificate
please convey to my fellow
countrymen my sincere thanks
and appreciation for the
honor they have conferred
upon me believe me I am
more than grateful
Charlie Chaplin

CHARLIE'S SPECIAL CABLE TO “PICTURES.”

As the great bulk of our readers must be aware, Charlie Chaplin was placed by them at the top of the poll, with 142,920 votes, in our greatest British Film-Players' Contest. We sent him (and all the winners) THE PICTURES certificate, which however was delayed in transit. Now we have at last received Charlie's cabled thanks and appreciation.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. "THREE SHIES A PENNY!" Wounded Australians "get their own back" by "strafe-ing" the Kaiser and his satellites; First Prize, "The Iron Cross." 2. TOMMIES' JOY DAY: On Pay-Day at the Queen Victoria's Rifles Camp all sorts of fun is indulged in. 3. AFTER THE BALTIC FIGHT: The victorious Russian Light Squadron returns to port. 4. BOOM!!! The concussion at the practice firing of America's monster defence guns took the spectators by surprise. 5. IT DOESN'T HURT: Vaccinating men of the Queen Victoria's Rifles in camp. 6. WHY BUY PARIS HATS? Tommy Atkins, milliner, shows his latest styles. A procession of Tommies' "creations" was an amusing feature at Woodford Green Hospital Sports. Inset: Lance-Corporal Pat O'Keefe, the boxing champion, offers "to box the Kaiser and finish the war." With Sergeant Ernest Barry (rowing champion) he recruits for the 1st Surrey Rifles

(Continued from page 46.)

will flock to see it. That is not the case; the something good must be supported by a personality that the public are interested in. Until British producers grasp these facts I forecast a big slump in cinema shares, and a corresponding rise in music-hall prosperity."

Lyceum-players on Screen.

It is not every player of the "regular" stage who can make a success of picture-acting, but several of the London Lyceum players have done so. Lauderdale Maitland and Nina Lynn, who appeared there in *Her Forbidden Marriage*, recently were in the film version of *The Beggar-girl's Wedding*, the former as "Jack Cunningham" and the latter as "Maud Villiers." Miss Lynn also played in *The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning*, the latest of Walter Melville's dramas to be "picturised" by the British Empire Films, Limited. Alice Belfore, C. F. Collings, and

Wingold Lawrence, all members of the Lyceum Company, also played leading parts in this Mel-villian film-play.

The Cafe-Cin ma in Paris.

THE other evening I went to Gaumont, on the Place Clichy (writes "Percival" in the *Referee*), and found a crowded house. The pictures here in Paris do not avoid the war. And the house, which is a huge one, for the Paris Gaumont is in the old Hippodrome, was packed to overflowing with a very representative Parisian public. The Paris Gaumont has one interesting feature which ought to do well in London. You know how well you can see moving pictures from the back of the stalls. Here in Paris, between the stalls and the promenade, Gaumont has set up narrow little tables with tiny shaded lamps on them and seats for two or four. You can be served with harmless drinks and enjoy the movies, as it were, from a *café*. You may smoke all over

the house. There is an interval during which you may stroll about as Paris loves to stroll about, and eleven o'clock and the end of the show comes as a surprise. Also, by way of a variation from the pictures, there is at least one music-hall turn, and the orchestra is excellent throughout.

The Thing that Mattered.

The other day, on business bound,
My footsteps I directed
Towards a street wherein I found
A mighty crowd collected.
In vain I tried to "pass along"
When constables invited,
And every soul in that vast throng
Was frightfully excited.
At last I drew a man aside,
And said, "Pray tell me whether
Great news to fill our race with pride
Has drawn this crowd together?"
He eyed me slowly up and down
As though I'd put a "twister,"
Then answered, with a sulky frown,
"You're gettin' at me, mister!"
"Alas!" I sighed, "must I infer
That tidings black and fearful
Are causing this tremendous stir
Although the crowd seems cheerful?"
He gave a most uncalled-for wink,
Which didn't help to calm me,
And muttered rudely, "Strike me pink,
The bloomin' blighter's barmy!"
"What crisis, then," I cried with heat,
Enraged at his indictment,
"Brings thronging thousands to the street
In such intense excitement?"
"Crisis 'yer grandmother!" said he,
"What bee's got in yer bonnet?"
A film is 'oot 'ee've come to see,
Wiv Charlie Chaplin on it!"
—The Showman in "Passing Show."

Where Moving Pictures Originated.

MANY of us have wondered who invented the moving picture. Now we know. H. Van Loan in his "Konfessions of a Fillum Fiend," a humorous series in the *American Moving Picture Weekly* says:—"Thomas Edison is supposed to have been the genius who introduced them to us, but, without desiring to subtract any of the credit which is rightly due to him, I wish to state that after two trips around Cape Horn on a brigantine and three nights on a bench on the Victoria Embankment I have gleaned some very valuable information which shows that a youth by the name of Naybob Kadunius, of No. 2,023, Eden Avenue, Sodom, was the creator of the idea.

"It appears he was 'snooping' around the lake of Galilee one day when he discovered, from the top of a mango tree, a beautiful maiden who was shampooing her hair in the waters of the lake. He didn't see the maiden; all that he saw was her divine form reflected in the water. He remained until after she had taken her morning bath and then he slid down and ran back to Sodom, where he told his parents he had discovered a new form of amusement. They were elated over their son's discovery and at once formed companies of young people who went daily to the shores of the Lake of Galilee where they went through certain forms of acting and dancing for the crowds which assembled on the brow of the hills, out of sight of the actors. This acting was reflected in the water of the lake and made one of the greatest moving picture shows imaginable."

"DON'TS" FOR PICTURE PIANISTS.



"RAGS"

The Famous Players Film featuring Mary Pickford.

Controlled by J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.

Story adapted by PATRICK GLYNN



A GIRL in trousers does not look very artistic, but "Rags" was an exception. A saucy, pretty face, a mass of hair falling loosely over her shoulders, a pair of boots which once adorned her drunken father's feet, and a pair of trousers which still showed the beer stains caused by a previous owner marked the personality of the strange, wilful, but lovable character "Rags."

It was easy to see the girl had no mother, and that the father didn't count as a controlling influence. Paul Ferguson lived amidst the bad dreams caused by frequent overdoses of beer, and took little heed of his wild, seven, teen year old daughter, who, on her side, tolerated her father with good humoured contempt except when he became violent or abusive. These occasions marked fights in which "Rags" emerged as the victor, for the girl had plenty of training in fighting in the uncouth mining camp where her lot was cast. There were many amateur pugilists in the camp, and when "Rags" found herself compelled to fight she rolled back her torn sleeves with a businesslike air, and the little fists beat a tattoo on the unlucky opponent's head with the scientific precision of a Jack Johnson.

Although she stood up to her worth-

less father with the air of a world champion, she allowed no one else to interfere with him. On this occasion a messenger had run to the hut which constituted her and her father's home. It was a boy that the girl had protected on several occasions from the bullying of older companions, and the archer to testify his gratitude, became her messenger without salary.

"Say, 'Rags,'" called the boy through the half-open door; "your dad is in trouble in Mike Sullivan's saloon. They say he stole some one's change off the counter, and they're pitching into him hot."

The girl dashed out, her eyes flaming with resentment, and her towlsed hair flying behind her shoulders. The saloon was only about two hundred yards from the hut, and "Rags" covered the distance in record time. She arrived in time to see a scuffle in which her tipsy father was gradually being beaten to the wall. With "Rags" to think was to act. Seizing a chair, she swung it round her head, and flung herself into the thick of the fight. Even in this rough assembly her sex saved her from unfair or violent treatment. Men drew back out of her way, although respect for her prowess had a good deal to do with their hesita-

tion. She soon reached her father, and dropping the chair, seized her sire by the scruff of the neck.

"Here," she screamed, "what have yew been doing now? Why can't yew leave the drink alone, you old beast."

"It ain't drink this time, 'Rags,'" interrupted one of the men, whose angry face showed that he had cause for feeling injured; "he stole my money off the counter when I ordered a drink." The angry man turned to the thief, whose muddled senses left him no chance of a fair fight. "Come on outside, you loafer, and I'll take the value of my money off your carcase."

"Yew leave my father alone," screamed the girl, rolling back her sleeves. "If yew hit him, yew hit me!"

"Well, I'll hit you, too, if you interfere," growled the man, sulkily. The others crowded round, some grinning at the side-splitting antics of the girl as she dashed and circled round the bewildered man, who hesitated between shame at fighting a mere girl and his desire to punish the thief.

"Come on," yelled "Rags," valiantly.

"Hit me; I dare yew too."

"Goon, 'Rags!'" encouraged several of the crowd. "You can lick him."

Her opponent drew back, a gleam of admiration in his eyes. "Gee, you're hot stuff, 'Rags'; but I don't fight women, I'm white."

The crowd and row collapsed suddenly, as far as the saloon customers were concerned, but "Rags" had not finished. In her father's hand she saw a half-bush of a paper currency note, which jumped from between his fingers. She turned his hand over, and singing some words as she went, she dashed rapidly to the door, where she saw one of the other miners' pockets, and, taking the money, she placed it before the blood-thirsty. "There," she exclaimed, "is your money. Keep it, yew, on it in future."

With grim pleasantness she turned again to her father. "Now yew get home," she commanded, "yew jest bin quite long enough in this saloon."

"Yew'll never be a lady like your mother," protested her father, weakly—



SEIZING A CHAIR SHE . . . FLUNG HERSELF INTO THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

"She was a real lady, and I was a gentleman," he continued mumbling.

"Yew look like a gentleman now," retorted "Rags" viciously. "No argument; get away home," and pulling him on his belt, she sent him staggering through the saloon door and out into the road with a well-directed shove. "Rags" followed him for the purpose of making his tea, for her violence towards him was, in her opinion, "all for his own good."

Paul Ferguson had not exaggerated when he said that "Rags'" mother had been a lady, and he a gentleman. But that was in the dim and distant past. Twenty years previously he was a young cashier with a good salary and assured position in the employ of John Hardesty, the President of the local bank. He had wooed and won Alice McCloud, Hardesty's ward, and for several months the happiness of the pair had been Elysian. Hardesty had secretly loved

with him. For several months he had wandered about the country. He began to drink heavily. The man had no character, and continued to fall lower and lower, dragging his wife down with him as a natural sequence. Alice's health began to fail, and when her little daughter was born the mother's constitution collapsed, and after the birth of the child the mother died.

Ferguson fortified himself during this period with plenty of liquor, and it was with a drunken and hilarious surprise that he encountered the vacant gaze of his baby-daughter.

"What are you going to call it?" he hiccupped at the nurse.

"We are going to christen it 'Glory,'" replied the incensed nurse, looking scornfully at the drunken father. "How about your duty to the child? Where are its clothes?"

Ferguson laughed. "Call that thing 'Glory,'" he said. "I guess you ha

Keith apologised with a grim smile, and eyed the amazing tomboy with interest. His eyes told him the girl was pretty and that she possessed a charm which had never been spoiled by contact with a "refined" world. He went off wondering if there were possibilities of anything better in "Rags'" outlook. "An extraordinary girl," he murmured; "and, what an awful life! and what a freak she looks in trousers! There's scope for a lady-missionary here."

When later Keith called at Ferguson's hut on some pretext it had its origin in the desire to see more of "Rags," who grandiloquently invited him to have tea, and, of course, Keith smilingly accepted. The little tea-party was spoiled by the arrival of Ferguson, who, on seeing the visitor, remembered the handling he had got, and remarked surlily, "You keep away from my daughter. You're not wanted."

Keith, chagrined, accepted the invitation and went out despite "Rags'" protests. But the girl revenged herself in a drastic manner. With a dexterous aim she flung a cup of tea at her father, and Ferguson, becoming really alarmed for his own safety, fled out of doors as the daughter called after him, "Don't yew interfere with my visitors again."

Ferguson turned in the direction of the haunt where some of the roughest characters in the town plotted their schemes of plunder. The man was hard up for money for drink, and he thought of a quick way of getting it. He knew that Keith Duncan would be driving to the bank that evening to draw sufficient money to pay the staff engaged on the engineering work. It was his intention to call in the aid of the shady "work-shys," and when he parted from them they had planned a neat hold-up of Duncan in a lonely lane on his return journey from the bank. The men met by arrangement under the shadow of bushes and discussed their plans. Although they took every precaution, they overlooked one eavesdropper, and that was "Rags." She had tracked her father with the intention of bringing him home again should he get drunk, and was surprised to find where her quarry led her in this instance.

"It's more serious than drink to-night," muttered the girl, as she rose noiselessly to her feet from her hiding place. "I guess I'd better stop this."

"Rags" informed the sheriff, but the plans of the robbers had developed in the meantime. The sheriff and his posse arrived just in time to rescue Keith from the hands of the robbers, and the encounter developed into a gun duel in which shots flew in every direction. When the fight was over, half a dozen men lay on the road, and amongst them were Ferguson and Duncan.

The latter was slightly wounded, but it was easy to see from the fading light in Ferguson's eyes that his course had been checked for ever. He himself realised it, and compunction at the lonely fate of his daughter tortured his mind for the first time. He called her to him, and the girl, notwithstanding his worthlessness as a parent, became distracted at her approaching bereavement.

"Yew ain't going to die, dad!" she



"RAGS" (ON THE COACH) IS THE GUIDING SPIRIT OF THE WESTERN TOWN.

his ward, but he was a much older man and less showy in appearance than Ferguson, and when the employer saw that his ward's happiness was bound up with Ferguson he suppressed his own feelings and allowed the course of love to run smoothly. It was his one and only romance, and he had buried it deep in his own heart.

But Ferguson was one of those individuals who seemed destined to seize their own pleasures at the expense of those around. For some considerable time he had systematically robbed his employer, and when the extent of the frauds was discovered Hardesty was aghast. His first impulse was to hand Ferguson over to the police, but the pleading and tearful face of his ward Alice restrained him.

He called Ferguson before him, and pointed to the door.

"I give you twenty-four hours to leave the town. If you are not gone by then I shall inform the police," he said.

Ferguson had gone, taking his wife

better call it 'Rags,' for it'll never have anything else to wear."

That was seventeen years ago, and the father's prophecy fulfilled itself. Poor little "Glory" became "Rags," and no one had ever seen her dressed in anything except rags.

The child had grown up entirely untutored, and with no friends for whom she cared except her goat, a dog, and a cat that fought with both. Until recently she had taken no interest in any one except her pets and her father. But the recent arrival of a young man named Keith Duncan, who with a partner was engaged on some engineering works in the village, had changed her outlook. Keith had saved her on one occasion from her father's brutality. Seeing a man attacking a girl, Keith had promptly knocked him down; but instead of receiving thanks, the girl turned on him with the angry remark, "Yew leave my father alone. I don't allow any one to touch him, except me."

murmured, brokenly. "Yew won't leave me altogether!"

"My time has come," replied her father, "and I can do nothing for you, my girl, except to recommend you to the care of Mr. Hardesty, my old employer. He was interested in your mother, and on her account might do something for you."

A few days later "Rags" found herself in possession of her pets, a letter addressed to John Hardesty, and her fare to Hardesty's town. She had discarded her trousers, and was clad in a striped pink skirt, with an outrageous hat decorated with "coster" feathers.

Her arrival at the Hardesty residence created a sensation. "Rags" staggered into the hall under the load of her pets, and when attempts were made to take them from her by the servants "Rags" showed a bit of her old temper. She had her way, and went into the drawing-room with her goat, her dog, her cat, and, as one of the servants said, "her canary also." Old Hardesty looked surprised at first, but something in the girl's lineaments reminded him of that other girl who twenty years ago had chosen to link her fate with Paul Ferguson, and his interest quickened.

"What is your name, child," he asked. "Rags," replied the girl, defiantly. "Who called you 'Rags'?" asked the startled gentleman. "Did your mother call you that?"



A HAPPY RETURN: "GLORY" AND HER GUARDIAN.

"No," replied the girl. "Mother died when I was born. I was christened 'Glory,' but father called me 'Rags.'"

"Well, we will call you by your proper Christian name," replied the old bachelor. "My housekeeper will give you some new clothes, and we will try to make you look more like your mother."

The old man sighed. "I thought that reprobate Ferguson would drag his wife down with him. But how like her mother this girl is! I was positively startled at first. I must send her to school and give her a proper education. She seems to have been thoroughly neglected up to the present."

So Glory—for that is the name we must call her by now, was sent to a ladies' college, and kept there for the next two years. Her education progressed, and few would have recognised in the stylishly dressed and perfectly spoken young lady named Glory Ferguson the "Rags" of old. Occasionally she thought of Keith Duncan, and wondered what he was doing. She almost decided on several occasions to write to him, but maidenly shyness restrained her. Her brief flirtation with him had not led her to assume that he took more than a passing interest in her.

"Glory," said her guardian to her one day after her return from college, "I'm expecting my nephew home to-day, and I want you to give me a hand at entertaining him. He has been away from me now for nearly three years in some wild place in the West."

"All right," replied Glory indifferently. She took no interest in this unknown nephew, though she resolved to do her best to entertain him.

She did not know that Hardesty had plans in his mind with regard to her future. That day, when looking in her guardian's desk for some notepaper, she stumbled on Hardesty's will. Her cheeks burned when she learned that her guardian was leaving all his money to his nephew, "on condition that he

marries my ward, Miss Glory Ferguson." For several moments the girl was stunned. She had never anticipated that Hardesty would try to force her matrimonial inclinations, and she remembered with a shock, that this was the day that the nephew was expected.

The girl determined that she would not be forced. Already she could hear the arrival of the nephew's conveyance and the sound of her guardian's voice in the hall. She determined she would not meet the party, and drawing a sheet of notepaper to her, she wrote a few words to her guardian, telling him of her reasons for leaving. Then she went upstairs to pack, and stole silently out of the house.

Her letter was discovered sooner than she anticipated. The nephew also read it, and enlightenment came with explanations. He put on his hat and went out of the house, walking quickly in the direction of the railway station. The sound of sobbing attracted his attention, and turning he saw the girl he was in quest of with a handkerchief over her eyes, and crying bitterly as she sat on the decayed trunk of a tree. He crept forward, and the girl drew the handkerchief away from her eyes. For a second she remained dumb with astonishment then she rose to her feet as she said faintly, "Is it really you, Keith?"

The young man sprang forward and drew the girl towards him.

"Glory, my little 'Rags'!" he said.

Mary Pickford has achieved her greatest triumphs on the screen whilst dressed in rags; it is therefore of interest that this latest production featuring her is entitled *Rags*. It is almost superfluous to state that in the title role Mary is just "sweet and perfect," and we may safely assert that she has made of *Rags* her biggest success since *Tessie* of the *Storm Country*. The release date is November 1st, and the cast includes Marshall Neilan as Keith Duncan, Joseph Manning as Hardesty, and Joseph F. McDonald as Ferguson.



A STRIPED PINK SKIRT AND

HAT.

ON AND OFF THE SCREEN

The Subject of our Cover.

A CALIFORNIAN by birth, Bessie Learn bears testimony to that State's already great reputation as the mother of pretty girls. This charming little ingenue began her stage career when but ten years of age. With the exception of the three years which she has spent at the Edison Studio, she has devoted her entire time to the stage. Her three years at the Studio have been busy ones, for she has played leading parts in a great many films, among them—*The Hand of Horror*, *The Ever Gallant Marquis*, and *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady*. Miss Learn wrote and played the lead in *Her Grandmother's Wedding Dress*.

The same summiness of disposition and buoyancy of spirit which has made Miss Learn so popular with the public has made her a great favourite at the Studio, where she is always the centre of an admiring circle.

Miss Learn, though frail and delicate in appearance, is an indefatigable worker, and possessed of a good stock of courage, which is so necessary to the successful picture-actress. In *A Romance of the Rails* it will be remembered that she was seen running across a high railroad trestle, but not one of the thousands who saw that picture ever realised that the camera had to be placed at a distance from the trestle in order to conceal the bruises and cuts on Miss Learn's face. She had caught her heel between the ties, and plunged headlong during the first "take," but had repeated the scene, despite the pain and fatigue from which she was suffering.



CHARLES CALVERT, the producer of many Crick's and Martin dramas.

"Calvert" of "Cricks."

IT would probably have been difficult to find a producer better qualified to film *The Wraith of the Tomb*, a story of ancient Egypt, referred to in a previous issue, than Charles Calvert, the Cricks and Martin producer, who has travelled extensively in the Oriental world and absorbed much of the charm and colour of the East.

Mr. Calvert is the youngest member of the well-known Calvert family in the profession, and incidentally one of our youngest producers. He made his first appearance on the stage at the age of nine with his father in the Cowper Calvert Repertoire Co., playing Willie Carlyle to his mother's Lady Isabel. After touring the provinces for some years he secured a long engagement with Mr. Frohman, at the Duke of York's, during which he created the part of "Tombes" in *The £12 Look*; Sir J. M. Barrie's famous one-act play.

About this time Mr. Calvert was tempted to appear on the screen, and made a success as the brother in Tennyson's *Maud*, produced by the Clarendon Co. He was induced to take up producing for them, and while there put out a number of very successful one-reel dramas and short comedies. Later, however, an offer came to him from Vedrenne and Eadie to play in *Milestones*, and consequently Mr. Calvert returned to the legitimate stage for a time, until he was approached by Mr. Cricks with a view to producing. He closed with this latter offer, and has been with Cricks and Martin ever since with the exception of six weeks when he went to the B. and C. to produce *The London Mystery*.

"My first subject," he told us in our office the other day, "was attended by an exciting though happily not disastrous accident. In it there was a car of people to pass over a frail bridge which had to give way and cause the car to fall many feet on to a railway line, smashing itself to pieces. It was while backing the car into position that the brakes did not act, with the result that the car ran backwards over the bridge and disappeared, carrying the driver with it. Every one rushed forward expecting to see the car overturned and the driver crushed beneath. But to their amazement the car was intact, the back wheels having caught the embankment and simply run down it on to the lines. The driver was still at the wheel, and the only remark he was heard to pass was, 'Dash it, I've broken my collar stud!'"

The Art of Picture Acting

AS so many of our readers are "dying" to act for the films, the following paragraphs should prove of more than ordinary interest. They form part of a lucid and informative article by Cecil M. Hepworth on "The Art of the Cinema," which appeared in a recent issue of *Drawing*. There is no



CECIL M. HEPWORTH

Reproduced from
a sketch in "Drawing."

greater authority on the subject than Mr. Hepworth, a pioneer of British film production, who has himself successfully produced countless Hepworth picture plays. He says:—

The art of picture-acting is vastly different from that of the stage. Here it is not a case of learning by rote a string of words, whose meaning may be varied through almost limitless shades by differences of intonation, and repeating those words and the actions which accompany them night after night, until by their repetition they become almost second nature. Acting for the pictures is a much more spontaneous thing than this, and requires a very much higher degree of initiative, and possibly of personal understanding. The same kind of character-study is no doubt necessary; the same sympathy and comprehension. It is the method of expression which is so different. I have often heard people say that they understand the difference—that, naturally, for the picture one must exaggerate, one must use much larger and broader gestures to make up for the absence of the voice. In reality this is almost the exact opposite of the truth. Exaggeration on the stage is probably necessary because of the distance between the player and the public; exaggeration before the camera is fatal. Any gesture which would not be used in real life, or which is bigger than its counterpart in real life, is wrong, and so far from movements being bigger than they would be on the stage, they must, if anything, be smaller than they would be in reality, if only because the space in which they may be made is so very greatly restricted.

A lady once came to me and said that she could act, had had a lot of experience; and when I asked her what that experience was she told me the names of several plays in which she had acted principal parts, and she deduced from

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



COURTENAY FOOTE, one of the most popular film-players in the world. One of his biggest recent successes was in *Hyperites*.



RITA SACCHETTO, the beautiful Italian actress engaged by the Nordisk Company for a series of film plays.



JACKIE SAUNDERS, the actress of the Ballou Company. She is declared to be one of the prettiest girls on the screen.



FRANCIS FORD, the Trans-Atlantic star and producer. He arranged the settings for the coming serial, *The Broken Coin*.

Our Cinematographic Cartoons. No. 45. The Penalty of Fame



If Charlie Chaplin came to England in order to escape the attention lavished upon him by the American public, he would fail dismally. Our Cartoonist thinks it is impossible for Charlie to escape attention anywhere.

1. Charlie leaves for England. 2. In England. 3. In France. 4. In Central Africa. 5. At the North Pole. 6. And even in St. Helena he is welcomed by Napoleon's Ghost!

the fact that she had been moderately successful a perfect assurance that she could also succeed in film work. I asked her if she could play the piano. She was evidently delighted, because it appears she was an excellent executant upon that instrument, but she did not quite see what it had to do with picture-making. I told her I should want her to play the violin, and she at once disclaimed any ability in that direction. Then I said: "You are a musician; why should you not be able to play my violin?" She was able to see very clearly the difference between piano and violin playing, but she could not grasp that there was a similar difference between playing on the stage and playing in pictures. It is true that for both you must be an actor, and it is true that for both you must be a musician, but you have the whole technique of your art to learn if your experience hitherto has been only upon the boards of a theatre.

**Are You solving Picture Puzzles of Players
Names on page 60 P If not, start to-day.**

Beach Mystery in Film-Land.

SANTA BARBARA has a mystery, and the whole city is eager to learn its solution. A few weeks ago the waves in Santa Barbara Bay tossed high, beaten into an angry fury by a gale that swept in from the broad Pacific. All night the sullen waters roared menacingly. In the early morning the beach patrol discovered a strong-bound box half-buried in the sand. It was locked tight. The chest bore the name of a Far-Eastern importer. When the lid was lifted the laughing, dark eyes of a six-months-old Japanese babe gazed into the eyes of the startled men.

No mark whatever enabled the patrol to establish the identity of the little one or the source from which it came. Not one stitch of clothing was worn by the infant, though it nestled snugly in warm pink blankets, evidently of expensive texture.

Louise Lester and Vivian Rich, of the first "Flying A" Company, were enjoying an early morning walk along the storm-tossed bay that day. They came

upon the patrol and looked into the eyes of the tot in the chest. One look was enough. The film stars lost their hearts on the instant. Miss Lester and Miss Rich hastily got in touch with the Santa Barbara police and were given permission to take the child into their custody. Now there is a dainty bassinette in Miss Lester's bungalow in which a dark-eyed youngster coos happily most of the day. Meanwhile Santa Barbara police are busy in an effort to learn the child's identity. A fund has been raised among the actors and actresses of the American studio, which assures good care for the little one, in case its parents or kin are never found.

Miss Rich was telling of the finding of the infant, and among her auditors was producer Reaves Eason. That night Reaves wove a photoplay around the incident. Miss Rich and Miss Lester were given the leading parts. The name of this romantically-born drama is *Lost in the Storm*. The film will be released in November, and we shall publish the story of the film in next week's issue.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

May We Put You in Touch?

"I have been wondering if you could help me in the way of exchanging autographs. I am a keen collector of all kinds of celebrities, numbering over two thousand, and have some good duplicates. I see in your Answer column there are several collectors, and if they would like to exchange with me I should be very much obliged to you for giving my address. In my cinema section I have nearly all the signatures and photos of the players."

B. R. (Bulham).

"Wake up, England!"

"Our picture house very seldom shows an English film, ninety-nine out of the hundred are foreign. Now look at the number of girls whose desire it is to become cinema actresses. I daresay these girls would make as good actresses as any, but the poor girls never have the chance. I really don't think that foreigners should be paid so much to amuse us when there are so many English girls who would like to earn it. No wonder they don't want any actresses in England, for out of the hundreds of times I have been to the pictures I don't think I have seen more than a dozen English films."

M. O. (Birmingham).

Beautiful! Fine! Wonderful!

"Last week I went to see *My Old Dutch*—it is a beautiful picture, so human, and very pathetic in parts! Albert Chevalier and Florence Turner played the characters to the life. . . . Another fine picture I saw was *The Anatomy of Cruelty*, featuring that splendid emotional actor Henry Walthall. Although gruesome, I don't think a picture ever held me so much as that did, and when one goes to the pictures a lot, it takes a great deal to impress one! That marvellous picture, *Chatterbox*, is coming to Birmingham, together with an augmented orchestra of twenty, and from the posters it must be wonderful."

M. G. C. (Birmingham).

"Hints to Picture Pianists."

In reference to your article in THE PICTURES, September 25th, I venture to give you a few hints in regard to the advice you have been good enough to extend to would-be pianists. In the first place, if you were to make any inquiries you would find if a pianist is a musician of any ability he would have very little difficulty in securing an engagement as picture pianist, but you advise a dangerous course for any pianist to adopt; and, on the other hand, how can your advice be sound for any sensible pianist? No pianist belonging to our Union would encourage or be foolish enough to allow an incompetent pianist to attempt to do his work for nothing. If occasion arises when one of our members has to be away, his place is invariably taken by a competent pianist, and in most cases by a member of the A.M.U. Your article will, I presume, be read by many of our members, and I hope it will act as a warning, and show them what they have to contend with. I also venture to hope you will take the first opportunity to contradict your advice, considering that your magazine is supported by a good many of our members. And if you should wish to convey any sound advice to non-members, refer them in the first place to a local Secretary of the Musicians' Union before applying for any position which would be detrimental to their interests and to the rates of salaries which we endeavour to maintain.—I am, yours respectfully,

JAS. H. JOHNSTON,
Secretary, Bradford Branch,
Amalgamated Musicians' Union.



MARGUERITE CLAYTON.

Have you seen beautiful Marguerite Clayton in her latest success? She is more charming than ever. As the young girl in

"THE BACHELOR'S BABY,"

A Domestic Drama in one Act,

she not only wins the heart of the guardian who has brought her up from a tiny baby, but her lovely face and winning ways appeal to every heart in the audience. This film is a delightful change from the dramas of stronger emotions. It's quiet charm and delicate sentimental plot, and Marguerite Clayton's girlish winsomeness and natural acting go straight to the hearts of those who love the sweet and beautiful things of life. It is as dainty and fresh as a Spring breeze. Ask your local Theatre Manager to be sure and exhibit it, for it's an

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Lucille Love in a Fine Drama of Romance and Adventure.

'THE MYSTERY OF THE THRONE ROOM'

Gold Seal Drama. 1,975 ft. approx. Released Nov. 22nd.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford—popular idols of the motion picture screen—are here seen in their familiar, world-famous characters of Lucille Love and Hugo.

A picture with Lucille Love has long been eagerly watched for, and this fine drama of romance and adventure is certain to cause a sensation. It is a story of an international spy's plot against a foreign Throne—a story brimming over with excitement. Francis Ford is Hugo, the spy, and Grace Cunard has the dual rôle of Lucille Love and a Princess whom she resembles so closely that she is able to impersonate her with success. Don't fail to see this fine drama.

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OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Films you should make a point of seeing.



LETTERS ENTANGLED.—A gripping feature that you really ought to see. A fine human story, produced and acted in a manner which can only spell perfection. The love interest is exceptionally strong, and the ending problematical. The sweethearts and leading characters in the story were played by Henry King and Dorothy Davenport.

—Selig drama, 1926 feet (Oct. 25).

THE BREAKS OF THE GAME.—An unusual drama; firstly, because it is a newspaper story, and, secondly, because of its remarkably rapid action. It deals with a girl newspaper reporter becoming enmeshed in the toils of a gang of desperate Chinese smugglers, and contains a hair-raising gun-fight among other things. Maxine Brown is the girl, and Augustus Phillips, Yale Benner, Harry Beaumont, and T. Tamamoto are in the cast.

—Edison Drama, 1,035 feet (Oct. 18).

THE SNAKEVILLE TWINS.—Showing the farcical effects of a humorous practical joke, and how the twins come to the rescue of their father when he is being chased by the luckless victims of his wit. Hair- tonic, turpentine, and eggs are some of the ingredients which make laughter in this rollicking comedy, which features Ben Turpin, Victor Potel, Margaret Joslin, and Harry Todd.

—Essanay Farce, one Act (coming.)

LITTLE PAL.—Another Mary Pickford production, and released this week. In *Little Pal* Mary appears as a half-breed Indian. She wears a straight wig and a costume that makes her look smaller than ever. It is an entirely new rôle for her too, but she has made a bit of it, as she always does. You will like the beautiful snow-scenes, typical of the weird grandeur of an Alaskan winter. In a subsequent issue this film will be the subject of some more pen-and-ink sketches.

—Famous Players Drama, four parts (Oct. 14).

THE GOLDEN PAVEMENT.—Brenda is a happy country girl, who falls under the spell of an unprincipled Londoner of the club-man type, who leads her to the great city, with its fabled golden pavements. The sequence of this is a chain of events vividly real and human in their pathos. But the play ends happily, and Alma Taylor knows how to ring the changes from tears to smiles of contentment—before the lights go up! A fine photograph of Alma Taylor in this film forms our frontispiece.

—Hepworth Exclusive, 3,900 feet (coming).

THE BIRTH OF A NATION.—Without exaggeration the most wonderful film ever produced. The battle scenes are stupendous, the acting superb. We would not have missed it for the world. Neither must you! Mac Marsh is responsible for much of the film's success, and if charm of personality appeals to you in a star you will worship this original little actress, who is loveliness personified. Even if you live out of London you should find your way to the Scala.

—Griffith Production, twelve reels (now showing).

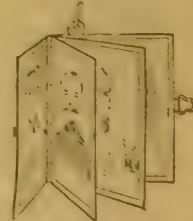
THE PIRATES OF 19.—This film created quite a sensation five years ago. It was the first moving-picture film to demonstrate the possibilities of airships as instruments of war. The pirates employ a large airship of the Zeppelin class to carry out their nefarious designs, and they drop high explosives upon unsuspecting ships on the sea, and houses and people on the land, in a way that is quite familiar to us to-day, but which a few years ago was regarded as outside the realm of possibility. *The Pirates of 19* have already come into their own, perhaps sooner than was dreamed of, and the re-issue of the film that foretold their coming should prove of special interest to-day.

—Lion's Head Drama, 947 feet (Oct. 28).

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FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED. No. 14: "The Birth of a Nation."

AFTER THE STORM. A dramatic sea-story, in which the heroine is saved from a shipwreck as a baby and brought up by a band of crooks. Her final reclamation by her father is the outcome of strange circumstances which make fine play. But you will have this story next week! The film will be popular on its own merits as well as those of charming Vivian Rich, who has fine opportunity for her dramatic gifts.
— *Flying A. Drama, 987 feet (Nov. 18).*

GAR-EL-HAMA. A thrilling jewel-robbery, in which the criminal shows amazing ingenuity and keeps you on tenterhooks throughout the play. It is the kind of thing that makes you "brim over" with excitement and want to get into the film and help. Gar-El-Hama is quite one of the most entertaining and daring of modern fictitious rogues. Photography and acting may always be relied on in all this company's productions.
— *Nordisk Drama, three parts (coming).*

DEADWOOD DICK. A series of six film stories that will appeal not only to every schoolboy but to all with a liking for heroism and adventure. Deadwood Dick is a highwayman of fame and many admirable qualities, including kind-heartedness, wit, and a fine sense of humour. Each episode is a distinct and separate tale, but at the same time you will want to see them all. Dick has a way of making a place for himself in one's heart!
— *Ident Film Co. (six stories, one per week, beginning Nov. 23).*

NO GREATER LOVE. Sadunah is the artistic sensation of Paris. But she is more than a great dancer; she is a great mother, and never before has a photo-drama marked with such beautiful emphasis the love of a woman for her child. As the sequel to a thrilling and intricate plot Sadunah "goes West" to save her daughter, and as Sadunah is Regina Badet of Zee fame we need scarcely say that the crisis of the play is reached with exquisite dramatic art. This film will hold you entranced. Did you read the full story in last week's issue?
— *Gaiety Film Hire Exclusive, five reels (Oct. 25).*

THE BOOB'S ROMANCE. The countless admirers of Bob Leonard and Ella Hall have been eagerly waiting for another picture featuring these two popular stars. Well, here they are in a wholly delightful comedy, which every one of the many thousands of people who witnessed *The Master Key* will be eager to see. Bob Leonard is seen as a boob—a genuine, fly-swattin' boob—and his characterisation is so absolutely perfect that one wonders if he can really be the same Bob Leonard; whilst Ella Hall is as pretty and charming as ever, and, as usual, she puts her whole heart and soul into the work.
— *Trans-Atlantic Comedy, 1,950 feet (Nov. 1).*

DAVISON
THE BRITISH AGENT

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LUPINO LANE

in British Comedies. See him in

'HIS COOLING COURTSHIP.' Rel. Nov. 8th.

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"A WOMAN WITH A PAST."

Ask the manager of your local cinema
when this wonderfully thrilling great



NORDISK

production is due at his Theatre. Tell him
you must see it! Read the story in
"Pictures & The Picturegoer" for Oct. 2.

C. H. B. S.

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"Star Turns" in Spider-Land

The private lives of Flies, Frogs, Spiders,
Snakes, and Rats revealed by the camera.



THE most wonderful motion pictures of
animal life are those which have been
made by Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator
of the Bronx Zoological Gardens, New
York. These amazingly interesting picture
excursions into the lives of the hunted have
been purchased by the Trans-Atlantic Film
Company, and will be enjoyed by picture-
goers in this country in due course.

For fifteen years Professor Ditmars, who
is a Fellow of the Zoological Society, has
been in charge of the collection of mammals
and reptiles at the Bronx Zoo. Three years
ago he began to make motion pictures of
the animals. In order to obtain pictures of
his charges just as they lived and fought
and died Dr. Ditmars built a special studio
at Scarsdale, N.Y., where the most intimate
secrets of the wild creatures have been re-
vealed to the all-seeing camera.

It required a sympathetic as well as a
scientific mind to search for inspirations in
work such as Dr. Ditmars has done. Mrs.
Ditmars was an able aid. In one particular
instance she was a star director. A deadly
ring-necked cobra was being filmed. This species spits its
venom toward and into the eyes of the intruder. Mrs. Ditmars
had been watching the operation from the far end of the
studio, where she had been entreated to remain. The sorely
frightened camera operator was grinding his crank within
fifteen feet of the cobra.

A Snake's Stare on the Screen.

"The deadly stare of that snake is positively uncanny,"
said Mrs. Ditmars. "How wonderful it would be if the
camera could look him straight in the eye and picture him as
I see him now!"

Her advice was followed. Professor Ditmars and his wife
put on auto-goggles to protect their eyes from the sprayed
poison. The camera was focussed upon a spot not four feet
away, then belted to an electric motor. The snake was slid
along on a long pole in front of the camera, and photograph-
ing began. Mrs. Ditmars was not satisfied. She wanted the
snake to rear and pose. Moving to the stage, she flicked a
handkerchief at the reptile, which reared to meet her.

It struck and posed again, then darting with such force as
to slide from the platform and fall almost at Mrs. Ditmars'
feet. Dr. Ditmars reached forward to swing her away, but
she had jumped upon the housing of an electric coil. The
snake wriggled away under her feet, sending the electrician
rushing through the door for safety.

When the film was screened the cobra seemed to literally
darken the auditorium with the spread of his ominous hood,
while the terrible head with the glassy eyes looked down in
malignant fury. It was a wonderful delineation of reptilian
rage.

In the illumination from the mercury vapour the Ditmars
were taking a scene that illustrated the moonlight prowling
of the lancehead snake, the lethal fangs of which cause many
fatalities among the people on the sugar plantations in
tropical America.

In the picture a prowling animal is supposed to alarm the
snake. At first there is seen a slight movement of the diamond-
shaped head. Then the little body is suddenly contorted in
S-shaped loops, and the enraged serpent is seen to hurl him-
self forward with the force and precision of a suddenly
released steel spring. One might fear that the monster has
jumped off the screen into the audience. Actually the veno-
mous reptile had hurled himself at Mrs. Ditmars, who had
been working the camera when this scene was being taken.
It fell within a foot of her shoe, and she saved herself only
by most precipitate retreat.

The Film Story of a Spider.

The development of the eggs of frogs was obtained with a
camera set before a Bohemian glass jar, and from this posi-

tion recording a few feet of film each day. One of these cameras did such duty for a period of two months. The life history of several spiders was obtained in similar manner. The story of a large species of wolf spider was recorded upon the same "roll" a greatly hollow six inches square. After each photograph was taken the enclosure was covered with a bell-glass and wet sponge to provide the proper moisture, for spiders are particularly delicate as captives.

The care of this spider was more laborious than that of a large animal. Soft bodied grubs were hunted for her, and she received drinking water by permitting miniature drops to run to the end of a broken straw. These precautions were necessary in preserving the absolute cleanliness of her tiny yard, which on the projecting screen is magnified thousands of areas. The spinning of her egg cocoons was successfully accomplished. With much anxiety the time was awaited when the young spiders would emerge and crawl upon the parent's back—hundreds of them—presenting an indescribable spectacle. This chapter of the family history was recorded. Then came a wait of eight days until the infants could swarm from the mother's back and shift for themselves.

So many of the insects are almost microscopic, and so many perform their capers in inaccessible places that the value of greatly enlarged motion picture portrayals open previously impossible opportunities for studio and schoolroom observations. Not one child in a million has seen the ladybird sing; the toilet of a gaudy grasshopper as she carefully cleans fallen dust from her face; or the spider, presented as a terrific monster, and seen upon the screen as the fly sees this terrible enemy of the insect legions.

A Jungle Circus in Motion Pictures.

It was quite by accident that Dr. Ditmars got the idea for his Jungle Circus which he has produced in motion-pictures.

One afternoon while at work in his studio endeavouring to pry into the family life of a strange insect that had been given him, he discovered the fact that the insect had a sense of humour which manifested itself in various queer antics. Dr. Ditmars placed the lens of his camera within two inches of the insect's head and reeled off fifty feet of film greatly magnified. A week later he projected this film for some of his friends, with the result that they found Mr. Bug a very comical chap. Dr. Ditmars was himself surprised at the ease with which he played the comedian's rôle.

This was the beginning of the Jungle Circus. In the course of years he has added to it, bit by bit, until he now has a full reel of natural animal drooleries incorporated in *The Book of Nature*, simply for entertaining purposes and to show that educational pictures need never be dry nor uninteresting.

"Star Turns" by Frogs, Monkeys, and Rats.

Dr. Ditmars' Jungle Circus opens without any music other than the croaking of a few frogs, who solemnly hop in and occupy seats of vantage upon toadstools arranged like so many orchestra chairs. Off to one side Mr. Chameleon waits the opening act, observing the woodland stage with one of his big eyes and keeping tabs on his arch enemy the snake with the other eye that operates on a universal joint.

The performance is on! From the wings a troupe of Borneo Galagos file out and run through their act with all the sang-froid of seasoned vaudevillians. They are a low form of the monkey family, and their *habitat* is the interior of Borneo. A fine specimen of the Douacouli monkey has a set of horizontal bars on which to show his agility and amazing feats, and concludes his exhibition by "skinning the cat" and making faces.

The Armadillo gives a strong man act, hurling a huge rod entirely out of the picture. An insect Armadillo also gives a demonstration of his natural facilities for protection by rolling himself into a ball and curling his end in the manner after having gracefully to the assembled guests.

Next come the Jockos and Kangaroo rats, who look like miniature editions of the Australian kangaroos. Their speciality is hurdling, and they jump several feet as high as a man's shoulder. In proportion to their size, they are the greatest leapers in the world. In a series of grotesque performances they demonstrate the uses of their enormous tails.

The Diving Frog and the Juggling Fly.

Next comes the water act by Venus, the diving frog. She, the Annette Kellerman of her species, proceeds to illustrate all of the famous dives that members of the human race have been serving up to vaudeville patrons for years. The Venus is followed by a versatile troupe of tree-toads, who give an

exhibition of skill seldom equalled by actors on the two-day time. One ambitious little fellow skims up a rope hand over hand. They make merry on a tight wire, passing each other and otherwise varying their performance. A toad, with the assistance of some trick photography, gives the most astounding exhibition of being everywhere at the same time, making impossible leaps and somersaulting himself off the boards.

A headliner act is the juggling fly, just a common house-fly, object ferocious of the energetic swatter. He is one of the kind that can light on a hairless head with the same nonchalance with which he promenades across a ceiling. Seated majestically on a boudah upon the back of an elephant he enters. The audience—yes, there is an audience—as an audience expresses its approval in various ways. The Salamander grins and gives way to hearty laughter, the beetles nod their funny heads vigorously, the frogs shift their positions, then a deadly quiet falls upon the denizens of the jungle as Sir Fly proceeds to juggle a dumbbell, weighted at both ends, that appears to be about five times his size. Up and down, over and over speeds the dumbbell, but not once does Sir Fly slip up, and he is still juggling with telling effect as the elephant, bearing him upon his back, makes an exit.

Bugs and Mice as Ballet Dancers.

The circus has its funny little dancing number. This is the exceedingly graceful quartette of walking leafbugs from Ceylon, who pirouette and frolic with the abandon and charm of a grand opera ballet. Then on come the dancing mice, cunning little rodents that whirl and gyrate like spinning-tops. Their act suggests the whirling dervishes of the Orient.

If you were to see a common black beetle with a chair on his back in which a fly, reclining easily, juggled a dumbbell with his feet, you might be "seeing things." On the other hand, it might be only a special performance of Raymond L. Ditmars' bug circus; for, in addition to his work as Curator of New York Zoological Park, he has established a school for bugs and reptiles, where for three years he has been administering "Kultur" of a most amazing sort.

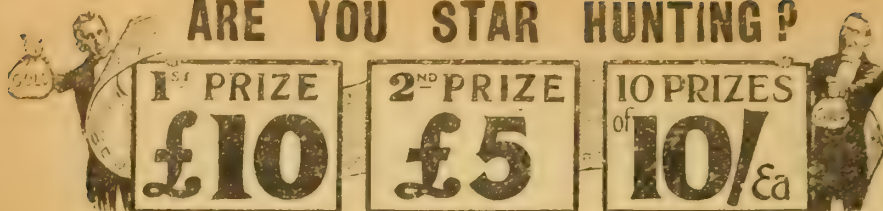
The whole bug circus that he has developed has been preserved in motion pictures, and the amazing performance of the beetle and fly here detailed is only one of the many acts presented. A family of field-mice afford an exhibition of tightrope walking that would shame any acrobat. A mother snake displays reptilian nursery methods by swallowing her entire brood at the first alarm of danger.

The Jungle Circus is surely a new idea in comedy. We wonder if Dr. Ditmars will discover an insect Billy Ritchie?



RAYMOND L. DITMARS, Curator of the New York Zoological Park, whose collection of deadly reptiles and small animals has been filmed by Trans-Atlantic at finger's breadth range.

ARE YOU STAR HUNTING?

SCREENED STARS
OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the fourth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition "Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 10s each to the next ten, and 20 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the fourth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages

ENTRY
FORM.NAME
ADDRESS4th
Set.GOSSIP
AND EDITORIAL

HELLO! Are you there? This is Gerard 2595. Oh, yes! we have moved from Adam Street. Our offices are now at 85, Long Acre, W.C. And very nice, too! Thus lately have I spoken many times on the phone. I hope our thousands of correspondents will note the new address and new telephone number, and not continue to send to or ring up the old. The new building is the fine, large annex recently opened by Odhams, Limited, whose ever-increasing business has necessitated an extension to their already huge premises. Our own Editorial and Advertisement Departments are both on one floor, but our Publishing Offices are still at 93-94, Long Acre—a few doors away from us.

Some People Swallow Anything!

In a recent issue I published a letter received from a reader containing one of those absurd and preposterous rumours which flow into this office almost daily. It made me laugh, and in merry mood I gave it that famous comic-song title *Archibald, Certainly Not!* for heading, expecting my readers to enjoy the joke as I did. Now for the sequel. Two readers have actually written to ask if the story was true! Some people will swallow anything. The story was of course pure invention, and if I had thought for one moment that any one was going to believe it I would not have published the letter.

J. H. Martin's Latest Success.

Many good things have come from the house of Martin of Merton, and assuredly one of them is *The Jack Heart* a story with a grip, which was screened the other day at Davison's, the British agent. It tells of a young man falsely accused on the strongest circumstantial evidence of the murder of his father and shows the young man's escape from a convict prison in company with the actual murderer. A strong boy's interest makes the drama even more entertaining. Some of the scenes are very beautiful, being taken in Derbyshire during that business holiday which I told you the Martin Company were enjoying during the summer.

Misleading the Public.

Periodically every paper reader sees a devastating article with rather more or less time-consuming like players and machine guns. Many statements published are disjunctly inaccurate, and result in letters from some of our readers asking me to "check" them. By this morning's post a reader's letter enclosed a newspaper clipping which states that in *The Battle of Britain* 18,000 losses and 1,000 performers were employed. From which we may assume, if we please, that if every performer rode a horse he had six to choose from. A generous margin for losses in battle, perhaps. As a matter of fact, the correct figures are just the reverse



A SCENE IN *The Snakeville Twins*. (See "Confidential Guide.")

A Mighty Show Indeed!

Nothing like *The Birth of a Nation* has ever before been seen on the screen. I marvelled at my first view of it in a little back room without accompaniment of any kind; but as presented at the Scala Theatre the picture has become a show stupendous in both musical and dramatic magnitude. With full effects and delightful music from a symphony orchestra of forty, this is an entertainment that one can enjoy over and over again.

The Troubadour of El Dorado, and *Good-bye, Summer*.

"It may interest you to know that with my company, the Kerrigan-Victor, I did seventeen reels, each of 1,000 feet, in forty-eight actual working days. We are arranging to break camp here, and returning to the Pacific studios at Universal City, California, where I am to do a series of big features, to be released on the Broadway programme.

"With every good wish, and my kindest regards to you and all of my English friends,
"JACK W. KERRIGAN."

"Knews" from "Kamp" Kerrigan

I am sure you will like to read a little letter from Warren Kerrigan, who has just written me as follows:

"Greetings from Tahoe, 'The Lake of the Sky'.

"I have been up here since June 17th, doing a series of two and three reel features and Western dramas, as follows:

"*Payment Received*, *A Night in the Pines* (A Shriek in the Dark), *The Call of the Mounted* (a three-reel heroic drama dealing with a phase of life in the Far North of Canada),

Comforts Through the Cinema.

Officers and men of the R.N. Division will be greatly interested in the Empire Theatre, London, having lent by Thomas Birt at the invitation of Frank Stollie, to witness two film dramas produced by him, namely *Smugglers of Paradise* and *General Custer*. A part of the proceeds from the showing of the latter film on Thursday will I understand from Mr. Stollie go to the Royal Naval Dismen's Fund. I hope the part will be a big one.

Sir John Hare in Pictures.

One by one the leading lights of the stage succumb to the screen, and I am glad to know that Sir John Hare, one of my greatest stage favourites, is being filmed for the first time by any camera as *Eccles* in *Casts*. Larry Trimble, of Turner Films, Limited, has in hand the production of this evergreen comedy, in which Mary Rorke, another old favourite, is appearing as the Marquise. And who will handle this sure-to-be great film, you ask? The answer should not surprise you. The Ideal Film Renting Company, Limited; veritable gluttons for "winners."
F. D.

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Next week we will tell you of the pictures we are making for you this winter.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS

Like many people who reside in the suburbs, I have a big garden. Last Sunday, whilst examining a bush, I came across the largest and finest web I have ever seen. Its owner, of course, was a large spider, and as I looked more intently I discovered his majesty making for a small fly, which, entangled in the web, so deftly woven by the enemy, was struggling to get free. Suddenly a larger fly, who must have known what was going on, flew straight at the spider, and appeared to attack him. At any rate the spider crawled clear of his smaller victim, and "went" for the champion. Then a wonderful thing happened. The weaker fly, which had been struggling all the time, succeeded in breaking the "ropes" made by the spider, and got away scot-free, to be soon followed by the knight-errant, the larger fly, after he had apparently punished the spider. Then another wonderful thing happened. It came on to rain, and as I watched I saw the big, strong web torn and broken by heavy rain-drops. Mister spider, in a frantic effort to save his life, spun his way across to a friendly waterspout. He missed his

footing, and, falling plump into the middle of a rain-water barrel, was drowned in its awful depths.

But what on earth has this comedy or garden tragedy to do with moving pictures? you ask. I answer, "Nothing." And yet in a way it has a very great connection. Here we have a living and typical example of 99 per cent. of the human stories that form the foundation of our film dramas.

The small fly, the "heroine," was as likely as not the larger fly's sweetheart. She was lured to destruction by the "villain," whose wicked schemes were frustrated by the "hero," and whose villainy was further punished by the just wrath of heaven. A moving picture indeed, but a garden drama instead of a film one!

And what a wonderful film it *would* have made. Photographed by a camera and magnified hundreds of times, as it would be on the screen; every movement and all the meaning of this tense, dramatic story would have been easily and clearly conveyed to the human eye! These were my thoughts at the time it was enacted, and now I find that elsewhere in this issue is an interesting article on the film photography of such creatures as insects, flies, spiders, and all sorts of other weird and creepy things. The article goes to prove that such amazingly interesting films are possible—that many indeed have already been made and I for one shall look forward to seeing them screened.

"Dolly" writes to ask me why it is that she never, or hardly ever, sees an

English film at her cinema. I cannot tell her, but the probability is that cinema must be very unprofitable just now. British-made pictures in these days, the present, and if there is another cinema in her neighbourhood, while she shows British films she will have a good little run to transfer her patronage. British films, I am glad to say, are being, and will be, made in greater numbers now than they have ever been. And, what is more, our producers are turning out better pictures.

Here is a story of how a nine-year-old boy, Gordon Griffith, "made hay while the sun shone," or rather while he played the part of a newsboy in *Little Mr. Flower*, a Trans-Atlantic drama. "Stand at the corner and shout out the names of these papers," said the producer to the boy. Then he turned to give instructions to the camera man. A few minutes later Gordon presented the astonished producer with a handful of pennies and asked for more papers. These were obtained, but this time the producer had to laughingly remind the business-like youngster that he was only acting for the film, and not getting his living as a real newsboy.

Another winter is creeping upon us, and boys and girls will begin to enjoy their evenings in the sitting-room with a cheerful fire for company. On some evenings, of course, they will enjoy themselves at the "pictures," but winter nights at home will be many and welcome, and will produce, as I know from

past experience, quite double the number of entries in my competitions. As you must be aware if you have read this page for long, I give you a competition every week, and in addition the Editor is giving old and young alike a chance of solving puzzles and winning prizes in a much larger competition.

A week or two ago I offered two boxes of paints for the best painting of a little sketch of "Dreamy Dud," a comical little fellow in Essanay cartoons. A nice lot of paintings have come in, and after a great shuffling of the cards, careful comparison, and much consideration, the prizes are going to:

Marie Lister (9), 98, Rylands Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

Arthur Lancaster (9), 52, Cave Street, Beverley Road, Hull.

AWARDS (six of these win a special prize): Elsie Booth (Morecambe), Arthur Dale (Macclesfield), Hilda Watté (Selby), Dorris Watté (Yorks), Nancy Hill (Manchester), Horace Singer (Lower Clapton), Cyril Griffin (Tottenham), Alan Wood Halifax), Arthur Coe (Northants), and W. Bernard (Edinburgh).

SIX MORE PRIZES FOR A "TITLE."

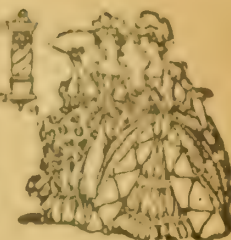
Guessing titles is always popular, perhaps because it entails no great work. Below you will find a charming little sketch by Grace Airlie. The young lady in bed is obviously dreaming, but the picture lends itself to all sorts of titles. For the best six titles received on or before Monday, October 18th, I will present six of our little "War Album" Charms. Postcards will do; address them to "Dreaming," PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C. That you, dear reader, may be one of the prize-winners is the earnest wish of

UNCLE TIM.



REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When casts are required name of Company must be given.



Will all our readers please note that our new address is 85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

H. T. (Walsall).—Address Anna Little, c/o Universal Film Co., 41st Street and 11th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

JACET (Ancolts).—Volumes VI and VII are still to be had from this office, price 3s. 9d., post free. Note our new address is 85, Long Acre, London.

E. M. R. (Sunderland).—Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Ltd., 39, Piccadilly, London, W., and London and Provincial Electric Theatres, Ltd., 3 to 6, Rupert Street, W. Perhaps you mean the first—neither bear exactly the title you give.

PERCY (Desborough).—Have sent you three cards, which with postage (dd.) makes up amount sent. Your love despatched to Norma Talmadge.

MOXA (Hilham).—Address Ethel Clayton, c/o Lubin Film Co., 20th Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, U.S.A. The other two have recently left the Companies they played for, and have not yet joined others.

F. J. (Grimsby).—Robert Leonard was "John Dore," Ella Hall, "Ruth," and Chas. Manley, "Tom Kane" in "The Master Key."

MARGUERITE (Birmingham).—The Metro Picture Co. is not the same as Thanhouser Co. Wm. Carwood now plays for American Co. Universal is the American name for all Trans-Atlantic films. The Tim Houser Twins are thirteen years old. Have sent your love to Florence La Badie and Marguerite Snow—packed it up and marked it as coming from you—that's how it's done. We are sure James Cruze will like to hear from such an enthusiastic admirer of his work as yourself. Try him, Madge. Of course we should like your photo.

CARMEN (Bridlington).—Address Charles Chaplin, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333, Arzyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A. Most likely he will reply. We will never "horribly disappoint" you, Carmen.

C. A. (Birmingham).—If you would repeat your question, giving the name of the Company which produced the film you mention, we will do our best for you. I shall be glad to hear from you, and thank you for your sweet message.

J. L. (Wolverhampton).—"Her Friend the Milkman" (Nestor), "Milkman," "Eddie Lyons," "The Girl," "Billy Rhodes," "The Baby's Father," "Grey," "Lee Moran," "Wife," "Billy Rhodes," "Brown," "Jack Dorian." Keystone do not publish their casts. Lee Moran is very much alive.

ALICE (Walthamstow).—We have postcards of Ella Hall. Have sent your love to her and to Robert Leonard.

CLARA (Bristol).—Address Herbert Rawlinson, c/o Universal Film Co., 43rd St., and 11th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Thanks for kind wishes.

ANXIOUS ADMIRER (Gravesend).—Address Chas. Chaplin, c/o Essanay Film Co., 1333, Arzyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. and Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Co., 213 West 26th Street, New York City, U.S.A. Most likely they would reply to your letters. Our best wishes for your success as a swimmer. Let us know when you are going to swim the Channel.

BEATRICE (Bradford).—Welcome, new reader. Address Alma Taylor, c/o Hepworth's Film Studio, Walton-on-Phames. We have picture postcards of her and the others you mention.

INQUISITIVE KID (Leeds).—We feel sure that Florence Turner would answer your letter. Postcards of the Editor and the Postcard Manager are 2d. each, postage extra.

AN OLD READER (Grimsby).—We have no postcards of Blanche Forsythe or Blanche Sweet.

BARY (Blundellsands).—Surely Eddie Lyons will be pleased to hear from you. His address is c/o Universal Film Co., 43rd Street and 11th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Enclose a stamp (a cent U.S.A. if possible) for reply. Thanks for getting new readers. Repeat the dose when you can.

MABEL (Bromley).—Your sketch of Chas. Chaplin shows great promise. Thank you, Mabel.

MARY (W. Hampstead).—Your kind letter is appreciated. We are sorry that you are leaving England for the States. Such a nice-looking girl as your photo tells us you are ought to be taxed by Lloyd George for leaving our shores. Good luck to you, Mary!

ESMAI (Lancaster).—"A Tale of Two Cities" was produced by Vitagraph. The cast is: "Dr. Manette," Charles Kent; "Lucy," Florence Turner; "Marquis," W. Humphrey; "Carton," M. Costello; "Darnay," Leo Delaney; Defarge, C. St. Johnson.

B. P. S. (Battersea).—Perhaps some of your friends might like to purchase your copies of PICTURES, or if you can afford to do so send them to the hospitals.

JOAN (York).—Mary Pickford is "such a dear." We feel sure she would reply to your letter. Address her, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 26th Street, New York City, U.S.A. Delight to welcome "a new regular reader."

LAUREL (London, S.E.).—Ill-natured gossip is always afloat about well-known cinema players. Take no notice of what you have heard, Laurel. Both the players you mention are high up on the ladder of fame, and their talents are worthy of all picturegoers' admiration. If you have difficulty in getting PICTURES place a definite order with a newsagent and all trouble will vanish.

BETTY AND BARS (Sunderland).—Your photos are immense—truly enormous—top-notch. We are quite delighted to have such lovely readers.

M. M. W. (Baling).—Sends us a newspaper cutting which reads: "Miss Mary Pickford, a celebrated moving picture actress, famed equally in Britain and America, was received into the Church a short time ago, according to the Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee." The foregoing report is of interest just now, as several recent films have portrayed her with either a crucifix or a rosary.

CLEOPATRA (Liverpool) has heard that Charles Chaplin is married and has two children. Nothing doing, Cleo! Read PICTURES. If we say it, then it is so. Postcard list has been sent.



"UNCLE TIM" OFFERS SIX PRIZES FOR THE BEST TITLES TO THIS PICTURE.

THURON (Holloway Road, N.).—*The Life of Man* published price 2d., from a friend, will give you the information you want, and more besides.

THURON (Rotherham).—We should like to see you on your experience you are to do some thing on the lines. We know of no Pictureing Company in or near Sheffield. You must write to the London companies and state your qualifications. The B. and C. Co., Watlington, Hope-worth Studios, Watlington-Thames, and L. Allen Film Co., St. Margaret's-Thames, are three good ones. Best wishes, Tess.

BERTHA (Holloway).—Sorry, the cast you ask for was not published.

DOUBTLESS (Walsall). Charles Chaplin played in Fred Karno's sketch "The Munnings Birds" before he took up film work; but whether the London Company in which he played visited your town or no we cannot say. Costello has been playing recently in some great films, and you should see him soon again on the screen.

HENRY (Hall).—We do not advise our readers to pay hard cash for the correcting, typing, or plating of their film plots. Send them yourself to the Film Companies; you stand as much chance as a third party, and it costs you nothing but postage. Emily has joined the Army. Thanks for kind messages.

HELY (Lincolnshire). Sorry to hear you have parted with hard cash. See reply to "Henry."

COSSETY (Edinburgh).—Address: Warren Kerrigan, c/o. Universal Film Co., 160, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. As you are writing, you can send your love to him; we have sent it to Kellyn Williams, Mary Fuller, Charles Chaplin, and Maurice Costello.

DELL (Brighton). We have postcards of Charles Chaplin, six different, price sevenpence, post-free, and *The Life of Man* a Picture is 2d.

AMATEUR (Liverpool).—You will get plenty of useful wrinkles from Dell's *Picturegoing for the Cinema*, price 1s. 2d. from this office, post-free.

JACKIE SAVORY.—Your typewritten letter is all it takes our time and yours. Drop a line to the Famous Players Co., 16-17, Wardour St., W., and ask them where "Fanchon the Cricket" is being shown in town. Since you wrote, Jackie, you will have seen that a large number of Germans have been captured on the West.

J. M. P. O.—You might write to the company producing the film for the poem. Your comments to the lady in khaki would, we are sure, be much appreciated. Your kind heart is "more than coronet," as the poet hath it. Thanks for new readers. May your shadow never grow less.

DOROTHY (St. John's Wood).—Yes, Mary Pickford is, as you say, "ripping." We excuse your mistakes because you were in "a trifle hurry."

J. P. (North Kensington).—Before sending your autograph album to the player, you should write and ask if he would sign it for you.

T. S. (Waltham Abbey). We do not advise you to pay fees for tuition to the firm you mention.

JOHN (St. Swans).—It is much to be a good athlete, but talent is necessary also, John, to enable you to become a cinema player. Thanks for subscription.

TERO (Manchester).—No postcards of Dustin Farnum, at least you want is not published.

MISS R. (Salisbury). Address: Tom Powers, 250, West 55th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

JOSEPHINE (Wallasey).—The known players get the sands of letters from their admirers from all parts of the world, and we know that they are interested in reading them. Glad you like our gallery. Hundreds have said like wise.

FRED (Chiswick).—We are constantly giving the names of the trade papers. Any bookstall clerk will give you them. James C. C. (Thames) is an American, and as Americans are recruited from every other nation you may be told in giving him another country. We note with pride that it is now sky high by a Zeppelin bomb you will be found on a cloud reading Pictures.

MORLEY, DOLLY, AND NELLY (Sunderland).—The principal questions about players we must ask to be excused from an evening, dear girls. We are delighted to accept you. Kind offer of a photo.

MARY W. (Birmingham).—Address: Audrey Berry, c/o. Vitagraph Film Co., East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Harold Leacock and Earle Williams would no doubt like to hear from you. Have divided up your loves requested, Mary.

CONSTANCE (Blackburn).—Henry Ainley is playing in "Quinneys." H. A. Vachell's play at the Haymarket Theatre, in London, and does not pay for the pictures only. If we get any postcards of him we will let you know. There can be no harm in writing for his autograph.



BRYANT WASHBURN, the Essanay player.
This is one of our postcards of him.

SOLDIER (Manchester).—We sympathise with you in the loss of your soldier boy. "He died fighting for a good cause," as you say. We are sure Edith St. Grey would like to hear of his admiration for her. Address as follows: c/o. Vitagraph Film Co., East 15th St. and Locust Avenue, New York.

JOYCE (Gloucester).—Tom Powers is now at home in New York, and not at present playing in films. We have postcards of him, also of Warren Kerrigan. Both are unmarried. Mr. Kerrigan lives happily with his mother, sister, and brother.

WALTER (Manchester).—Address: Margaret Clark, c/o. Famous Players Film Co., 233, West 26th Street, New York City, U.S.A. As you are writing, you can ask her all you want to know, can't you, Walter?

PAMU (Leeds). We cannot find the marriage certificates of the players you mention, so conclude they are still "lucky free."

JERRY (Willesden).—The London Film Co.'s Studio is at St. Margaret's, Twickenham, and the worth is at Watlington-Thames.

DAN (Brighton).—You now forgive us for taking over THE PICTURES and amending it with THE PICTUREGOER. For this relief much thanks. Address: F. N. Bushman, c/o. Metro Pictures Corporation, 1,165, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. You heard that Maurice Costello was killed in the trenches and tried to see if the rumour. Quite right. Babs, 21, C is hard at work in the Vitagraph Studios. We have sent you a postcard list.

B. S. (of 93, S. West Road, Forest Gate). has a collection of 332 picture postcards and will be pleased to show them to any readers.

* Many replies are confidentially held over.

OUR NEW ADDRESS

Editorial matters should be addressed to
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer."

85, FIONA ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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SMILES

When Rolling Billows Roll.

"If a man has anything in him, travel will bring it out," said the explorer.

"I know that," said his friend; "especially ocean travel."

Some Nose and Some Blows.

Though his nose had blossomed to a fiery redness he secured a job at a boiler factory. One day he rushed into the hospital with his nose smashed. "How did it happen?" exclaimed the surgeon. "Put my nose through a hole to get a breath of air, and the striker mistook it for a red-hot rivet," was the answer.

The Rivals.

Recovering from a fall, "Yes, madam, get him to join at once and to please see the Empire. I tell you, madam, if some men don't come forward quickly the Empire may be ruined."

"Oh, that don't matter," replied the good woman, "my 'us-bin' works at the 'lpyerdrome'."

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

Mrs. BINKS, fondly. "What's that thing up there, Mrs. Bridges?"

Mrs. BRIDGES calmly. "Only one of them German Zeppelins. They're getting a perfect post."

Mrs. BINKS, relieved. "Thank 'eaven! I thought it was an 'awk attack me chickens'."

Hair Re-storing.

Wild-eyed man rushing into chemist's and doffing his hat. "I am becoming bald," he declared.

"Indeed," remarked the chemist. "Are you married?"

"No," pursued the man, "but my hair keeps falling out. Can you give me something to keep it in?"

"Yes," replied the chemist. "I have here an 'air-tight' box —"

The Friend in Need.

A Scotch Territorial on campaign was awakened the other night by a loud voice demanding, "Does anybody here know Corporal Jimsen? Does any one know his tent?"

A sergeant, anxious to oblige a stranger, went out in full dress and conducted the "merry" visitor to the tent asked for, and then discovered that he had shown Corporal Jimsen to his own tent, which the cunning one could not find for himself.

The Woman and the Man.

Little Mr. Spinks was the husband of a famous picture star, and both were present at a large party together. The star was being monopolised by a well-known man who was one of the guests and the hostess tried to wheedle he away from him.

"But I'll introduce you to Mr. Spinks," she added, by way of consolation.

"Mr. Spinks!" ejaculated the great one. "Never heard of him. What's he famous for?"

"Er — well, his wife!"

"The Hepworth Triplet"

It's an interesting way to refer to those picture-plays. And many interesting things are connected with it.

Turn to your copy of "Picture Post" 15th September, 1915, and look at page 501. There you find full details of £40 in prizes—£40 for the best 170 word comments on the three pictures called "The Hepworth Triplet."

The three pictures—we don't say they're "terrific marvels" but we do say they're good picture-plays—are all to be booked by cinemas from T. Thompson of 95, Grange Road West, Middlesbro'. All three are Hepworth picture-plays and the titles (see how good they sound) are "The Curtain's Secret," "Her Boy," and "The Second String."



Hepworth Picture Plays

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is Built on Sound Science and Good Digestion, and These
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IN UNDER THE RED ROBE



*STANLEY J. WEYMAN
DREW A PICTURE
OF THE DAY WHEN
RICHELIEU RULED
FRANCE.*

*THE
CLARENDON CO
HAVE FILMED
THIS FAMOUS NOVEL WITH
CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS.*

*DE BERAULT
(MR OWEN ROUGHWOOD)
IS A GREAT FIGHTER AND
DEVOTED LOVER*

MONDAY NOV 22. THREE REELS



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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



JESSE L. LASKY

presents

VICTOR MOORE

in

"SNOBS"

The Famous Satirical
Success by

GEORGE H. BRONSON

The Tale of a Milkman
who becomes a Duke.

In Four Acts.

Released
MONDAY, OCT. 25th.

Produced by

JESSE L. LASKY

Feature Play Co.,

166-170, Wardour St., W.



EUGENIE BESSERER

The Selig player and most popular "mother" on the screen. (See page 78.)

How often have you witnessed a picture that has been packed with thrills from start to finish? Not very often we venture to assert. If you want to see such a picture look out for this great drama.



EDITH. JOHNSON

one of the most beautiful women appearing on the screen, and one of the most popular photoplay stars, takes the leading role in this extraordinary society drama.

THE GIRL AND THE REPORTER

It's a film that is chock full of tense, dramatic situations, and, besides containing a good holding plot, there is an air of mystery about it that will make it extremely popular with everybody. Ask the manager of your favourite haunt to screen it. Don't forget that

Edith Johnson is included in the set of 6 beautifully coloured postcards we are offering you at the low price of $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. the set.



SELIG FILMS

93-95, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.



THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND

The Great Novel that has been
read by nearly 400,000 persons.

A Dean's Love Passion. His Crime. His Stubborn Silence whilst he ministers to his flock, and the innocent sufferer for his guilt, and the great dramatic confession at last from the pulpit.

Released Oct. 18th.

4,000 feet.

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1915.

New Series, No. 88.



MAKING "PICTURES" TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

Frederick Burlingham and his staff on the Grands Mulets Needles, Switzerland ; a dangerous spot which nervous people leave alone. Mr. Burlingham recently filmed the ascent of Mont Blanc. (See page 70.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

ARE you hunting the stars hidden in those puzzle pictures?

Life seems just one moving picture after another.

Moving "pictures":—Taking our goods, chattels, and ourselves from Adam Street to Long Acre.

The horrors of war can't be any worse than the acting in some of the war pictures. Sawful! says the *Review*.

Fashion Note: When entering the cinema theatre leave your new winter hat on as long as possible so that those behind can admire the same.

A fat man, "much fatter than Fatty or Bunty," recently advertised for a post as cinema-actor. Given a "fat" part he should be an all-round bouncing success. He says he is really active.

How would you like to lie on a cake of ice for twenty minutes? Otis Harlan had to do so during the filming of a scene in a Red Seal Play at the Chicago Studio. And being a "Selig," the scene can't be a frost, ice or no ice.

"Chang," the almost human orang-outang of the Selig Company is dead. He drank a pint of paint and never recovered, and scenarios written round him and not yet filmed will be wasted. But you will see him in *The Orang Outang*, a coming release.

The German who escaped from Alexandra Palace to a neutral country is said to have told a newspaper reporter there that, although he spent the afternoon in London in several cinema-theatres, not one single picture showed any feeling of hate against Germany.

"Her Triumph."

GABY DESLYS who made her first appearance before the camera for the Famous Players in the above-named production, has been on tour in the provinces with her dancing partner, Harry Pilcer. By the way, Gaby lost her dog "a little dog like a r'rat" and offered £20 reward. Later, The little dog like a "r'rat" was found, and Gaby smiles again.

Lost and Found—a Baby!

THE articles left behind in the seats of picture-theatres by absent-minded picturegoers are numerous and varied. But a Liverpool theatre probably achieved a record in this respect, when at the conclusion of a performance the attendants discovered that some careless person had mislaid a baby! The mother had been so carried away by the pictures that she had forgotten to carry away her offspring. She did not realise her loss until the second house was nearly full.

Film Producing in Wartime.

DURING the filming in a Paris suburb of the guillotine scene in *Jean Doré*, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt acted for the first time since her leg was amputated, the buzz of an aeroplane was heard. Soldiers, police, executioner's assistants, and even the condemned man all looked skywards and saw a German Taube speeding away before a pursuing French biplane. The actors followed the pursuit with breathless interest until both machines were out of sight. The stage-manager then found that the light had changed, and it was necessary to postpone the conclusion of the filming till the next day. *Jean Doré* is now completed. It is a Broadway Trans-Atlantic Feature.

To Blow or Not to Blow.

TALKING of Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress was narrating reminiscences of the stage to friends. "Mash notes," you call them, *n'est ce pas?*" she said, laughing. "Well, I re-



MANAGER: "That's too loud."

PIANIST: "But it's marked *Forté*."

MANAGER: "Then make it thirty-five."

ceived a very funny mash-note once in a small town of your Far West.

"You are adorable," my mash-note ran, "and I'd have preferred to send you orchids; but in this one-horse town I am reduced to molasses candy, of which I am forwarding a two-pound bag. Will you take supper with me to-night? If you consent, blow your nose on the stage, and I will understand."

Mme. Bernhardt laughed again.

"And the worst of it was," she said,

"I had a bad cold at the time, and was afraid to blow my nose all the evening."

Fantomas Makes Thrilling Fiction.

SOME time ago the Gaumont Company released a series of *Fantomas* film-dramas, with the result that millions of picturegoers enjoyed the

screen exploits of that amazing French criminal in fiction. And now one can read about them in book-form. Stanley Paul and Co. have just published at six shillings an English version of *Fantomas*, the novel by Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain, which was a huge success in France, and candidly we have never read a story with greater gripping-power. Every one of the thirty-two chapters are gems of construction and ingenuity, and each leaves the reader so wrapt in mystery that he is forced to read on to the very end. Moreover, the work throughout possesses the charm of refinement so rarely present in stories of crime. We heartily recommend you to read *Fantomas*.

Prison Tortures in Pictures.

LORD LYTTON'S novel, *Eugene Aram*, which deals with the hardships and cruelties of English prison life in the nineteenth century, is an ideal story for screen adaptation and, no better company than the Edison could have chosen it for that purpose. They have succeeded in this production in catching the atmosphere of the period with admirable skill.

Marc McDermott as an Englishman is intimately acquainted with the phases of life depicted in the novel, and makes the character of Eugene Aram stand out as a gem of brilliant acting. He recently regaled an interviewer with tales of cruelties practised in the old prisons of this country. One room, known as the "press" room, consisted of a torture-chamber where the prisoner was strapped to the floor by iron bands, hand and foot, and a heavy weight slowly lowered on the prostrate victim, with the intent of making him confess. This weight would press more and more on the chest till often blood sprang from the nose and mouth, while the more rugged would endure this weight crushing them almost for two hours.

A Grand Old Man.

EIGHTY-FIVE years old and an active and accomplished photographer! Such is James Wright—affectionately known as "Jimmy"—who, like so many of the Essanay players, is an Englishman. He was born in Birmingham, and at the age of fourteen emigrated to the United States, where for years he led a chequered and varied career. He drifted on to the stage, and after many years the Essanay Company prevailed on him to join them as an experiment. In a short time the unique histrionic talent of the old man made itself apparent, and he was soon acclaimed a successful film player.

Mr. Wright, is an advocate of the simple life. He does not, however, carry his ideas to the point of fanaticism. His food is of the simple, yet substantial, kind, and in a recent interview the old man stated that six or seven hours' sleep was ample for his mental reinvigoration.

His recreation, too, is of the most simple order, consisting of long, solitary walks. No other form of entertainment appeals to "Jimmy" Wright, except, of course, his profession, which he follows with an ardent interest.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.



"THE GREAT ADVANCE:" 1. General Joffre, the victorious French Commander-in-Chief. . . . 2. Our brave lads who eagerly welcomed the long-awaited order, "Forward!" . . . 3. Field-Marshal Sir John French, our great Commander-in-Chief, who reported the sweeping successes. 4. "SULLEN AND SLOVENLY:" German prisoners, captured in the storming of Loos, arrive at Southampton. 5. "GOOD NEWS BRINGS RECRUITS:" Large numbers of "newly enlisted" arrive in camp. 6. "THE DEFENCE OF SARIGARHI:" A glorious feat of arms in the annals of our glorious Indian Army, when for 6½ hours 21 men kept at bay 8,000 tribesmen, re-enacted by Indian Convalescents in England. 7. "BOBBING FOR BUNS:" Nurses and patients enjoy a contest at Wounded Soldiers' Sports.



AFTER THE STORM

"HOW long, O God! how long?"

Half-crazed with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, Jerold Roper dragged himself to his feet and stumbled across the raft towards a wooden box, the lid of which he raised with shaking and uncertain hands. It contained the one joy and comfort that had been left to him after a night of storm and shipwreck; and if his eyes were moist as he lifted his infant daughter from her bed it was because the sea might yet claim—alive or dead—the little dimpled body that nestled so warmly in his arms.

A faint smile crept over his haggard features as the baby cooed reassuringly and crumpled up her little shell-like hands in play.

"Little sweetheart!" he whispered, with something of his old glad-heartedness, and laid her tenderly in her impromptu bed.

The day dragged wearily to a close, night came, and another dawn broke, and still there was no hope of rescue or succour for the shipwrecked father and child. After hours of anxious vigil the man fell faint and exhausted across the edge of the broken raft, and it was only when the cold waves swept across his brow some hours later that he awoke to consciousness again and groped upon his hands and knees for the box that bore his child.

But bed and baby were gone!

Gradually, as the raft was rocked by the motion of the sea, the little one's box had slipped from its place and floated away upon the bosom of the sea.

In an agony of mind that amounted almost to madness, the starving, desolate man staggered to his feet and searched the wide blue sea with dry, burning eyes. But there was no sign of his baby-girl. With a cry of anguish he threw himself down upon the swaying raft, and it was as a motionless form that he was picked up later by the crew of a passing ship.

As for little Jane Roper, her fate was to drift to the shore of a desert island,

Adapted from the "Flying A" Film
By M. OWSTON-BOOTH.

to which had found their way several other victims of the wreck.

"Lor, here's summat at last!" cried a woman of the party, as the box drifted in with the tide. She hastened down to the water's edge and, dragging it ashore, lifted the lid of the box. With a little cry—half delight and half amazement—she snatched the baby in her arms. As she did so her rough, hard face took on an aspect of motherliness, which dispelled all the evil in her wild, black eyes.

"Chuck that, nar," cried her husband, Jacques Fortell, who had appeared upon the scene and was rummaging in the box for, as he put it, "summat worth the havin'."

He would have tossed the child back into the waters that had borne her to them had not the mother-heart in Meg made her strong in her resolution to bring up the child as her own.

Twenty years had transformed Jane Roper into a tall, slim girl of striking beauty. Meg and Jacques had brought her with them to the city, where they had become the leaders of a gang of thieves; but Jane had refused to aid them in their work, and Meg, in spite of her own evil ways, had insisted upon protecting the girl from a life of crime.

There was a refinement about Jane that neither an evil home nor ragged clothing could in the least degree conceal. She carried her head high, though her beautiful dark locks were covered only by a coarse, ugly cap, and she walked with a pretty dignity in spite of her worn, old shoes. Her eyes and brow bore traces of an intellectual mind, and it seemed to the pastor of the missionary church to which Jane went to find peace and quietude one day that in her he had found the potentialities of a high-minded and noble woman.

That there was a rare and peculiar sympathy between them he knew from the first moment his eyes fell upon her.

"You are very welcome here," he said to her, with a kindly smile, "and you must come as often as you can." Then he added, as her eyes lit up with the warmth of his invitation, "I would like to be your friend, if you will let me."

"Thank you," she replied, gratefully. "I will certainly come again. But—" and she glanced quickly at her shabby clothes—"I'm afraid—"

He interrupted her with a laugh.

"Such things only matter to those whose friendship is superficial and vain. It is character and one's mode of life that matter—not grand clothes, little girl."

He walked with her to the door of the church and watched her along the road.

There must have been some sad remembrance in his mind, for as Jane Roper disappeared from view he turned back and slowly paced the aisle.

"Oh, God," he murmured, "in helping these, Thy children, help me to forget my own affliction!"

As Jane wound her way through the streets she unconsciously attracted the notice of a young "rake" on the lookout for mischief, and, encouraged by one of his low companions, he pursued her in her flight. Fast though she ran, she could not free herself from him, and when at length she reached the door of the thieves' den, the only home that Jane had ever known, he was but a few yards behind her, an ugly leer of triumph in his eyes.

With scared face and hair tangled and tossed, Jane rushed for safety to her foster-mother, Meg.

"Hide me quick! Don't let him come!" she gasped.

Meg laid down her mug of beer in astonishment, but before Jane could give an explanation of the danger, the door flew open again and Lloyd Perry, her pursuer, entered the den.

He gazed around him for a moment

at the desolate hotel, with its broken furniture and bare, comfortless floor. But he had little time in which to take in his surroundings, for Jacques Portell was not the man to tolerate intruders in his home, as he had already begun to impress upon the other with his fists.

Perry, however, was quite equal to the occasion, and, drawing out his revolver, held the thief—a well-known but elusive criminal—at bay.

"Now your little game is up," he remarked with a sneer. "Guess I'll have a pretty story for the police! You'll be able to supply *some* information, maybe, about the Stonewell robbery and the Cookson crime and—"

Jacques interrupted him with a growl. "What the devil d'yer want?"

"Give me that girl and I swear I'll not split on you! Now?"

A cry of horror from Jane induced the older woman to slip an affectionate arm about her, but there was nothing reassuring in Meg's eyes as the grimness of the situation dawned upon her.

Feebly she remonstrated with Jacques. "Yer can't let the girl go—like that. 'Tain't as if she hadn't bin like our own kid."

But the only answer from Jacques was an ugly oath, which sent a shudder through Jane.

"It's a bargain, then?" asked Lloyd Perry suavely. His remark was addressed to Jacques, but his eyes were upon the girl, who had rushed half-way up the rickety flight of stairs in a desperate and futile effort to escape.

The gang-leader nodded his head in agreement, and there was no demur from Meg; to her the sacrifice of Jane, whom she had really grown to love, was better than discovery by the police, whom she had feared from very babyhood.

Five minutes later Jane's unavailing struggles had been subdued and in the arms of her purchaser she was being conveyed to a hired motor, accompanied by Meg and Jacques. A short spin brought them to Lloyd Perry's apartments, and with very little trouble the unhappy girl was borne from the vehicle to the house.

Once alone with Perry, however, and caged behind the locked doors of his rooms, Jane summoned together all her girlish strength, fighting desperately for release.

"You cad!" she cried, with a dry sob in her voice, "if you knew how I loathe you!"

"Little fool!" the other sneered, as he held his victim at arm's length with a grip that bruised her slim, white arms. "What's wrong with me? Guess you're a mighty particular bit of goods for the daughter of a pair of thieves! There's many a nicer girl than you would be mighty glad to attract a handsome fellow like me."

Jane burned beneath his insults, and, strengthened with indignation, made new efforts to save her woman's honour.

A cry for help burst from her lips, and almost instantaneously a hesitating footstep without gained a firmness and haste that brought its possessor to the door in a moment.

The first rap was unheeded by Perry, but at the second demand he released the girl, and, with an oath, cautiously

unlocked the door, which was immediately flung open.

Jane's eyes met those of the intruder.

"The minister!" she breathed.

He saw the note of appeal in her frightened eyes, and the dishevelled condition of her clothes and hair.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked quietly, turning to the man.

"Guess it's no damned concern of yours!" came the insolent reply.

"On the other hand, it is very much my affair," said the minister, and, in spite of his calm tones, there was grim determination in his face and mien as he placed himself firmly between the exhausted girl and her captor.

"Confound your interference," blazed the latter, flinging himself against the older man in an attempt to hurl him from the room.

"If this is to be a question of muscle," the minister said, as he struck out squarely in defence of Jane, "then I reckon I am as well equipped as yourself."

And so it seemed to the shivering girl, sole spectator of a scene that would have thrilled any audience to a pitch of excitement. Backwards and forwards the pair swayed and reeled, equally matched, and each unsuccessful in every attempt to overthrow the other.

Suddenly the elder fell back a few paces under a heavy blow. The other grinned maliciously, and would have followed up this master-stroke with others of equal force had not the minister rushed forward and swung Perry off his feet with a sudden, deft stroke that finally resulted in his fall.

"Art o' that—you priest-faced devil!" came a drunken growl, and Jane's protector turned to find the doorway blocked by the figures of Meg and Jacques, who had lingered below stairs to prevent any attempt at escape on the part of Jane, which would necessarily break their bargain with Perry and endanger them to discovery by the police.

"Get him out of here," groaned Perry, badly shaken by his fall.

And in answer to the request Jacques

left upon the minister, aided by the half-reluctant Meg, to whom the sight of Jane, tear-stained and exhausted, was not a congenial one.

But with a little trouble Jacques was overthrown—the moment of Jane's release had come. Too faint and exhausted to stand, she permitted herself to be lifted in the strong arms of her new friend and borne down the stairs, across the street, and into the sanctuary of the Mission church.

"Am I safe?" she murmured, as the minister placed her in a chair and smoothed the tangled hair from her face and brow.

"Never were you safer," he assured her with a fatherly smile, wondering mechanically as he looked into her pale, strained face whether it was an answering smile that he saw in her eyes or merely the consciousness of his smile registered there like any other thought or sensation.

"Poor little girl," he added. "Thank God I heard your cry. It is an extraordinary coincidence that my rooms should be next door to that blackguard's flat. Tell me how it happened."

Very simply Jane related the story of Perry's infatuation for her, his discovery of the "crooks," and his bargain with Meg and Jacques.

"You shall never return to them," was his verdict, between clenched teeth.

"Oh, no. I cannot go back—you will not let them find me?" she entreated.

"Never."

He paused a moment in contemplation, a far-away look in his eyes. But his quick smile drove all trace of sadness from his face.

"I want you to come and be my daughter, if you will?"

She shook her head in reply.

"It is very kind of you, but I cannot possibly do that. I am already more indebted to you than I know how to say."

"But it is for my sake," he pleaded. "Listen, I will tell you a story, and you will understand. Twenty years ago—"



JANE UNCONSCIOUSLY ATTRACTED THE NOTICE OF A YOUNG RAKE.



PERMITTED HERSELF TO BE LIFTED IN THE STRONG ARMS OF HER NEW FRIEND.

He stopped short, a look of pure amazement upon his face.

Half-unconsciously as she listened, Jane was rubbing one bruised and aching arm with the other hand, and, raising her sleeve as she did so, exposed to view a peculiar little mark just above her elbow—a mark the minister had seen before twenty years ago.

"The story is of yourself," he said, his face working with emotion. "Oh! the wonder of it all. . . . Jane, you are my child!"

"Flying A" film, due perhaps to the fact that it is, in a measure, founded upon fact. Vivian Rich—who plays the rôle of "Jane"—in the company of a co-actress really found a Japanese baby washed ashore in pretty much the same way as "Jane" arrives upon the desert island. Needless to say, this wee refugee immediately became the pet of the studio, the incident suggesting the plot of *After the Storm* (to be released November 18th). The cast also includes:—Harry Meter, "Rev. Jerold Roper"; Louise Lester, "Meg Fortell"; Jack Richardson, "Jacques Fortell"; and Walter Spencer, "Lloyd Perry."

There is a true-to-lifeness about this

FILMING AN AVALANCHE

Picture-making 12,000 feet above Sea-level.

WE have just been favoured with a visit from Frederick Burlingham, fresh from his sojourn in Switzerland where he has at last successfully filmed the ascent of Mont Blanc.

It was Mr. Burlingham who less than two years ago made his wonderful descent into the crater of Vesuvius for the purpose of obtaining moving photographs, and some of our readers may remember the graphic description of this intrepid photographer's adventures inside the volcano which we published in *THE PICTUREGOER* for January 17th, 1914.

Now, instead of going down into the bowels of a burning mountain and getting nearly burned to death, Mr. Burlingham has recently climbed to the top of the highest mountain in Europe and been nearly frozen to death. The film which he has brought home of the ascent of Mont Blanc is one of the

most extraordinary, brilliant, and interesting series of photographs we have ever had the pleasure of looking upon. Whilst on Mont Blanc, for instance, at an altitude of over 10,000 feet, he had the luck to catch with his camera an enormous avalanche falling thousands of feet from Mont Maudit, a buttress of the great white mountain. Owing to the distance the avalanche had to fall it remains quite a long time on the screen, and we may watch the displacements of air and the consequent gyrations of the falling *débris*. The roar of the avalanche startled Chamonix, six miles away.

"To get such a picture," Mr. Burlingham told us, "was some recompense for the hard luck I have had on Mount Blanc."

"For three years I have been working to show British audiences the wonders of the highest mountain in Central

Europe. On the first occasion we were all nearly killed by an avalanche falling from the Aiguille du Midi, rocks tearing up the glacier all around us and passing over our heads. My wife, who was with me, in trying to escape, fell and cracked a rib. At the altitude of 11,000 feet the weather became so threatening that we were forced to seek shelter in the Refuge Vallot. Then the wind increased to a gale, and we had to abandon the expedition and descend in a blizzard. One may imagine such a storm when it is stated that the snow was so blinding that a party of Swiss climbers could not find the Refuge Vallot, and one of their number was frozen to death. But I was determined to succeed, never having yet failed, and three weeks later I returned to London with a very fine negative. Then hard luck again cropped up. Before a single copy had been made from the negative this Mont Blanc picture was totally destroyed in the B. and C. fire in Endell Street.

Last year, however, I continued the assault, and was actually at the Grands Mulets at 10,000 feet when the war broke out. Can you beat that? At dawn from this great height we saw with a telescope, 7,000 feet below, troop-trains leaving, and as some of my guides had to be at Annecy within the first twenty-four hours we abandoned the climb and returned.

"This year—I believe in perseverance—I again started with guides minus fingers or thumbs, or having lost their toes through frostbites, and without trouble we reached the "Junction." I have never seen these glaciers in such chaotic condition. We could not cross the crevasses, and were forced to take to the Grands Mulets rocks at their base. The maze was so intricate that a second caravan tried to follow us, lost their way on two successive days, and was forced to abandon the idea.

"We had planned to sleep at the Refuge Vallot, but we found it inside one solid cake of ice!"

For three days, however, the weather was fine, and at last I succeeded in finishing my work. My pictures show the ascent of Mont Blanc from the start to the topmost summit."

"And what a splendid film you have brought us to prove it!" we remarked. "But your difficulties were huge indeed, Mr. Burlingham."

"Yes," he answered; "but then they have their compensations. If such work were easy, everybody would be doing it; whereas, in the case of Mont Blanc, I am told that this is the only satisfactory negative in existence."

When you see this film you will admire, as we did, those glorious mountains of snow and ice, and the pluck of that small party of men roped together to minimise the risk of falling down some awful abyss, and yet from your cosy theatre chair it will still be difficult to realise the dangers, the suffering and the intense cold that were undergone in order to show us some of these sublime aspects of nature.

We understand that this remarkable moving-picture has been acquired from R. Prieur and Co., Ltd., by Eclipse Exclusives, and that it will be released by them shortly.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



MARY PICKFORD, "The World's Sweetheart," whom you all know. See her in *Little Pal*, just released, and *Rags*, coming shortly.



STEWART ROME, the exceedingly popular player of the Hepworth Company. He was one of the winners in our Greatest British Players' Contest.



CHARLES OGLE, whose fine acting in many films produced by the Edison Company has made him a favourite everywhere.



PATSY DE FORREST, a charming member of the Lubin Company. Her liveliness both on and off the films has given her the name of "The Lubin Flirt."

TEMPER

Adapted from the Essanay Film
By IVAN PATRICK GORE.

CHAPTER I.

"ALL RIGHT, boys! See you on the baseball-ground after dinner."

With a breezy laugh Frank Bradbury ran down the college steps and out into the summer sunshine. Would he be on the baseball-ground with his chums? He chuckled to himself as he thought how easily one word from his little girl-friend would change his plans and take him elsewhere. Dear little Rose—youth though he was, his face became very tender as memory carried him back over their years of friendship; then he laughed outright as he thought of the incident in his childhood's days which had first of all brought them closely together.

It had been at Dame Hardman's school. The tedium of lessons had hung heavily on the class of boys and girls, and to relieve the monotony he had drawn a speaking caricature of the mistress and passed it to the girls; then, just as Rose Claybourne was laughing gleefully over it, the attention of the mistress had been called to the class's mirth, the caricature was discovered, and poor Rose arraigned as the culprit; but Frank had stood forward and acknowledged his guilt. . . . Sentence on him had been swift and without mercy—expulsion!

He shivered, after all the years, at the memory of Rose's tears, and his father's mad rage. . . . From somewhere in the college grounds a piercing cry rang out, and he came to a sudden halt, all other thoughts driven from his mind.

"Rose," he gasped, as the cry rang out again; and without further ado he rushed off to where Rose was struggling in the grasp of one of the collegians—a burly youth whose spiteful, bullying nature made him the terror of the junior classes.

"Frank—Frank—oh, help, help!" With a bound her boy-sweetheart seized the bully and with a blow straight from the shoulder sent him crashing to the ground.

The bully staggered to his feet. "You take your hands off me, Frank Bradbury," he blustered. "What's it got to do with you anyhow?"

Before the rest of his sentence could pass his lips he lay on the ground again, and Frank was pummeling him, while a crowd of their class-mates gathered round delighted at the prospect of seeing the tyrant soundly thrashed.

"Go it, Frank—go it, old boy!" But Frank needed no encouragement. Almost forgotten was the original cause of the fight, and, the temper inherited from his father coming to the surface, he seemed to see, through a blood-red mist, nothing but a face he hated, heard

nothing but the cries of the boy beneath him, while every moment his grasp tightened on his victim's throat.

"You hound, I'll strangle you—"

"Bradbury!"—through the thunder in his ears Frank heard the stern voice of the head master—"release that boy and stand up immediately . . . the rest of you go home at once."

Slowly recovering from the mad wave of passion that had held him, Frank obeyed, and stood gazing from his opponent to the stern face of the man whose opportune arrival had, perhaps, saved him from killing the bully outright; then he looked wistfully at the sweet, white face of the girl who had been the cause of the trouble.

"I will listen to no excuses," the Head was saying in answer to the bully's tearful explanations; "you know the college rules about brawling, and I will attend to you later. Bradbury, follow me!"

With another swift glance at Rose, in whose eyes he saw encouragement, sympathy, and a new light which at the moment he could not understand, Frank obeyed.



THRASHED HIM UNTIL HIS STRENGTH
GAVE WAY.

"Close the door," the Head said, sternly, when they reached the study. "For a long time, Bradbury," he continued, "I have noticed how uncontrollable your temper is, and I have hoped and prayed that you would conquer the mad impulses which will one day—but for my timely arrival just now it might have been to-day—send you along the path which leads to the electric chair. Alas! my hopes have proved false, my prayers futile, and I have no alternative but to expel you from the college."

"Expel!"—Frank gasped.

The Head nodded sadly. "There is no other way. Take this letter to your father. Now go!"

Trembling violently at the thought of the home-coming awaiting him, the youth staggered into the sunlight.

"Frank—Frank!"

With a start he turned to look into Rose's troubled eyes. "What is it, dear?" she whispered.

For answer he held out the letter. "I am to leave at once. I am expelled." "Oh, no, no! I will see the Head. I will explain everything. . . . It was all my fault."

She turned to enter the college building, but he dragged her back.

"No," he said, "you must do nothing of the sort. I don't mind. I'd do anything for you, Rose!"

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes and, boy and girl though they were, some inkling of the great love that was slowly growing sprang into their hearts as they turned homeward hand-in-hand.

As they reached the Bradburys' house, Mrs. Bradbury sprang up to meet them.

"Why, whatever brings you back so early, Frank?" she exclaimed, after greeting Rose heartily. "I quite thought you'd have lunch up-town, and go straight on to the playing-fields. My boy, what is wrong?" she added with quick intuition; "surely you have not got into trouble at college."

Between them they told their story while she held a hand of each.

"You did right, my boy," she said as they finished, "quite right to protect your—some one weaker than yourself, but—"

"Hulloa, what is the committee meeting about?" a deep voice broke in, and, turning, they saw Mr. Bradbury.

"Father—"

"Hush, dear," Mrs. Bradbury interrupted; "let me explain, George dear. Frank has left college, and—"

"Left college! why . . . Ah!" With an oath he snatched the letter, and, tearing it open, read the fatal words that told of his only son's disgrace and

expulsion. Again he glanced through the written words as though doubting the evidence of his eyes, while the veins in his temples became knotted and swollen with the fearful passion that was sweeping over him.

"You—my son—expelled!" he thundered furiously. "You have brought shame upon my name for the second time . . . you young urchin. . . . By heaven I'll . . ."

"George, listen . . ."

"Silence, woman. . . . And you—you infernal cub—follow me!"

With a sinking heart Frank obeyed; then, once in the study, his infuriated father locked the door and stood with his back against it.

"You hopeless young scoundrel!" he shouted. "You would brawl like a common street urchin, would you? Your temper is unmanageable, is it?"—he shook the Head's letter at his son's white face "unmanageable, eh? By Heaven, I'll manage you!"

With a volley of oaths he flung the boy down, and, snatching up a heavy riding-whip, thrashed him until even his own strength and passion gave way.

"Now get out of my sight, you black-guard. . . . Do you hear me?—go—before I kill you!"

Stumbling, Frank ran from the room to where his mother and sweetheart waited for him in each other's arms.

"Oh! my boy, my boy!" With a bitter cry Mrs. Bradbury tried to take him in her arms, but he shook her off.

"Get out of my sight," he cried, "and I will obey him. . . . Yes, I am old enough to earn my own living, and to-day I leave his house for ever."

CHAPTER II.

His sweetheart's entreaties, his mother's tears availed nothing, and, taking what would barely suffice to keep him for a few weeks, he set off to seek his fortune in the city.

His luck and remarkable talent for drawing stood by him, and before long he was able to write to the two fond hearts at home that he had succeeded in obtaining a lucrative post on the pictorial staff of a large publishing firm. From thence his rise was rapid, until his growing fame reached his distant home, and one fine Spring day Mrs. Bradbury and Rose journeyed citywards to visit him.

They found him hard at work in his studio. "Why, Mother mine," he cried, holding her at arm's length, "you haven't changed a bit since I left home."

Mrs. Bradbury smiled softly. "And Rose—has she changed much?"

"Rose, little Rose"—a vivid blush coloured his sweetheart's face at the tone of his voice; "changed—yes . . . Rose is a woman now!"

Rose slowly raised her eyes, and, glancing from one to the other, the mother understood, and was glad.

"Well, you children," she cried, gaily, "as Frank's bachelor arrangements don't seem to give much promise of a meal, I'll go out and buy one."

"Shall I come with you, dear?" Rose asked, hesitatingly.

Mrs. Bradbury laughed. "No; you stay here and see that Frank does not run away from us. I shan't be long."

When she returned the lovers were



"DO YOU HEAR ME? GO!—BEFORE I KILL YOU!"

standing close together by the window, but swung round in confusion as she entered.

"Mother," Frank exclaimed, "I was wrong—Rose has not changed. . . . She is still the same, and she has promised to be my wife!"

* * * * *

A few weeks later they were quietly married. Then, after the ceremony and just before she left the young couple to their honeymoon, Mrs. Bradbury called Frank on one side.

"Dear boy," she said, "now that the future seems so bright, can't you forgive—won't you come home? . . . Ah, don't speak yet, Frank; listen to me. . . . Your father is ageing rapidly, and, although he says nothing, I know he is bitterly sorry and would love to have you home!"

Frank smiled. "You think that, little Mother, because it is your nature to think the best of everybody."

"No dear—he really wants you. . . . I'm certain if it had not been for his pride he would have asked you to come home long ago."

Still Frank was obdurate. . . . Clear as an event of yesterday was the memory of his father's brutality. "If I could only bring myself to think that it is his wish and not some fancy prompted by your tender heart, Mother, I'd—"

"Frank, dear," Rose interrupted eagerly, "let me go with Mother now. . . . Your father always was fond of me, I think—perhaps I shall be able to pave the way for your reconciliation."

Mrs. Bradbury clapped her hands with delight. . . . For, sanguine though her words had been, Frank had pretty nearly hit upon the truth when he said his mother's kind heart was the parent of her thought; but with Rose's offer she saw a way to the clearing of the clouds that had darkened her life since the quarrel between the two men she loved.

"If you wish it, dear," Frank said, rather gingerly, "I have no objection; but I hate losing you for even a few hours."

Rose clapped her hands. "Why should you?" she cried. "Come with us, dear,

then you'll be able to walk in as soon as your father has recovered from the shock and receive his blessing. . . . It will be just like a story-book!"

At last Frank yielded to his loved one's pleading, and in their company travelled down to his old home.

The two women settled down to wait for Mr. Bradbury's coming, while Frank retired until the opportune moment arrived for his entrance.

Mr. Bradbury greeted Rose heartily. "Why, my dear, how well you look, and you too, Jessie! . . . Now, I wonder what plots you've been hatching during your absence."

"George, dear," his wife said, rather nervously, "we have not been exactly plotting, but—"

Bradbury frowned. "But what—"

"Frank and Rose—"

"Frank!"

"Yes, dear, you know how they were sweethearts in their childhood, and now—"

Bradbury's brow cleared. "And now the boy has come to his senses and wishes to settle down, is that it? Well, if Rose is willing—they have my blessing. Write to the boy at once and bid him come home—yes, for his sweetheart's sake, the past shall be forgotten."

"George—there is no need to write, Frank is here to-night."

"Yes, Father," Frank's voice chimed in as he entered the room. "I am here and I ask you to shake hands." For some seconds Bradbury looked at his son, then grasped his hand.

"Good boy—there were faults on both sides, doubtless, but we'll say no more about it. . . . Get married to her soon, my boy. I should like to—"

Frank laughed, as he drew Rose into his arms. "No need for that, Father—we've taken time by the forelock." He raised Rose's hand, and pointed to the plain gold band upon her finger.

"You are married," Mr. Bradbury gasped—"married already."

"Yes—Mother was the witness and—"

His father's face grew purple. "Pshaw," he snarled furiously, "you are married—"

married secretly—without my consent—without my knowledge! By Heaven! am I nobody in my own household?"

"Father, listen—"
"Silence, sir. You will leave this house at once and take your wife with you. I forbid you to ever enter these doors again."

Shaking his fist furiously in their faces, he strode from the room, and, thoroughly aroused by the injustice of the act, Mrs. Bradbury followed.

"Oh! Frank, Frank," Rose wailed, clinging to him, "all my life I have brought you nothing but bad luck."

"Hush, my darling; you have brought me all that is truest and best in life. . . . Great heavens! what is that?" he added, as a piercing cry rang through the house. "That brute is ill-treating mother."

Dashing from the room, he rushed down the corridor. To burst the study door in was but the work of a moment, and he entered the room just in time to prevent his father striking the woman, who crouched in terror before him.

"Coward! . . . Coward!" he cried, his furious anger equaling the other's mad passion. "You—"

His father turned, and with an oath rushed at him, but, quick as lightning, Frank snatched up a heavy paper-weight, and struck with all his might. As Mr. Bradbury crashed to the ground, a violent ringing sounded through the house.

"The police!" Frank gasped. Hastily he knelt by the still body, then rose to his feet.

"He is dead—dead."

"Dead—oh! my God!"

"Yes, Mother, killed by the temper I inherited from him." Putting her gently from him, he turned towards the door. "The police must not worry you, Mother mine—I'll give myself up now!"

"No!" With the frenzy of despair Mrs. Bradbury clung to him. "You must not, dear. Think of Rose—of your future."

The world must think I killed my husband in self-defence."

CHAPTER III.

The Chief of the Detective Department was speaking. "You say on oath, Madam," he said, with a deceiving gentleness, "that you struck the blow that killed your husband, and that the blow was struck in self-defence—"

"Yes—"

"And yet your son also swears that it was he who committed the fatal act. One of you is deliberately swearing falsely in order to interfere with the course of justice." His voice suddenly became stern. "Which of you is lying?"

Mrs. Bradbury, haggard and wild-eyed under the ordeal of the third degree, looked round appealingly at the circle of grim faces.

"Oh! believe me, sir," she pleaded; "I alone am guilty; he—my boy—is swear-

ing, not to divert justice, as you think, but to save his mother. I tell you," she added, almost fiercely, "I killed my husband, George Bradbury!"

Silence fell on the little group of men clustered round the frail figure at the table; then an officer strode forward.

"Look at this, Madam," the man requested; "do you recognise it?"

Mrs. Bradbury looked, then turned away with a shudder. "Yes—it is the paper-weight from my late husband's desk!"

"The implement with which the crime was committed?"

She nodded. "Yes!"

"Take it in your hands—take it in your hands, I said." Weeping silently, their victim obeyed. "Carter, step forward. Now, Madam, recall the events

and a few moments later Frank took her place.

"You insist that you committed the crime of which your mother stands accused on her own confession?"

"Yes," Frank answered, steadily. "Her love for me prompted the lie, while I, like a craven, permitted her to be arrested. Now, thank God, I am myself again!"

"Then take this—the paper-weight with which your father was slain—and show us how you committed the murder."

"Carter, stand for the dead man!"

Without hesitation Frank took the heavy paper-weight. A moment's breathless suspense, and then he struck, and as he did so the second detective sprang forward with a cry of triumph.

"He is the man," he cried: "the woman is innocent, as I believed all along. . . . The murdered man was struck from the right, as this youngster struck; the woman struck from the left. . . . Bradbury," he added, as he slipped the handcuffs on Frank's wrists, "even the noble lie prompted by your mother's love has failed to save you from the electric chair!"

* * *

But Frank was saved. At the trial the story of his father's brutal treatment turned all hearts to the man in the dock and the two white-faced women who waited by his side, and without retiring the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty!"

Some weeks later, while lazing on the river with his beautiful wife, Frank asked her a question.

"But when did you really begin to love me, dearest?"

For a moment she looked at him; then with a smile she took from the bosom of her dress a crumpled sheet of paper.

Opening it, he gave a gasp of surprise as he looked upon the caricature of the old school-mistress—the caricature which had led to his first expulsion.

Rose crept into his arms, and he bent his head until his lips met hers and rested there.

* * *

The cast of this fine psychological three-reel drama, written by H. S. Sheldon, is:—"Frank," Henry B. Walthall; "Mrs. Bradbury," Warda Howard; "Rose," Ruth Stonehouse; and "George Bradbury," Ernest Maupain. To portray intense emotion is Mr. Walthall's strongest work, and in this character—his first in Essanay productions—he has succeeded beyond all expectation. He brings out the feelings with an intensity that makes it real. In *Temper* he has given us of his best.

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"ROSE HAS NOT CHANGED . . . SHE HAS PROMISED TO BE MY WIFE!"

of the fatal night; then strike at this man exactly as you struck your husband."

The detective bent forward eagerly as she tottered to her feet and moved across the room. Then, calling all her will-power to her aid, she raised her arm and struck. . . . The chief detective smiled, while his subordinates whispered excitedly.

"That is all for the present, Madam," the Chief said; "you may retire now while your son—"

"My son—"

"Your son, Madam. . . . He has been so persistent in his demands to be arrested that we have complied with them. . . . We will now hear his version of the crime."

Sobbing wildly and almost fainting, Mrs. Bradbury was led from the room,

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

"Fond of Variety!"

"Do tell me why so many film stars seem to change their names. Unless my memory plays me false Mabel Normand used to be called Muriel Fortescue; and surely Blanche Sweet was Daphne Wayne (such a pretty name, isn't it?), and a player I remember as Violet Crawford has another name. I can't remember it!"
N. V. (Marston).

The Absent-minded Beggar.

"The other night I saw a drama. I won't name the Company, because I think the director must have been asleep or ill, so will give him the benefit of the doubt. (1) A man robs a safe of jewels on the night of a ball. He is in love with the lady who gives it. Don't you think she would have worn those jewels? (2) When he enters, the room is flooded with electric light, yet he flashes an electric torch around to find the safe! (3) He burns a large hole in the door of the safe, yet when you see the other side of the door there is no sign of a hole! Another film I saw was supposed to take place about the time of Napoleon. The villain writes a letter, dries it with sand. Very good. The hero also writes a letter and dries it with a *handkerchief*!"
K. L. (Margate).

Film-plays a "Balm to the Spirit."

"As one of a theatre-party at the Opera House, Blackpool, last night I was amused to find how most of the voices grated on me. There is in a theatre-play now a restless, wearing element and sense of tension no. I can't describe it! One needs to arrive so virile and alive to meet the demands upon one made by the spoken play, and the dreadful chattering between many short acts, the losing any atmosphere the play may create after each act; whereas one goes soul-sick, weary in mind and body to a good picture show, and half-way through one has forgotten oneself entirely. Film-plays supply a long-felt need of humanity. I am not alone in this feeling of 'balm to the spirit.' I meet expressions of it constantly. But they will advance yet to a much higher perfection. I look forward to the day when one may announce one's predilection for the picture play in the most cultured circles and not be regarded with a stare of disgust."

L. R. (Lytham).

A Little "Fatherly" Advice.

"I was pleased to see your reply to 'Anxious' and 'Ada,' re film-playing. You can save your readers trouble and expense by a little 'fatherly' advice. I am what is called on the wrong side of fifty, and seeing an advertisement of a firm who advertise as 'genuine' teachers of film-acting with the chance of placing the students, I wrote to them and submitted a little scenario I had written, not for criticism but for the idea of production with a small fee to myself. I have played very successfully as an amateur, and have excellent Press notices, and I thought this would help me, but the people to whom I wrote simply sent me their usual printed matter and promptly asked me 2s. 6d. for reading my scenario. Their fee for teaching film-acting is 21s. for four turns of twenty minutes. I just as promptly asked for the return of my M.S., and told them that I didn't want their opinion. They have my stamped, addressed envelope, but the M.S. has so far not arrived. I consider myself a business man, and I was out for £s. d., but at the same time I believe I could act intelligently and effectively; but there are certain young and impressionable girls who, having no business or acting experience, might be induced to part with guineas, which they could ill afford to lose, and would have no chance of playing for the real thing."

E. C. (Moseley).



NELL CRAIG.

As an exponent of 'Sympathetic' parts Miss Nell Craig, has no superior on the screen. Her acting is sincere, always true, and never 'overdone.' Her work as the beautiful and accomplished, Dominica in

"THE ADVENTURES OF DOMINICA,"

in which she has turned thief just for the love of adventure, offers Miss Nell Craig a magnificent opportunity for her talented acting, of which she takes full advantage. The "Adventures of Dominica" form a series of six new dramatic photoplays, in each of which Nell Craig appears supported by an all-star cast. Make a point of seeing this original series, and ask your local manager to secure them for his theatre

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PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE

gives real

WAR NEWS.

DO NOT

MISS IT.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Films you should make a point of seeing.

RAGS.—And Mary Pickford is just delightful in them. We have referred to this film several times, and last week we published the full story. It was produced in California, where "Tessie" came from; and you should not miss it.

—*Pathe's Picture Drama*, 4 parts (Nov. 1).

THE GIRL AND THE REPORTER.—A thoroughly interesting story on original and ingenious lines. Violet Reynolds is a society girl and settlement-worker, whose conscientious objection to being interviewed by newspaper reporters is the cause of a chain of dramatic and humorous events which lead up to a climax so thrilling that it makes quite a substantial detective yarn by itself. Edith Johnson at her best as Violet will captivate all.

—*Selig*, 2,255 feet (November 4).

HIGH TREASON.—Here is a strong military drama by the famous Trans-Atlantic (Imp.) Company. A father faced with the alternative of saving his son's life or his country's honour, chooses the latter. The full story of the film will appear in next week's issue.

—*Gaiety Film Hire Exclusive*, four parts (Nov. 15).

A DAUGHTER OF THE JUNGLE.—Marie Walecamp and Wellington Playter in a "101 Bison" wild animal drama. The hand-to-hand struggles with lions and leopards and the other breath-arresting scenes in this picture should work up the picturegoer to a pitch of the wildest excitement.

—*Trans-Atlantic Drama*, 1,945 feet (Nov. 15).

LIGHT.—It will grip you and puzzle you. It will send you home thinking and talking. It was written and produced by Sidney Morgan, and is an All-British Renaissance production. Jean Morgan (the child actress), Julian Royce, Isabel Ohmead, Mona K. Harrison, and Harding Steerman are in the star cast.

—*Davison's Agency*, three reels (coming).

LOST AND WON.—A thrilling melodrama, with wicked villain, beautiful heroine, and handsome hero all complete. Two of its wonderful scenes are shown at the races and in a church. We know you will like this Turner film: it gripped us from start to finish. Florence Turner and Henry Edwards in strong parts have taken full advantage of them. We hope to publish the story of the film next week.

—*Ideal Film-Renting Company*, four parts (Nov. 8).

REVENGE, AND AFTER.—The story of a woman's love turned to hate and embittering her whole soul. To avenge herself upon the husband who has slighted and divorced her is the one purpose of her life, which fulfilled leaves her a lowered and unhappy woman unfriended and unloved—until one day she meets and is loved by a young artist who begs her to become his wife. She refuses him and afterwards attempts to take her own life, but fails. Rita Sacchetto—whose portrait we published in a recent issue—is superb.

—*Nordisk Drama*, four reels (Short 7).

DAVISON

THE BRITISH AGENT

THE NEW ALL-BRITISH COMEDIES.

LUPINO LANE

"HIS COOLING COURTSHIP."

Rel. Nov. 8. 1,181 feet.

"NIPPER'S BUSY HOLIDAY."

Rel. Nov. 29. 1,082 feet.

151-153 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

WHITE

For Breakfast
& after Dinner.

& BLUE

"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 7. THE ECCENTRIC BILLER.

WHEN Hector McCluskey McDonaldson Brown

First came to our part of the town

He boasted he'd capture the people by storm,
And it must be admitted it made us feel warm

To observe the peculiar prank's he'd perform
With quadrant, six-sheeter or crown.

He pasted a daybill on private front doors
And then as a matter of course

He posted all day in the snow and the rain,
He seemed to have bills on the brain.

At last with a maniac glare in his eye

Distributed passes to all as he strode
And caused some surprise by his curious mode
Of fastening bills on the flags in the road
And one on the chest of a horse.

He posted all day in the snow and the rain,
He seemed to have bills on the brain.

At last with a maniac glare in his eye

He mounted a ladder some forty feet high
With the object of sticking a bill on sky

So the doctors declared him insane.

They sent him away his poor reason to save
To a place where they make you behave.

One day in a fit of excitement he cried

"I'm going to bill my own body—inside!"
Then he swallowed two daybills and instantly died

And got a free pass to the grave!

BRIAN LAWRENCE.



A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

Another Great L-KO Comedy with Billie Ritchie.

"VENDETTA IN A HOSPITAL"

L-KO Farce-Comedy. 1,725ft. approx. Released Nov. 29th.

A comedy with Billie Ritchie is a thing of laughter and joy for ever. Here he is again in another screaming hospital comedy which is funnier even than "Cupid in a Hospital" which is saying a lot.

Give Billie Ritchie a funny situation to handle, and he'll turn it into a goldmine of laughter. His adventures in hospital when he is placed in the adjoining ward to his deadly rival, who is an anarchist by profession, provide one long round of riotous mirth. You MUST see this great Billie Ritchie Comedy.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.,
Universal House, 37-39, Oxford St., London, W.



A SOLDIER'S ASTHMA

COMPLETELY CURED BY VENO'S

Private Swift, of 14, Victoria Cottages, Kew Gardens, Surrey, is now "Somewhere in France," but his wife tells the story of his cure by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. She says:—"He had suffered for years from Baker's Asthma, and never could find relief from ordinary treatment, though he had been under doctors and had even attended a hospital. It used to make my heart ache to see him sometimes, bent nearly double and just gasping for breath. But Veno's cured him so thoroughly that he was able last December to join His Majesty's Army, and is now on active service."



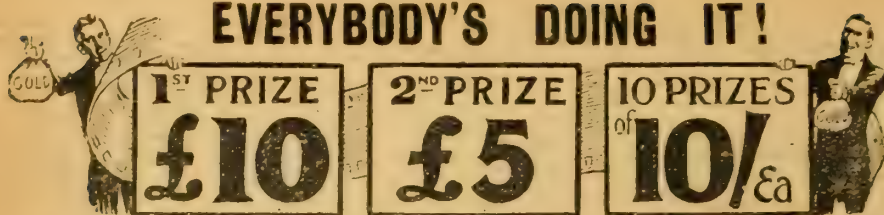
Pl. Swift, Kew.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Swiftest Remedy for
COUGHS AND COLDS, 11½d. CHILDREN'S COUGHS,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,
INFLUENZA, NASAL CATARRH,
LUNG TROUBLES, a bottle. BAD BREATHING.

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/4. The 3/4 Size is the most economical.
Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world. Insist on having Veno's
and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE



SCREENED STARS

OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the fifth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus: take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions. £5 to the next, and 10s each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the fifth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages. Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.



ENTRY NAME 5th
FORM. ADDRESS Set.

. IN AND OUT. OF THE STUDIO

A Popular Picture "Parent."

EUGENIE BESSERER, the subject of our cover photograph, is quite the most popular "mother" on the screen to-day. She possesses a fine personality allied with an emotional nature, and can give more pathos to a scene than any other actress of such parts. "My career" commenced at the age of twelve," said Miss Besserer the other day, with a smile. "when I ran away from school and made myself at home with an unknown uncle in New York." Here she proceeded to become proficient in the art of fencing, afterwards holding the women's championship record for six consecutive years. After a short training up on the legitimate stage, during which time Miss Besserer wrote a highly successful play, appearing herself in the title-role, she made her debut in filmdom with the Selig Company, in whose productions she has figured ever since. "I took up film acting," Miss Besserer asserts, "because I admired moving pictures as a clean and elevating form of entertainment, and also because I was anxious to see myself as others see me."

There was once a story on foot to the effect that this wonderful film "mother" was on one occasion reduced to tears by the realism of her own acting, which is quite probable seeing that she has often been known to make a whole audience weep. Those who have seen her in such well-known pictures as *Phantom*, *Tricked*, *When a Woman's Forty*, and the *Pacific Justice* of *Omar Khayyam* will readily admit that she is an actress of no mean ability. Miss Besserer is now taking important roles in several of Selig's famous Red Sea Plays, and her performances in *The Carpet from Bagdad* and *The Rosary* should be looked forward to, as it is in these two productions that she has excelled herself.

Pleasing Sir Arthur Pinero.

TO receive from the greatest living playwright a letter of praise is sincere and so nearly extravagant that she hardly dares refer to it even with her friends for fear they might think she was boasting, is an experience that can hardly come to but one living picture-player.

That player—and readers of THE PICTURES will be glad to know that the opinion of the great Sir Arthur Pinero coincides with that expressed by them in their recent voting—is Alma Taylor the Hepworth star. The whole story of how Sir Arthur came to write the letter is a subject for great pride on the part of the British picture public.

For years he has been urged by cinema producers to allow his plays, especially *Sweet Lavender* and *Paris*, to be filmed. He had always refused, saying that he would make no decision until he could take time from his other duties to select



NORMAN HOWARD, who, when not playing for films, has adapted many film stories for PICTURES.

the one producer who would be best fitted to do justice to such world-famed successes. When the time came he chose the Hepworth Company, for whom Cecil M. Hepworth, "the great all-British producer," is head of the producing staff. Work was immediately begun, and both of the pictures are now completed, although not yet shown to the public.

Now comes the exciting part. Sir Arthur Pinero was, of course, a bit anxious about the fate of his plays, even though he knew that Mr. Hepworth himself was handling the production. For, as even the humblest reader must know, it is difficult to put a stage play on to the screen and still retain the spirit and the story. The day came for Sir Arthur to see *Sweet Lavender*. Every one concerned was a bit nervous. What would his verdict be?

His first statement was almost an apology. He had really misjudged the skill of the cinema producer, he confessed, and had not realised what an art there was involved. In the case of *Sweet Lavender* he had been convinced what a wonderful medium of expression the picture-play could be. The work of every one of Cecil M. Hepworth himself, of Alma Taylor, of Chrissie White, of Stewart Rome, of Lionelle Howard, of Violet Hopson, and of Henry Ainley (the six Hepworth stars who took part) was truly "wonderful." And that, of course, was a great thing for the Hepworth Company to have achieved.

But possibly Sir Arthur thought that *Sweet Lavender* was an exception. At any rate, he was anxious about *Isis*. It is a difficult story in many ways, merely because it is so great a subject. Yet when Sir Arthur had watched the whole story as it was unfolded on the screen he was pleased far beyond what he had even imagined was possible. The most difficult of all his plays had been rewritten

for the screen, played, and produced all in such a way that the story had achieved a new life. Even to him, who had written it and seen it interpreted many times in the stage rehearsals, it had a new meaning and a new strength.

It was then that Sir Arthur Pinero wrote the wonderful letter of praise with which Alma Taylor is both delighted and embarrassed.

One of Our Story-writers.

NORMAN HOWARD is known to many of you as both a stage and a film actor. His name, of course, is familiar to our readers as the writer of several stories, adapted from films, which have appeared in these pages, and therefore his portrait reproduced here will be doubly interesting.

Just lately Mr. Howard has been playing heavy lead for the Arrow Film Company in a new all-British sporting drama. He deserted medicine, he tells us, some few years ago, for the stage, and drifted into film-land after a varied theatrical experience. Some of the film-dramas in which he has played are *His Country's Honour*, *Friends of Hell*, *Guarding Britain's Secret*, *A Noble Woman*, *His Father's Sin*, and *Time and the Hour*. We hope shortly to publish another story from his pen.

"California and You!"

FOR two years Ruth Roland, the Balboa favourite, has been receiving letters from the scion of a prominent English family. Even the war has not interrupted the correspondence, although the writer is serving his country as a Lieutenant in "The King's (Liverpool)" Regiment.

"I wish it was all over," he writes, referring to the dreadful conflict, from the Front.

"However, we haven't nearly finished yet by a long way. The end of this war seems like California to me—a darned long way off. But I'm jolly well going there some day."

"Really, Ruth, I don't suppose you know how ripping you are. Lord, I wish I could hear you sing, and speak to you. Life here is sickeningly hard work. Somewhere or other, I saw that you sang a song at a charity recently entitled 'California and You.' I'm jolly well going to get it. The title seems just about to express my thoughts."

"On reading over what I've written, it sounds pretty average losh; but anyway it's genuine. It's awfully weary and nagging here. Letters are the only solace except drink, and that's no use to any decent man. Your letters are worth a dozen others. They simply can't be compared to others. I've kept all you ever sent me. Anyhow, you know what I think of you, even though I can't express it."

Then, he continues trying to express it; "but Miss Roland was too considerate to reveal any more. That her admirer comes from a family of standing is evidenced by the fact that his pater invested half a million pounds in the English War Loan.

"Help! We're Starving and Thirsty!"

THIS startling message came from Charlie Chaplin. It happened in earnest during the production of his latest comedy, *Starboard*, now on its way to this country, in which, as we told you a few weeks ago, Charlie and his company were stranded about five miles from shore in the schooner *Laquero*, a vessel of some 200 tons, with no food or water on board.

To begin with, the motor-launch, the only available craft in the harbour to take them ashore, broke down, and the only means of connection between the vessel and the shore was by an old row-boat. Two of the producers essayed the passage in this frail craft, but the heavy surf capsized their boat.

Meanwhile the company on board was in a most dejected state. Charlie and his vivacious leading lady, Edna Purviance, did their best to keep up the spirits of the marooned party, but lack of food and water was a serious matter even to Charlie; it must be remembered he is an Englishman, and when the Venice station signalled a message asking how they were faring, he insisted on signalling back the dramatic words, "Help! we're starving and thirsty!" During the night the boat rocked so that the whole crowd were sea-sick.

It was a miserable company of comedy players that were taken off the ship the next morning by the repaired launch. The gaiety had fled from all. Charlie tried to smile, but his moustache had been washed away by the gale, and the attempt was a ghastly failure. The schooner was later used in the taking of the harbour scenes of the new comedy, and finally provided a most sensational spectacle when it was blown up for the purposes of the play.



THE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY.—No. I.
Maurice Costello as Charlie Chaplin.

THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE— The Greatest Detective Story Ever Written



Commences in the

NEWS OF THE WORLD

OCTOBER 17th

Read Elaine's adventures with the Clutching Hand Gang. A thrill in every line. Filmed by Pathé Frères, the great French Film House. Each incident will appear at the principal Cinemas.

Read ELAINE in the NEWS OF THE WORLD. See ELAINE at the CINEMA

GOSSIP

AND EDITORIAL

First Come First Served.

VOLUME EIGHT of PICTURES is ready, and volume-lovers who have been anxiously waiting for same will rejoice accordingly. Those who do not know PICTURES in volume-form can have no idea what a handsome book it makes. There are 194 pages, everything in which has been carefully and alphabetically indexed; the covers are in silver-lettered, blue cloth, and the contents well, you know the contents. There are twenty-six issues in the volume, and everybody tells me they make the most delightful moving-picture record that any picturegoer could wish for.

Back Numbers for New Readers.

The cost of Volume Eight, like its predecessors, is 3s. 9d., post-free from this office. In the ordinary way the volume does not include the covers of each week's issue, but by request a limited few have been bound *with the covers on*, and buyers who prefer one of these must say so when ordering. A tip for new readers who regret they did not know us sooner—Don't miss the last six months of us, but get the volume. And another tip—as a present to Tommy, whether he be in trench, training, or hospital, a PICTURES volume would, I know, be warmly welcomed.

The Great Star Hunt.

I gather from a great number of letters that our new puzzle pictures are extremely popular, but some of you are not clear even yet as to what you should do. One competitor asks: "If more than one name applies to a picture may we put them both down?" Answer: You may find more than one name for one picture, but you must write one name only under each. You cannot choose a second name or names without filling up a second set of pictures, each set being complete in itself and judged as such. Another query says, "A certain picture seems to represent a star's film name, and if so, does the picture come within the rules which state each represents a player's *surname*?" Answer: The surname pictured is the name by which the film star is known to the public.

Concerning that Contest.

"Why don't you publish the result?" writes an impatient voter. But my dear Miss or Mister, I forget which—if you knew what we are up against in the shape of voting-coupons before being able to declare the poll you would change your grumble to "Poor dears! how will you get through with it?" Since weeks before the contest closed, two lady-clerks have been engaged in registering the votes. They at least long for the result. For them it is Coupons! Coupons! Coupons! all day and all night. They see and dream of nothing else. But it's nearly finished, and next week I shall really announce the date of issue in which the actual figures will be published.

Personality on the Screen.

A fine story is *Temper*, don't you think? But do not forget that the film is even better. I hear that in a California theatre Mr. Walt all so worked up the audience in this picture that when the verdict of "Not Guilty" was flashed on the screen a great shout of applause went up. It is a good example of what sheer personality will do. The realistic acting seemed to be real life to



FRED PAUL as "DEADWOOD DICK."

The Adventures of Deadwood Dick, an "Ideal" British Exclusive, will be released in six weekly parts. 181,000 copies of the "Deadwood Dick" stories are being printed to accompany the showing of the films.

the onlookers. The part gave Mr. Walthall excellent scope for his powers, and as a High School boy you will note that he looks "quite a boy."

Screening South Africa.

There is always something new in the cinema world. Among several letters just in from South Africa is one from a reader who tells me of the formation of a South African Company which is going to produce local pictures on a big scale. Atmosphere, scenery, and history out there offer such grand opportunities that the African Film Productions, Limited, should rank before long with the foremost companies of the day.

Novel—Play—and Film Drama.

As a novel *The Secret Orchard* was written by Agnes and Egerton Castle, and as a play it was dramatised by Channing Pollock. As a film drama it has been "produced" by the Lasky Company, who will present it to all and sundry picturegoers on and after November 5th. The leading female rôle was in the hands of charming Blanche Sweet; the male ditto was interpreted by Carlyle Blackwell, a

double-barrelled proof that the play is full of "force." Several scenes, it is said, were objected to by a Philadelphia court, but as opinions of the various American States vary according to climate, this was regarded by the producers as complimentary and good advertising. Meanwhile you may take it from me that the play is delightfully entertaining.

Have you seen th: B.O.A.N.

All London and his wife are flocking to the Scala Theatre to witness *The Birth of a Nation*, and in Society it has become quite a fashionable craze. Interested spectators lately have included Sir Herbert Tree, Israel Zangwill, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald du Maurier, Arthur Collins, Cecil Chesterton, Cecil Graham and Mlle. Delysia, Geo. Grossmith, and Herbert G. Ponting. And I hear, too, that the management of *The Birth of a Nation* are getting wondrous offers for the provincial rights of this big picture. There is no doubt that the Scala show is in for a long run.

The Greatest Detective Story.

This week the *Mystery of the Clutching Hand*, Pathé's thrilling serial, will begin to fill cinema patrons with awe and wonder. *The Exploits of Elaine*, otherwise Pearl White's amazing adventures with a gang of criminals, will now be unfolded, not only in pictures, but as stories week by week in the *News of the World*, so there is no excuse for your not enjoying them as I have already enjoyed the film serial. I understand that well over nine hundred theatres have already booked it, and one of your favourite houses is fairly safe to be amongst them sooner or later.

"Pictures" Affloat.

It is not generally known that many of our brave bluejackets are able to enjoy screened films whilst the ocean is beneath them. Many sailors (as well as soldiers) are numbered among our readers, and one writes:—"Although we are not able to go to the picture-palaces on land, we have a nice little cinema theatre rigged up on board. So you see we are not quite out of touch with the "shaky" pictures, as the sailors call them—and we know all about coming films too, because your PICTURES is always amongst the mail." Since the old days I have never heard them called "shaky" pictures; but perhaps Father Neptune has something to do with it? F. D.

LET US KNOW

if you have any difficulty in obtaining "Pictures" every week,
BUT A STANDING ORDER
with any Newsagent or Book-stall should do the trick.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photo Postcards of Yourself, 1s. 3d. Dozen.
From any Photo. 12 x 14 Enlargements, 5s.
Catalogue and Samples Free.
S. E. HACKETT. Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.
GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, or P.O.P. POST CARDS.
24, 6d.; 100, 1s. 6d. Plates and Papers also Cheap.
Catalogues and Samples Free.
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Turner Films

"Pictures made
for You."



Among the pictures we are making for you this winter are:—

Caste (T. W. ROBERTSON)

The Great Adventure (ARNOLD BENNETT)

The Gay Lord Quex (SIR ARTHUR PINERO)

A Welsh Singer (ALLEN RAINE)

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray

and others. (SIR ARTHUR PINERO)

These pictures are produced in the style which has become identified with Turner Films, and portrayed in every case by artistes whose names are household words.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



DEAR GIRLS
AND BOYS—

In this page a few weeks ago I quite thoughtlessly mentioned the date of my birth. Little did I dream that so many of my young readers would take notice, and yet it was

so. Good wishes and birthday-cards have reached me by the score; in fact more than half who competed in the "Riddle-me-Rec" Competition wished me many happy returns of the day. Thanks, thanks, and again thanks to all of you, my dears, and as my page seems to please you I hope I may long be spared to write it, and that all of you will long be spared to read it. And now to business.

The "Riddle-me-Rec" in question was sent in to me by Maud Snell, and she will be pleased to know that it has been an amazing success. The hidden name was "Chrissie White," and out of hundreds of replies only two were wrong. Some of the cards were handsomely decorated, but all have had a

chance in the final selection, age and neatness being always considered, whether the effort be simple writing or a beautiful painting or drawing.

Prizes have gone to Ruth Newman, Rookwood Road, Stamford Hill, N.; Peggy Webb, 250, Cowbridge Road, Cardiff; Arthur Harris, 38, Station Road, Anerley, S.E., and James Farquhar, 12, Hassett Road, Hackney, N.

AWARD OF MERIT (six wins a special prize):—

Edward Wilcox (Peterborough), Jessie McPherson (Bell Green), Jack Hepworth (Southport), Marie Lister (Manchester), Pauline Lewis (Mile End), Nellie Bush (Thoriton Heath), Lavina Preston (Stoke-on-Trent), Eva Preston (Stoke-on-Trent), Kitty Lessels (Dumdee), A. P. Levensen (Stamford Hill), E. Sydney Dale (Macclesfield), Charlie Wright (Newport), Edna Van Zwanenberg (Hampstead), Kitty Webb (Cardiff), Nellie Whitehead (North Shields), "Nancy" (Epsom), Lilian Burgess (Swansea), Dulcie Kynock (Sale), Winnie Simmer (Birmingham), S. Rackind (Grimsby), Phyllis Hall (Longton), Alice Jones (Tooting), L. Madigan (Battersen), E. Myers (York), Arthur Coe (Northants), J. Coral (Commercial Road), Sidney Conen (Islington).

I am getting quite methodical in my old age. I am not so very old, mind you, and have just thought of an excellent index system for my competitions. In a big book I have pasted under their proper dates every competition appearing on this page since the first issue. Against each is pasted the published result, and all the winners' names and addresses are indexed. Thus between

two covers I have all my "facts and figures" at my fingers' ends. I suppose the subject is of greater interest to me than to you, but I am sure you like to know how I am looking after your interests especially in the prize line.

My portrait gallery—portraits of "nieces" and "nephews"—is growing by leaps and bounds, and at this rate it will soon catch up to the Editor's big collection. Many boy readers have sent me snapshots of themselves as Charlie Chaplin, and one day I intend to pick out the best and reproduce them in the paper. It will be better than publishing one occasionally as so many readers ask me to do, and you would moreover be able to compare the different "Charlies." So if any more of you intend to be "took" as the great and only one, now's your time.

A remarkably energetic young Scottish reader of ours is Hugh Elliott. It appears he has been having quite a "picture" holiday in New York, and the Editor has allowed me to reproduce part of his interesting letter. He says:

"I have been having the time of my life. I've got a long holiday over here, and now I expect you'll hear from me next in my Scottish home. I went to see Tom Powers, but his landlady, Madam Elise, told me he had just left a few days ago for the Salt Lake City."

"Madam Elise was delighted to see me, and entertained me highly. I have been on another visit to the Viagraph

Studios, where I found them taking a few scenes. Anita Stewart gave me a very cordial welcome, expressing eloquently her great pleasure in meeting a European friend of the late Mr. Bunny. I explained to her all about our PICTURES. She said she had had a copy already, and thought it a dandy journal. She said she had worked very, very hard in a film entitled *The Sins of the Mothers*. I have now seen it, and I guess you will have the story shortly.

"I met Harry Northrup, Robert Gailord, Earle Williams, and a lot more; but on finishing my visit I left the studios and took my way therefrom accompanied by Anita Stewart and a lady-friend, when we all took the El. Railway to New York. Miss Stewart and I were in talk the whole way; I spoke highly of our own country's cinema and the splendid work of PICTURES. But Miss Stewart left me a little before New York, so I had to bid her 'Adieu,' promising to go back there one day."

An epidemic or mania for drawing seems to have broken out among you. Lately I have received all sorts of sketches in pencil, ink, and colour, the subjects varying from patriotic war sketches to Charlie Chaplin. I like to receive them, of course, for they interest and amuse me very much, and really some of the work is exceedingly clever. I should like to encourage it, and my best plan, I think, is to run a little art competition.

Four Prizes for the Best Artists.

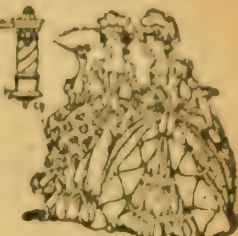
Make a sketch portrait, drawing or painting, of a cinema subject or player on a postcard, state your age, and post to "ART, PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER, 85, LONG ACRE, W.C., to arrive by Monday, October 25th. Any subject, humorous or otherwise, will be eligible so long as it is in some way connected with the picture world. Put your best work into it, and leave the rest to

UNCLE TIM.



REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in ROTATION. When casts are required name of Company must be given.



Please note our new address—
85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

A READER FOR EVER (York).—Mary Pickford has replied to many of our readers. Why shouldn't you be a lucky one? We have stacks of picture postcards, and have sent you list. Thanks for that new reader. Every one helps.

YOUNG EMMAN (Devonport).—There are no less rumours about prominent film players. Many statements published as facts in non-cinema papers are wildly inaccurate, and most likely the one you refer to comes under that heading.

CINDERELLA (Chapman).—Sorry if your previous letter was misinterpreted. It is best to keep letters for the Editor and orders for the Postcard Manager quite distinct. Harry Pollard is married to Margaret Fischer, both play for the pictures. Lucile La Maitland and Ethel Brucewell played in "The Beggar Girl's Wedding" (British Empire). You were fortunate to get your favourite player's photo and autographed too!

A. G. F. L. (Plymouth).—Get the nasty doctor to get you better quickly, so that you can go to pictures oftener than you used to. 348 picture postcards is quite a healthy collection. Always glad to hear from you.

E. B. (near Cheltenham).—The Editor was not passing through Leicester Square on the day you mention. Thanks for kind appreciation.

WILLIAM H. (Glasgow).—You are like the little boy who wants helping in his home lessons; and yet our "Screened Stars" competition is really very simple. The first example gave you the name expressed in the picture, but it is for you to find the names expressed in the others. Do your best, Willie. Faint heart never won, etc.

HORACE (West Kensington).—Addresses:—Chas. Chaplin and Edna Purviance, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.; Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 26th St., New York City, U.S.A. Players and Companies:—Max Linder (Pathé), Mae Marsh (Majestic), Donald Crisp (Vitagraph), Robert Harron (Majestic). Your conundrum is immense, Horace.

G. A. J. (Swansea).—The cast you want is not published. Sorry.

J. R. E. (Edinburgh).—Addresses:—Clarendon Film Co., Clarendon, Crick and Martin, 100, Watling Street Road, Crayford, British Empire Film, Woodlands, Great North Road, Wharfedale, Neptune Film Co., Boreham Wood, Herts., Camrad Film Co., 7, Hatfield Road, Mayfield, London.

FLORIAN (Bristol).—Alice Jovee is Mary Pickford's sister-in-law. For I Sterling, after running his own company, has gone back to Keystone. *The Film Life of Mary Pickford*, page 22d, post free, can be had from this office.

JOHNIE (Wilmington).—As you are in a good firm earning a useful salary, we advise you to stick there; give up all thoughts of being a cinema player. Without experience, you have small chance of success, when really talented players are waiting for positions.

H. V. R. (Berne Hill).—Ben Turpin still plays for Essanay. All letters are answered in these columns in rotation. We do not reply by post; we could not do so unless we employed six times the staff we have at present.

JOHN (Granton).—Address: Vivian Rich, c/o American Film Co., 627, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. Thanks to the Hepworth Company and to many British exhibitors, who have subscribed, there are cinemas at the Front. We hear that the boys in the trenches (these are the only cinemas actually in the firing line) appreciate the picture shows more than anything else.

CYNTHIA (Putney).—Address: Blanche Sweet, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 26th St., New York City, U.S.A. She is the same as Daphne Wayne.

QUERIELO (Leigham).—Thanks for long and interesting letter. We have readers in every class—hence the diversity of answers on this page. The Bonfire is not yet, and Xmas is still a long time.

ROSE (Leigh-on-Sea).—Eric Desmond, Lent (et al), and Kenneth Ware played the three different ages of "David" in "David Copperfield." H. Collins was "McGawber," and Jamie Loring "Daniel Peggotty." The little boy Eric Desmond is with Hepworths Film Studios, Walton-on-Thames. So you were the very first of the lucky ones to receive letter from Charlie Chaplin!

DOR (Cardiff).—The Editor has promised to publish the next good portrait he secures of F. X. Bushman. There were photos of him in our March 20 and 27, 1915, issues, and an interesting studio chat with him in the former number. "These" = these X X X X don't they? Thanks muchly.

PURPLE PANSIES (Hoffax).—We like to know that your Cinema Manager has been nice and shown your favourite films. Perhaps he would sell you photos of scenes occasionally. A stilling would not be unreasonable for a medium-sized photo. Have you read the "Flying A" offer in their PICTURES advert. Dear girl, the fear of flirtations is not the reason we cannot reply by post, but the quantity of letters we receive quite precludes us from doing so. See reply to "H. V. R." Address: Marguerite Clark, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 26th St., New York City, U.S.A.

BILLY B. (Maida Vale).—The player you mention is about 40 years old, and is married, so Maggie will have to transfer her affections to some one else. (Hope this will stop the trouble, Billy.)

HORACE (West Fromwich).—We recently gave a page or two of facts concerning Charlie Chaplin. There is good deal of rubbish being printed about this deservedly popular player. *The Film Life of Mary Pickford* will give you all the information you want, and it only costs you 23d., post free, from this office. Henry Ainley is now playing in "Quinneys" at the Haymarket Theatre.

EVILYN (Clapham).—You might try Hepworths Co., Walton-on-Thames; London Film Co., St. Margaret's; or Turner Film Co., Walton-on-Thames. We wish you luck. We do not reply by post.

SACCY GIRL (Bristol).—We think we replied to a letter from you a few weeks ago. Beverley Bayne played opposite F. X. Bushman in "The Masked Wrestler." You are quite right about Queen Mary; we don't mind you telling us a little bit that's what we put it in like that for. For new reader's love and kisses, all our thanks.



ATTENDANT: "Programme, Sir?"

OFFICER! "Good Lord, no. Do you think I've come to see the pictures?"

(Drawn by Grace Aitie.)

DISQUES (Reading).—Mabel Trunnelle still plays for Edison. Our new volume (No. 9) commenced with October 2nd issue. Thanks for kind wishes.

DOLLY (Dulwich).—Ed. Coxon's address is c/o. American Film Mfg. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. (not New York as you addressed him). We forgive you for not writing. As you have had scarlet fever and German measles you are absolved. But why German—so unpatriotic.

STERLINGITE (Regent's Park). Keystone are now releasing new films featuring Ford Sterling. There are no postcards of him. The following film companies exist:—American and Continental Film Co., Cosmopolitan Co., and Cosmo Film Corp. We do not know if the films of the foreign companies you mention are handled in this country by any particular agent. Pleased to welcome a new reader.

ARTHUR (Elland).—Address the Burlingham Standard Films, 115A, Ebury Street, London, S.W. You should have no difficulty in getting PICTURES through your newsagent. Our Publisher is taking up the matter with you and we hope you will experience no further delay in getting the paper regularly.

JOHN T. C. (Pontefract).—Thank you so much, John. When we opened your parcel we thought someone had sent us bombs with fuses attached, but your letter told us they were liquorice roots which your town is noted for, and which you say take about five years to grow. All the staff will be chewing them for weeks to come. So glad you like the competition.

KATIE PAT (Cardiff). Mae Marsh is 18 years old. Have not heard if the players you mention are married. Thanks for best wishes; the same to you in your married life.

BLANCHE RIVERS (Bradford).—House Peters played lead in "The Pride of Jennico" (Famous Players). When writing again please address questions on a separate sheet of paper; if included in an order for postcards it might go astray.

MARY'S BOY (Ilford).—The religion of your favourite player we do not know, quite likely your surmise is correct. Lottie Pickford played in "A Diamond from the Sky." You can get a 2 cent U.S.A. stamp from any foreign stamp dealer, or money exchange bureau. Address both Cleo Madison and King Baggot, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Thanks for poem, which is excellent. We have no space for it at present, however.

LILLIAN (Belvedere). Have sent your love to Earle Williams and Charlie Chaplin. Your choice of two favourites is excellent. Thanks for getting those new readers.

LITTLE MISS U.S.A. (St. Leonards).—We have only just got up to your turn, so don't be angry. We do not know "a young lady called Miss Ethel Hill who acts for the pictures." Is she very charming? Mary Pickford played in "Rags," "Little Pal," and "A Dawn of To-morrow," and you will like them all. Why should she be offended if you wrote to her? You seem to have quite a large number of friends scattered up and down the States, more than most people. Of course you won't give us up now, will you, Little Miss Stars and Stripes?

BILLYE (Coventry).—Have not heard for certain if the two players you mention are married, but we think the man is.

IMP (Swansea).—It was very charming of Mary Pickford to reply. Because you trace a facial resemblance between Leo Delaney, Maurice Costello, and G. M. Anderson, it does not follow they are related, nor do we think so. Yes, there are "many false tales" about Charlie Chaplin, but if you see it in PICTURES bank on it, as the Yankees say. Delighted to hear of your success with the Junior Oxford. What about the Senior?

CARTOONIST (Leicester).—We replied to a letter of yours a week or so ago. Henry Ainley of The London Film Co. is an Englishman, and is at present playing at the Haymarket Theatre (London) in "Quinneys." Glad you are so busy with your work. Our best and kindest to "her." Don't forget us when the wedding cake is cut.

WILL (Bath).—Thanks for excellent photos. You must be quite a jolly chap, Will. Cinema actors generally "make-up" just as you suppose, though in many cases there is no necessity for it.

E. R. R. (Islington).—Addresses are:—Helen Holmes, c/o. Kalem Film Studio, Cliffside, New Jersey, U.S.A., and Alma Taylor, c/o. Hepworths Film Co., Walton-on-Thames. Please send your name next time.

JUDITH (Barnes).—Address George Larkin, c/o. Selig Polyscope Co., 20, East Randolph Street, Chicago, U.S.A. Cleo Madison's address is given to "Mary's Boy." "Always a Constant Reader" pleases us, Judith—keep it up.

EFFIE (Wimbledon). Vol. VIII can now be had, price 3s. 6d. post-free, from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



VIOLET MERSEKEAU.

Above is a reproduction of our postcard of this charming Trans-Atlantic player.

B. B. (Loughton).—Since you wrote you will see that the Chancellor has taxed imported foreign films. There are many good British film companies (Hepworths, London Film Co., Turner Films, Ltd., Cricks and Martin, J. H. Martin, B. & C. Co., Clarendon Co., "Samuelson," "Neptune," and "Broadwest" Companies, to name a few) who are turning out tip-top films.

LILLIAN (Halifax).—Enclose a 2 cent U.S.A. stamp for a reply from that country (see reply to "Mary's Boy"). We have sent you the verse for your autograph-album. Address Orni Hawley, c/o. Lubin Film Co., 20th Street and End Ave. N.Y., Philadelphia; and Marguerite Clarke, c/o. Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 26th St., New York City, U.S.A. Lucky Lily to receive a signed photo of your favourite!

G. M. W. P. (Waltham).—Lauderdale Maitland, Ethel Bracewell, and Henry Lonsdale played in "The Beggar Girl's Wedding." Pleased to hear you sent PICTURES to our Tommies in France to cheer them up. Have sent your love to Vivian Rich and Mary Pickford.

MARGORIE (Brighton).—The Answers Man has so many dear boys and girls that it is excusable if he thought you a boy and especially as you only used an initial for your first name. But we all love you just as much, Margorie. The cast you want is not published.

AMY C. (Cardiff).—If you will let us know the company which produced the film, we will do our best for you.

LUCILLE (Bristol).—Pronounce Essanay the way it is spelled. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford played in "The Broken Coin" series. Mabel Normand generally plays opposite "Fatty" in the Keystone Comedies. The other cast we cannot obtain. Sorry.

OUR NEW ADDRESS

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"

85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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SMILES

THE crying need of the picture theatre is a noiseless baby.

Not Legal Tender.

GRATEFUL PATIENT: "Doctor, I owe my life to you."

DOCTOR: "That's all right, sir; but I can't take it in payment of services."

Quite Correct!

"Johnny," said the teacher, "can you tell me what an inebriate is?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "It is an animal that does not have a backbone."

Tit for Tat.

BARBER (to man with a week's growth): "If all beards was like your'n I'd give up the barber business."

MAN: "If all barbers was like you I'd let my beard grow."

Almost Personal.

"I wish my congregation was larger," said the minister to the pretty widow.

"So do I," she declared. "It was so small to-night that every time you said 'Dearly beloved' I positively blushed."

A Friend in Need.

SOUBRET: "Ravenely, thinks a great deal of the Editor."

COMEDIAN: "Yes; the Editor did him the best turn any one can possibly do an actor."

SOUBRET: "What was it?"

COMEDIAN: "Gave him an audience."

A Moving Discourse.

WILL: "You're a strong bloke?"

BILL: "Yus, not arf!"

WILL: "Well, it sez 'ere, 'Strong man wanted for moving picture palls.' Could yer move it?"

BILL: "Not arf I couldn't."

(Left discussing it)

News for Mamma.

At a picture show one evening sat couple who were accompanied by the small son. A comic picture showed the master of the house attempting to kiss the cook and succeeding rather well. "Ah!" piped the little fellow, "an cook slapped papa when he tried to kiss her, didn't she, mamma?"

All Made Clear.

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them. "Why," cried one, "you can walk as run as well as a man!"

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse and swim too?"

"Yes."

"Then you're as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you wouldn't let a man be you—not even if he was your husband?"

"Indeed, I wouldn't!"

The mandarin's eight wives looked one another. Then the oldest said,

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid."

War and Peace

(From then to Now—
Part 12)



You know the Hepworth ideal of service to the nation in War-time. We strive to give you cheering thrilling restful hours.

For that reason we do not believe in War pictures. But when Albert Chevalier, "the idol of the halls," and the star of "The Bottle," and "My Old Dutch" (Turner) wrote his War plot, "The Outrage," we could not refuse. The picture with Henry Ainley, Alma Taylor, John MacAndrews, and Lionelle Howard, is now ready in the hands of Mr. Thompson of Middlesbrough.

Now for peace. As a contrast, we went to North Devon, and for our picture "The Golden Pavement," secured perfect settings. They are marvels of beauty and the whole plot is a melodrama of the dear old kind. More later.

Hepworth Picture Plays

c/o Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman Street, Golden Square, W.

SCALA THEATRE

CHARLOTTE ST., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

TERRIFIC SUCCESS!



D. W. GRIFFITH'S MIGHTY SPECTACLE

TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8



YOU MUST SEE
"FROM FORGE
TO
FOOTLIGHTS."

THIS great Nordisk Drama will keep you athrob with tense, eager excitement from start to finish. Ask your cinema manager when it is coming. Then—see it!



HIGH TREASON

Is a Story with a great heart-throb, A young officer robbed his father of important papers and had to die

HIS MOTHER
WOULD SAVE
HIM, HIS
FATHER
COULD NOT



"Jules is this your handkerchief"?

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Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



Daniel Frohman
presents

MARY
PICKFORD

in

"RAGS"

Mary's finest Creation
since "Tessibel."

IN FOUR ACTS.

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Produced by
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W.



OCTAVIA HANDWORTH

Leading Lubin lady whose good looks and versatility have made her famous.
(See page 94.)



A STUDIO ESCAPADE

HERE'S A PICTURE THAT WILL PLEASE YOU ALL.

And when we tell you that it is acted with great force by the ever popular and charming

BESSIE EYTON

we have said sufficient to arouse enthusiasm.

This magnificent two-part picture is a strong, masterful drama of life, love, and honour, and besides depicting a true representation of "Gay Bohemia," the film points a good sound moral. See the stupendous scenes portraying the revelries and the wonderful acting of BESSIE EYTON as the

artist's model. Gaiety, pathos, excitement, and heart-interest are all perfectly blended together in this fine feature. What more could you wish for?

Tell the Manager of your special Cinema that you must see this Picture.

SELIG FILMS

93-95, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.



LOOK OUT FOR **SIR JOHN HARE**

And an ALL-STAR COMPANY in

"Caste,"

The most popular of all British Comedy-Dramas.

PRODUCED by MR. LARRY TRIMBLE of "MY OLD DUTCH" FAME.

4 Reels.

Released January 24th.

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 30, 1915.

New Series, No. 89.



WHO DOES THIS REMIND YOU OF?

It is Gene Rogers, the latest excellent addition to the Trans-Atlantic L-Ko Comedy Company. It is some crowd now we do assure you.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

THE new leading heavy at the Selig studios is a hippo. Hip-hip-o-ray!

Kate Price and Hughie Mack have won first prize for waltzing. Big contest! Big dancer! Big prize!

It is better to write one good scenario than a hundred poor ones. Some writers are busy on the hundred-poor ones.

As Mary Pickford makes an aeroplane flight in *The Girl of Yesterday*, her countless admirers will see their angel fly. And fine feathers make fine birds.

News of Maurice Costello! He is to play in a domestic drama called *Saints and Sinners*. And Van Dyke Brooke is producing. So look forward to something good. But Mr. Costello is never bad.

How's this for picturegoing in wartime? Twenty-seven thousand people saw *My Old Dutch* in three days at the Peckham Hippodrome, London. The theatre seats two thousand, and the film was shown four times daily.

George Ovey, the leading comic for the Cub Film Company of America, was recently accosted by a fellow who claimed to know him. When the "friend" had departed George was minus his gold watch. Time does fly, doesn't it?

The manager of the Palladium Picture Playhouse, Balham, has put up a "Lost and Found" notice-board in the vestibule. Hundreds of theatres will be putting up a "Lost and Found" notice presently. The film is "going great guns." See story on another page.

Anita King, the Famous Players actress, arrived in Chicago on September 26th after driving her car by herself all the way from San Francisco, which she left on September 1st. Miss King is to be presented with a fine new car by Jesse L. Lasky as a memento of her journey, which was full of thrilling experiences.

The patriotic film serial, *Neal of the Navy*, in which the U.S. Navy Department is co-operating, is now almost finished by the Balboa Company. Their studio in California is one of the world's largest independent producing plants. It employs 250 people and has a capacity of 20,000 negative films per week.

"Miss Florence Nightingale and Miss Florence Turner were both portrayed on the screen at the Countess Cinema this week. Thus does the cinema bring the great ones of the earth together," says the *Saltoots Press*. Up to the time of going to press we understand that Miss Turner, far from having joined her departed namesake, is in the pink of condition. And busy on more pictures, too!

Her Highness Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein attended a private

exhibition of the film of *Mr. Lyndon at Liberty*, by Victor Bridges, which has just been completed by Harold Shaw, of the London Film Company. We believe that this is the first time that a member of our Royal Family has been present at a similar exhibition.

The Niggers' Sun Bath.

IN the Lasky production of *The Explorer*, in which Lou Tellegen, the noted star, and former leading man for Sarah Bernhardt, is playing lead, a number of negroes were required, as



THE PLAYERS' HOLIDAY.—No. 2.
Ford Sterling as the Romantic Lover.

some of the scenes are laid in an African jungle. On their first day out the negroes complained of sunburn. It was stated in explanation that the negroes wore little more than a smile.

The "Pinero Boom."

THE appearance of *Sweet Lavender* (a Hepworth production) was the origin of the present "Pinero boom," in which a revival of Pinero subjects to be presented to the public by means of the cinema is taking place. But the recent completion of the Hepworth Quality Exclusive version of *Iris* has intensified the interest. There will be a big trade show of *Iris* in November, at which a new and valuable form of souvenir is to be presented.

Charlie Harasses the Enemy!

FROM the officer commanding the 6th Divisional Supply Column at the Front the Essanay Company received the following:—"Gentlemen—I

have to thank you for the letter of September 11th, forwarded to me to-day, and for the gift of films. It is impossible to make you realise how they were appreciated, and I truly wish you could have heard the cheer that went up when Chaplin appeared on the screen. The cardboard figures of Chaplin were carried off during the night to the trenches, and have been the subject of great attention by the Germans!—W. MURPHY, Major, A.S.C."

Five Thousand People from Fifteen Nations!

ONE of the most thrilling pictures of its type yet screened, and to be published by Essanay, is *The Man Trail*, a rugged story of lumber camp life. The leading man, Richard C. Travers, was allocated to that part because of his practically life-long association with the environment depicted. Supporting the leading lady, June Keith, and himself, are Ernest Maupain, Thomas McLarnie, John Lorenz, and John H. Cossar. The lumber camp, with its gambling-hells and saloons, was specially built for the play. More than five thousand people appear in this colossal production, over fifteen nationalities being represented, including a genuine Red Indians, real Chinese, negroes, and several varieties of "pale-face." Riff-raff from the cities and some fifty or sixty professional lumber jacks were brought to this "mushroom" village in the wilds to act as hangers-on. The camp was finally burnt down for a scene, the conflagration providing a truly magnificent sight.

A Theatre Behind the Firing-line.

IT used to be a large livery-stable, the walls being covered with every variety of poster possible to imagine—posters advertising Oxo, the Metropolitan Railway, Vacuum Cleaners, music-hall stars, and cinematograph masterpieces. These alone made one feel like being at home again. Outside is a cut-out of the most popular man in the world—Charles Chaplin. Admission is 3d. per head, 2f. for officers, and the show is timed to commence at 6 p.m. At 5.50 p.m. the hall was packed to its utmost capacity, and many were refused admission. Try—if you can—to imagine the screams of delight which shook the remnants of the roof when the first picture was projected—a picture depicting the amusing adventures of the one and only 'Polidor.' Oh, how we laughed—laughed as we had never laughed before—at his silly antics with his lions! Picture followed picture in rapid succession—pictures featuring Prince Tontoline and other popular comedians. Then came Itala's old masterpiece, *Father*, an old film I will admit, but it was a treat to see some of the wonderful acting and the fine fire scenes again. . . . Directly opposite this theatre are the remains of the village church. There is not a trace of anything left except the four bare walls. There is nothing—absolutely nothing—left inside. Not a particle of roof, not a beam, not even a stone or a piece of woodwork, nor yet even the floor."—Extract from a letter to the "Bioscope" from Corporal W. Hardman, who is serving with the Colours.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE**.



1. **FOR VALOUR:** President Poincaré decorates many heroic wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Paris. 2. **A SPORTING PARSON:** The Rev. Everard Digby, the Chaplain, joins in sports of the 7th London Regiment at Orpington. 3. **THE CZAR IN THE FIELD:** Since taking supreme command of his armies, His Majesty sees for himself actual conditions at the front. 4. **"CONSOLIDATING AN ADVANCE":** After any important gain of ground, new trenches must be made. 5. **GREAT RECRUITING CAMPAIGN:** Six thousand troops parade fifty miles of London streets with successful results. 6. **NURSED BACK TO HEALTH:** Like our brave soldiers, horses wounded in France are brought back to England for attention. Here is one at a hospital in Kent.

LOST AND WON

Adapted from the Turner Film
By HEADLEY BRIDGE.



DICK'S ABSENCE HAS SADDENED BARBARA.

"SORRY, old man, but it can't be done. You haven't nearly enough." Dick Barry's face clouded.

"That's rather tough luck," he replied. "The mater insisted on my mortgaging her house to save my holdings in A. and C., and now you tell me the stocks have fallen so far that they can't be saved."

"Not quite so bad," replied Howard Lyston, lawyer and financier; "but it will take four or five times the amount you have available. 'Why not put what you have on my horse Morning Star? He's a certainty for the big race next week, and I can get you fives. That will set you right and leave you a little in hand.'"

Dick Barry hesitated. The sum he held in his note-case represented all that stood between him—and his invalid mother—and the workhouse. But he trusted Lyston implicitly, and he needed the larger amount urgently.

"Very well," he replied; "no doubt you know what his chances are. But it will be awful if he goes down."

"Never fear," cried Lyston, cheerily. "This time next week you will have set yourself on a sound financial footing. Good-bye, old man, for the present, and, trust me, it will all come right."

Lyston was probably honest enough at the time in his protestations of friendliness; but a few hours later, calling on Barbara Weston, he chanced to see a letter from Dick, which revealed the fact, hitherto unknown to him, that the younger man was his own rival for the affections of the charming girl whose beauty had captivated him.

"So!" he soliloquised. "This young man will spoil my plans if I don't do something. Well, all's fair in love and

war; and if she won't look at me while he is about, the only thing to do is to get him out of the way."

Leaving Barbara, he telephoned to his trainer, and within an hour was seated with him in the training-quarters.

"Well, Walter," he inquired, "Morning Star quite fit?"

"Yes—as fit as he will ever be; but that last one you bought, Jupiter, can give him weight and a beating!"

"Then we'll win with Jupiter!" decided Lyston, "since he's also entered for the race; adding to himself, "I don't think that will make Barry any too happy."

Ignorant though he was of the plot against him, Dick was still very far from happy. He loved Barbara ardently, and suspected that she was not indifferent to him; but while his fortunes were in such a precarious state he felt that he could not honourably ask her to be his wife. He had been on the verge of a proposal when he learned of the sudden slump in his shares, and he felt that his manner on that occasion—stunned and distracted as he had been by the blow—had not been that of a lover, and that she might be justly offended at his apparent coldness.

The day of the big race arrived—the day of fate for Dick, and for others whose lives were bound up with his. Barbara and her father started early for the course, where they met Lyston, suave and polished as ever, and Dick, bravely striving to conceal his anxiety under a mask of forced cheerfulness.

The first events on the programme created little enthusiasm; all interest was centred in the important race of the

day, and when the numbers went up a buzz of excitement went round the enclosures, and the chances of the different runners were eagerly discussed.

"You see, Morning Star is favourite, at odds on," said Lyston, approaching Dick. "Good job for you you got on when you did. It was fives you got, wasn't it?"

"Sixes," replied Dick.

"You lucky beggar! I'm on heavily myself, but I only got fives and fours."

"I'm going to put a sovereign on No. 13," interrupted Barbara; "that's my lucky number. Let me see—what is his name? Oh! Jupiter! What a fine name for a horse. I'm sure he'll win. Don't you think so, Mr. Barry?"

Dick was at a loss to find an answer at once truthful and polite; but Lyston broke in with a joking remark about his ownership of the two horses, and then the race began. From the first Morning Star seemed unlucky, and a groan of despair went up from the crowd when it was seen that he was almost out of the running before the race was well started.

Dick gazed uncomprehendingly at the horses as they flashed by; Barbara clapped her hands in exultation as No. 13 swept to the front and led the field; and Lyston smiled cynically when Jupiter's number was hoisted and Barbara turned to Dick, claiming his congratulations on her win.

After replying mechanically, Dick left the enclosure. Lyston followed, and, taking his arm, consoled with him on his ill-luck.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," he protested; "it's a complete surprise to me, and I've lost more than I care to think about. However, better luck next time! Come and have a drink."

He plied his victim so tirelessly with champagne that Dick left the course in an absolutely fuddled condition, and went home alone. Lyston had not acted on impulse; he knew that Dick was to attend a dinner-party at the Weston's that night, to which he himself was invited, and he hoped that Dick would arrive in such a condition as would effectually put an end to his hopes of Barbara's hand.

His scheme was only partly successful, for though Dick arrived late, and even now not entirely sober, Barbara had gleaned an idea of how things stood with him, and when she saw him made the butt of the smokeroom wits, all her sympathy went out to him. She entered the room, and with a glance of contempt at the men who were extracting mirth from his misfortunes she took his arm, and led him to the conservatory.

Dick was sufficiently himself to feel bitterly ashamed of his lapse, but to Barbara's tearful reproaches he was unable to offer any coherent reply, and when he left it was with the intention of explaining everything fully next day.

Fate decreed otherwise, however, for, inspired by Lyston, he decided to restore his financial standing by his own efforts before meeting or mixing with any of his old friends, and Barbara was not a little hurt at his apparent neglect, for she had commenced to realise the depth of her own feelings for him, and love struggled with wounded pride for mastery within her.



THE ARM OF THE LAW.

Dick's first move was to give up his expensive flat in town, and in clearing up his papers he came across his share certificates in the A. and C. Company. With a sigh he threw them into a corner of the room and dismissed them from his memory. A little later he left, giving his valet the task of disposing of the remainder of his furniture.

At Barbara's suggestion her father took her to call at Dick's flat in order to condole with him on his reverses, and to assure him of their continued friendship, but only the valet was there.

"I don't know where Mr. Barry has gone," he replied to Mr. Weston's questions. "He seemed very much upset, and told me he couldn't leave any address, and that I was to pay my wages out of what I got for the furniture. He left these papers, too," he added, handing Mr. Weston the share certificates.

"Ah! now I see," exclaimed Mr. Weston. "It was in A. and C.'s that he lost his money. That is not so bad."

"How is that, Father?" inquired Barbara, eagerly.

"Why, I now hold a majority of the shares in A. and C., and the concern is practically mine. They are going to be very valuable soon."

"Oh!" she replied, reproachfully. "So you are getting richer by poor Dick's losses! I don't call that fair."

"Silly child," remarked her father. "Don't you see that, as Dick hasn't sold his shares, he will profit by the rise and they are going to be more valuable than ever they were. I'll take charge of these," he added, turning to the servant, "and when you learn Mr. Barry's address you can let him know."

Unhappily for Dick, he never thought of sending the servant his address. The struggle for existence that followed absorbed all his energies, and to little purpose; for before long he was reduced to living with his mother in a garret, and soon came the time when his last penny gone, he found himself unable to obtain the medicine that would save her life.

Who can blame him if, desperate at his mother's illness and his own poverty,

finding no chance to earn even a copper, he placed his mother's life before the law? He robbed a purse-proud plutocrat who had sneeringly refused his request for aid, and with the money he purchased what his loved one needed.

But Dick lacked the criminal's instinct to cover his tracks. The arm of the law descended on him, and he purged his offence in prison.

Released, he found his mother dead, and his heart almost failed him at the thought of struggling along without her companionship; but after a time he pulled himself together and commenced afresh his wearisome search for work.

Barbara, meantime, had found it weary work waiting for Dick, and had finally concluded that he did not care for her. She gradually weakened as Lyston redoubled his attentions to her; and at last, though unwillingly, she consented to be his wife.

Lyston's hostility to Dick was still as

bitter as ever; and though he had promised to help him to obtain employment, he seized every opportunity of secretly hindering him by disclosing the fact that he had been in prison.

And so from day to day Dick Barry's plight grew worse. From mere poverty he passed to absolute want and starvation; he was glad even to share the crust which a child had given to a dog with which she was playing, and one day, feeling that the end of his strength had come, he crept through the open door of a church and sank to his knees in an obscure corner.

Presently the church began to fill with men and women in festive attire, and when all had taken their seats, and the strains of the "Wedding March" filled the air, his glance fell on the figure of Lyston standing at the foot of the altar; and as he turned he beheld Barbara, Barbara in her wedding-dress, advancing up the aisle on her father's arm.

Dick's feelings overcame him. He buried his face in his hands and wept for the first time since his mother's death.

The service commenced. The solemn exhortation over the questions and responses followed. After Lyston's "I will," the clergyman turned to Barbara and repeated the question. "Wilt thou, Barbara, take this man?" As it suddenly awaking from a trance, Barbara shrank back to the shelter of her father's arm. Lyston, impatient at the suggestion of a scene, seized her wrist and muttered, "Answer, Barbara." But she only recoiled further, and cried, "No, no! I cannot marry him."

In a moment the guests, scenting a mystery, had fixed their gaze on the figures by the altar; the clergyman moved the principals into the vestry, and there every effort was made to persuade Barbara to go on with the ceremony. Seeing that she was immovable, her father spared her further annoyance by informing the vergers and attendants that the wedding would not take place.

(Continued on page 91.)



"No, no! I cannot marry him."



GOOD FRIENDS, GOOD WAGES, GOOD FUN, GOOD WORK!

"PICTURES" INTERVIEWS EARLE WILLIAMS.



It was a bright summer's morning when, armed with notebook and pencil, I forged my way into the Vitagraph studio. Getting into this wonderful building is not so easy as one might imagine. But I accomplished it quite nicely.

Thanks to the Editor's letter with which I was armed, I had encountered hundreds of extras, and came to the conclusion that there was some big production underway. Inside the big studio carpenters, scene-shifters, electricians, and painters were, hurrying hither and thither, and above the din from saws and hammers I heard the voice of Robert Brower, who was directing a play in a far-off corner. I stood watching the scene quite fascinated; then suddenly, I remembered the object of my visit.

"Will you please tell me where I shall find Mr. Earle Williams?" I inquired of one of the members of the company.

"Probably in his dressing-room. He has a big scene to do this morning, so it is doubtful if he will be able to see you."

My heart dropped into my boots here was I, actually inside the great Vitagraph studio, perhaps only a few yards from the great Earle Williams, and yet not sure of seeing him. Nevertheless I inquired the way, and after numerous directions and a vigorous search through a maze of passages I discovered a door on which was inscribed "Earle Williams."

With a heart beating like an engine, I knocked at the door. Then came a cheery voice from the other side, "Come in." I entered, and found myself in a small office. A boy in buttons who had been seated on a high stool when I had so unceremoniously entered, leapt off his perch and awaited my inquiry.

"May I see Mr. Williams, please?" I asked, rather dubiously. I gave the boy my card and he disappeared. In a few seconds he returned with a broad grin on his face.

"Will you please step this way?"

Then I was ushered into the presence of this wonderful actor. "Good morning, Miss—" the occupant of the room rose from his chair and came forward to meet me. So this tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, good-natured-looking gentleman was Earle Williams.

"Please sit down," he continued, "and make yourself at home. You wished to see me?"

"Yes, I came to interview you," I burst out.

"To interview me!" echoed the actor, apparently surprised. "Well," he added, smiling, "I have just half an hour to spare before I am due on my big scene. Suppose I rattle off a few things about myself, and if they are not suitable we can fix up a time when I am not so busy."

"I was born in Sacramento on February 28th, 1880, so you see I am not sweet seventeen. Was educated at the Oakland Public Schools, and afterwards went to the Polytechnic

College at California. Of course, I never dreamt of pictures then, and started out as an office-boy. Then I sold gramophones—'Edison-bell-record' sort of stunt, you know; but I soon got fed up with this inactive sort of life, and in 1901 I went on to the stage. During many years of stage life I played with Henry Dixey, Rose Stahl, and with Helen Ware in *The Third Degree*; but my last theatrical engagement was with George Beban in *The Sign of the Cross*.

Then I came into pictures. It was during the summer of 1911 that I came down to the Vitagraph Company to get a summer engagement. I have stayed here ever since. And I am perfectly content to rest where I am. Good friends, good wages, good fun, good work—what more can one desire? We are not like the usual run of actors and actresses here, you know. We are just like one huge family."

Here Mr. Williams was called away for a moment, and during his absence I tried to remember some of the many successful pictures in which I had seen him. I had got so far as *The Christian*, *Love's Sunset*, *Vengeance of Duvand*, *Memories that Haunt*, *Lovesick Maidens of Cuddleton*, *The Dawning*, *The Red Barber*, *Two Women and Two Men*, *The Bond of Music*, *The Test of Friendship*, and *The Thumb Point* when Mr. Williams returned, and I ventured to remark something about hobbies.

"You want to know my hobbies?" he inquired. "Well, I am very keen on photography, but my chief hobby is my work. I'm just wrapped up in it, and love every moment of my existence."

"Exciting adventures, did you say?" "Well, every actor has some; but I think the most exciting I ever had was when we were playing the railroad smash for the blue ribbon drama *The Juggernaut*. I was nearly drowned then. I had to leap from the train as it fell into the water, and as it was a bitterly cold day

I got cramp. I am not a very strong swimmer, and the weight of my clothes soon dragged me under; and I am sure that had it not been for the timely assistance of a property man I should have been done for. But I am still alive to tell the tale and act in many more pictures. Every time I think of cold water now I have an unearthly shivering feeling run down my spinal column."

"Do you get many letters?" I asked.

"That's this morning's mail," he answered, pointing to a huge basketful of correspondence. "And I shall open every one of them myself."

"I get lots and lots of letters from your British picturegoers. They write to tell me how much they appreciate my acting—but I must own that praise is also due to my fellow-actors and actresses. I could do nothing without them. I try to live the part I am playing, and trust that I succeed in



EARLE WILLIAMS.

A new portrait of the subject of our interview.

OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS: No. 46. MOVING "PICTURES."



What our Cartoonist saw when we moved from Adam Street to Long Acre.

1. The Fiery Steed which carted our furniture. 2. The Cheerful Chump who wished to know if we were moving. 3. The Editor and Answers man hard at work pending the arrival of the "goods." 4. The arrival, followed by exciting searches for blotting-paper, pens, &c. 5. The lady members of our staff, who spent the day peacefully. 6. Jovial "Uncle Tim," who took refuge in the yard, and was quite at home with a sugar-box desk. 7. There was no room for me in the office, so I made my sketches on the front doorstep. They took me for a pavement artist, and offered me coppers!

portraying the character as well as possible." Mr. Williams now looked at his watch.

"I have just a quarter of an hour before I have to be ready for my call. I have got to dress and apply my war-paint before then, so if you will kindly excuse me—"

I jumped up in confusion and prepared to depart.

"I am awfully sorry to send you off, but producers won't wait, you know," he chuckled.

Then with a heart full of joy and a book full of notes I blushing thanked our handsome hero for his kindness in sparing me some of his valuable time.

"Come again soon," he shouted as I made my exit.

"LOST AND WON."

(Continued from page 89).

Standing alone in the vestry, while the congregation dispersed in excited groups, Barbara felt a great sense of relief sweep over her as she realised her narrow escape. Presently she began in some mysterious way to become aware of Dick's nearness, and when the last of the guests had gone she entered the church again, and passed like one in a trance down the aisle to where her lover still knelt in an agony of despair.

A faint whisper broke upon his ear; his name was softly called; but even in the whisper he recognised the voice that he loved. He glanced up, and saw her standing before him, her face transfigured with a chastened joy. His face lighted up as her hand sought his, and together they knelt, pouring out their souls in gratitude for their redemption.

A striking Turner "picture-made-for-you." Florence Turner is, of course, Barbara; Herbert Dansey is her father; Edward Lingard the villain Lyston; and Henry Edwards plays the part of Dick Barry. Incidentally, Mr. Edwards is also the author of the play, which includes thrilling racing scenes and many beautiful settings. The film is an Ideal Exclusive in four parts, to be released on November 8th.

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FORWARD AND BACK THEY STRUGGLED.

HIGH TREASON

Adapted from the Gaumont Exclusive

By ALEC J. BRAID.

lover of his country should have such a scapegrace son. With a sigh he turned and sought his quarters. He must speak to Jules.

"My son," said his father a few minutes later, "we are living in critical times; no one knows when the storm will burst, yet you are as thoughtless as ever. Do you know that you are breaking your mother's heart?"

But Jules made no answer. Had the father witnessed his departure he would have realised that Jules paid no attention to fatherly counsel. He borrowed more money from his mother, and went straight to Du Vorchien's gambling club. It was not without a reason that Du Vorchien encouraged the young man's visits to "The Stag." The professional gambler was not playing a straight game with the officers who frequented his rooms.

Never a fortunate player, Jules plunged recklessly, and in the end found himself more than a thousand francs to the bad. This was serious, and he had resort to Du Vorchien, who lent him 1,225 francs upon an I O U. Soon he was again in difficulties, and reproached the gambler for his bad luck.

"You dare to threaten me?" cried Du Vorchien. "Supposing I paid the General a little friendly visit. What then, eh?"

"Your gambling club would be closed," replied Jules.

"And you would be drummed out of the regiment," retorted the gambler.

While this scene was taking place at the club the officer of the day called to see General Bleriot. The situation was becoming worse, and the Major did not feel altogether satisfied. It seemed to him that there was a leakage of information somewhere.

The General did not think so. He had great faith in the patriotism of his men. "No, no, Major," he said, "the officers and men are safe. They dare not betray their country; there is the penalty. And there are no exceptions. If my own son did wrong he would have to pay the penalty."

The following afternoon Jeffrey and Marie were together in the girl's home when Jules was announced. Both young men were in love with Marie, and Jules was conscious that his rival was preferred. This, however, did not prevent him putting his love to the test when Jeffrey had gone, to learn to his chagrin that Marie could not accept him. His pride was injured, and vowing to be even with Jeffrey for robbing him of the girl, he went to Du Vorchien's to see if fickle Dame Fortune would be more kind when he played roulette.

Early that evening Juniere, a special service messenger arrived at the town, and, unconscious that he was being followed, made his way to the General's house.

Jules, who had returned from "The Stag," from the window watched the

visitor hand his father a packet with the warning, "These papers contain valuable military secrets. You must guard them with your life."

When the visitor was gone General Bleriot was placing the papers in the drawer of the desk when a noise at the window attracted his attention. He sprang to the window, but too late to see Jules disappearing. For greater safety the General took the packet upstairs with him when he retired for the night and placed them under his pillow.

Following his usual custom, late in the evening Jules went to "The Stag." But the spy was before him. Juniere's visit was noted and its purport suspected. Now Du Vorchien had the opportunity of squaring his grudge against the father by entangling the son. Too long had the Commandant of the district hampered the progress of the club. Now there appeared to be a chance, not only of wiping out old scores, but also of making a bold stroke against France. Acting on behalf of the intolerant nation on the other side of the frontier, Du Vorchien gloried in the chance offered him.

He called Jules aside, and handed him a note which read "Unless the honour debt is paid to me within four and twenty hours, I shall be forced to unpleasant measures."

His "luck had been out" for such a time that it was certain Jules could not raise the money by the following evening. It was useless appealing to his father. He left the club bewildered and distressed.

What could he do? It was not a large sum, but he dared not risk exposure. The penalty of expulsion faced him. His father would not make an exception even in his case.

"Jules Bleriot, you are in trouble. I can help you out of it."

The voice was that of Du Vorchien's accomplice. He had followed Jules almost to the house, waiting until dejection had sapped the young officer's will-power before revealing himself.

"Who are you, and how can you help me?" inquired Jules.

"It does not matter who I am," was the reply. "I want those papers your father received to-night."

"You scoundrel!" cried Jules, springing at the dark figure before him. "How dare you make such an infamous suggestion?"

"Don't be foolish. Remember exposure is facing you, and everything can be straightened if you like. I will give you 2,000f. for those papers."

Having consented to steal the papers Jules imagined he had an easy task before him. Creeping stealthily into the room, he opened the drawer, and was astonished to find it empty. Even now it was not too late to desist from the

ON the slope of a hill overlooking the plains of Alsace stood a man and a maid. Down into the western sky the sun was sinking, and the tall trees bordering the hill were casting long shadows upon the corn below rapidly ripening to harvest. July was nearly spent, and the troublesome Near East was the source of misgiving to Lieutenant Jeffrey le Brand. He and the father of Marie, the bewitching little maid at his side, were officers of the frontier fort standing as a watch-tower against the German menace.

"Why are you so quiet, Jeffrey?"

"Because I do not like the look of things, sweetheart. That Sarajevo affair will certainly lead to war."

"But you are an officer. Surely you are not afraid?" replied the astonished girl.

"It is not fear, Marie, that oppresses me, but the knowledge of what modern warfare means. Neither do I fear the ultimate result. Yet I cannot bear to think of the awful misery war will entail," said Jeffrey, as he led the girl back to the town. "Good-bye till to-morrow, dearie. I am on duty within the hour, and the General must not find me late."

Pacing up and down the courtyard of the fort, General Bleriot cast anxious glances towards the frontier. Times were troublous, and many things more unlikely than war. All the more reason, then, to keep a watchful eye upon the defences, and to guard its secrets with unceasing vigilance. The old soldier stern, staunch, and unrelenting was proud of the trust reposed in him. Sparing neither himself nor the men under him, the keenness of the fort was a watchword along the frontier. The period of tension was severe, but the General did not flinch. In '70 his country did not find him wanting, and were the fateful days of 1914 to ask the same of him, he would be ready. But the General had a trouble nearer home than the international situation. His son Jules, lieutenant, was an out-and-out weakling—not, vicious, but weak. Strange that such a devotee to duty and

search, but the fear of exposure egged him on. In vain he searched the room. Perhaps, he thought, his father had taken the papers with him. So desperate had he become that he took the risk. Masking his face, he went into his father's bedroom, and as gently as possible inserted his hand under the pillow. The action aroused the old General, who sprang from the bed and grappled with the intruder. Forward and back they struggled until the General, seizing his sword, lunged at his opponent. Realising that his life was now at stake, Jules seized a heavy ornament and struck the old man. With a groan of anguish he subsided senseless to the floor, and Jules, seizing the packet, fled from the house.

He handed the papers to the spy, and, receiving the money, went to Du Vorchien, who gave him the I O U. To stop the bleeding of the wound in his arm, he bound it round with his handkerchief.

For hours General Bleriot lay unconscious. When he recovered he missed the papers, and gradually pieced together the incidents of the midnight struggle. To his wife he said, "I was robbed last night. My assailant was an officer. I saw his uniform. I wounded him in the arm, and he struck me on the head."

Then his wife remembered that she had heard Jules moving about in the night. But no, her boy would not rob his father.

"Whoever committed the theft will be shot as a spy," said the old soldier, fiercely.

At the fort the General sent for Juniere. "The papers you delivered to me last night were stolen by an officer. I wounded him in the left arm. We must go quietly to work." And to the Major he said, "Search for an officer with a wounded arm."

The morning had found Jules in a miserable and depressed condition. Now that the excitement of the night had gone, he realised the enormity of his offence, and began to scheme a way out. Supposing his father remembered that



THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE COURT-MARTIAL WERE BRIEF.

he had wounded his assailant in the arm! Upon whom could he cast suspicion? The thought of Jeffrey came uppermost. His brother officer had robbed him of the girl he loved, and now, perhaps, he could pay him out.

At least he could try. As he walked to the house he plotted to ruin his rival. Jeffrey and Marie were seated very closely together when he arrived, and an engagement-ring sparkling upon the hand of the girl confirmed his suspicions that she loved Jeffrey. The newcomer looked so unhappy that the lovers saw that something was wrong, and Marie left the two men alone.

"What is troubling you, Jules?" asked the other.

"Oh, things are rotten. I seem to have made a mess of everything," replied the schemer.

"Cheer up, man; keep a brave heart. We shall need all our strength presently," said the buoyant lover.

Suddenly Jules took a clasp-knife from his pocket. "I have nothing to live for," he cried, and was in the act of stabbing himself when Jeffrey sprang forward and received the point of the knife in his left forearm. Jules expressed his deep regret, and carefully bound up the other's wound. "Don't tell my father or mother," he said; it will break their hearts."

Then the villain went home, removed the bandage from his own arm, and hid his bloodstained handkerchief under clean linen in his wardrobe.

Meanwhile the officers of the garrison were individually called before the General, who, on one pretext or another, touched or seized the left arm of each one. As soon as Jeffrey reported for duty he was sent to the General, and almost shivered with pain as his arm was unexpectedly seized.

Remembering his promise to Jules, he offered no explanation when asked how he came by the wound, and was immediately arrested.

The proceedings at the court-martial were brief. To all the officers the wound was conclusive evidence of guilt, but Jeffrey would not say how it was inflicted.

"Lieutenant le Brand refuses to explain how he received a wound," said General Bleriot to his son.

"Your son might be able to explain it," replied Jeffrey.

"I cannot," said Jules, robbing his brother-officer of the last chance.

And Jeffrey le Brand, true to his promise to a man he believed was his friend, heard the President say that, found guilty of high treason, he would die at sunrise.

Jules' mother fought against the idea that Jules knew, at least, something of the theft. Her boy's manner had been so strange of late, and to-day he looked



"IS IT YOURS? SPEAK! TELL ME THE TRUTH!"

distraught. What was that premonition of disaster she could not shake off? Her mother's heart warned her that something was wrong. And here here in his wardrobe was a shirt with a slashed sleeve, and oh! merciful God! a blood-stained handkerchief.

"Dear Lord," she cried, falling on her knees, "send me a sign that Jules is not guilty."

"Jeffrey le Brand has been court-martialled and sentenced to death," said the General, as he came into the room.

"Thank God our boy would never disgrace us like that!" was the cry of the mother as she sobbed hysterically.

"Jules, I went to your wardrobe this afternoon, and found this bloodstained handkerchief. Is it yours? Speak! Tell me the truth!"

"Yes, mother," said the son as he knelt at her feet.

"Why did you do it, Jules?"

"I owed a large sum of money, and I yielded to temptation."

"Oh, my son!" cried the mother, as the words "To be shot at sunrise" came into her mind. "And Jeffrey is to die for your crime."

As of old, Jules laid his head on his mother's lap, and after her repeated:

"Our Father, Which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy will be done—."

"Remember, Jules, you are the son of a soldier; your duty is plain," said his mother, as her only son rose to go into his father's room. To his back her arms went out in mute appeal. Jules had decided to act the man, though it would cost him his life.

Clutching the fateful handkerchief, he threw it on the desk before the General, and, taking off his coat, revealed the wound.

"Jules! You the traitor!" said the horror-stricken father. "My son!"

"Save Jules! Oh! save him!" sobbed the mother.

"He will take Jeffrey le Brand's place in the morning," was the stern response as the General pressed the bell and summoned an escort.

"You cannot take my boy from me," cried the mother.

"Arrest Jules Bleriot," cried the General to the officer of the escort.

"Good-bye, my boy, good-bye!" said the broken-hearted mother, as she threw her arms round him.

"Is there no way for my boy to escape?" was the question that broke the awful silence after the tramp of the soldiers had passed.

"Yes; they will use blanks."

To save her heart from breaking the old man had told a lie. Alone, he suffered the tortures of the damned, for he knew it could not be. His wife believed that he would have blank cartridges substituted for bullets, and his son would simulate death and be allowed to leave the country. No, his son must pay the penalty. "Remember, there are no exceptions. If my own son did wrong he would have to pay the penalty." His own son! "Oh, God, the irony of it all!"

At sunrise hearts were mating as Jeffrey and Marie sat hand clasped in hand. At two of the windows nearest the fort stood father and mother listening for the sound of the rifles.

A sharp report pierced the air, and the General started as if the bullets had struck his heart.

"Thank God, our boy has escaped!" said the mother, as she smiled through her tears.

The stern old soldier had fallen asleep upon his desk. The strain of the awful night had worn him out. In his dreams Jules appeared and said to him—"Father, you were right;" and the father answered—"My boy understands, thank God for that!"

This stirring Trans-Atlantic drama in four reels will be released on November 15th by the Gaumont Film Hire Service. That fine actor William Welsh appears as the General; Allen Holubar the Son; Lillian Knott the Mother; and Hobart Nelson as Jeffrey.

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. IN AND OUT. OF THE STUDIO



RIFLEMAN FRED EVANS, alias "PIMPLE."

"Pimple" Pulls in Recruits.

WE have had a visit from Rifleman Fred Evans, whom everybody who has ever been to the cinema knows as "Pimple." He tells us that the 1st Surrey Rifles, which he has joined, contains a number of equally well-known men representing the stage and the boxing and sporting fraternity. For instance, Dick Burge is sergeant, and another sergeant is Ernie Barry (champion sculler of the world). In fact the 1st Surrey Rifles is so full of sportsmen that any recruits of sporting proclivities will find a welcome there, and be quite at home at once. "Pimple" tells us that his latest recruit is Frank Harvey, of the "Harvey Boys."

The Shoe that Wasn't Lucky.

MABEL NORMAND, the famous Keystone star, has been dangerously ill—in fact, her condition was so alarming that for several days she was not expected to live. Her illness is the result of injuries sustained while working in a Triangle comedy picture. She was accidentally struck by a heavy shoe in a burlesque wedding scene. Roscoe Arbuckle was the bridegroom, and the happy pair was given an unusual ovation of rice and shoes. One of the shoes was thrown with considerable force, and hit Miss Normand on the head, knocking her senseless. A physician was called, and he found her to be suffering from concussion of the brain. At the time of writing Miss Normand's condition has greatly improved.

Our Cover Portrait.

BEAUTIFUL Octavia Handworth has had a long and thorough training as an actress—six years of her professional life having been spent in pictures, and thirteen years on the legitimate stage. She was born in New York, but most of her girlhood days were spent in Copenhagen, Denmark, where she was educated in all the arts. When she returned to America she took a post-graduate course at the Brooklyn Conservatory of Music, and then did



"YES; THEY WILL USE BLANKS."

concert work. Lew Fields persuaded Miss Handworth to go on the stage, and gave her a part in one of the Webber and Field shows. From then on she played in very many dramatic productions. Six years ago Miss Handworth went into pictures, and discovered that the screen was the best medium of all for the expression of her artistic ideals. She has been in pictures ever since, and has played leading rôles in a number of different companies, not only in America, but in other countries as well.

Famous Comedian in British Films.

LUPINO LANE, the young comedian who is delighting audiences at the Empire Theatre in the *Watch Your Step* revue, is the latest recruit from the music-hall stage to "the pictures." On the stage he does a very comical Charlie Chaplin skit, this having become an essential feature of a successful revue, but in his own films he strikes out an entirely new line for himself. Mr. Lane is aiming at something really original and really British. There is no attempt to imitate the favourite style of the comedians of the moment. In his first comedy Mr. Lane appears as a typical dude, foppishly dressed, with a monocle and a bored expression, while in his second and a subsequent series, now in active preparation, the comedian adopts the rôle he has made so popular in his music-hall work - viz., that of an Eton boy named Nipper a perfect terror at home and at school. *Nipper's Busy Holiday* places beyond doubt the remarkable talent possessed by Lupino Lane for screen characterisation; it is really a first-rate comedy, and the next one of the series, *Nipper and the Curate*, should be equally acceptable.

Lupino Lane comes of the famous theatrical family who made their first appearance at Covent Garden in 1784, and for four generations the name Lupino has been associated with the pantomimic art:



LUPINO LANE, who is "making good" in his own John Bull films.

THE FUNNIEST MAN ON THE SCREEN



CHARLES CHAPLIN

Will soon be amusing millions of people in
an extremely funny Two Act Comedy,

Entitled—

"CHARLIE AT WORK"

The principal parts are played by Charles Chaplin and a Pail of Whitewash, and such a partnership, as might be expected, is productive of indescribably funny results. Charlie's sentimental passages with the pretty servant, Charlie's amateur efforts to repair a stove subject to explosions, and Charlie's great scenes with the Pail of Whitewash will keep all spectators in
:: :: a roar of laughter. :: ::

If you do not see "Charlie at Work" announced
at your local theatre, ask the manager to show it.

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The Return of Popular "Lucille Love."

"THE BROKEN COIN"

Trans-Atlantic Serial. Episode 1. 2,000ft. approx. Rel. Nov. 29.

Don't fail to visit your local theatre on November 29th to see
"The Broken Coin," Trans-Atlantic's next wonderful serial. In
it you will see your old favourites Grace Cunard and Francis Ford
in their most famous characters of "Lucille Love" and "Hugo
Loubet." "The Broken Coin" is the most thrilling, most
wonderful serial ever made. It tells how "Lucille Love" wins a
throne for herself in the kingdom of Corona, after experiencing
a series of the most amazing adventures ever
shown on the screen. There will be twenty-two
weekly episodes, the first of which will be released
November 29th. This is a serial you mustn't miss
on any account, so don't forget the date on which
it will be released.

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Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

The Best War Tonic

You can take to keep you from feeling unduly and
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This advice is especially good if you go to see EDISON
PLAYS. There is something about Edison Plays so
satisfying and helpful that you can charm away many
an otherwise dull time by going to see them. You
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clever, capable, and charming players.

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THE BREAKS OF THE GAME

(Released October 18th)

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

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"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 8. HIS RIVAL.

ALFRED CHARLES AUGUSTUS JACKSON
had a feminine attraction—

At least he laboured under that delusion;



When he fell in love
with Mabel, he ima-
gined he'd be able
To bring her to the re-
quisite conclusion.

So he popped the ques-
tion boldly, but she
snubbed him very
coldly,

And covered him with
comfortless confusion.

But the lad was persevering on the course
that he was steering,

And thought perhaps if only he could get her
To attend him to the "Palace," that her
inclinations cailous

Might modulate themselves to something
better.

Though he shuddered at the prices of the
chocolates and ices,

Yet he'd risk it—so he asked her in a letter.

For a month they went together, quite
regardless of the weather.

One evening, in a moment of distraction,
He repeated, as they waited, what he'd
previously stated—

To marry her would give him satisfaction.

But she cried: "You stupid fellow! When

I'm smiled on by Costello,

Do you fancy I could fancy Alfred Jackson?"

"BRIAN.

DAVISON

THE BRITISH AGENT



REAL BRITISH HUMOUR!

LUPINO LANE

in "NIPPER'S BUSY HOLIDAY."

Produced by the John Bull Film Company.

151-153 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Films you should make a point of seeing.

In the Barber Shop. Take a war tonic, in other words go and see this picture of Raoul Barré's, which is one of his series of comedy cartoons. It is something quite new, a perfect rib-tickler which in these dark days and darker nights, must appeal to all.

—Edison comedy, 875 feet (Nov. 11).

FRAUDS. Another great detective drama. Charming Edna Mayo as a girl detective. To trap blackmailers she joins the gang, and whilst with them meets a wealthy bachelor. The gang endeavour to obtain a large sum from him. The cheque is made out, and how they fail to get the money is shown in this fine dramatic picture. Bryant Washburn plays opposite Miss Mayo and, of course,

makes an admirable hero.

—Lasky drama, three reels (Nov. 1).

LIVES IN THE JUNGLE. Another of the famous Selig Zoo pictures, in which tigers and leopards are conspicuous. Annie McLean, whose father is sick, goes to the Mission for medicine. She gets lost in the jungle and is captured by natives. Holden and his hunters enter the McLean home and find that the father is better; the little brother tells them where the sister has gone, and, setting out to search, they rescue her from the native chief.

Selig drama, 1,014 feet (Nov. 1).

THE FORECAST. A vision of torture and vengeance unites two lovers in this film, where Forrest Keene, a rich bachelor, adopts his nephew, who falls in love with the pretty housekeeper. Forrest refuses to consent to the marriage. He has a horrible dream, in which he imagines his nephew murders him because of his objection to the match. The old man awakes to find it only a dream and happily unites the lovers. Ed. Coxen plays the nephew, in itself sufficient recommendation.

—Flying "A" drama, 995 feet (Nov. 22).

A QUEEN OF KNAVES. A thrilling detective drama, in which Olga, an adventuress, and her partner nearly succeed in a big jewel robbery. Under the pretence that she wants her husband to see the jewels, she persuades the jeweller to let an assistant accompany her with them to her husband's house. Instead of taking him home, she leads him to a doctor's, telling the doctor that he is her mad brother. Detectives get on the track, and after a deal of hard work Olga and her partner are captured as they are leaving the country.

Nordisk drama, three reels, coming.

A MAD MAID OF THE FOREST.—An extraordinary but none the less interesting story. A doctor whilst hunting mistakes a mad girl in the woods for a deer and fires. He takes her to his lodge to be nursed, and after an operation her memory is restored. He proposes, but she refuses, telling him that she shot a man who betrayed her sister. Eventually, however, they are married, and when the doctor's brother brings his wife on a visit the girl discovers the man she had shot and her sister. Gene Gauntier and Jack Clark are the principals in this intensely moving drama.

—101 Bison (Trans-Atlantic), 1,945 feet (Nov. 4).

SNOBS. Like all Lasky films, it's fine. A satirical comedy, well acted and produced. No slapstick, knockabout business about this. The story shows how a lawyer, receiving word from his solicitors that he must find the heir of a duke, discovers the heir in the capacity of a milkman. The lawyer plans a marriage between the milkman and his daughter before he breaks the news of the so-called milkman's wealth. They are married, and enter society, but the poor milkman feels out of place, so returns to his former employment. He returns to his estate, however, when his wife promises to teach him the ways of society.

Jessie L. Lasky comedy (Oct. 25).



A TRAGEDY IN PICTURE-LAND.

FIRST STAR: "George proposed to me last night, my dear."

SECOND STAR: "Yes; he told me he was going to do something desperate when I refused him."

Judge.




PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS.

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SCREENED STARS

OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the sixth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 10s each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the sixth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

 <p style="text-align: center;">4</p>	 <p style="text-align: center;">TATE & SUGAR</p>
 <p style="text-align: center;">Ford</p>	 <p style="text-align: center;">Lockwood</p>
 <p style="text-align: center;">Rock</p>	 <p style="text-align: center;">Dawn</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Rich</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Costella</p>

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Reader Acts "Down Under."

"I thought you might be interested to know that a little girl friend of mine, who used to read your paper a great deal when she was in England, is now playing for films in New Zealand. She writes and tells me that she loves playing for pictures, and it is not a bit like work.

VIOLET G. (Hendon).

The Temple Love-scene.

"In the issue for September 4th last, under the heading of 'Our Letter-bag,' appeared a letter from A. W. S. (Clapham), who saw a little love-scene acted in front of the fountain in the Temple, E.C., and thought he recognised the lady as being Chrissie White. He was inquiring after the title of the film, so that he could be able to see it screened. Perhaps the following will interest my fellow-reader:—Hepworth have just reproduced Sir A. W. Pine's *Sweet Lavender*, and some parts of the story take place in the Temple. The cast includes Chrissie White, as 'Sweet Lavender,' Alma Taylor as 'Ruth,' and Henry Ainley as 'Dick Phenyl.' The film has been acquired by the London Independent Film Company, of 4, Denman Street, W., who would, no doubt, let him know if the film is to be shown in the S.W. district."

B. M. V. (Walworth).

We Are So Sorry for Him.

"What would you say to a man who denounces pictures and picture-palaces as altogether demoralising physically and mentally? The man I know says they injure the eyes, and are bad in that they give the children 'ideas.' He regards me with pitying contempt because I love pictures and picture-players, and declares he wouldn't be found dead in a cinema. I have tried to make him come, have asked him how he dares condemn without seeing them, but he persists in his obstinate opinions. Now I like this person, and I am sorry that he should lose one of the greatest pleasures yet devised by man. He cannot discern the difference between cheap melodrama and good, sound sentiment. All pictures are condemned by him, he warns everybody to avoid them, and, since he is considered an authority, his words have effect. What can I say to convince him of the good effect pictures have had in improving the taste of all 'goers' so that they know a good thing when they see it. I hate people to state opinions on things before sampling them, don't you?"

W. B. W. (Watford).

Can British Actresses be Natural?

"I was glad to see in this week's 'Pictures' that people are asking for more English films. I quite agree with the letter written by M. O. (Birmingham). I have been watching a class of English cinema students, and seen some splendid acting once they had overcome the English reserve and nervousness. I am a cinema-artist myself, and although not in any way attractive in face, but good general appearance, very active, full of wit, and strong in acting, still I do not expect to rise very high in the cinema world unless more interest is taken in English girls. I feel sure I could do far better than half I see in some films, where the real, natural side of acting is not seen at all. They are either too far-fetched, perfect rubbish, or the artistes are not serious enough in their work, and are unnatural. I noticed in some films last week where the girls who were playing serious parts, and where there was a fine chance for them to show the gift of changing expressions, laughing to themselves, yet trying to keep a straight face. Of course such a film is not worth seeing. I have heard dozens of such remarks passed. I think it is time the English awoke to the fact that they can be and will try to be equal to our foreign friends."

D. M. (London).

ENTRY

NAME

6th

FORM.

ADDRESS

Set.

Fashionable Frocks in Films

ON this page is a picture of one of the latest "pudding-basin" hats. It is composed of deep delphinium-blue plush, having the new roll brim effect and the divided crown. A very chic appearance is produced by the large wings, which are shaded from a powder-blue to black. Minus these wings the hat is ideal for a windy day.

Talking of millinery, have you ever noticed how very particular all American film stars are concerning their outfits? Their modes have to be arranged so that six months after the film has been played the frocks will still be *à la mode*. Colours also have to be taken into consideration when choosing a "film" frock—white, for instance, is not usually chosen, as it produces a shimmering, blurred effect. Pale blue, pink, and lemon colours always look well. Perhaps one of the best-dressed film-players is Jackie Saunders, of the Balboa Company—her frocks and hats are always perfect in every detail. Little Violet Mercereau is another lady who knows just what to wear and how to wear it. Thick satins, flimsy nuns, rich brocades are all made more beautiful by the charm of the wearer. In a coming film—*The Wolf of Debt*—Violet will wear some of the most scrumptious frocks it has ever been your luck to see. One is of shaded rose-colour brocaded satin, trimmed with gold lace and a chain of gold beads. It is very bouffant,

and will look lovely on the slim figure of the wearer. Another is of a pale lavender brocade, trimmed with net and chiffon, with a scallop bodice. But it is the exquisite border gown which will make you fairly green with envy. It has a temptation of orange satin covered with a pale shade of the same colour in chiffon, while an elaborately embroidered skirt reaches to the ankles. A very neat morning frock is one of navy-blue satin trimmed with yards and yards of blue net edged with narrow bands of satin.

Film-Players as Leaders of Fashion.

Films, besides being a pleasure, are also instructive for one may feel quite certain that frocks and hats worn by the well-known actresses are almost sure to be the latest, and will probably prove the prevailing fashion for the coming season. *Pathé's Animal Gazette* usually includes several feet of film entirely devoted to the latest Parisian and New York fashions. These are specially released to please the feminine portion of the audience. Glorious creations worn by beautiful mannequins are sure to make a hit with the female heart, for no matter what woman it is there is always the love for art in dress, and even if she herself cannot prove altogether artistic she likes to see it in other people. Personally I feel quite disappointed when the *Gazette* comes to an end and I have seen no fashions. Quite a number of times I have worn frocks and hats designed after those I have seen on the film, and given a full description of it to my modiste. M. B.



A chic Paris model (from *Pathé's Animal Gazette*), showing the new "roll" brim and divided crown effect.

"Stupendous in its musical and dramatic magnitude."—PICTURES.
"Stirring and vivid."—THE TIMES.
"Enthralling."—THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.
"This crowning achievement."—EVENING NEWS.
"Epoch-making."—ENCORE.
"A wonderful triumph."—THE SPHERE.
"A marvel of realism."—THE REFEREE.
"Intensely interesting."—SUNDAY CHRONICLE.
"To be seen by all, whether young or old."—SUNDAY TIMES.
"An epic poem in living pictures."—WEEKLY DISPATCH.

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"THE LAST ONE!"

Daddy's been eating them!"

EVEN "grown-ups" never grow out of a liking for the toothsome Mackintosh's. And as for the kiddies—well, give them some coppers and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.

Toffee-de-Luxe.

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."



Mint-de-Luxe.

Just Toffee-de-Luxe, eminently blended with real English Mithchen Peppermint.

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LOOK at the great names included in its list of authors. Mr. H. G. Wells, England's most brilliant man of letters, describes "Why Britain went to War"; Sir Gilbert Parker, the spokesman of Great Britain, tells of "The Rally of the Empire"; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the incomparable creator of Sherlock Holmes, explains "How the Boer War prepared us for the Great War"; Mr. A. G. Hales, the brilliant Australian war correspondent, contributes many vivid pen pictures from the battlefields; and other writers of national prominence tell in glowing story the heroisms of the great episodes of the war, that make us proud of our race and of the gallant Allies with whom we claim the kinship of arms. Then the work contains a concise but vivid history of the war, quite free from the technicalities so loved by experts, but making the purpose of the great military movements plain to the non-technical reader.

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1 P.P.

GOSSIP AND EDITORIAL



THEY KNOW HOW TO DO THINGS IN AMERICA.

Behold how an American exhibitor recently advertised the film *The Two Orphans* in the streets of his city.

I KNOW now who the winning players are, but I must not tell you yet. The list is not quite complete, but next week's issue will contain the full result of our greatest Foreign Artists contest. Irregular readers should not be satisfied in just hoping to get a copy, but should give a definite order to a newsagent now and avoid disappointment. PICTURES goes out of print every week. It is thanks only to a few "returns" that we are able to supply back issues.

Light in our Darkness.

Although the streets at night were recently made darker than ever, business at the picture theatres in suburban London is still brisk and bright. At my own local cinema it is as difficult to get a seat at nine o'clock as it was in October before the war. I verily believe that if people had to be led through the streets aided only by pocket flash-lamps they would still flock to the pictures. And as for Zeppelins—as a West-end drama-house poster put it last week—"Who cares?"

Britain's Rest Cure.

There is no gainsaying the fact that "Britain's rest cure in war time is the picture show." I quote the words which, printed in big type, appeared on one of the Hepworth tube posters, and continued with—"Even in the thrilling days of an advance, the nation still needs its rest cure. Nothing like it was ever available before—two hours of clean, cheerful recreation that is true to life—recreation that rests and relieves a nerve-strained nation." Fine corroboration of this appeared in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, in which the writer, a well-known American, concluded that the secret (and it might almost be said the cause) of Serbia's present slovenliness and despondency is the entire lack of amusement. Nothing greater could be done, he wrote, on behalf of Serbia than to provide picture theatres.

Studio Whispers.

From Hepworth's I hear that *The White Hope*, a version of Mr. Troubridge's famous novel, is ready, and that the novelist himself will review it before it is shown to the public. Another picture coming up has been written by Alma Taylor, and includes some fine Devon scenery, particularly a scene in which the heroine in her fever wanders along the edge of a mountain stream. It is rumoured at the studio that several short comedies have been produced during odd waits in big productions. Two such were *Miss Deceit* and *Wife the Weaker Vessel*. They are both going strong—a sure proof that spare moments are golden opportunities for little pictures.

Famous Authors—and Others.

The craze of the moment among British and American manufacturers seems to be the filming of well-known novels. I could quote dozens of famous authors whose works have already received film attention, and "picture" playwrights

must be anxiously wondering where, on earth, or rather where on screen, they are coming in. The fact, too, that so many stage plays are also being screened will not comfort them. It goes to prove, of course, that there is no room for rubbish, inasmuch as only tip-top scenarios are ever likely to be considered by the best firms. In this respect the Turner Company's announcement on another page is worth attention.

The Lure of the Pictures.

For a long time past American managers of regular theatres have been growing uneasy because the once-despised cinema has gradually drained the stage of its prominent artistes. The bait of big salaries is too irresistible to even the biggest "stars," and one by one they have succumbed to the lure of the pictures. The full list of stage favourites now acting for films would be an eye-opener, and although Sir Herbert Tree recently denied the rumour, I understand that our greatest English actor is really going out to Los Angeles, the world's busiest studio, to undertake a series of film-plays.

A New Screen Daredevil.

I have had a peep at six of the twenty episodes of *The Broken Coin*, the new Trans-Atlantic serial, which features Grace Cunard as "Lucille Love" and Francis Ford as "Hugo Lombard," and found it quite in accordance with the wonderful publicity which this serial is getting. Eddie Polo as Hugo's accomplice, is conspicuous as the most remarkable fighter I have ever seen on the screen or anywhere else. His happiest moments apparently are when he is knocking down men like ninepins and hurling others over his back as if they were cardboard dummies. I believe it is Eddie's first picture. He is a daredevil of the first water, and I hope to deal with him again and publish his portrait in a later issue.

A Novelty in "Serials."

I am informed by Trans-Atlantic that the successor to *The Broken Coin* will be something quite new in so far as film serials are concerned. It is to be produced in fifteen parts, each part being written by a different author. The idea, I know, has been carried out before in fiction form, but not, I believe, on the screen. It is a good one, and cannot fail to excite the curiosity of the picture patron, who will always want to see how the next man has "followed it up." F. D.



DON'T ON ANY ACCOUNT
FAIL TO SEE CHARMING

BETTY NANSEN

IN THE MARVELLOUS FOUR
PART ROMANTIC DRAMA

"A REVOLUTION
MARRIAGE"

THIS wonderful picture is a dramatic and photographic masterpiece. It cannot fail to thrill you through and through with sheer delight. Tell your cinema manager he must book it if he wants to retain your patronage!

Turner Films

"Pictures made
for You."



OUR POLICY.

For the present we have decided to make only pictures based on famous novels and plays, because everything points to the fact that this type of picture appeals most strongly to all classes of the public.

As a consequence we are not likely to be able to use any scenarios sent to us in the ordinary course. Although all these are carefully read, only a plot of exceptional merit could at present stand a chance of acceptance. When we are again in the market for plots we shall not neglect to announce the fact.

Look out for our coming Productions — those announced last week, and others.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Now that we have settled down in our new offices I hope to be able to give more time to our very own page. Not that I have ever neglected it; but you can have no idea what a lot of time it takes to conduct our little competitions. But cosy surroundings should make the work lighter and brighter.

A little girl of three years, a real niece of mine, ordered me the other day to take her to the pictures. She asked so prettily that I could not resist the little darling's request. It was her first visit, and, needless to state, it will not be her last. "Oo must take me every week, Uncle," she lisped, after reaching home again. "Weenie likes pictures; they make Weenie laugh." And laugh she did. She made me believe that the knockabout comic, which under ordinary circumstances I should hardly notice, was really funny. A drama, however, made her quite serious. She could not understand why the "naughty German" should "soot" a little child, and the "lovmaking" was apparently too silly for words. She absolutely ignored it. A picture which showed a child playing with kittens, a big, close-up view, fascinated my little sweetheart more than anything else, and in her quaint way she has raved about kittens ever since.



JOAN MORGAN, THE TEN-YEAR-OLD STAR.

Joan Morgan is, I believe, the youngest English film star. Although only ten years of age, she has played the leading character in a British production called *Light*. In this film Joan was the "Messenger"—a golden-haired, angel-like little girl who enters mysteriously into the life of the rich man and his erring wife, and by her presence dispels the clouds which had gathered between

them. The "Messenger" disappears and enters the dismal home of the rich man's ne'er-do-well brother, and after she has transformed it by her shining presence she succeeds in bringing the two brothers together again after years of estrangement. You will guess that it must be a difficult part for a child so young to undertake and it is; but little Joan accomplished it with remarkable power. She is a born screen-actress, and as such should have a brilliant career before her.

Some of the longest and most interesting of my readers' letters have come from Margaret Bridger, of Brighton, who is famous for her poetry. One or two of her poems have been printed on this page. She sends me another inspired by a great recruiting effort in Brighton the other day, and asks me to print it. "Why shouldn't the dear PICTURES gain some recruits, and have a PICTURES Battalion?" she asks. I print the verses in the hope that big brothers who have not yet made up their minds whether to enlist or not may now do so.

I WONDER.

I wonder who was the first British man
Who answered his country's call;
Who left his home, his love, his friends,
To fight for his King—or fall?
I wonder how the others feel
Who haven't done *their* lot.
Who don't walk in the rank and file,
And for khaki care no jot?
And just think in the years to come,
If their children should inquire,
Dada, did *you* do your bit
When the Huns used liquid fire?

I wonder what Dada will say
When the question's put to him?
Oh! go in, you stalwart fellows;
Please help us all to win!
MARGARET S. BRIDGER.

Margaret is so happy because her Billie (a Boy-Scout) has typed the whole of her poems over thirty. She says Billie also reads this page, and is so good, and so nice, and well, if he's as nice as Margaret he must be, so there!

In No. 86 I published the picture of a cowboy who had left the back of a kicking horse for the top of some thistles, and asked for a title. A great number of replies came in, but the best were nothing to write to mamma about. Here are a few: His Country Seat A Rejected Remount—A Reely Sudden Downfall A Reel Adventure The Fall of a Star Thistle Down From Bad to Worse—The Rider's Rough Seat—The Highland Fling—Hard Hit—Straight to the Point He Stuck to the Thistles if not the Horse—Beaten on Points and Not Tom Mix. The two prizes go to: G. Montagu Jeffries, Hopfield Lodge, Hanwell, W.; Nora Hegan, 838, Oldham Road, Newton Heath, Manchester.

AWARD OF MERIT: Nellie Bush (Thornton Heath), A. Allen (Ashford), A. Crick (Desborough), J. Coral (Commercial Road), E. S. Dale (Macclesfield), Isabell Procter (Kilburn), B. Hegan (Manchester), Lena Stanley (Burnley), D. Powley (Birmingham), B. Jones (Nantymoel), G. Nash (Bristol), A. Powell (Liverpool).

SPECIAL PRIZE:—Betty Jones (Nantymoel), Alan Wood (Halifax).

PRIZES FOR A CINEMA CONUNDRUM.

Do you like riddles? Yes, I know you do. The last one brought a deluge of replies, so here is another one:—

1. What is the difference between a mouse and a popular cinema actress?

Write your answers on a postcard, address it to "Riddle," PICTURES, 85, Long Acre, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, November 1st. In addition to the Award of Merit for some of the competitors, there are four ripping little war charms waiting to be posted by.

UNCLE TIM.



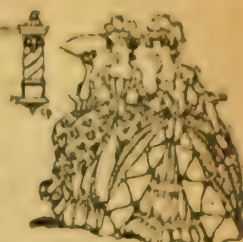
(Le Rire.

FAIR CUSTOMER: "I should like to be taken with my hat and sunshade."
PHOTOGRAPHER: "I take ze photograph, madam, first with your clothes, and zen without, to see which is best."



REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. Address THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



Blackpool.—Address Elisabeth Riston, c/o London Film Co., St. Margarets, near Twickenham. Casto: "Jane Shore" (Barker); "Edward IV." Roy Travers; "Matthew Shore," Robert Purdie; "William Shore," Ned on Phillips; "Lord Hastings," Tom Macdonald; "Richard, Duke of Gloucester," Rolfe Leslie; "Mistress Winstead," Jane's Father, Tom Cowen; "Garth the Bard," Frank Melrose; "Warwick the Kingmaker," Fred Pitt; "Margaret," Dora de Winton; "Queen Elizabeth," Maud Yates; "Dane Winstead" (Jane's Mother), Rachael de Solla; "Jane Shore," Blanche Forsythe. What you see in PICTURES you can rely upon.

L. C. (Marg. tel).—"Too Much Uncle" (Vitagraph): "Uncle Joe," Albert Record; "Henry" (his nephew), Ralph Ince; "Billy" (Henry's friend), Billy Quirk; "Grace," Anita Stewart; "Emily," Lina Lee. We do not reply by post.

WINNIE (Cambridge).—We have postcards of V. Pslander, but none of Allan Forrest. Keystone do not publish their casts. Glad you like our Portrait Gallery. We rather fancy it ourselves.

PAT (Peterborough).—Warren Kerrigan plays for Trans-Atlantic. We published a fine portrait of him in Mexican costume on the cover of No. 71. Thanks for kind letter: write again, Pat.

AMY (Sutton-in-Ashford).—In Hepworth's "Lancashire Lass" Alma Taylor, Stewart Rome, and John McAndrews played leads. The other casts are unobtainable. We have no photo-buttons of Anderson or Chaplin. Delighted to hear of your success in getting us new readers. May the power of your elbow never grow less.

PHYLLIS (Cheltenham).—Cast of "Jealousy" (Thanlonser) is: "Arthur Compton," Arthur Ashby; "Ruth," Peggy Burke; "George" (a rival), A. Young; "John," Sid White. R. Fielding played lead in "The Regenerating Love."

VI. (Hammer Smith).—"Rags," featuring Mary Pickford, will be released on Nov. 1st. Margarita Fischer is now, we understand, with Essanay. Glad you are doing your bit in the Great War. We shall be pleased to see you when you are passing. Note our new address is 85, Long Acre, W.C.

JAMES (Liverpool).—Sorry we overlooked the story of "A Million Bid." "Runny's Little Brother"—"His Brother," Jay Dawgins; "Flora," Flora Finch; "Flora's Sister," Edvina Robbins; "Dr. Shrinkum," Jack Bulger. The others are not available.

MARION (Accrington).—Congratulations on winning the cup, and many happy returns of your birthday, Marion. We trust that your hope to "not feel such a kid" was realised. "The Wishing Ring" was produced by the Clarion Co., and Vivian Martin played lead in it. Neva Gerber was the girl in "Life's Staircase," a Beauty film. Have sent your love to the players you mention, and kept the lump of kisses for ourselves. Et très bonne aussi.

EDITH (Shaw).—We have postcards of Hobart Henley and Cleo Madison—both play for Trans-Atlantic. Cleo would, we think, reply to a letter from you. Her address is given above. Are you star hunting? See page 78.

TORMENT (Eastleigh).—Sorry, dear boy, we know of no situation suitable for you. The Gannett Co. is French. Address Balboa Feature Film Co., Long Beach, California, U.S.A. Thanks for kind wishes and photo.

PEARL (Eastbourne).—So sorry we have not got the information you want. Better luck next time. Give us a call when you are next in town, and see us in our new offices.

EMILY (Plymouth).—We have no postcards of Tom and Oaen Moore. The rumours you have heard are not correct. Have sent your love to them and Warren Kerrigan.

JAMES P. F. (Oxford).—Vol. VIII. is now ready, and can be had from PICTURES, Limited, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., price 3s. 9d. post-free. As your friend wishes to have his bound, we can supply him with the index only, price 2d.

H. A. (Maidz Vale).—Address Tom Macdonald, c/o Broadwest Film Studio, Esber, Surrey. We have no postcards of him.

NANCY (Barnham).—Keystone do not publish their casts, which is a pity. So sorry you do not get good films down your way. Is there a picture palace on Osea Island yet, or at Stone?

D. H. (New Eltham).—Any newspaper can get you the American magazines you want for English money. You may rely upon the information given in PICTURES being the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We quoted part of your letter in our No. 82 issue.

ROSEY (Enfield).—"Report of Houtzan" (London Film Co.).—"Rudolph Rassendyll and Rudolph V. of Ruritania," Henry Ainley; "Report of Houtzan," Gerald Ames; "Queen Flavia of Ruritania," Jane Gail; "Colonel Supt," Chas. Rock; "Count Rischenheim" (Report's cousin), George Betany; "Lieutenant Bernenstein," Warwick Wellington. Thank you, Rowena, for getting us new readers; don't stop.

DOROTHY (St. John's Wood).—After reading your letter very carefully we too think you ought to return to school for a little longer, and when you are a few years older, Dorothy dear, you will say we were quite right, and not horrid as you perhaps think now.

HAZEL AND BEAT (West Bromwich).—It does not follow that because two players always act together in love scenes they are engaged or married to each other; in the case you mention we do not think they are. Glad to welcome you.

SMUT AND POPCORN (Manchester).—Ten pages, and we read all too! It is more than likely that you would get replies from some of the players if you wrote them, provided, of course, you did not give them ten pages. The Answers Man's age is an unfathomable secret.

STELLA (Chapman).—Frankie Mann is Donald Hall's wife and she plays for Trans-Atlantic. King Baggot and Leah Bard are married. The other information is unobtainable.

JESSIE (Wimbledon).—If you send your full address, the Postcard Manager will send you, free, our new list of cards on sale. The souvenir booklets of Barnaby Rudge and Mary Pickford's Film Life can be had, price 2d. each, from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C. Address Florance Turner, c/o Turner Films, Ltd., Walton-on-Thames.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE (Leeds).—We have six different postcards of Charlie Chaplin price 7d., post-free. The rumours you have heard are quite untrue, Willie. Read PICTURES for safety.

H. R. (Brenley).—If you will repeat your question, giving the name of the company producing the film, we will do our best for you. Thank you for introducing PICTURES to your friends.

BESSIE (Winchester).—The Normand given in our postcard list is Monsieur Normand of Pathé Company, not Mabel Normand—we have no postcards of her at present.

G. B. (Birmingham).—Our publishers are out of print of the number you want. Thanks for newspaper cuttings: the statement that 18,000 horses and 3,000 performers appear in "The Birth of a Nation" is of course absurd—it should be the other way about—18,000 performers and 3,000 horses—as we published it. You can always rely on PICTURES, G. B.

MARY (London, N.).—Is 16 years old and can ride, drive, swim, and cycle, and aspires to cinema acting. These qualifications would no doubt be useful. You should apply to any of the British companies, if a personal introduction can be obtained, so much the better.

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FRANK (Dorby).—Sorry we cannot get what you want; it was not published. There is a lot of the name, Frank Regular Reader.

M. E. T. (Nottingham).—We rejoice with you, and your dear one's return from the war and hope he will soon be "in the pink" once more. As he is able to write poetry we presume his words are not serious. We are full up at present with poems.

THE INQUISITIVE KID (Birmingham).—We thank all we sent in our last reply to you, so we are your friends. The addresses we publish of companies will find any of the players attached to them. Some film players object to their personal affairs being published; others don't care a brass button one way or another. "The Master of the House" (Kay-Bee).—"Guy Winston," Richard Stanton, "Eustace Henington," Arthur Maude; "Lois," Rhea Mitchell; "Mrs. Henington," Ida Lewis. Addresses: "Lubin Film Co., 24th Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, U.S.A.," Thomas A. Edison Co., Desautel and Oliver Street, Bronx, New York. Have sent your love to Louisa Huff and Violet Mercereau. You do live up to your *nom de plume*.

PATRI (Pontypool).—We have no postcards of Henry Ainley or Thomas Santachi. We cannot say who are the wedded partners of the players you mention. Have sent your love to Alma Taylor and Stewart Rome, and we have taken the rest as desired. Your heart with an arrow through it is touching indeed.

HERBERT (Ashtedau der Lyne).—"The Million Dollar Mystery" (Thanbousery).—"Florence," Flo La Badie; "Countess Olga," Margaret Snow; "Brain," Frank Farrington; "Jim Norton," James Cruze; "Jones," (Butler), Sidney Bracy; "Stanley Hargreaves," Alfred Norton; "Susan," Lila Chester. We have postcards of Frank Farrington, Sidney Bracy, Grace Cunard, Victoria Ford, and Ruth Stonehouse, but not of Eleanor Woodruffe. Thanks for wishes.

MARGIT-ANNE (S. Wales).—You have our sincere sympathies, and we hope brighter days are in store for you. Address Carlyle Blackwell, c/o Jesse L. Lasky Co., Long Acre Theatre, New York City, U.S.A.

HUMS HESLOPIAN (Liverpool).—You may get a reply from Charlie Chaplin. We cannot tell from your photo if your "face is good enough for the movies." It's talent that is going to tell, Jon. When you grow up we hope you will attain your ambition. Address players of the Vitagraph Co., The Vitagraph Co., East 15th St. and 100 East Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Of course you may write again.

SYBIL (Cathcart).—Victoria Forde played lead in "Leading Lizzie Astray" (Nestor). Keystone do not publish their films. Much obliged for your promise to obtain new readers for PICTURES; they will love you and so will we.

IVY (Watford).—Your month's holiday makes our month water. What a grand time you had camping out. The back number you wanted is out of print, but it is in the bound volume (VIII.), now ready, price 3s 9d. from this office. Minta Durtice played in "When Love took Wings." Max Figgman and Loita Robertson played leading parts in "What's His Name?" (Lasky). We look upon you as an old friend, Ivy.

WHITE ROOK (Dalston).—Glad you liked the postcards: we have a grand selection, and hope soon to have some of the others you want. Our Screened Stars Competition seems to be very popular; go in and win. There are no postcards of the Answers Man. He won't be photographed.

ETHEL (West Ham).—"The Passing of Diana" (Vitagraph).—"Rodney Miller," Jas. Morrison; "Geoffrey Brooke," Anders Randolph, "Cleo," Dorothy Kelly; "Eva," Marie Jemer.

BERT (Loughton).—If you get only a super's position in one of the British studios and show talent the producer may soon pick you out for a better part. We don't advise our readers to pay fees unless they are sure the school is a genuine one.

ANDY (Edinburgh).—We think Kathlyn Williams is the Selig player you mean. You can of course write to the film companies suggesting a book you consider suitable for filming; but the fact of it being similar to one already filmed might not be a recommendation.

PHILIP (Birmingham).—We have no postcards of Vivian Martin or Cliff Kimball Young. The name you require is not available. Glad you liked the postcards.

L. C. (Southampton).—Cleo Madison took two parts ("Judith" and "Rose") in "The Troy of Hearts." Address Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 20th Street, New York City. The cast was not published.

NIMBY (Bristol).—Marguerite Clark is 15 years old, and we don't think she is married. Have sent her and Mary Pickford your love. We like types written letters, Nibby.



HANK MANN AND A HAMMER. Our postcard of the Trans-Atlantic L-KO Comedian.

M. C. S. (Sameplace).—Yes, we heard your playing at the Empire, and congratulate you. It was all that we could wish for, and ought to lead to plenty of engagements.

JOSH (Richmond).—Our special offer of fourteen cards for 1s. is still open. The dinky little gilt Souvenir War Album for bracelet or chain can be supplied for 1s. Hurry up before they are all gone. Josh. Note our new address is 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

MAVE (Fullham).—Nothing definite has yet been announced about the Exhibition at Olympia. The Neptune Studio is at Boreham Woods, Herts.

W. S. (Bolton).—Address the Turner Films, Ltd., Walton-on-Thames, and next time you write us don't forget to put your full name and address according to rule, there's a good boy (or girl).

EDITOR'S PAL (Baywater).—Sorry we cannot tell you where the film is being shown. Thanks for photo. May we take a cherry, *Cherie*?

BERTIE (Wealdstone).—Yes! comedians do use grease-paint, but it is No. 5—a yellow make-up. No fear of it becoming patchy.

NIL DESPERANDUM (Kettering).—The company mentioned died for want of breath long ago. Do you mean Victoria Forde? Marion Leonard is now playing for Knickerbocker. We think the dark girl you mention is Flora Zabelle.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W. C.
Telephone—Gerrard 2595.

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SMILES

THE other day we heard of a cook who is so handsome she mashes the potatoes by looking at them.

At the Pictures.

MABEL (aged five): "Who was Joan of Arc, Teddy?"

TEDDY: "Noah's wife!—don't ask so many questions."

Postponed.

VISITOR (hungry): "And at what time do you have dinner, my little friend?"

TERRIBLE BOY: "Soon as you've gone. Ain't you going yet?"

Meat, Not Moisture.

CHATTY WAITER (glancing out of window): "The rain'll be here in a minute or two now, sir."

CUSTOMER: "Well, I didn't order it. I'm waiting for a chop."

Explained.

CALLER (complacently): "Ah, Bobby, I am glad to see my photograph in your sister's frame on the mantel."

BOBBY: "Yes; but she had to rush to get it in over Henry Ainley's before you came."

A Fall for a Film.

TOM: "I knew a chap who fell off the top window-sill of an eight-storey house without hurting himself."

BILL: "Garn, tell it to yer gran-muvver."

TOM: "Straight, he did; fell in a net that was 'eld out for 'im—one o' them picture scenes."

A Satisfactory Substitute.

A policeman, whose size reminded one of the late John Bunny, had just passed a little house with a bit of garden in front, when a little boy ran after him.

"Mother sent me out," panted the youngster, "to ask if you would mind walking up and down our path for a minute or two. It's just been gravelled, and we ain't got no roller."

Crutches, but no Canteen.

The film comedian was cheering up the patients at a military hospital. Walking through the grounds where soldiers on crutches were numerous, he remarked to his guide, "Plenty of beer in this hospital, isn't there?" "No; why?" answered Tommy, surprised. "Well, look at the hops around us," replied the heartless but irrepressible comedian.

His Luck was Out.

A traveller out West was surprised to find the whole population of a small town marching behind brass bands.

"Say, old man," he asked a citizen, "what is the cause of all this?"

"We are celebrating the birthday of our oldest inhabitant," answered the other. "She is one hundred and one years old to-day. That was her in the first automobile."

"You don't mean it!" he answered. "Who was the sad-looking gink sitting by her side?"

"Distant relative," was the gruff rejoinder. "He has been keeping up the payments on her life-insurance policy for the last thirty years."

So you wouldn't miss it

(From Then to Now—
Part 13)

We could not allow you to miss so successful a London play as "The Man Who Stayed at Home."

It is the only successful war play. It has stayed at the Royalty theatre for 15 months, and it is still running. We felt we must not let you miss it merely because you couldn't get to London. So we improved it and made it into a picture play.

We kept Dennis Eadie, the Royalty Star, and Henry Edwards, but we added our own great star, Alma Taylor. We made a submarine especially for it, and we took the scenes on the coast. We used a real wireless instrument. It's a good picture. When will you see it?



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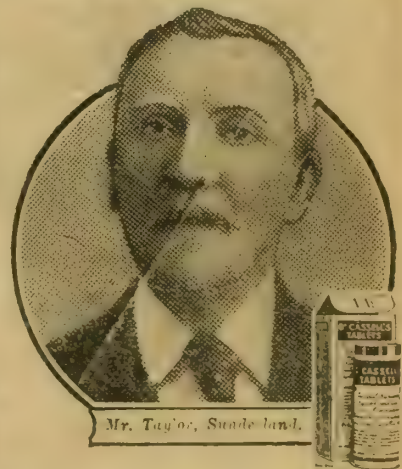
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Mr. Taylor, Seaham.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1915.

New Series, No. 90.



MAURICE COSTELLO

who is still the greatest foreign film actor in the opinion of our readers. He has received **220,850** votes, the highest number awarded to the men. (See page 111.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

IN *A Stranger in New York* twelve cats were used. Screened with mew-sick, a howling success is predicted.

One hundred thousand feet of film is sent free every week for troops at the Front by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

Grace Cunard, who, as the result of a slight accident, has been ill, is now back at the studios again, and working.

Mabel Normand is making rapid strides towards recovery. She wants to have her revenge on the person who threw that boot for luck.

Cissy Fitzgerald, the well-known Vitagraph star, is now playing for the Mutual Company, and will shortly appear in *A Corner in Cats*. Miss Fitzgerald appeared at the Daly's Theatre, London, in *The Gaiety Girl*.

A unique feature of the new Keystone studio will be a doorless café. The eating-place will be left open always, so that developers from the all-night dark-room may get a good meal between film-changing times. How nice!

Striking testimony to the art of D. W. Griffith, the producer of *The Birth of a Nation*, is given at every performance, when soldiers fresh from the plains of France and Flanders are carried away with the realism of the battle scenes at the Scala. Mr. Griffith had long consultations with Army officers when planning these scenes.

The Over-Zealous Producer.

EVEN producers are human beings. This one happened to be directing the production of a Lubin one-act photoplay, *The Son*, featuring Octavia Handworth, Jack Standing, and Eleanor Blanchard. He was working on a scene of intensely emotional strength. Even the stage hands stood spellbound. The wronged wife appealed to the other woman for her husband. Tragedy was in the air, and the producer, forgetting all about his work and surroundings, and thinking only of the scene, walked straight into the camera, necessitating the taking of an extra 200ft. of film.

"Cinema Day," November 9th.

SINCE the war started we have had many "Flag Days," and although November 9th may not be one of these, it is, nevertheless, to be known as "Cinema Day." On that day, which incidentally was the birthday of King Edward, a portion of the receipts of many (we hope all) cinema theatres will go to swell the good fund which the "Trade" has started to provide a convoy of fifty motor ambulances with appurtenances for use at the Front. It will cost £30,000 to do this, but as the Red Cross organisations are badly in need of help, the cinematograph trade are determined to find the money. You can

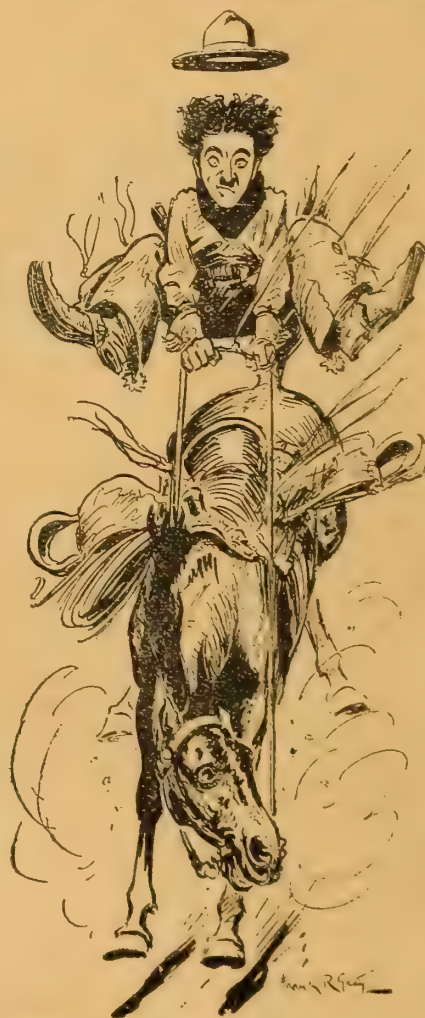
help by making a point of visiting your favourite cinema on that day, and forming one of the audience which we trust will fill the house at every performance. Now don't forget the date.

Admiration from Arabia.

CHARES CLARY is in receipt of a jar of tobacco and an Oriental pipe sent him from an Arabian who admired his work in *The Carpet of Bagdad*. A sprig of jasmine was in the jar, which gave it extra value of a sentimental nature, for the Arabians and Persians are very fond of the jasmine—their favourite flower. Clary has had the blossoms put in a frame, and is smoking what is left in the jar after his friends have been at it.

A Popular Resort.

THE popularity of the Selig Jungle Zoo on the Pacific Coast is growing some. Following a gigantic celebration of Labour Day at this Zoo, the Italian Red Cross picnic was held there on September 1st by the Italian colony of California, *The Beginning of the World*, a pageant, was staged there some five



THE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY.—No. 3.
Charlie plays in a Wild West Film.

days later, the cast calling for three hundred society people. On September 28th a Southern Californian Swedish picnic was held at the Selig Jungle, and on October 7th hundreds of Mexicans and Americans gathered at the same place to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Mexico's independence. We hope to go there ourselves—someday.

Another Contest Winner.

IN a great Cast Contest inaugurated by the *Motion Picture Magazine*, New York, Mary Maurice, the popular Vitagraph player, came out top by a majority of over 300,000 votes. Miss Maurice is known as the Sweet Mother of the Picture Plays, her benign appearance and gentle manners rendering her an ideal exponent of parts requiring sympathy and pathos.

Advice Gratis.

A WOMAN was summoned the other day in London for non-payment of rates. After pleading that her business (she owns a cinema-theatre) had not been paying, the magistrate replied: "I suppose you have no one to advise you what films to get. Have you a Charlie Chaplin film? You must have one of those. Then you must have something exciting—*Alone in the Pirates' Lair*, or *The Brother's Quest*, or something of that sort." Now she knows what to show and her pay-box will doubtless be kept busy.

How About Patriotism?

IS not the following a great example to British Mothers and their sons, and above all to the "Slackers"?—writes John Hastings Batson, the actor well known in British films:—"When the Dutch West India Company attempted to gain a footing in the Brazils they committed all those cruelties which have ever marked their progress when they have commenced a new colony. Among those who opposed them, Maria de Souza, one of the noblest women of the provinces, distinguished herself. In the action before Nazareth her son, Estevam Velho, fell. Already in this war she had lost two other sons and her daughter's husband; when the tidings of the fresh calamity arrived, she called her two remaining sons, one of whom was fourteen years of age, the other a year younger, and said to them, 'Your brother Estevam has been killed by the Dutch to-day; you must now, in your turn, do what is the duty of honourable men in a war wherein they are required to serve God and their King and their country. Gird on your swords, and when you remember the sad day in which you girt them on, let it not be for sorrow, but for vengeance; and whether you revenge your brethren or fall like them, you will not degenerate from them nor from your mother.' 'Give us our swords,' exclaimed the heroic youths. 'We will revenge the death of our brothers, or perish like them.' Maria de Souza then sent her sons to Mathias, the Governor of the fort, requesting that he would rate them as soldiers. The children of such a stock could not degenerate, and they lived to prove themselves the worthy inheritors of its heroism and renown."

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. "AN ARMY MARCHES ON ITS STOMACH": Good food and plenty always awaits our boys after a long route march. 2. ALL TOGETHER—PULL! Patients and Nurses in a Tug-of-War at Woodford Green Hospital Sports. 3. WOMEN WINDOW-CLEANERS: Suitably attired, they are now employed at Nottingham. 4. FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY: Rifleman G. E. Vincent, presented with the D.C.M. by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd at Givenchy. 5. A CHANCE FOR THE BETTER: The elaborate German Headquarters now used by the French Staff. 6. TOMMIES' TUBBING TIME: Early morning scenes in Camp. 7. IN GALICIA: All bridges having been destroyed, the Russians have to cross almost unnavigable rivers.



THE SECRET ORCHARD

Jesse L. Lasky production featuring Blanche Sweet.
Controlled by J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.
Adapted from the Film by PATRICK GLYNN,

PARIS in 1898 was not the Paris of 1915. It was then the most brilliant city in Europe, and its nightlife attracted the pleasure-seekers of the world to its fascinating glare. In this intoxicating and poisonous atmosphere reigned Cora May, styled by her admirers "The Queen of Pleasure." The young woman, who held the secrets of Cabinets, and knew the private life of the owners of some of the greatest names in France, looked the typical star of the Parisian "half-world." Witty, handsome, loving luxury, she pursued her course like a brilliant comet. She had ruined dozens of rich men, and spent their fortunes with all the assurance of the owner of a private purse. Many said she was heartless also, but if this was true it did not extend to at least one person whose identity will be revealed later.

On this night Cora held high revels in her *salon*. A French Comte had just paid her the typical Gallic compliment of drinking champagne from her jewelled slipper, and received a playful slap in the face for his effrontery. Then, to the surprise of her guests, she became suddenly silent. They soon learned the reason: for her change of countenance, for a little child of three toddled down the staircase in her nightdress, and with her eyes half-closed with sleep. On seeing Cora May the child extended her arms with a wistful gesture, which made the woman rush forward and clasp her in her arms.

"You should be in bed, Diane," whispered Cora tenderly. The guests crowded round her, curiosity in their eyes.

"Ha, ha, Cora!" interrupted an admirer with mock amazement, "a child, eh! What a pretty youngster!"

"By Gad, Cora," suggested the Comte, gallantly, "she has the devil in her eyes like you."

Cora drew herself up with strange dignity. She felt disgusted with her present company. "Some friends of mother's, my little Diane," she murmured as though unconsciously excusing herself. "Now come back to bed."

She took the child in her arms and ascended the staircase, without looking

at her guests, who shrugged their shoulders and smiled.

She put the child back into bed, and for several moments watched Diane's eyes gradually closing in sleep. Cora mused with a curious look on her face. She was thinking what she would do with this child of hers. Diane was coming to an age when she would begin to "notice things," and Cora dreaded the example of her own life on Diane.

"I shall put her in a convent," murmured Cora at last, "I love her so much that I must give her up altogether. She must never know about me and my career. The nuns will look after her well, and I will pay for her board and education. It is the only thing to do."

She bent over and kissed the child tenderly.

"Oh, my little Diane, your eyes must never look like mine."

Fourteen years later some visitors arrived at the Convent de Sacre Cœur. They were the parents of Nanette, a "chum" of Diane's, and they came to seek the nuns' permission to allow their child to spend a holiday with them at the seaside. Nanette saw an opportunity of bringing Diane with her, and after some demur Diane was allowed to accompany Nanette and her parents to the seaside. Diane had justified the promise of her infancy and had developed into a charming young lady of seventeen, whose knowledge of the world was limited to the peaceful, pure atmosphere of the convent. But the ambitions of youth were beginning to stir in her brain. She had no relations, she had been told that her father was dead, and that her mother was unfit to be with her. This was to be her first real experience of the outside world, and her delight was unbounded. The journey to Narbonne kept her in a continual state of happy excitement, and that night when looking out from her window on the tossing waves which shone with a faint phosphorescent light, she expressed her feelings in words to Nanette. "I want to know life, freedom—the world."

She could not sleep, and the call of the sea attracted her. The night was

balmy, and, obeying an impulse, Diane crept out and walked along the sands. She had to pass the chateau of a French nobleman of about thirty years of age, who at this moment was looking pensively from his window on the same entrancing scene that attracted Diane. He saw the girl's stealthy movements, and watched her with idle interest when Diane began to race along the sands. He could see the girl was young and lissome, and his interest grew.

"What has brought her out at this time all alone?" he mused. "What a wild creature she is!"

He waited till she had to re-pass the front of his window, and caught the light of the moon reflected on her countenance. A thrill of amazement shot through him. He drew nearer to the window, and followed the retreating form of the girl with renewed interest.

"Devil's eyes, and the face of a saint—which shall I believe?" he murmured.

He laughed. "I must make her acquaintance. Perhaps I shall see her passing again to-morrow night."

The young man was not disappointed. About the same time the girl passed his window, and went for her nocturnal walk along the sands. He crept out, and seeing that the girl was coming in a straight line, which would necessitate her passing him, he leaned leisurely against a rock. As she approached he raised his hat politely. The girl swerved like a young colt.

"Forgive me," said the intruder politely. "I have no right to speak to you, but—" his gesture of admiration was more eloquent than words.

"Let me pass, monsieur," said the girl nervously.

"Certainly, mademoiselle," replied the other, with just a tinge of pathos in his tone, "but may I not at least see you safely to your door?"

Diane knew that she was not more than a few minutes' walk from her friends' residence, and a spice of interest tempted her to look more closely at the man. Being feminine, she declined to say "Yes" but the other instinctively knew that his company would not be requited, and he walked beside her, and fell into easy conversation.

Diane felt shy at first, but the other's experienced and diplomatic methods of steering the conversation led her to speak of herself. His interest grew, and as he neared Diane's destination he remarked gallantly:

"Eyes like yours were not made to look at convent walls."

"Monsieur," protested Diane weakly,

"Shall I not see you again?" persisted the young man.

"Monsieur, I do not know you," replied Diane torn between her fears and her desire to know more of this the first man to cross her path.

"I shall tell you to-morrow night. I implore you. To-morrow at this time by the rock."

He took her hand, kissed it, but the girl drew it away with an embarrassed movement, and fled. As she neared her home she turned coquettishly. The man stood motionless and was gazing after her. Diane ran indoors with flushed cheeks, and a sparkle in her eyes.

She went out again the next night, and was not surprised to see the figure of her new-found acquaintance emerge from the shadow of the rock. This was the first of many meetings.

The young man admitted that he was a member of an aristocrat family, and that he had come to this fishing village of Narbonne to inquire into the management of some of his property in the district. When his business was complete he would return to Paris, and he hinted that he hoped he would not return alone.

The glamour of moonlight is dangerous sometimes, and Diane realised that she really knew very little about the stranger. She called him "Monsieur le Chevalier," and he did not offer to add anything to the name. One night he came and told her he would be leaving Narbonne on the morrow and return to Paris. He placed a box containing a string of pearls in her hand, and Diane experienced a suffocating sensation.

"When will you come for me?" asked Diane, almost in a whisper.

The young man hesitated. "Well, not just yet," he began; but the girl, with her eyes flashing with diabolical anger, continued quickly:

"Then you never meant to marry me."

The other remained silent, and eyed the stretch of beach dividing the distance between himself and the little chateau. It was evident he was anxious to be off.

With a gesture of scorn the girl threw the pearl necklace on the sand.

"I gave you everything," she cried hoarsely, "and you give me these!"

The man looked shamefaced and embarrassed. He had no defence, and turned his steps hesitatingly away. When twenty yards away he turned for a moment, and saw that the girl had thrown herself on the sand in a paroxysm of agony, and was sobbing as though her heart would break. For a second he hesitated, touched by momentary remorse, then, shrugging his shoulders again, continued on his way.

A month later Cora May lay dying in a hospital, experiencing the fate attendant on careers such as her. Her good

looks had departed years ago, and she had gradually descended from wealth to comfort, and then from comfort to absolute poverty. She had regularly kept up the payments for her daughter's board and education without letting Diane know of her identity, but, faced with death, she realised that her daughter would now have to rely on her own resources, and this idea embittered her thoughts.

On this day the Duchess of Cluny was making her weekly visit of charity to the hospital, and, on seeing the anxious face of the once-famed woman, drew near and tendered her sympathy. Cora pleaded for her daughter Diane.

"I would die content, Madame, if I knew my little daughter had a protector!"

"Perhaps I can do something," replied the Duchess, tenderly.

The dying woman poured her troubles into the other's sympathetic ear, and when the interview was over Cora May



DIANE OBTAINED PERMISSION TO LEAVE THE CONVENT FOR A HOLIDAY.

looked more peaceful, for the Duchess had promised to look after Diane.

"Madame," said Cora at parting, "when I am gone tell my little Diane how I loved her."

A week later the Duchess, accompanied by her cousin, Lieutenant Dodd, of the American Navy, paid a visit to the Convent de Sacre Cœur, and for the first time Diane learned of her mother's identity, and the fact that she would now leave the convent and take the place of a daughter to the childless Duchess.

Lieutenant Dodd, who had accompanied his cousin with the curious desire to see what the inside of a convent was like, found, to his amusement, that while the Duchess was allowed inside he was very religiously kept waiting outside. When he saw his cousin emerge with one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen he opened his

eyes in amazement. He had expected to see a meek, repressed looking young Miss, but encountered a woman whose stormy eyes and beautiful face might have belonged to a young tragedienne. He forgot to patronise, and walked beside her, anxious to ascertain if a convent had always been the only place harbouring this jewel, but the girl returned brief answers to his queries, and he felt baffled at the enigma.

The trio travelled to Paris and drove rapidly to the Duchess's residence. As they drove up, the Duke of Cluny, who playfully tolerated his wife's charitable expeditions, and had heard of this particular episode, was awaiting the Duchess. On hearing the rattle of the horses' hoofs, he walked to the window and looked out. The three emerged from the coach, and on seeing them the Duke's face turned suddenly pale.

"Mon Dieu! it is the girl of Narbonne!"

For several moments he stood rooted to the ground. What an extraordinary fate that the girl with whom he had trifled should become his wife's *protégée*, and a guest in his own house! It seemed as though destiny had chosen to mock him. Something must be done immediately. Hurrying to the smoking-room, he opened the door, and found to his joy that his old friend Favereau, whom he had always consulted in his troubles, was awaiting him.

"Favereau," commenced the Duke excitedly, "you remember my telling you of my experiences at Narbonne when I was down there about six weeks ago. I had done a terrible thing, and you know the whole history. Now an extraordinary thing has happened. My wife Helen has adopted this girl, and she is now in the house. What on earth is to be done?"

Old Favereau looked grave. "It is a very serious situation indeed."

"You know what will happen, Favereau, if I confess to my wife," continued the Duke. "I lose her love and respect for ever."

"Then you must lie, for your wife's sake," replied Favereau at last. "It is the lesser evil, and you must choose one or the other. You must be cruel to the girl, or to Helen."

"I will arrange that your first meeting in this house with the girl will not be in your wife's presence," continued the diplomatic Favereau. "She will then be made to understand that the unfortunate adventure must be forgotten."

It was difficult for Favereau to arrange it, but he kept the Duke out of the way until the evening. Seeing the girl alone for a moment, he invited her into the drawing-room a minute after the Duke had entered it. The Duke, looking pale but collected, nerved himself for the ordeal.

As Diane entered the room Favereau considerably turned his head aside. He certainly did not like the job, but, as he said, it was a choice of two evils.

Diane advanced into the room just as the Duke turned his face towards her. For several moments there was a tense silence, and then a girl's choking voice whispered:

"Monsieur le Chevalier"

The Duke bit his lips, then, in an even voice, he replied, "You mistake, Mademoiselle. I am the Duke of Cluny."

There was another tense silence, and the girl's eyes seemed to blaze in her head. Favereau turned his face towards the girl, and his heart quickened in sympathy, but cruel necessity knows no law. Diane, with an accent of contempt that struck the Duke like a lash, said:

"You coward!"

Favereau signed to the Duke to leave the room. When he had gone he turned to the girl. "You mistake, Mademoiselle. He is the Duke of Cluny, and, no doubt, you will understand that, under the painful circumstances, he can have no connection with Monsieur le Chevalier."

"Ah, I understand now," replied the girl, in a tired voice.

That evening Diane went to the Duchess, telling her that she wished to go away. "I can't stay here—in this house," said the girl, "I can't accept so much from you—and the Duke."

The Duchess put the request down to girlish whims.

"Now, little Diane, stay to please me," she replied, "I have no child to love but you."

"Very well," replied Diane. She felt as though fate guided all her movements, and that her own desires or wishes availed nothing.

Diane, under the Duchess's tactful care soon accommodated herself to her position in the house, and the Duke was beginning to feel that the load of anxiety was lessening, for he believed that the secret was now safe. There was only one circumstance that caused him uneasiness, and that was the growing infatuation of Lieutenant Dodd, for Diane. Not that he had any qualms of jealousy. He bitterly regretted his folly at Narbonne, and prized the respect of his wife too highly to even desire to renew the intrigue. But if his wife's relative grew to love Diane, and proposed marriage, the trouble would have complications he never dreamt of. After dinner he was aghast to hear Dodd addressing Diane in tones that left no doubt of their sincerity.

"Has no one ever told you how beautiful you are?"

The Duke again consulted his old friend Favereau. "What is to be done now, Favereau?" he asked. "Dodd is head over heels in love with Diane, and before long he will be proposing to her. I can't let him marry her. He is my wife's kinsman."

"You have already taken a course, and you must stick to it," said Favereau, firmly. "Don't trouble about it. Let Dodd look after himself. Let honour go, let everything go to save your wife's happiness."

"Very well," replied the Duke resignedly.

The next day brought a climax. Dodd had followed Diane into the conservatory. The young lieutenant noted that

the girl wore round her neck a string of pearls which looked very valuable, and he playfully remarked, "These are very pretty, Diane, did they belong to your mother?"

"No," replied the girl sternly. "I wear them to remind me that I have no right to love."

The Lieutenant turned pale. "Do you mean that for me, Diane? You know that I love you, and want you to be my wife. Don't you care for me?"

Diane faltered. "I do care for you—I do—but I can't be your wife."

"Why not?" persisted Dodd, anxiously. "Why can't you marry me? If there's a real reason, Helen will know. I'll ask her."

The girl remained silent for several moments. It was evident that a struggle was going on in her heart.

"Will you take the Duke's word that it is impossible?"

"Oh!" replied Dodd, considerably relieved—"I forgot I was in France. If

from her neck—the man tried to pay me with these."

There was a moment's silence. None had noticed that the Duchess had entered the room.

"Who was it? His name? You said the Duke knew," demanded Dodd, passionately.

"The Duke ought to know. He is the man," replied the girl.

The Lieutenant looked at the Duke, who was pale as death, for he saw that his wife had heard the conversation. Before he had time to reply Dodd struck him across the face.

The Duke bowed. There was only one answer to such an insult.

"At dawn, behind the rose-garden," he replied, bitterly.

Early next morning two men faced each other at fifty paces. The second had marked the distance, and the fall of a handkerchief would decide which of the two was to live. The Duke looked resigned. "I have been in fault all through," he said. "I intend to die. I shall fire high. My death will atone."

The handkerchief fluttered. Two reports rang out, and the Duke immediately fell to the ground. A doctor in attendance ascertained the nature of the wound, and whispered to Favereau, "He won't live more than half an hour."

The dying man was conscious, and turned to Favereau. "Take me to my wife," he murmured.

"Helen—forgive," he implored of his wife, whose pale face told the story of agony endured within the last twelve hours. There was nothing but forgiveness in her eyes, and the Duke's last moments were passed in his wife's arms.

"I have been the cause of a great deal of trouble," replied Diane to Dodd's repeated requests that she should give him an answer. The Duchess has behaved like a saint, and

I cannot promise to be the wife of a man who killed her husband."

"I have given you my love," returned Dodd. "I have not the power to take it back."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "And I have been the victim of a cruel set of circumstances. I love you—but marriage is not possible."

"I won't give you up, Diane; I'll wait and wait," returned the young man.

Diane placed her hands on the Lieutenant's shoulders, and looked into his face with the light of love in those "devil's" eyes which fascinated both the dead Duke and Dodd with their magnetic light.

"Perhaps—some day."

The cast of this splendidly acted romance is sure to interest you: "Cora May," Cleo Ridgely; "Diane," Blanche Sweet; "Duke of Cluny," Edward Mackay; "Helen" his Wife, Gertrude Kellar; "Lieutenant Dodd," Carlyle Blackwell; "Favereau," Theodore Roberts; "Nanette," Margery Daw. The play is down for release next week.



"THE MAN TRIED TO PAY ME WITH THESE!"

you must have the Duke's consent, I'll get it."

Dodd turned and went to the smoking-room to find the Duke, and discovered him in conversation with Favereau. Diane followed him. She was curious to see what the Duke would do, but hesitated near the door on hearing the young Lieutenant say:

"Cluny, I want to marry Diane."

"Ah!" replied the Duke, as though a douche of cold water had been suddenly hurled at him. Favereau's eyes narrowed.

"Is there any reason why she should not be my wife?" continued Dodd.

Diane listened with tense interest for the reply.

"I know of nothing to prevent your marriage."

The girl walked into the room, a hard, determined look in her eyes. "You force me to tell," she replied fiercely to the Duke. Turning to the young Lieutenant, she continued: "I can't accept any honest man's love. I have been deceived, and"—snatching the pearls

The Greatest Foreign Film Artistes

THE SIX PLAYERS WHOM OUR READERS HAVE PLACED AT
THE TOP OF THE POLL WITH A TOTAL OF 911,475 VOTES.

AT last the registration and counting of several million votes in the PICTURES Foreign Artistes Contest have been completed, and we are able to lay before our expectant readers the full results of the ballot-boxes. The amazing success of the Contest, considering that the nation is deep in the vortex of the world's greatest war, bears testimony to the interest still being taken by British picturegoers in those who play for pictures.

The Contest was organised by us to show who in the opinion of our readers are the *cleverest* male and female picture artistes—exclusive of British-born artistes, who had their chance in our previous contest. To what extent competitors have chosen players for their artistic talents only we are unable to determine, but we take it for granted that the majority have done so. It is possible, of course, that some competitors have voted on the score of popularity or good looks. In any case, the list of names and votes polled by each on page 112 is extraordinarily interesting when it is remembered that voters had probably two or three hundred "stars" to choose from. No finer evidence than the result of this contest is needed to indicate the public's real enthusiasm for motion-pictures, and its appreciation of publicity, without which picturegoers would not have known the names of their favourites.

THE FIRST SIX PLAYERS.

MARY PICKFORD, the world's foremost motion-picture star, has again proven her right to this supreme distinction by winning the Ladies' Section of our Contest. Never before has there been such a genuine and overwhelming tribute to the abilities and charm of a young girl, who, in the space of a few brief years, has risen to the topmost peak of her art. If Miss Pickford had been in a contest among less capable artistes, the result would not have been so surprising; but when one considers the character and abilities of the other contestants it is some proof indeed that little Mary is really in a sphere of supremacy. The "World's Sweetheart" is young, but not so young as some people think. She is twenty-one, and was born in Toronto. Her parents were both connected with the stage, so there is little wonder that "Mary" should have been born a genius. From the age of five she appeared at intervals on the stage, but she had reached "sweet sixteen" before she made her *début* in film-plays. Then it was that this blue-eyed, brown-haired Biograph actress was known to the picture-going public as Dorothy Nicholson. When she began to play for the Famous Players' Film Company, under the directorship of David Belasco, she insisted on using her real name, and as "Mary Pickford" she has since re-



MARY PICKFORD, WHO HAS RECEIVED THE HUGE TOTAL OF 250,545 VOTES.

mained. Her husband, by the by, is Owen Moore, who also plays in pictures. His brother is Tom Moore, husband of Alice Joyce. Miss Pickford is devoted to her mother, who usually accompanies her to the studio where she is playing. She has a brother, Jack, and a sister, both of them clever film-players, and Lottie is being starred in the coming American film-serial *A Diamond from the Sky*.

The most recent Famous Players productions in which Mary Pickford appears are *The Dawn of a To-morrow*, *Little Pal*, both now showing, and *Rags*, released this week. This last is, in our opinion, her greatest success since *Tessie of the Storm Country*. It must be nice to play "lead" opposite Mary. Harold Lockwood was the last handsome young man to do so; now it will be Marshall Neilan, who has already played lead with her in *Rags*.

MAURICE COSTELLO, the Vitagraph star whose portrait appears as our frontispiece, has once more proved his popularity with British picturegoers by winning first place in the Contest. Maurice Costello was born in Pittsburg, on Washington's birthday, February 22nd, 1877. Although thirty-eight years of age, the public have lost none of their admiration for this curly-haired, blue-eyed screen hero. He was educated in the public schools at Pittsburg. He left school at eleven and worked in a printing-shop. He entered filmland by obtaining a position in a stock company. Seven years ago he joined the Vitagraph Company, and, climbing quickly to the top, has remained there with the same company ever since. In addition to acting Mr. Costello also directs his own pictures. He has played practically everything

(Continued on page 113.)

RESULT OF "PICTURES" World's Greatest Film Artistes Contest

(Exclusive of British-born Players.)

The following players have been accorded the largest totals of votes by our readers:—

MARY PICKFORD

250,545

MAURICE COSTELLO

220,850

FLORENCE TURNER

170,335

G. M. ANDERSON (Broncho Billy)

89,415

These four winning players are therefore awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. We hereby tender them our hearty congratulations, and will present each player with the "PICTURES" Certificate, with the votes which he or she has polled inscribed thereon.

We have pleasure in publishing a further list of players with the total votes cast for each:—

FEMALE PLAYERS:

Kathlyn Williams	96,905
Anita Stewart	72,700
Mary Fuller	47,350
Marguerite Clark	19,695
Mabel Normand	19,025
Jane Gail	17,710
Edith Storey	16,485
Cleo Madison	15,550
Ella Hall	14,655
Alice Joyce	12,570
Florence La Badie	12,570
Norma Talmadge	11,550
Lillian Walker	11,425
Leah Baird	10,555
Grace Cunard	8,155

Blanche Sweet	7,660
Ethel Clayton	7,445
Vivian Rich	7,400
Bessie Eyton	6,150
Mae Marsh	6,015
Helen Holmes	5,950
Pauline Bush	5,435

MALE PLAYERS:

Thomas Santschi	83,425
F. X. Bushman	67,450
Earle Williams	66,310
Warren Kerrigan	58,535
Harold Lockwood	55,570
Tom Powers	47,175
Tom Mix	34,760
King Baggot	20,855

Henry Walthall	18,675
Marc McDermott	18,080
Ford Sterling	15,760
Robert Leonard	13,675
James Cruze	11,340
Edward Coxen	10,975
Harry M.rey	9,090
Max Linder	8,115
Carlyle Blackwell	7,750
Sidney Drew	7,735
Arthur Johnson	6,555
Owen Moore	6,325
George Larkin	6,070
Edward Lyons	5,975
Francis Ford	5,930
Courtenay Foote	5,155
Herbert Rawlinson	5,080

Scores of other players received votes numbering 5,000 or less.

THE WINNING VOTING COUPONS

Many competitors gave the four winning names on one Coupon, but not in the correct order, which, of course, disqualified them as winning Coupons. No fewer than fifty-five voters sent in Coupons which contained the above four winning players' names in their correct order. It has therefore become necessary to ask the fifty-five winners to compete in a simple competition restricted to themselves for the **FIRST FIVE PRIZES**, to be distributed as follows:—

The first four winners in this new Competition will receive the **SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH** Prizes respectively. The remaining fifty-one competitors will each receive Four Shillings, being their share of the £10 cash offered as first prize. In this way the whole of the fifty-five voters who sent in the correct coupon will receive a prize. Their names are as follows:—

Mrs. A. Abbott, 7, Brompton Road, Rusholme, Manchester.
B. Abbott, 7, Brompton Road, Rusholme, Manchester.
Muriel Anderson-Brydges, 13, Whitney Road, Leyton, N.E.
Dorothy Arnold, 2, King Charles Drive, Surbiton.
Alec Barker, 52, Grimsby Road, New Cleethorpes, Grimsby.
F. O. Brown, 141, Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh.
G. M. Chambers, 29, Windsor Road, Slough, Bucks.
Jas. A. Clarke, 9, Kingsholm Road, Gloucester.
Henry Cossarek, 6, Wellgreen, Stirling.
Victoria Crooks, 58, Churchill Avenue, Coventry.
Gladys Durey, 3, Robertson St., Lavender Hill, W. 14, lapham, S.W.
Kitty Eggar, 139, Alscot Road, Willow Walk, S.E.
A. Elliott, 45, Huntspill Street, Garratt Lane, Tooting, S.W.
H. Etherington, 14, Green Lane, Middleton Junction, near Manchester.
Catherine Foster, 13, Cardigan Street, Wavertree, Liverpool.
W. Fox 111, Burley Lodge Road, Leeds.
William Henry Gallehawk, 81, Clifton Crescent, Peckham, S.E.
M. Gibson, 12, Edward Street, Grimsby.
May Grebell, 24, Edbrooke Road, Paddington, W.
John Hampton, 5, Chester Terrace, Sunderland.
Maud Heywood, 29, Ashton Road, Lancaster.
Mrs. Olive Oman, 27, Methuen Road, Newport, Mon.
D. M. Hudson, 1, St. Brendan's Rd. N., Withington, Manchester.
Ethel Hudson, 277, Gillington Road, Bradford.
Urbain Jonckheere, 148, East Dulwich Grove, S.E.
J. G. Kentish, 16, John Campbell Road, Dalston, N.
Ernest King, 36, Ipplepen Road, Tottenham, London.

Kitty Lake, 54, High Street, Gorleston, Great Yarmouth.
Gladys Lambert, 69, Goldsmith Street, Liverpool.
I. Leete, 34, Elmbourne Road, Balham, S.W.
D. I. Masterman, 81, Hopton Road, Streatham, S.W.
Thomas McNab, 9, Moncrieff Street, Paisley, Scotland.
Eileen Montgomery, 1, Moyne Road, Rathmines, Dublin.
R. Newman, 51, Grove Road, Norwich.
E. Nichols, 40, Squirries Street, Bethnal Green Road, E.
F. M. Odell, 42, Lower Kennington Lane, S.E.
L. J. Pearce, 53, Union Road, Newington Causeway, S.E.
Elsie Pennicott, 7 and 8, Broadway, Sutton, Surrey.
Joseph Preston, 72, Keary Street, Stoke-on-Trent.
Gordon Quick, 7, Acacia Road, Acton, W.
Gladys Saunders, 14, Croft Street, West Bromwich.
Alan D. Simmons, 82, St. Fillans Road, Catford, S.E.
Evelyn Springthorpe, 64, Tinwell Road, Stamford.
Agnes Squire, 30, Old Mill Lane, Barnsley.
Mrs. E. Taylor, 43, Arrol Road, Beckenham.
Florence M. Tickell, 61, Blessington Road, Lee, S.E.
A. Q. Trowsdale, 18, Knaresboro' Road, Harrogate.
Bert Trowsdale, 18, Knaresboro' Road, Harrogate.
Thomas R. Webb, Crichton Park, Falkirk, Scotland.
Elsie White, 48, Colderahaw Road, W. Ealing, W.
T. Whitehead, 50, Lincoln Street, Oldham.
Cecil F. B. Whitham, 11, Shaw Lane, Barnsley.
Charles A. Williams, 91, Beaumont Street, Liverpool.
J. M. Williams, West Lynn, Mount Pleasant, Porth.
Annie Wingfield, 9, Effingham Road, Lee, S.E.

For names of 100 Consolation Prize Winners see page 115.

(Continued from p. 117.)

from light, knockabout comedy to heavy lead. He is an enthusiastic amateur boxer, is fond of riding and stands 5ft. 10in. in height. He is married, and has two pretty children, Helen and Dolores, both exceedingly popular in pictures. They have been cast in many screen plays written, arranged, and directed by their father.

FLORENCE TURNER belongs to the group of actresses who have justly won a world wide popularity for their motion-picture work, and that she is very dear to the hearts of film patrons in this country has been proved by the splendid total of votes presented to her in this Contest. Miss Turner has always been a success on the screen, and had the honour of being the first woman who was enrolled on a stock company. She commenced acting on the stage at the age of three. That was twenty-five years ago. She then played in George R. Sims's *Remondy Rye*, and continued to take small parts until the age of eleven when school claimed her. But the stage held more magnetism for her than the schoolroom, and the stage won. She ran away, and pleading with Sir Henry Irving, that famous actor gave her a small part. She played it so well that Sir Henry congratulated her. At eighteen she joined a Shakespearean



FLORENCE TURNER, ONE OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST FAVOURITES.

Picturegoers have shown their appreciation by according her no fewer than 179,335 votes.



TOM SANTSCH, another old favourite and worth every one of the 83,425 votes which he has polled.

company, and played "Jessica" in *The Merchant of Venice*. After that Miss Turner obtained a position with the Vitagraph Company, which in those days was not a large one. Here she met with instantaneous success; here also she met the wonderful collie dog "Jean," who has played important parts in so many of her films.

For two and a half years Miss Turner has been in England working hard in the film productions of her own company, the Turner Films, Limited, at Walton-on-Thames; and it is not too much to say that during that period she has given us, in conjunction with Larry Trimble, her producer and managing director, some of the finest interpretations ever seen in the rôles of silent drama. Her next appearance on the screen will be in *Lost and Won*, the full story of which we published last week.

THOMAS SANTSCH, who has played for pictures for eight years, succeeded in mounting the ladder of fame in as many months. A splendid

actor, he deserves all his votes and more, and it is quite a coincidence that the Contest has placed him third in the list, as it did Kathlyn Williams who belongs to the same company. Mr. Santschi's Christian name is not really Thomas, it is Paul. He is called Tom by his friends, and as Tom he has remained. He was born at Lucerne, and in early life developed a craving for travel and went to the States. He received his schooling at St. Louis. Leaving lesson-books behind, he became a watchmaker, but being possessed of an overpowering ambition for "the" profession, he went on the "boards." He became a film-actor under the Selig banner in the East; but when a Selig Company was formed in California he went there with it. He is still a Selig star, and still, we believe, in California. Handsome, curly-headed Tom is of fine physique, of a taciturn but humorous disposition, and is passionately devoted to music. He has played in over one thousand two hundred films, and one of his greatest successes was in *The Spoilers*.



G. M. ANDERSON ("BRONCHO BILLY"), WHOSE POPULARITY IN THIS COUNTRY IS STILL SO GREAT THAT 89,415 VOTES HAVE BEEN PLACED TO HIS CREDIT.

GILBERT MAXWELL ANDERSON, better known as "Broncho Billy," who is placed second in the Contest, gained his great popularity by sheer hard work as well as capability. He was born in Arkansas, and in his early youth fondly hoped he would become an actor. Before he reached the age of eighteen he was on the stage in a stock company. In pictures he obtained his first engagement with Edisons. He had to play the part of a man who attempts to escape from a train and is shot down, in the *Great Train Robbery*, the first one-thousand-foot film to be made. His first great success was as *Raffles the Gentleman Burglar*. One day Mr. Anderson ran across George K. Spoor in Chicago and persuaded him to enter the producing end of the business. A company was formed known as the "Essanay" (S. and A.), which specialised in Wild West pictures, and in this type of film particularly G. M. Anderson from that time to this has made millions of friends. His remarkable success is due, not only to his wonderful acting but to the fact that he has a

remarkably fine character. Sincere, honest, generous, and likeable, he is adored by every one who meets him both on and off the screen. It is interesting to note that Mr. Anderson, having given the public so many wild West broncho pictures has just recently been appearing in domestic drama, and incidentally acting and looking as much at home in evening-dress as in buckskin.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS has been called the "girl without fear." She has risked her life countless times for pictures, and, in addition, she is a born actress. It is not surprising, therefore, that she is one of the first three in the Contest. Miss Williams was born in Butte, Montana. At eight she showed theatrical tendency, and early in her teens gained celebrity in amateur stagework. During a College vacation she appeared in a play, and, receiving favourable mention in the Press, she decided to study for the stage. She came under the notice of the Senator, and after a course of acting she obtained the position of lead in a big drama.

She then joined a touring company, but the exactions made on her health made her yearn for outdoor life. Then the motion-pictures attracted her, and before long she became leading lady for the Selig Company. Miss Williams has had heaps of hair-raising adventures during her picture career, many of them through contact with wild beasts over whom she has a wonderful influence. Although appearing in all kinds of dramas, she is never happier than when she is playing in a Selig Jungle film.

Whilst taking part in *Lost in the Jungle* she was hurled to the ground and mauled by a huge leopard, which leapt upon her from a clump of bamboo. In another film Miss Williams was nearly squeezed to death by one of the Selig elephants, who grasped her round her waist with his trunk—luckily the keeper arrived, but when she was released from the iron grip of this gigantic beast she collapsed. Her latest animal friends are a pair of sacred monkeys from India. They have faces like owls, long thin legs and tails about 4ft. in length. A short time ago Miss Williams received a letter full of love and kisses asking her to marry the writer. He was nine years old, and said "Be sure and wait for me." On reading it Miss Williams quietly remarked "Some wait."



KATHLYN WILLIAMS, "THE GIRL WHO HAS NO FEAR" WITH 96,305 VOTES FROM HER BRITISH ADMIRERS.

D. A. Mackenzie, 90, Rennie Road, Tisbury, Gosport.
D. B. Baker, 67, St. Paul's Road, L. Tottenham.
J. Baker, 77, Central Road, L. Tottenham.
A. Banfield, 1, Park Road, L. Tottenham.
Alfred S. Barr, 8, L. Tottenham.
Robert Beckett, 18, Hotten Lane Road, N.W.
Robert Beckett, 2, Cambridge Road, L. Tottenham.
W. M. Bennett, 10, L. Tottenham.
John E. Bird, 1, Broad Way, W. Tottenham.
Donald E. Black, 11, N. Mill Lane, L. Tottenham.
A. D. Black, 1, 1st W. Waterloo Rd., L. Tottenham.
J. Callaghan, 18, Francis St., Avebury Hill, L. Tottenham.
John Campbell, 10, W. Black Horse St., Greenock.
James W. Candler, 15, Belmont Road, Clapham, S.E.
Gordon D. Collins, 20, Clarendon Road, Clapham, S.E.
C. J. M. Croft, 10, The Heath, near Spalding.
J. H. Cunningham, 1, Northampton Park Road, Aston, Birmingham.
John Collins, 4, King Street, Camden Town, N.
James Cravey, 3, Olive Grove, Bradford.
Laura Crase, 57, Hill Top Terrace, Bradford.
Mrs. F. Dunn, 65, Dawson Road, N. Finch.
H. W. Dawson, 130, Lamington Road, Hackney, N.E.
Miss Dolley, 16, Sharn Road, Aldershot.
R. Dubois, 8, Lambton Road, Tottenham, N.
E. Elliott, 42, Marlborough Street, Clapham, S.W.
Gwen M. Ford, 184, Portsmouth Road, Speck, Cardiff.
A. French, 3, Greenwood Terrace, Ipswich, Plymouth.
Edgar Garter, 1, Waterloo Road, Tottenham.
Herbert Gentry, 11, Ladington Street, East End.
Jonathan G. Gray, 3, Mar Street, Doncaster, Glasgow.
Ianlan Gray, 1, Furness Road, Uddum, S.
Frank Hughes, 36, Woodhouse Avenue, Southwell, Blinn.
John James, 1, Thomas Road, East Ham, E.
George J. Hall, 1, Huntmore Road, Wandsworth, S.W.
W. H. Hammond, 115, Elcith Rd., Chapman Common.
Oliver Harding, The Lodge, Girls High School, Leeds.
Muriel Heap, Osborn House, 879, Fulham Road, S.W.
P. Hickson, 34, Hornung House, Barton-on-Trent.
Martin Hobbes, 18, Helen Terrace, Pittsburg, Sheffield.
Alfred Holmes, 15, Thornton Street, Litherland.
Erith Leonard, 12, Grosvenor Road, Walsby, Lincoln.
Mrs. Florence James, 100, Anselia Street, Cardiff.
H. Johnson, 17, Brindbury Road, N.W.
Reina R. Johnson, 26, Ferriell Road, Watford.
W. Johnson, 17, Brindbury Road, N.W.
William James Jones, 74, Spey Street, Poplar, E.
Marion Jones, 6, Potter Street, Hulme, Manchester.
Grady Lee Jong, 2, Gladstone Street, Hanleypool.
Dorothy Knight, 1, and N. Hotel, Greenock.
Mrs. Kathleen Knight, 1, Clapham Park.
Alice Leppard, 14, Penton Place, Kings Cross, W.C.
Margaret M. Miles, 3, Embury Road, Teatling Junction.
Martyn A. A. Muller, 5, Warburton St., Clapham.
William Melville, Woodhouse Street, Portadown.
J. McBurn, 15, Elderly Road, Mitchell, Sunderland.
Claydes I. Mills, 166, Kness Road, Wellesborough.
P. Moreton, 32, Queen's Road, Nottingham.
Elizabeth Murray, 35, The Grange, Grimsby.
S. Munday, 38, Ching Park Road, Walthamstow.
Mary Nasir-Jakins, Devere Villa, Bristol.
Ivy Neal, 39, Essex Avenue, Watford, Herts.
Albert E. Parshaw, 161, St. John's Wood Terrace, N.W.
Charles Payne, 48, Raynham Road, Edmonton, N.
William Pressland, 21, Slater Street, Goole.
Edith M. Price, 4, Sloughton Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.
John A. Pringle, 61, Mysore Road, Clapham Common.
K. Radcliffe, 3, The Grange, Liverpool.
Miss Rawlinson, 7, Park Ave., Longsight, Manchester.
Annie Raybould, 32, Solihull Road, Sparkhill.
Mrs. Belle, 12, Brunswick Green, New Southgate.
Lena Rideal, 98, Lower Addison Road, Croydon.
J. Robinson, 2, Adelaide Road, Richmond.
Leo Kenneth Roscoe, 7, Queens Road, Chislehurst, Hulme.
A. Rowley, 36, Depot Street, Derby.
W. Schuchman, 10, The Crescent, Oldham.
Gertrude Shepherd, 91, Reads Avenue, Blackpool.
G. Barton Simmons, 62, St. Filian's Road, Cardiff.
Doris Sumner, 169, Birchfield Road, Birmingham.
J. Smith, 10, Shenstone Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Frank Simms, 9, Gawber Road, Barnsey.
Dolly Stark, 32, Pickwick Road, Dulwich.
Minors H. Stapleton, Lower Northall Street, Kettering.
Doris P. Thorne, 15, Mt. Pleasant Lane, Upper Clapton.
Paul Thourgood, 10, The Grange, L. Tottenham.
Nellie Thurgood, 23, Portland Place, Brighton.
J. Tippin, 21, Mellis Street, Leicester.
Frank Topham, 139, Alscot Road, Bermundsey, S.E.
Louisa Topham, 139, Alscot Road, Bermundsey, S.E.
B. Trafford, 3, Terrot Road, West Green, N.
Miss Cassey Treacy, 36, Upper Maundlin Street, Bristol.
A. Vaughan, 221, Maxey Road, Plumstead, Kent.
John Walter Walker, 10, The Grange, L. Tottenham.
W. Washington, 10, The Grange, L. Tottenham.
Amy Watson, 17, Hill Top, Southdown, Halifax.
J. Wellier, 3, The Parade, Boscombe.
George H. Whomard, 15, Sycamore Road, Waterloo.
Nellie Wattrell, Rawson Arms, Fitzgerald St., Bradford.
H. Whortons, 28, Poole Street, Hulme, Manchester.
Victor Wigley, 26, Oliver Road, Erdington.
Solomon Williams, 1, Longford Road, Dewsbury Rd., Leeds.
Charles Annandale, 1, The Grange, L. Tottenham.
Mrs. E. Woodhouse, 27, Devoy Road, Bedford.
C. Wyldred, 20, Barry Road, East Dulwich.



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IN WHICH A COWARD PROVES A HERO

That moral courage is a much finer and more reliable quality than any form of physical bravery is the theme of this splendid psychological drama.

Its intense action shows the war between two brothers for the love of a maid. It vividly portrays the sacrifice of one brother to save the other, and affords splendid opportunities for those popular ESSANAY players

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in the chief parts, supported by an all-star cast. This fine story is splendidly acted, and you will be immensely interested from the beginning to the end. Look out for this film at your local theatre, and if you do not see it announced, tell the manager. Tell him this is

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OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Films you should make a point of seeing.

UNDER THE RED ROBE.—An admirable adaptation of Stanley J. Weyman's great novel. The Clarendon Film Company have never done anything better than this picture, many scenes in which were taken in a charming English village. —*Gaiety and Film Home Service, three reels (Nov. 22).*

VENDETTA IN A HOSPITAL.—A comedy with Billie Ritchie is a thing of laughter and joy for ever. Here he is again in another screaming hospital comedy which is funnier even than *Capit in a Hospital*, which is saying a lot. Give Billie Ritchie a funny situation to handle, and he will turn it into a gold-mine of laughter. His adventures in hospital when he is placed in the adjoining ward to his deadly rival, who is an anarchist by profession, provide one long round of riotous mirth. —*L-Ko News-Comedy, 1,725 feet (Nov. 20).*

THE GIFT.—Jack and Eva couldn't marry because father objected. Eva was ill: the doctor called. "She must have a surprise." He went away, and returning with a trunk disclosed Jack. "Jack-in-the-Box" which did the trick. —*Northwick comedy, one reel (coming).*

DRAWING THE LINE.—Do you ever sit in a seat at a cinema and hold your breath from sheer excitement? If not, go and see Walter Spencer and Jack Richardson fight in this feature-drama. The two men are in love with Edith (Vivian Rich). How love proves the victor in the end is the tale which this film unfolds. —*Flying "A" drama, 1,950 feet (Nov. 8).*

NIPPER'S BUSY HOLIDAY.—Lupino Lane, the comedian from the Empire Theatre, as "Nipper," a schoolboy on his holiday, will make you forget for at least fifteen minutes the dark streets outside and why they are dark. Mr. Lane seems to have found his feet in this the second of his John Bull films. He is genuinely funny. —*Davison, the British Agent, 1,082 feet (Nov. 20).*

MARITANA.—Everybody knows the story of this famous opera, and as a Kalem film it loses none of its plot interest. The careless, gallant adventurer, Don Cesar de Bazan, blessed with nothing but poverty and a good sword, is played to perfection by W. Lawson Butt. The setting is well arranged, the sword-play is good, and the directness of the plot highly interesting. —*M.P. Sales Agency, four reels (coming).*

THE ETERNAL CITY. Hall Caine himself praised this wonderful screen production. Pauline Frederick plays the female lead, and she has the honour of being the first woman to play for films produced in the Vatican Gardens, the Coliseum, St. Peter's, the Castle of St. Angelo, and many other historic and impressive spots in the Imperial City which have been used as backgrounds. —*Famous Players Production, five parts (Nov. 20).*

CHARLIE AT THE BANK.—Charlie is janitor at the bank. He loves the stenographer, so does another Charlie, the cashier. The lady shows a preference for the latter, until robbers break into the bank and endeavour to push her into the safe. Charlie number one comes to the rescue, and, killing the burglars, claims his lady love. The bank scenes in this newest Chaplin picture were taken in a real bank on a Saturday afternoon. —*Essanay comedy, two parts (coming).*

JIMMY.—Have you ever laughed with a lump in your throat, while little thrills of joy swept over you? That's what "Jimmy" will make you do. He is a keen-witted lad of the slums, and, being a messenger, is called upon by Rose to return her ring to Jack with whom she has quarrelled. Jimmy sums up the situation and reunites the alienated couple, but not until he has been made a cripple in his efforts. Edith Johnson plays "Rose," and Roland Sharp is the hero "Jimmy." —*Seelig drama, 1,030 feet (Nov. 20).*

THE BEDOUIN'S SACRIFICE.—Bigelow Cooper always compels admiration in his heroic Oriental character-studies. In this subject he makes the Bedouin's deed a screen epic in which he is featured with Bessie Learn as "Mary" and Edward Earle as her fiancé. Mary is stolen by Bedouins in the heart of a desert city. She appeals to the tender side of the chief's heart, and after great difficulty (on account of the enraged Bedouins) he, with the aid of the fiancé, effects her escape, but is killed in the attempt. —*Edison Drama, 996 feet (Nov. 22).*

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If you see in the glass a complexion, alas!
That is spotted, how shocking the sight is!



Say you've kidney disease
and your face is like
cheese,
Or you suffer from some
sort of "i-tis";
Whatever it be you may
take this from me
When prospects are not
very rosy
You should go straight
away, without any de-
lay,
To the picture-house
known as the "Cosy."

If you've aches in your head, and you're
pretty near dead,
And you feel indisposed for a frolic,
If you've gout in your toe and the twinges
won't go,
Indigestion assails you, or colic,
Or you've fidgets or jumps and a fit of the
grumps,
And your outlook's depressive and prosy,
There's no need to complain, for we cure
you of pain
At the picture-house known as the "Cosy."

Though we charge you
no price for the special
advice,
You will heed it, if not
supercilious!
For the feeble and frail we
make hearty and hale
And restore their lost
health to the bilious.
You need pay no more
bills, you need swallow
no pills,
Nor obey any medical
strictures
If you'll do as we say and, commence from
to-day,
Take a regular course of our pictures.



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"The Mystery of the Villa Falcon."



THIS great picture is the first of the wonder-
fully thrilling new Nordisk Detective
Dramas.



ON AND OFF THE SCREEN

Finding the Lady.

EDNA PURVIANCE, the pretty girl whose portrayal of the "heroine's" parts in the "Charlie Chaplin" comedies has made her face familiar to thousands of people all over the world, was "discovered" by accident. Chaplin wanted a certain type of girl for his leading lady, and he advertised extensively in the San Francisco papers. But none of the scores of applicants he interviewed at the Essanay studios at Los Angeles suited, and the comedian was in despair. Some time later Miss Purviance chanced to visit the studio to see an actress friend, and as soon as Chaplin saw her he observed, "That's the girl I want!" Miss Purviance took the chance offered her, though she had never before appeared on the film, and to-day her work is a recognised asset of every film in which Chaplin appears.

Film Scenes More 'thrilling.

NOT even a Zeppelin raid is thrilling to a motion-picture camera-man. John Mackenzie has returned to the Balboa Studio, California, after witnessing a German air attack without a "penny-dreadful" account of it. Whilst in a train, approaching London at night, he says he heard an explosion

that sounded as if all the guns in the world had been discharged at the same time. Looking out of the window, he saw a monster dirigible manœuvring at a height of a thousand feet. "Searchlights were trained on it," said Mackenzie, "and we could watch every detail of operation of the bomb-release at the front-end of the Zeppelin. In ten minutes, twenty-nine charges were dropped. For a short distance, one could see a thread of fire as the fuse burned. A second later, there was a deafening explosion and more destruction had been done. But the people were unterrified. Thousands looked on that night, from the place where I was, with the curiosity of a crowd viewing a Lord Mayor's Show. People watch the stunts in a moving picture with more tensely than they manifested on this occasion. The Zeppelin raids are not intimidating the British, as the Germans had hoped. On the contrary, they are stimulating the enlistments."

Mackenzie has an international reputation as a motion-picture camera-man. He turned the first crank in Scotland twenty years ago. Since then he has taken pictures for the British Government in the Orient, the Balkans, and many other troublous localities. While the war is exciting, he says he is glad to be back and engaged in work that is much more fascinating.

Is He the First?

A NEW claimant has arisen in the person of Lou Tellegen, now appearing in the Lasky production of *The Explorer*—which will be shown

shortly in England, for the honour of being the first legitimate actor to appear in pictures. He bases his claim on an incident in his student-days, when he and a group of friends acted an impromptu comedy for a moving-picture photographer taking rural scenery in France. According to this, it would appear Mr. Tellegen was a moving-picture actor before he appeared on the legitimate stage.

D-termination brings Realisation.

EVEN as the duckling yearns for water, so did Mabel Trunnelle thirst for the stage, even before she knew the real meaning of the word. In her backyard in Chicago, before an admiring audience of many dolls, did she "stage" some doll-thrilling "dramas" that set the fence on fire more than once. Then to the "pin show" was the next step, till parents, at first amused, then concerned, lest she should really go on the stage, sent her to be educated in a convent. Of course, there it had to be midnight scenes, but these palled, and she broke bounds and, in real stage style, escaped from the convent and got a small part in a Chicago stock company splendidly rehearsed, when the searching party gently led her back to grammar and geometry. With two more years spent in captivity, she again scaled the heights and successfully made the acquaintance of the footlights for nearly a week before she was found out, under another name, in a play which passed through Chicago and was then playing in a nearby city. But the stage manager promised so



Billy Merson



Just Out



has hitherto meant to the devotees of Variety. His first film, "A Spanish Love Spasm," is already being shown, and the second, "The Man in Possession," is nearly due to appear. They are both booked up very extensively, so look out for local announcements.

A Series of BILLY MERSON Post-cards. Twelve Superb Examples of Photogravure, depicting this Versatile Artist in characteristically humorous poses. Should be included in every collection. Obtainable from your Local Cinemas, or "Pictures and The Picturegoer," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.; or direct from The Globe Film Co., Ltd., at

10d. per Set,
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THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.

much that Mabel's papa relented, and she was allowed to continue to her stellar way. Miss Trummelle's childish instincts were merrily as she is splendidly fitted for the stage, and particularly the screen, which requires the intangible personality before it gives high screen honours to its leaders. With large, eloquent brown eyes which mirror faithfully the fleetest emotion of a sympathetic nature, a perfect oval face, an instinctive sense of the dramatic and, withal, a winsome personality, Miss Trummelle, since her brave first attempt has risen high in histrionic fields and popularity.

After her Chicago engagement she was with a stock company a season in Newark, N.J., then played three summer seasons with the Shubert Stock Company in Syracuse, N.Y., where she acquired a populous following in a company which has given many stars to the stage since. She followed that engagement with the same management in Philadelphia.

Then followed three years all over the country in *Under Southern Skies*, succeeding Grace George who created the part. Then a season in *Lean Rivers*, then *The Blue Mouse*, when Edison, aware of her unusual talents for the screen, sent for her. For this Company she played her first part before a camera in a lead which earned instant approval, both within and without the studio.

Miss Trummelle's characterisations are marked with a maturity of art, grasped, but she appeals through a winsome, quiet girlishness of manner which has never left her. Her sense of delicious humour furnishes many a laugh for her



MABEL TRUMNELLE, the Edison Star.

associates, and has been well registered in Edison Comedies, but it is the dramatic role that she performs, and the life-size emotional roles that play themselves, but roles wherein the quiet reserve and repressed intensity coming from an intellectual appreciation of the part afford an opportunity for convincing feeling.

Five years of Edison films bear the all-necessary proof of how well Miss Trummelle has set forth film characterisations not easily forgotten. Some of her best pictures are *Janet of the Desert*, the comedy *Why Girls Leave Home*, *The Message of the Rose*, *The Southern Girl*, *The Two Van Revels*, *The One who Loved Him Best*, *Olive*, the gypsy madcap in the *Olive's Opportunities* series, and the feature *Out of the Ruins*.

Miss Trummelle is also a scenario-writer of ability, and it is in these that her serious side finds expression, for she believes that all films should carry some sort of a message. Her sympathy for dumb animals is, perhaps, her ruling passion, and she dreams of schemes to forward the S.P.C.A. movement.

In her tastes she is an out-and-out dog's girl, for she loves to motor, skate, and swim. She suggests nothing of the stage in her daily life, rarely speaks of it, and is just a wholesome, lovable American girl, buoyant with the spirit of youth, and quite unconscious of her talents. In fact, she suffers from lack of self-appreciation and a searching self-analysis, frankly and laughably confessing that she "likes flattery once in a while to get me out of the 'cold-water' blues I give myself."

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Mrs. Percival, of 44, London Road, Grays, Essex, says:—"I am quite satisfied Veno's saved my baby's life. She had been suffering for weeks. The whooping cough used to come on every half-hour, and the attacks were something awful. She always went sick with them; nothing at all would remain on her stomach. Terrible attacks would seize her, till poor baby was quite worn out with the strain of coughing. Of course I tried everything I could think of, one remedy after another; but they made her worse instead of better, for none of them would remain on her stomach. But Veno's agreed with her at once, and on the second day she was ever so much easier. The attacks got less and less frequent, and soon she was absolutely cured."



Baby Percival, Grays.

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INFLUENZA, NASAL CATARRH,
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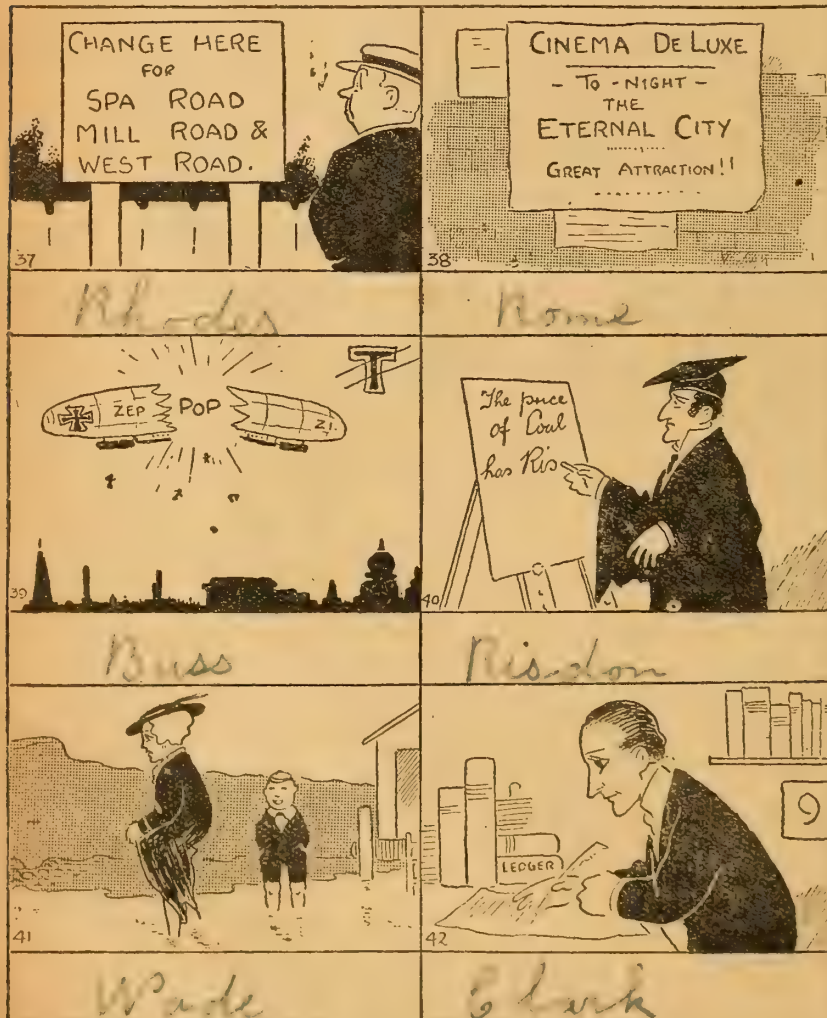
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Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world. Insist on having Veno's
and refuse all substitutes.

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SIMPLE! FREE! PROFITABLE!**1ST PRIZE****£10****2ND PRIZE****£5****10 PRIZES****of 10/6 ea****SCREENED STARS****OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!**

We give below the seventh set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 10s. each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the seventh set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

**ENTRY**

NAME

FORM.

ADDRESS

7th**Set.****OUR LETTER-BAG**

Selected from hundreds every week.

Pity the Poor Editor!

"Dear Sir—I want the girl's Name who played with Coloured Man of East who invented Bombs and gave them to this girl to take to the Dance and other places in Picture When East Meets West mentioned in other I thought you would not understand who I wanted I am a funny writer state if any postcards of this girl."

A. McC. (Purhiwceiber).

Who Wants this Man?

"I am at present in the Royal Naval Hospital in Plymouth, just returned from the Dardanelles. I will be having my discharge from the Marines shortly. So I would be pleased if you could tell me how I can obtain a position as camera-operator in a film-producing firm. I know a fair amount about ordinary photography."

B. N. (Seacombe).

One of the Lucky Ones.

"I know how glad you will be to hear how fortunate I have been. Several months ago I wrote to Mary Pickford just a simple little letter, and was favoured with a charming letter from her, accompanied by a lovely big autographed photo. Wasn't that perfectly sweet of her? Isn't she a delightful little actress! I also wrote to Charlie Chaplin. I never thought that any notice would be taken of my silly note. However, I was delighted to receive a large photo of him. Oh! he is a darling, and so good looking in his natural self. I have had both the photos nicely framed, and they are very much admired, so I consider myself very lucky."

E. K. (Edinburgh).

Pictures and Patriotism.

"Talking of British-made pictures, I am writing to express my opinion on them. Yes! I uphold that British films should be given the first place in our picture palaces, but have you ever thought of the number of young fellows employed in the production and manufacture of these films, men who, I am sure, are quite fit, and yet fill up their time playing for pictures whilst England wants men? It is not only the actor to which I refer, but to the photographers, travellers, canvassers, office-clerks, and operators. Certainly uphold the British film, but personally I prefer to see a film in which there are no fellows of military age featured."

T. S. (Highgate).

The Old and the New.

"Re a letter from a reader, under 'Our Letter-bag,' N. V. (Marston) wonders why some film-players change their names. Those who acted for the pictures then were looked upon as very bad people indeed, so perhaps that is why some players were known by an invented name. Now that cinematography is an industrial art, all those players, who had to be known by some names or other, are falling in line with the present-time stars by giving their real or professional names. The following were all once stars of the American Biograph Company:—

OLD NAME.	NEW NAME.
Dorothy Nicholson	Mary Pickford
Muriel Fortescue	Mabel Normand
Daphne Wayne	Blanche Sweet
Violet Crawford	Vivian Prescott
Phyllis Forde	Kate Bruce
Doris Carlton	Claire McDowell
Harry Benson	Charles H. West
Percival Hemming	Christie Miller
George Harrreaves	Alfred Paget
Charles Berry	Edward Dillon
Montague Laurence	Edwin August
Willie McBain	Robert Herron
Walter Terry	Mack Sennett
Sydney Pankhurst	Fred Mace.

B. M. V. (Walworth).

GOSSIP AND EDITORIAL

SO much space in the issue is given up to the Contest that it would only rob this page to deal further with the subject. I should like to say, however, firstly, that prizes and certificates will be despatched at the earliest possible moment (my sincere congratulations to the winners), and, secondly, that countless voters succeeded in placing three and even all the winners on one coupon, but not in their correct order. I know I shall get a lot of letters pointing this out and perhaps claiming a consolation prize, but if the right names were wrong in position *etc.*, according to the totals of votes they could not, of course, be winning coupons.

"Screened Stars" Going Strong.

The picture puzzle competition on the opposite page is in full swing, and I hope you are all going in for it. A few readers complain that the puzzles are difficult, but I do not agree with them. If the pictures were obvious to all at first glance, thousands would win, and there would be nothing for anybody. Every picture really illustrates a player's surname, and when you find it you will say "How easy it is." Fill up what you can, anyway. There is no need to get all correct to win a prize. By the way, a few single-page sets are dribbling into the office, but let me tell the senders that *only complete sets are eligible*. Save them up until I tell you to send them in.

A Batch of Coming Films.

"Is Elisabeth Risdon acting now?" writes a reader. Yes, she is as busy as ever; Maurice Elvey has completed no less than six "Diploma" films, all made at the London Film Company's Studio, and all featuring Miss Risdon. Their titles are *A Will of her Own*, *Esther*, *Fine Feathers*—all written by Mr. Elvey; *Charity Anne*, by Chappell Dossett; *Maggie the Lady*, by Tom Gallon, and *Love in a Wood*, by Kenelm Foss. They will be released shortly as Exclusives, and Mr. Elvey tells me that other big productions he has arranged for include the rights of two of E. Temple Thurston's books, *The Greatest Wish in the World* and *The Evolution of Catherine*. In addition to Miss Risdon his company of well-known artistes includes Fred Groves, Ruth Mackay, Gerald Ames, Frank Staunmore, and Charles Rock.

Alma Taylor, Mother; Chrissie White, Daughter.

One of the best of the past week's trade shows was the Hepworth production of *Sweet Laverder*, the play by Sir Arthur Pinero which charmed countless picturegoers, myself included, many years ago at Terry's Theatre and elsewhere. The picture carried me back to those bygone days, and frankly I enjoyed it as much as I did the play. There is such a lot in it to compensate for the loss of the spoken dialogue, and although Henry Ainley's Dick Phenyl is not a bit like the late Edward Terry's interpretation, it is none the less a strong and lovable character. Alma Taylor surprised me with her dramatic rendering of the wronged mother who becomes Dick's housekeeper, and Chrissie White, the daughter, was just sweet in the same part. The players, Cecil Hepworth, who produced, and the London Independent Film Trading Company, Limited, who have acquired the picture, are all to be congratulated.

Fashionable Film Functions.

The Essanay Trade Shows, at each of which a batch of "good things" are always shown, are becoming quite a fashion-

able function. When I had a letter from A. L. Lasker, Editor of the present *Independent Picturegoer*, I was glad to hear that Maurice Elvey had been invited to make a picture for him, the novelist and William Ashby, the actor. I have actually the nearest Chaplin film, *Charlie at the Wheel*, was screened and found by all to be even better than the previous ones. You are quite right it *is* the best.

The Winner of the Guinea.

About a month ago the Selig Company offered a prize of one guinea to the reader of PICTURES who submitted the best suggestion for making Selig films absolutely the world's best. Just as we go to press Mr. E. H. Montagu has written me that the prize has gone to Mr. A. Pearson, of 26, Lawson-road, Southsea, Hants. I have not heard what the suggestion was, nor can I for the life of me think what *could* be done to make Selig films better. It does not seem to me to be necessary to do anything.

Watch You --Chaplin.

I went the other evening to see Lapino Lane in his Charlie Chaplin song in *Watch Your Step* at the Empire Theatre. Excellent as this revue is I was agreeably surprised to note that Mr. Lane's act in which he is assisted by a whole crowd of "Charlies" drew more applause than anything else. His imitations of the "make up" and the mannerisms of the "one and only" are really astonishingly life-like. Lapino Lane is also a film success, and I have heard it stated that Trans-Atlantic have secured his services for screen comedy.

The Super-Souvenir.

If "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," some of my future "joy" are going to be furnished by the beautiful souvenirs of their Exclusives which have long been issued by the Gaumont Film Hire Service. I do not exaggerate when I say that these superb works of art, edited by Mr. Alec Braid of the Publicity Department, are absolutely the last word in things artistic in the Cinema trade. Some that I would not part with illustrate such films as *No Greater Love*, *The Jockey of Death*, *The Trumpet Call*, *High Treason*, *Satanstoe*, and *Scandal*, and Mr. Braid informs me—and this should interest exhibitors—that there are others as good or better to follow.

Sir John Hare's Great Film Success.

I am just in time to squeeze in congratulations to all concerned in the production of *Caste*. The exhibitors and the public are the next in turn to be concerned. The film is magnificent.

F. D.



SIR JOHN HARE AS "ECCLES" IN "CASTE,"
the fine Ideal Exclusive produced by Larry Trimble.
Sir John has been on the stage for fifty years.

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—THE TIMES.

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in less than two months—is a TURNER FILM.

Other TURNER FILMS are:

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Through the Valley of Shadows.
For Her People.
The Shepherd Lassie of Argyle.
Shop Girls.
As Ye Repent.

Etc. Etc.

Coming:

Lost and Won.
Far from the Madding Crowd.
Caste.
A Welsh Singer.
The Great Adventure.

*And others to be
announced later.*

These have come or are coming to your favourite Theatre.

Ask the Manager "When?"

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



DEAR GIRLS
AND BOYS—

Animals have
been and always
will be popular
film actors. The
elephant here
shown is one of
the clever troupe
of Bostock ani-

mals (and many of you must have
seen them during their visits to Eng-
land) which are now being employed
in America in a new brand of "Cen-
taur" films. The Bostock animals
include some of the cleverest four-
legged trick performers in the world, and
their screened actions are sure to amuse
and interest you when they arrive in

this country. One good thing about
such pictures is that you run no personal
risk of injury. A little girl friend of
mine once stood admiring a fine elephant
at the Zoo. Suddenly the animal curled
his trunk around her right arm and
lifted her high up in the air. Of course
the child hollered, and so did the keeper.
"Don't struggle," he cried, "or he will
break your arm," and after moments of
tense excitement the little girl was
rescued. Now, no matter how affection-
ate an elephant might be, he cannot
embrace you with his trunk if he
happens to be only a shadow.

I have just heard that a few weeks
ago four lion cubs made their first
appearance on earth at the Bostock Zoo,
and that children in Los Angeles have
been asked to compete in finding names
for them. And who knows? perhaps
these babies will grow up to be film-
players also.

As I have started the subject of ani-
mals I may as well keep it up.

Attached to the Lubin Studio in
Philadelphia is Mike, a monkey. He
receives three dollars a day for his
services, and enough peanuts and candy
to kill the average child. Everybody
likes Mike, except the office cat, because
she, poor thing, is disliked by Mike.
Attached also to the studio is a dachs-
hund pup—you know the sort, very long
body and very short legs. The monkey
and the dog are chums, and the
latter did not object when Mike took
him up in his arms the other day,
carried him over to the cat, and hurled
him on top of the cat's back. During

the awful fight which followed Mike
assisted his chum by pulling the cat's
tail. When peace was declared Mike
was perched on Marie Dressler's shoulder,
telling her all about it in monkey lan-
guage; the cat was hidden in the pro-
ducer's new red motor-car; and the dog
was chasing in joy-wheel fashion his own
tail.

Perhaps the only real Irish doggy
actor in Ireland to-day is "Brandy," the
full-blooded terrier that belongs to
Patrick O'Sullivan, an innkeeper at
Beaufort. Up till the summer of last
year Sidney Olcott has gone there with
his company to make pictures, and
always on Sidney's landing in Beaufort
"Brandy" has been his slave, and ready
to do anything he wished. The result
is that this little terrier figures quite
prominently in many scenes in these
Irish pictures, which are being released
by the Lubin Company. The dog knew
when to come on and when to go off, and
acted with all the intelligence of a
grown-up child, and every time Mr.
Olcott took his departure "Brandy"
just howled his tiny heart out.

Every month I receive one or two
letters from "nephews" or "nieces" in
which I am warned that, having reached
the age of fifteen, he or she is no longer
eligible for my competitions. Alas! it
is too true, and, in addition, a constant
reminder of how time flies. But it does
not follow—does it?—that because my
reader is no longer a child he or she will
cease to read PICTURES. In fact, the

Le Rie.

GERTIE (Blackburn).—We expect the wounded soldier has by now left hospital, but why not send your back numbers of PICTURES to the matron of the nearest Military Hospital? They are sure to be appreciated, Gertie.

WALTER (Tottenham).—So sorry to hear you have been laid by the heels; hope you will soon be convalescent, and start your round of the picture palaces again. Have sent you a postcard list.

A READER TILL DEATH (Hove).—Splendid, dear boy; may you live for ever! Have sent your love to the film actresses. What a gay dog you are!

ETHEL (Cardiff).—Sorry the information you want is not published. Thanks for promise of photo. Mind you don't forget, Ethel.

FRED (Manchester).—Thanks for trying to get new readers. Accept our congratulations on becoming a Patrol Leader in the Boy-Scouts. As for postcards we have just added a beautiful set of Billy Mason—twelve all different "in make-up"—price 1d. each, or the set, post-free, for 10d. The Bamforth Studio at Holmfirth, has been taken over by Holmfirth Productions, Ltd. Sorry we don't know the age of Fred of Burnham. Perhaps he will tell us. We have no information that Billie Ritchie and J. W. Ritchie are related. Should say not. We have no postcards of Marie Dressler, Mabel Normand, or Pearl White.

CIVIS BRITANNICUS (Catford).—(A name to be proud of.) Keystone do not publish their casts, but we think Minta Durfee played the part in question. We have not heard of the Film Co.

THE PHANTOM OF THE VIOLIN (Margate).—The "Little Things that Spoil the Films" you mention as having seen show an amazing lack of attention to detail. Your letter was most interesting.

C. W. (Ealing).—Thanks for Smiles joke.

ONE LEG (Wimbledon).—We have postcards of Charles Chaplin (seven different) and Earle Williams, but none of Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle, or Henry Ainley. Have sent your love to all. So sorry to hear of your misfortune.

B. S. (W. Norwood).—We last heard of T. H. MacDonald in the Broadweir production of "The Woman Who Did." We may have an interview with him shortly. Yes, you are a good girl not to ask us any of the old chestnuts.

A. W. B. (Battersea).—It is quite likely that Arthur Playfair played in the film you mention.

NELLIE H. (Cardiff).—Address Gladys Cooper, c/o, the Stage Newspaper, 16, York St., Covent Garden, London.

PERRY (Cardiff) has a fine collection of portraits and letters from picture players, and is consequently happy.

R. G. (Weybourne).—(Dear old stoney bench—don't we know it well!) Pleased to hear of your splendid lot of photos of favourites, and will be more so to see you when you are in town.

IRIS (Manchester).—Most British Producing Companies are in or near London. We know of none near you. Have had no wedding cards from the players you speak of, so conclude they are still "fancy free." Thanks for your affectionate letter, Iris dear.

CURIEUX (Sheffield).—A letter addressed to Gaby Deslys, c/o, the Stage Newspaper 16, York St., Covent Garden, London, would probably reach her. Muriel Ostriche, c/o, Thanhouser Film, Ltd., Main Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. No trouble, *chérie*.

DORCAS (Leeds).—Ella Hall and Robert Leonard are not married. Chas. Chaplin has not joined the Army—he is playing for Essanay in America; perhaps you are thinking of dear old "Pimple." Of course the Editor would autograph a page from your album. Are you acting up to your name, Dorcas, by following Sister Susie's example?

ETHEL (Clapham Junction).—Oh, yes, we quite well remember your previous letters. We have no postcards of Claire McDowell. 323 cards is an excellent collection. Hope your soldier hubby will return to you safe and sound. Remember us to him when you write.

ALICE (Maida Vale).—The lonely soldier in hospital would no doubt be this have left, so it is useless giving you his address. It was kind of you, Alice, to wish to write him.

M. B. (Tingle).—We have no postcards of House Peters or Rita Jolivet. We have put their names on our list of portraits to publish. Hope you will long be "a regular reader."

JENNIE WREN (Bradford).—Lucky girl to receive autographed portraits of Harold Lockwood and Anita Stewart! So glad you like PICTURES, and thanks for getting new readers—keep it up.

CHIN CHIN (Shepherd's Bush).—Volume VIII. can now be had for 3s. 9d., post-free, from PICTURES Office, 85, Long Acre, London, and as your friend is having his numbers found himself we can supply him with an index for 3d. Write to the Postcard Manager for a list.



BETTE HART, the Selig player.
This portrait is reproduced from our
Postcard Series.

PIPPIN (Croydon).—Glad you had a nice holiday. You certainly deserved it after running the office yourself, as you told us in a previous letter. Volume VIII. is now ready. Don't forget our new address is 85, Long Acre. The Postcard Manager thanks you for love. The poor man is always forgotten.

VERA (Westcliff).—So you have "Pickforditis." Well, you are in good company, as a great number of our readers have it too; Mary is such a dear, isn't she?—and she has won in our contest!

MABEL (Edgbaston).—Your letter cheered us in our daily toil. Why turn the "k—" into "kind wishes"? First thoughts are best, Mabel.

H. B. (Kentish Town).—PICTURES is published on Saturday. Sorry we have not the cast you want.

NEW READER (Manchester).—Charlie Chaplin used to play in Fred Karno's music-hall sketch "Mumming Birds" in England, and he is an Englishman, born in London. It is quite likely he might reply to a letter from you. "Pimple" is with the First Surrey Rifles at Camberwell. Are you going in for our Screened Stars Contest.

A. H. C. (Islington).—It is only necessary to write the surname under the Screened Stars pictures.

PORCORN (Helden Bridge).—Seventeen new readers! Splendid! Don't stop; you're a real pil.

A REGULAR READER (Manchester).—The players you mention are not married to each other. The lady's husband is not a film actor.

BALLET (Birmingham).—Address King Baggot, c/o Universal Film Co., 43rd St. and 11th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Apply to Samuel French, Ltd., Southampton St., Strand, London, for book on theatrical make-up.

PADDIE (Drogheda).—Robert Leonard did not play the policeman's part in "Ridgeway of Montana." Thanks. The same to you, Paddie.

* * * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
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SMILES

Ringin' the Changes.

SHE: "Take back the heart thou gavest me!"

HE: "Never mind the heart—let's have the ring!"

Better Not Advertised.

VISITOR to a small village picture-hall: "I believe this picture-hall boasts of a pianiste?"

MANAGER: "No, sir; we dare not boast about it."

A Safe Place.

OLD LADY (to wounded soldier): "You say that you were shot right through the chest, how was it that you were not killed?"

WOUNDED SOLDIER: "My heart was in my mouth, madam."

Short Scenarios.

Elevating the Stage.—Part 1: Mated. Part 2: Aggravated. Part 3: Renovated. Part 4: Celebrated.

His Last Joy Ride.—Part 1: Speeding. Part 2: Pleading. Part 3: Unheeding. Part 4: Bleeding.
—Judge.

The Screen and the Scream.

LEARNED NATURALIST (at a cinema lecture): "A cockroach has three thousand teeth."

BROTHER OF SEVEN: "What an awful time the family will have when the baby cockroaches are teething, sir!"

"Cleanliness Next to—."

MOTHER: "Did you wash your face before the music-teacher came?"

SMALL BOY: "Yes."

MOTHER: "And your hands?"

SMALL BOY: "Yes."

MOTHER: "And your ears?"

SMALL BOY: "Only the one that was next to teacher."

Cause and Effect.

GENTLEMAN (in new suit of clothes, sitting on a bench in the Park, to little boy on the grass in front of him): "Why don't you go and play with the other little girls and boys?"

Boy: "Not till I've seen you stand up. A fellow was painting that seat a few minutes ago."

The "Looks" that Count.

The two film stars were enjoying their own conversation. A had received several letters lately from adoring picturegoers, "all ladies too, by George." It then appeared that B also was admired by the fair sex. He produced the week's post from his bosom pocket, and recollected the time when he received as many missives per diem from adoring dainties and maidens. It was A's practice, he confessed, to meet foolish maidens who offered him the devotion of a lifetime, and gently reprimand them for their foolish conduct, give them a homily from the nearest melodrama, and despatch them to their parents' arms. "Of course, you do likewise, B?" said he. "That is my invariable custom," B replied; "my invariable custom—if they are plain."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Two kinds of fighting

(From Then to Now—
Part 14)

Before the war we did not all have the high opinion of fighting qualities that we now have.

But now we know what fighting means. And perhaps it is for that very reason that "The White Hope" is so great a success as a Hepworth picture play. It is a film version of W. H. R. Troubridge's successful novel, produced by Frank Wilson.

The boxing scenes are perfect. The story itself is one of love as well as fighting, and it is re-lived in this picture by several of the great Hepworth stars. Stewart Rome is "The White Hope" and Violet Hopson is the Duchesses daughter. Lionelle Howard and Chrissie White complete the list of stars. The scenario is by Victor Montefiore whose articles on picture-play writing you read last month in "The Pictures."



Hepworth Picture Plays

c/o Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman Street, Golden Square, W.

SCALA THEATRE

"A wonderful triumph."
—THE SPHERE.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.



DON'T LOOK OLD!

You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs always so conspicuous. Write at once to the great Hair Specialist, J. Peppier & Co., Ltd., 37, Bedford Laboratories, London, S. E., for a bottle of their world-famous **LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER.**

1/6.

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The AND PICTUREGOER

1^{D.}

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Wright's typist falls and twists her ankle. Being in the midst of important business, he takes the girl to and from her home in his car. Neighbours and busybodies talk, and ruin descends upon both.



The disaster was entirely due to the unwarrantable interest other people took in the lives of Wright and Daisy Dean. The film is a powerful sermon against speaking ill of one's neighbours or acquaintances.

This is a Film everybody is going to talk about

SCANDAL

The Tragedy of Idle Gossip

Trans-Atlantic Film



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1^{D.}



JESSE L. LASKY

presents
the fascinating star

INA CLAIRE

who makes her photo-
dramatic debut in

"THE WILD GOOSE CHASE"

A merry Romance and
Comedy of Errors.

Released
MONDAY, NOV. 15th.

Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.



HELEN BADGLEY

The pretty little player of the Thanhouser Co., who are famous for
child artistes. (See page 145.)



**YOU KNOW
THESE TWO!**

THE TRADE-MARK & THE ARTIST

STELLA RAZETO —as the faithful
yet misjudged wife—

will enlist your sympathy and admiration in a Selig
two-reel Feature of exceptional strength entitled

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REMEMBER! A Good, average Selig Feature is better than hundreds
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keeping. Your friends will like them.

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CONSCIENCE

Trans-Atlantic.

4,500 Feet.

"How many innocent men have sat in that Electrocutation Chair?" says one of the
characters in this powerful drama to the Governor of a gaol.

**CONSCIENCE is the story of one such
terrible MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.**

It shows, with a power that grips you, the fatal ease with which a crime can be
fastened, by means of circumstantial evidence, upon the wrong man.

And it brings home to the public in vivid fashion the awful dangers of such testimony—
always so plausible and convincing, and yet with a flaw that damns it—if only one could find it.

CONSCIENCE.

In this play Conscience, jogged by a clever criminologist, comes to the aid of justice,
and the wrong-doer himself confesses.

The manner in which the tangled skein of crime is unravelled is masterly.

It introduces the audience to new scenes not hitherto witnessed on the screen.

And the story, worked up to its climax in such dramatic fashion, is rich in fine photography.

Altogether a big subject—and a big film!

RELEASED NOV. 15th.

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1915.

New Series, No. 91.



"OF COURSE, YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE—?"

A new portrait of Billy Mersen, who looks like being as famous on the screen as he is on the stage.

(See Gossip page.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

If a film is not selling, you can't blame him, can you?

On Thanksgiving Day one thousand cinema theatres screened films showing the Navy at work and at play.

The French Government has authorised the reopening of the cinema theatres in Boulogne. Hooray!

Would you like to see elephants in battle? Would you like to see elephant chases through water? Then wait for *The Flash Light*, a Selig special.

Cyril Maude's salary for silent play work in America is said to be £40 an hour. Silence is gold, is it not? We hear that his next film appearance is in *The Antique Dealer*.

They're all after *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. Although not released until December 6th, the picture is booking rapidly. Watch for the story of this Ideal film in PICTURES.

There are some would-be film dramatists who complain bitterly of the shortsightedness of producers, but they should remember that when a producer is considering a plot he always has a cast in his eye.

The Birth of a Nation is said to have led to the burning of the Princes Theatre in Montreal, because of its injustice to the coloured race. No fear of the Scala in London being set on fire, except with enthusiasm!

Five thousand pounds worth of furniture, from a dining-room clock to a kitchen-table, has arrived at the Universal Studios. The rumour that we spent as much on furniture for our new offices is hereby contradicted.

Mrs. General Tom Thumb, widow of the famous Lilliputian exhibited all over the world by Barnum, has been featured with other "little people" in a film called *The Lilliputians' Courtship*. This little subject is obviously a big one.

The Cheery One and the Chaps.

AN optimist who has been preached at, says *Town Topics*, about frivolous picture shows says he would like to have "a chop at chaps at church who chip at chaps for cheering Charlie Chaplin." And it should be added that "the chaps that leave their chattels to show their stuff in battles are the sort of chaps that cheer at Chaplin shows."

The Cinema Ambulance Fund.

"POP" LUBIN no sooner heard of the Cinematograph Ambulance Fund than he gave action to his generosity. He cabled without a moment's delay 2,500 dollars. It will buy at least one complete ambulance motor outfit, he said, and will express in tangible form my heartfelt and deep sympathy with those Englishmen who are so bravely and nobly fighting in the cause of freedom. Thank you, Mr. Lubin. Will others kindly note?

Foreign Twenty Years Ago.

THE film world has introduced a new form of speech. We were reading in a Kidderminster paper of the effect of the cinema upon the popular vocabulary. First and foremost is the invention of the word "movie" to indicate a moving picture exhibited at these shows. Among other coinages are such rough-and-ready verbs as "to movieise," "to filmise," "to picturise," and "to scenarise." Then there are such technicalities as the term "five-reel film" and the phrase "on the screen." What, it is asked, would one have been able to make twenty years ago of the announcement

that "Charlie Clickford, the famous movie star, will be seen on the screen to-night in a five-reel picturisation of *The Queen of the Cinema*, a thrilling picture-play just released by the X Y Z Motion Feature Corporation?"

The Cinema Cure.

A WOUNDED Tommy at St. Helens laughed so much at Charlie Chaplin that he was caught leaving the hall without his crutches. "I never laughed so much in my life," he gasped when told of his absent-mindedness. Recently we heard of a dumb man recovering his speech through laughing at

Billie Ritchie. Now we wait for the dented Tommy who will laugh his head off over some other comedian and trot off home without it.

On Strike.

NO one knew what upset his Royal Highness, but the other day Charlie snapped his chain at the Universal Zoo, and ran off at top speed. People scattered in all directions, trees and plants which obstructed Charlie's course were pulled up or trampled down, and finally Charlie took an headlong plunge in the Los Angeles river. The water evidently cooled his madness, for when an hour later they routed him out of his mud-bed, he went back home like a lamb. N.B.—We are not referring to Chaplin, but Charlie the elephant.

Who, Why, and From Whence?

IT fits the melody of the chorus to "Red Wing," and it's all because. How, or why, or where it started nobody knows, but everybody who is anybody in the juvenile world is singing the following verse about Charlie Chaplin:—

"When the moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin,

His boots are cracking
For want of blacking.

And his little baggy trousers they want mending
Before they send him
To the Dardanelles."

How Should it End.

WHEN you see *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, the splendid film owned by the "Ideal" Film Renting Company, remember that the owners are offering £100 in prizes for the best criticism of the ending which the picture gives to Dickens's incomplete tale, and the best suggestion for an alternative finish. As it is necessary to read the book in order to compete for the prizes, arrangements have been made with the publishers, Chapman and Hall, Ltd., the owners of the copyright of the novel, to have copies of the book on sale at all theatres where the film is exhibited. For this purpose they have issued a new and special edition at one shilling which will be obtainable from the attendants.

Edna May on the Screen.

IT is announced that Edna May has been engaged by the Vitagraph Company to appear in moving-pictures at a salary of £20,000 per annum. Edna May took London by storm in 1898, as the Salvation lassie in "The Belle of New York." In 1900 Miss May appeared at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, in "An American Beauty," returned to the United States in 1901 in "The Girl from Up There," and reappeared in London at the Duke of York's Theatre the same year in the same part. She has been prominently featured both here and abroad in many plays, among others "Kitty Grey," "Three Little Maids," "The School Girl," "La Poupée," "The Belle of Mayfair," and in "Nelly Neil," her hasty resignation from her part in this latter production in September, 1906, to become Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, causing a newspaper sensation.



THE PLAYERS' HOLIDAY.—No. 4.
"Keystone Fatty" in a wild animal film.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **TROPHIES OF WAR:** All Paris is flocking to see the guns captured from the Germans in Champagne. 2. **FINGERS THAT SEE:** Lessons in poultry-farming for our blinded heroes at St. Dunstan's Hostel. 3. and 5. **THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS:** Two chic hats. 3. Black velvet hat, finished with silk military braid, worn with blue serge costume; (5) tete de negre silk shape, with over-arching brim of white net and silk flower trimming. 4. **THE STRONG MAN OF GREECE:** A fine moving "snapshot" of M. Venizelos, the Allies' friend. 6. **AS IN THE OLDEN DAYS:** Recruits of the Leicester Regiment being instructed in modern adaptations of old-fashioned appliances. 7. **THE FRENCH BARBER:** Shaving under shell fire in the French trenches.

THE OUTRAGE

Adapted from the Hepworth Quality Exclusive
By M. OUSTON-BOOTH.



ABOVE the deafening roar and crash of the guns a cry of pain rang out. A second later a thin form swayed and fell prostrate amidst the ruins of the bombarded street.

A beautiful girl slipped upon her knees in futile efforts to succour the lifeless woman.

"My mother!—they have murdered her!" she cried.

At a sign from their leader the Prussians ceased to fire, and for a moment silence reigned—a silence that was nerve-racking after the long, unbroken din of the invasion.

With jaunty air and leering smile, Lieutenant Arlstein stepped forward from the German ranks.

"You are beaten; it is useless to continue the struggle. Lay down your arms and surrender!"

A groan of despair ran round the little group of exhausted French. It was true. The fight for home and loved ones was at an end—they were completely conquered. Their arms dropped slowly and unwillingly to the ground—to their beloved French soil that was red with the blood of Prussian victims.

Tears streamed down the girl's pale face as she lifted the glistening white head of the last sacrifice upon her arm.

"I am sorry, Mademoiselle, but this is war," said the officer, lightly, as four of his men stepped forward at his command to bear the dead woman into the beautiful chateau that had been her happy home until the fiend of War had marked fair France in its lustful, pitiless grip.

The daughters shuddered at the thought of their loved form in the care of these Prussian brutes, and would have countermanded the Lieutenant's orders but for a restraining hand upon her arm. She turned and met the sorrowing, kindly eyes of her nurse.

"It is better so, *ma petite*,"

Quietly the girl stood up, but there was a haughtiness and defiance in her bearing eloquent of the burning hate she endured. With a gesture she pointed the way, and, trembling with the shock of her bereavement, followed with her nurse.

When the latter accompanied the stretcher-bearers into the dead woman's apartment the girl crouched, forlorn and broken-hearted, upon a lounge in the exquisite salon.

"It is too terrible!" she sobbed, "in these few awful days all my loved ones gone!"

The tramp of returning footsteps roused her to composure. Wearily she rose, and, standing erect, met with proud disdain the coarse, insulting glances of the soldiers. As they passed out of the door she became aware of the presence of the Lieutenant's orderly, and stepped forward to hear the nature of the commands it was obvious he gave. At her approach he turned from the nurse and addressed her with an insolent bow.

"Mademoiselle, prepare. Lieutenant Arlstein is pleased to make this chateau his headquarters during his occupation of the town."

With apparent enjoyment of her disconcertion the orderly turned upon his heel, leaving the two women to face the grief of their recent bereavement together with the cruel humiliation that succeeded it.

Towards evening Lieutenant Arlstein made his appearance at the chateau, where supper had been prepared at his orders for himself and a party of fellow-officers. Intoxicated with wine and

success, their ribaldry rang out louder and louder as the meal progressed, filling the peaceful old house with a mad gaiety that contrasted strangely with its aspect of dignity, to which the tragedy of the day seemed to have added a brooding melancholy.

"They, at least, could have spared me this," murmured the orphaned daughter of the chateau to her nurse and sole protector, as they made their way together through the *salle à manger* scene of buffoonery and drunken brawl.

At the foot of the stairs the pair were accosted by the Lieutenant, who, with a flow of pretty compliments sought to win favour and admiration from the miserable girl. But as he caught her white hand in his own and raised it to his lips she drew herself away from him with a little gasp of horror and repugnance.

He watched her disappear, and with a volley of expletives rejoined his friends.

"She forgets that I am the only man who sleeps here," he said presently with a grin. "What if I ask her to spare me an hour after you fellows have gone?"

A burst of laughter and applause followed the suggestion, and, draining their glasses dry, the men rose one by one to their feet. When the last had left the house the Prussian officer made his way silently up the staircase, and in hiding awaited an opportunity of carrying out his vile intention.

A few minutes elapsed; then the door of the girl's room opened, and the nurse appeared. Pouncing upon her unawares, Arlstein had little difficulty in overpowering her, which feat accomplished she was flung brutally into an adjoining room.

Meanwhile his other victim, hearing



"MY MOTHER!—THEY HAVE MURDERED HER!" SHE CRIED.



A HAND APPEARED, FELT FOR THE LOCK, AND RELEASED IT.

all, paced her room in terror. The officer knocked, and, receiving no reply, demanded admittance. Barricading the door with furniture, she waited in an agony of suspense. Suddenly a panel of the door gave way; a hand appeared, felt for the lock, and released it. Swooning, she fell heavily to the floor.

* * * *

Long, weary months afterwards a little nameless son was born to the girl. But the Angel of Death took mercy on her poor tortured spirit, and closed the sweet mother eyes in a long, peaceful sleep that knew neither sorrow nor suffering.

PART TWO.

After forty years more of civilisation Prussia had once again taken up her arms to lay waste peaceful lands. It was July, 1914.

Standing before the portrait of his mother, whose unhappy fate at the hands of a Prussian had brought him into the world, the war-child of 1870, now an officer in the French Army, felt all the passion in his soul rise in one great resolution to avenge the tragedy of his birth.

"If my life and strength can be put to some small use in this war against brutality and barbarism, then, *ma petite mère*, you will not have suffered in vain."

With a sad smile at the sweet face he raised his hand in salute. As his wife knelt down to buckle on his sword he reiterated his vows. Kissing him, she summoned together all her courage.

"Then God-speed!" she said. "Keep faith in your God, in your country's destiny, and the justice of your revenge."

One last, long "farewell," and he was gone.

"Will Papa come back to us safely?" asked his little girl, with that strange belief in the infallibility of adult opinion that characterises childhood.

"Yes, very soon, *ma chérie*," assured the old nurse, now bent and feeble, who had brought up the child's father as though he had been her own.

The two women stood together by

the window and wept, but she, who knew nothing of the horror of war, ran away contentedly to await with patience and joyful hope the glad day of his return.

And she did not wait in vain. A little more than a month had elapsed before the French officer came back wounded, to find the town in danger of invasion, and his dear ones seeking refuge in the cellars of the château. Here he was nursed back to health, looking forward eagerly to the time when he should rejoin his regiment at the Front.

That day was drawing very near when history repeated itself in the shelling of the old French town.

"You must let me go—I am fit!" he declared to the doctor, when the bombardment became severe. "They are devils, these Germans; how can I rest here with my native town like a shambles and my dear ones in very danger of their lives?"

But the doctor shook his head as he took leave of his patient.

"It is useless," he said; "the town has surrendered. You would be taken prisoner—that is all."

With a sigh of despair the officer sat down, tortured by his inaction.

Suddenly, a few minutes later, the sharp sound of a bell rang through the quiet château, followed by a pause, then the sliding back of bolts as the old nurse answered the summons.

The guttural tones of a German voice brought the officer again to his feet.

"I need not go further—there is need of me here," he said, addressing his wife.

"But, no!" she cried. "You must remain in the cellars, where, please God, you will be safe; none but our neighbours know of your return. I will go—there can be no harm in that."

And before he could prevent her she had put her words into action.

In the salon the mistress of the château encountered an elderly General of the Prussian Army, already seated at a table and demanding *déjeuner*.

He rose at her approach.

"Pardon me, Madame, I am so used to giving orders that I forget I am your guest."

"By necessity," she put in with amiableness, as she poured out wine.

"Oh, but is not that a little *fauconné*? Might it not be by choice under happier conditions? I am assured you, Madame la Dame du Château, I find it a happy necessity that makes me your guest."

"That is certainly a pretty compliment. But I cannot truthfully return it," she answered, faintly.

"Ah, you Frenchwomen, you always delight me," he cried.

"It seems you are in the habit of being the guest by necessity, of my womenfolk!"

"By this time, Madame, yes, but rarely of so charming a hostess as your self."

She looked at him with contempt. But, regardless, he seized her in his arms and sought to kiss her lips.

"Ah," came an angry voice, "so you Germans are still the same! You were brutes in 1870, and you are brutes to-day."

Trembling, the Frenchwoman sought protection in her husband's arms; but with a caress he bade her stand aside.

With drawn sword he approached the General, who with a sneer would have dismissed the idea of a duel. But the Frenchman was not to be trifled with—he could not so easily forgive.

La Dame du Château watched them in miserable suspense as their bright swords flashed in the glow of the ripe afternoon. Suddenly the elder man caught sight of a picture above the mantel; it was his opponent's mother. Horror-stricken by a sudden memory, he stopped. But only for a moment; he dared not tell the truth.

They resumed the fight. The Frenchman's sword seemed everywhere, meeting the other's blade as if his thin steel had a living instinct. Every trick of sword-play was met and foiled by a still more cunning stroke, until at length, his



HIS WIFE KNELT TO BUCKLE ON HIS SWORD



"YOU WERE BRUTES IN 1870, AND YOU ARE BRUTES TO-DAY."

breast transfixed, the General dropped like a log.

"*Mon Dieu!*" muttered the officer, ashen white, with beads of perspiration upon his brow and lip, "but the world is the better for the exit of that German dog."

He took his wife in his arms, and while they clung to one another, the aged nurse stooped down and peered into the dead man's face lest her failing sight had deceived her. Yet no, there could not be any mistake; the Prussian General of to-day was the Prussian officer of forty years ago.

But only the old woman knew the terrible truth—that the father had been killed by the son!

The film is a Hepworth Quality Exclusive, which means that photography, acting, and everything connected with the production spells perfection. Albert Chevalier wrote the play, and Cecil Hepworth produced it. Alma Taylor is the girl of 1870 and Lionel Howard the Lieutenant, Arlstein. In 1914 the Lieutenant, now General, is played by John MacAndrew, the Son by Henry Ainley, and the Son's Wife by Violet Hopson.



CINEMA FILMS & PERSONALITY



SOMEONE writing to the Press the other day about the taxation of cinematograph films, remarked that British manufacturers will never make a success of their productions, because they do not build them round the personality of the actors. He cited, amongst others, Maurice Costello as having made the Vitagraph Company, Ford Sterling the Keystone enterprise, "Broncho Billy" (G. M. Anderson) the Essanay, and Asta Neilson the Nordisk concern. The British firms, he added, try to produce all-round excellence, and are, in his opinion, bound to fail.

Being addicted to visiting picture-shows occasionally, I cannot profess "judicial ignorance" regarding all these famous personages. On the contrary, I could reel off a dozen or two more names of those who are "featured" very frequently in our local cinema. But I totally disagree with the statement that these people have "made" the companies with which they have been connected.

I am inclined to credit all this popularity to the assiduous advertising of the various "personalities"—a method of advertising which is common to all American enterprise, and which has

been largely emulated on this side of the Atlantic. The highly-coloured poster, or the carefully-worded "personal par" in the newspapers, accompanied by photographs of the artistes, and an occasional reference to the fabulous sums they are paid, can all be calculated to "draw," but there is evidence that this game is nearly played out.

The fact is, the British film is coming to the fore, and looks like supplanting the American film, chiefly because it does aim at all-round excellence and manages to hit the mark. With us, "the play's the thing," although it is true that we have a well-worn tag about "the play of *Hamlet* without the moody Dane," but on the other hand the "moody Dane" would be intolerable as a modern "star performer." The whole success of Shakespeare's play lies in the fact that *Hamlet* is all the time up against characters which are strong enough to throw him into violent contrast; they are far from being mere puppets or supers.

I have seen a number of excellent films which were well received although the names of the actors were either not announced or were at least unfamiliar

to me, and I have noticed that the film versions of famous novels have brought big money to their producers. Nor do I claim that British films are alone superior in this respect.

I would point to one make of films which bears the name of the pioneer of "living pictures," as they were at first called—the Edison Company. Although this is an American concern, I have yet to see anything tawdry or second-rate bearing this label. The name "Edison" on the title of a film generally makes the audience settle down comfortably into their seats in anticipation of a good plot, carefully staged and well acted, but apparently no attempt is made to direct attention specially to the "personality" of any particular actor. The only exceptions I call to mind were one or two films in which the principal character was taken by a gentleman who had found fame in another walk of life.

It is a matter of common knowledge in this country that the English cannot be held for any length of time by mere "personality" booming. They will insist on quality, and the most attractive personality will never compensate for a poor plot or careless production.

Call the British people fickle if you like, but it does not alter the fact that any public man or woman who fails to continue to please is soon forgotten, and no amount of booming can be successful for long in this country unless the show is good value for the admission money.

I feel sure that the writer of the paragraph I referred to is an American, or at least interested in the production of American picture-plays. If so, he may be regarded as just one amongst a large crowd of people who have crossed the Atlantic to get British custom without troubling to take into consideration that the British temperament is "poles apart" from that of the Americans, although we speak the same language—the one nation through the mouth and the other through the nose—and cousins though we be.

J. MACREADY, in *The Pressman*.

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Baby Lillian Wade, Eric Desmond, Helen and Dolores Costello, Paul Kelly, Matty and Early, Marie Eline and The Thanhouser Twins, Baby Helen, Gladys, Adèle De Garde, Henrietta O'Beck, Little Billie Jacobs, Judson Melford, Kid and Kidlet, Andy Clark, Helen Badgley, &c. &c.

ONE PENNY Each, or the Set
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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



HOUSE PETERS, the latest of the galaxy of photo-play stars to be enlisted under the Lubin banner. (*Matter concerning Mr. Peters appears on page 136.*)



CONSTANCE TALMADGE, of the Vitagraph Company, which she joined in 1910. Like her sister Norma, she is clever, popular, and beautiful,



MARY FULLER, the Trans-Atlantic star. Her exceedingly clever work on the screen never fails to charm the cinema public.



HARRY LONSDALE, whose ability and popularity as a player are proved by stating that he belongs to the Selig Company.

THE STRUGGLE UPWARD

Adapted from the Edison Film by Millicent Bristow.

"SO you will really take me to the Settlement to-morrow, Miss Turner?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

Thus did Philip Atwood extract a promise from his cousin's friend. A prominent sociological worker, Helen, with the interests of the poorer classes at heart, was always ready to welcome a new member to her ever-increasing band of helpers.

Her friend Marjorie, knowing her cousin to be a wealthy man, had introduced him to Helen Turner in the hope that he would be likely to advance the good work done by her energetic acquaintance.

Little did Helen dream that this promise to accompany Philip to the Settlement was going to result in their lives becoming closely united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony.

In her one sordid tenement-room Mrs. Morton, a hard-working widow, stitched rapidly at a half-finished garment. On the bed lay her son Artie, a little boy of five, and a cripple. For his sake the mother sat long into the night, sewing till her eyes burned and her fingers ached. Her elder son, a wastrel of nineteen, had not returned home. Often now was he absent for days. He was too lazy to work, and when he did come home he lived on what poor food his mother could supply.

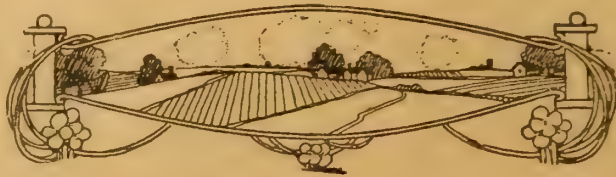
The daylight had come again before Mrs. Morton, her limbs stiff and aching, fell into a doze.

Some hours later she was suddenly awakened by footsteps. Her hungry son had returned to extract what money he could from the almost empty purse of his mother. This time, however, Mrs. Morton refused to give him any.

"Jack," she pleaded, "can't you see that little Artie wants every penny I can earn?" God knows it is not much, and the child must live. Oh, Jack! why won't you try and find some work?"

"Work an' I ain't pals," answered Jack sulkily. His mother began to cry, but her son made no attempt to comfort her, and Artie, sitting up in bed, called "Mummie, why are 'oo crying?" Then the mother heart opened, and, with tears still streaming down her face, Mrs. Morton found solace in the love of her child.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morton! I believe your little son is ill." The words were spoken by Helen, who, unannounced, had quietly entered the attic. Helen's smiling face soon succeeded in driving away Mrs. Morton's tears, and, after hearing all about the trouble the poor mother had with her lazy son, Helen turned her attention to Jack. Very gently and with great tact she urged the misguided young man to drop his evil associates and lead a better and useful life, and so well did she succeed with him that before she left the



room she had his solemn promise to reform.

Philip Atwood and Helen were married. Every luxury which the feminine heart desires was hers for the asking. Nevertheless she continued her work amongst the poor, and innocently believed that her husband was interested in her labours. She did not know that, in the hours when Philip went to business he was raking in money from the roughs and society youths who frequented his gambling den. But Helen was not always to remain in ignorance.

Jack kept his promise and reformed. He saw much of Helen, and began to realise that his devotion for her was more than platonic friendship.

A Christmas party was arranged to be held at the Settlement, and inside the hall, Helen, her husband, Jack, and many others were decorating the big room for the following day. Helen was mounted on a pair of steps, some distance away from her husband, adjusting a wreath of evergreen which hung on the wall. She turned to jump down, and Jack caught her in his arms. In the madness of the moment he embraced her—kissed her passionately on her lips, her cheeks, her eyes.

"You dog!" exclaimed an angry voice.

The next moment a blow from the fist of Philip Atwood sent Jack sprawling to the ground. Philip's face was livid with rage. "You low-bred cur, how dare you touch my wife?" and lifting Jack like a child he threw him out of the hall.

Some days later Jack was talking to one of his old associates when Helen and her husband passed.

"Gawd!" exclaimed the other man, that feller is one we've bin after for months! He's the one wot run the gaming den, and was near collared by the police. We'll git 'im this time," he added grimly, as he disappeared, leaving Jack in bewilderment.

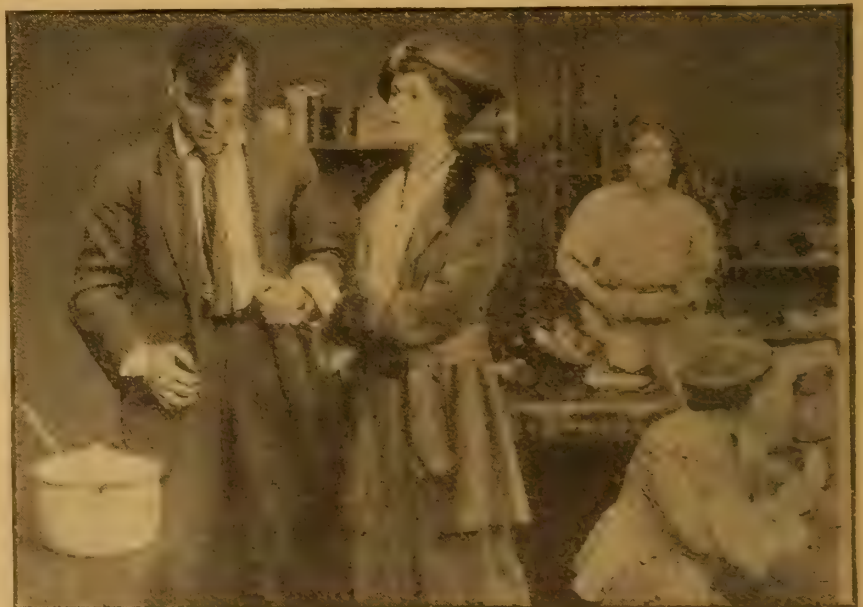
When the truth dawned upon Jack it left him more astonished than ever. He saw it all in a flash. It was clear that Philip was a crook, and that the police were after him. It might also mean that his wife, Helen, would be arrested as an accomplice. They must be warned. Hastily he made his way to the Atwoods' house, and was received by Helen.

"Helen—Mrs. Atwood!" Jack panted. I have come to warn you that your husband is in danger. He is an arch-crook, and the police are after him."

"My husband! Nonsense!" exclaimed Helen, turning pale. "How dare you come here, and say things like this concerning Philip? It's a wicked falsehood."

Then her husband entered. He had overheard the conversation, and at once ordered Jack from the room. But he knew that the words spoken were true.

"Helen, we must get away from
(Continued on page 134.)



SHE URGED THE MISGUIDED YOUNG MAN TO LEAD A BETTER LIFE.

Picture Plays in Pen and Ink. No. 2.



MARY PICKFORD IN "LITTLE PAL," AS SEEN BY FRANK R. GREY.

this," Philip said in a low voice. "We will go away into the country somewhere."

Three years had passed. Jack, now ordained, had received his first curacy in a small country town. With his heart full of love for his work, he began his mission amongst the people. It was after a service at his church, and the choir had been dismissed, when a woman's voice said, "Will you help me?" He turned and looked at the speaker, and stood astonished. Then followed instant recognition on both sides.

"Jack—Jack! is it you?"
"Helen!"

In the dim, religious light of the church Helen had found rest and comfort from Philip, her cruel husband, who daily made her life more and more unbearable. After an outburst of rage he had turned her out of the house, and in despair she had wandered into Jack's church, quite unconscious of the fact that her husband had followed her.

"Come with me to the Vicarage," Jack suggested. "We shall have more privacy there."

Helen willingly consented, and, followed closely by her husband, who, vowing vengeance, was prepared for immediate action, all three reached the Vicarage.

They were deep in conversation when Philip had his pistol raised to take the life of the real man who honestly deserved his wife's love.

In the room where Jack and Helen sat a shot rang out, and, with a groan, Jack collapsed. Helen shrieked, and rushing to his side found the bullet had penetrated Jack's coat.

"Jack, Jack!" she sobbed, "for God's sake, speak to me!"



"HE KISSED HER PASSIONATELY . . ."

In a dazed fashion Jack rose to his feet.

"I'm not hurt," he said, "but you must get home. Let me take you."

He drew from his breast-pocket a small leather book which Helen had given him years before which had stopped the course of the bullet.

"It has saved my life," he said.

Trembling with fear, Helen arrived at her home accompanied by her true lover.

As they entered the drawing-room Helen received another shock. On the floor, with a bullet-wound through his forehead, lay her husband; the proof of his crime—the pistol which had so nearly proved Jack's death—still in his hand.

"He is dead!" sobbed Helen, as she caressed the stern, hard-set features of her unfortunate husband.

Jack put his arm tenderly round her. "Yes, indeed, little one; but you and I still live. Now, thank God, we can begin a new life together."

The moral of this admirable two-reel Edison drama by Harold G. Files is a strong one. The reformation of the wayward son should teach many a lesson. Margaret Prussing appears as Helen, Herbert Prior as Philip Atwood, and Pat O'Malley as Jack.



HER HUSBAND ENTERED . . . AND ORDERED JACK FROM THE ROOM.

"THE MASQUERADER"

Players' Names in Poetic Guise.

SHEA was a simple country girl,
So **YOUNG** and gay and free;
He was a **RICH** **adVENTURA**,
Out **WEST** to **ROME** and be
A ravaging **WOLFE** to all he met
In high society.

As she was busy in the **FIELD**,
A **MANLEY** stranger passed;
He **BAIRD** his head, and sweetly smiled,
His gracious **AYRES** amassed.
Said he, "She **BURNS** into my **HARTE**,
I'll **TURNER** head quite fast."

ANNA LITTLE while he **LEARNT** her name,
And the **STOREY** of her life.
He said, "I'll make my heart re**JOYCE**
If thou wilt be my wife."
He **DREW** her near, **INCE**stantly,
The **DARLING** of his life.

His **EAGLE EYE** had seen the news—
An heiress she should be.
He **NASHED** his teeth and told himself:
"Worth **MORAN** her I'll be,
I'll see I have the **LYONS** share
SNOW use to argue me!"

We'll **GOWAN** wed right now, my dear,
I'll fetch my **KARR** for you;
CHESTER moment while I telephone
To **PRIOR** the parson too.
HULETTE me do this, won't you, dear,
Because it's **HALL** for you?"

Now this **YOUNG** and simple country girl
DREW off her auburn wig:
"I really think you **RADINOFF**,
What **PRICE** my latest rig?
I'm **CHARLIE CHAPLIN** in disguise."
But the **MASHER** ran to swig.

WILLIAM ROGERS.

(Mr. Editor—
You can't **STANMORE**, that's **SUTTON**.
But I was told to **SENNETT** along to you.)

We forgive Mr. Rogers this time, but only on condition that he does not repeat the dose.—
Editor.]

Maxims of Methuselah, Jr.

Via Harvey Peake.

GIVE ear, O ye children of men: Look ye not with scorn upon the Moving Picture theatre. For what men and women of the best judgment have pronounced worthy, call ye not trash.

Cultivate broad-mindedness and fairness in thy criticisms, O son. Remember that there are limitations to the filmed drama that the spoken drama knows not of.

Turn not thy face from the film, lest at that moment something may be done upon which the entire story may hinge, and thou wilt thereby understand not the subsequent action. Allow not thyself to become blue. Remember that for threepence thou canst not only put thyself in a happy frame of mind at a Motion Picture playhouse, but thy friend also.

Confine thy tongue, O garrulous son. Let the film itself explain to thy friend the picture thou hast seen before, without thine annoying aid. And lastly, O my children, remember when ye have passed the portals of the picture playhouse, that the performance is not being given entirely for you. Therefore, let your conduct be so regulated that your neighbour may have no cause to complain of your presence.—*Motion Picture Magazine*.

One Hundred and Eighty-One Reels!

SOME "OUTPUT" INDEED.

ONE of the busiest firms in the film industry is the Essanay Company. For the last three months of this year their arrangements include the production of no fewer than 181 reels of film pictures. Fifty-eight reels were made in October, sixty-one will be made in November, and sixty-two in December.

Among the best of the longer subjects which will be issued are *In the Palace of the King*, by F. Marion Crawford, in which E. J. Ratcliffe, Richard C. Travers, and Arlees Hackett are the stars; *The Raven*, by Edgar Allan Poe, in which Henry B. Walthall takes the lead; *Tales that Meet*, by Clinton Dangerfield, with Bryant Washburn leading; *The Family Divided*, taken from H. S. Sheldon's play *The House Divided*, featuring Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn; *The Village Headstead*, by Joseph Byron Totten, and featuring Darwin Karr; *The Old Sin*, by H. Tipton Steck, presenting John Lorenz and June Keith; and *The Great Deceit*, written by Edward T. Lowe, jun., and featuring Warda Howard and John Lorenz.

There also will be forthcoming George Ade fables in slang, the Dreamy Dud cartoons, and scenic pictures, the Western dramas by G. M. Anderson, the Western comedies, as well as Essanay-Chaplin photo-comedies.

The new Essanay studio, which will be 35ft. long and 17½ft. wide, with a floor space of 61,250 square feet, is being pushed as rapidly as possible in order to give plenty of room for the production of plays. This is claimed to be the largest indoors studio, lighted by artificial lamps, ever built. A dozen producers can work there at the same time.

"Charlie" among the Wounded.

AT a concert given recently by Dorothy Sturdy for the entertainment of wounded soldiers at the Military Hospital on Tooting Common, London, Langford Reed, the Essanay Publicity Manager, distributed cigars and packets of cigarettes among the three hundred soldiers present. These gifts created a mill interest, but the later distribution of packets of six post-cards of Charlie Chaplin led to a regular furore. The men clamoured for the packets, and begged for additional packets for their bedridden chums.

Mr. Reed has been so struck by the way these photographs of Chaplin were appreciated that he announces that he will be happy to distribute similar packets at other entertainments got up for the benefit of our wounded heroes, and would, in addition, be pleased to present his music-hall sketch *The Muddlers*, which has been played over one hundred times on behalf of charity.

London managers organising entertainments for the benefit of the wounded, who would care for Mr. Reed's co-operation, should write to him at the office of the Essanay Company.



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A COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

In "The Battle of Love" Essanay has hit upon one of the most thrilling photoplays ever written. It represents a complete new phase of the triangular love tangle, one which is clean and wholesome, free from all the sordidness of the usual triangular love stories, and with a pleasing dénouement.

How an interesting engagement was broken by a misunderstanding, how a wager was made between the parents of the couple, and how a convenient Mr. "Fixit" brought the lovers together again after forcing them through the agonies of a supposed tragedy, provides unique opportunities for those clever ESSANAY players

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN & RUTH STONEHOUSE

in this 3-act Comedy-Drama, which is thoroughly interesting and engrossing from the start to finish.

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Francis X. Bushman

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Ruth Stonehouse



PICTURE PERSONALITIES

The Progress of Peters

MOTHER and Father Peters decided that a little youthful training in the wilds of Australia would not be amiss for their promising son, not because he had shown a tendency to be incorrigible, but because both realised that for a youth who showed the ambition of young House, experience would be by far the prime teacher.

Accordingly Australia welcomed House Peters whose portrait will be found in our "Gallery" on another page—at about fifteen years of age, and House Peters' welcome of Australia was considerably less in warmth, for soon he had joined a hunting-party which planned to make a trip into the wilds of South Africa. The holiday, as House describes it, lasted for some three years, during which time Africa was mighty well covered, and the chatter of the baboon, the roar of the lion, and the cry of the tiger became familiar nightly occurrences with the young huntsman.

With a soul satisfied by this adventure he turned his eye toward the stage, and for many years successfully appeared through Australia and India with travelling repertoire companies. His return to his native land was not particularly auspicious, and soon he made a tour of the Eastern hemisphere in search of further adventure, ultimately ending with eighteen months' service in the English Army during the Boer War.

After the declaration of peace his path in quest of fame led him back to England, where he appeared with Wilson Barrett in *The Silver King*, resuming the stage career which led him to America, where, with Ruth Chatterton, he appeared successfully in *Susan's Gentleman*, a sketch of his own writing. Then followed engagements in *The Money Moon* and *Bought and Paid For*, until the lure of the pictures attracted him. Since that time Mr. Peters has accredited himself with a meteoric rise to popular favour, which ranks him to-day as a leader among motion-picture idols. During the past two years he has been seen in *The Bishop's Carriage* (his first film part), *7750 Chelsea*, *The Pride of Jennico*, *Clothes, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *Hignon*, *Salomy Jane*, *The Girl of the Golden West*, *The Warrens of Virginia*, *The Captive*, *The Unafraid*, *Between Men*, and *The Winged Idol*.

Mr. Peters' first appearance with the Lubin Company will be in the rôle of Steve Ghent in William Vaughan Moody's fine Western American play *The Great Divide*.

Growing Into a Part.

WHY was William Wadsworth absent from the Edison studio for three weeks? Answer—he was not, but only hidden behind a three-weeks' bush which he had grown on his face to play

the Hebrew in *Cohen's Luck*, the four-reel comedy drama by Lee Arthur, in which he was starred. With many of the scenes actually played in the Ghetto no "stage" whiskers would be allowed with the real thing in imported whiskers moored right alongside him. Waddy smiled weakly when he was asked what his wife thought of his disguise—he moved away muttering. Some grew so bold as to say that his better half would not let him come home with his tangled growth. Any way, it fooled a policeman who was stationed in the Ghetto with the players, to keep back the crowd as the pictures were being taken. The policeman pushed Waddy back half a block, despite his protests that he was

a player, and would probably be going yet had not Director John Collins rescued him from the worked-up Bobby.

Mammoth "Set" for a Cannibal Island Picture.

NO theatrical stage in the world could ever put on such a scene as the one recently completed by the Vitagraph Company for *The Island of Surprise*. The scene represented a cave with three compartments and a rocky approach and looked like a transplanted section from one of the South Sea Islands. Thirty workmen-experts were engaged for four weeks on the construction of this mammoth set, which is 40 feet high, 100 feet wide, and 300 feet long. Burlap and plaster-of-paris were used to build the sides and entrance to the cave and to reproduce huge rocks that weigh several tons apiece. Tropical plants, clinging vines, grass, shrubbery, and trees masking the opening of the cave were brought from nearby woods and florists. Special boats

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Yours very truly
Elisabeth Risdon

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Together with the photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, referred to above.

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were hired that made many trips after sea-plants, while automobile trucks were continually running to and from the beach transporting seaweed, sand, and other material necessary to give the scene the realism demanded. In the construction of the rocky approach to the cave huge boulders had to be built to rest on a superstructure strong enough to stage a battle between the three island castaways in the story and a band of two hundred cannibals that were intent on their capture. These boulders alone used up 175 barrels of plaster. It took two tons of clay to fashion the original model. It is estimated that the entire scene weighs about twenty-seven tons.

The Foot and the Floor.

SOME curious accidents occur in the making of moving pictures, but the following incident is surely the limit.

While Romaine Fielding was directing a scene in *The Great Divide*, he had occasion to stop to adjust something in the set which did not quite suit him. The carpenter was called and told to fix a strip of board in the floor. As he hammered a nail into the strip he suddenly keeled over.

"Well," said Mr. Fielding, in his usual brisk manner, "if you've finished, perhaps you wouldn't mind getting out of the way of the scene, and we will continue."

"I can't," groaned the poor carpenter; "I've nailed my foot to the floor!"

"Don't Act Like Married Man."

JOHN BARRYMORE, the Famous Players comedian, has received a letter of protest from a young miss who thinks that it is a perfect shame that he is a married man. She has just learned the striking news, and is horribly cut up about it. But with supreme scorn for her own sex the protesting one completes her plaint with, "Any way, you don't act like a married man; you always seem to enjoy being funny!" The comedy star was deeply touched by the tribute to his genius and was barely restrained from writing the dear thing an apology for marrying without her permission.

Advice to Actors.

EDGAR LEWIS, the director of big feature films, who has just taken charge of the producing-end of the new Lubin outfit in Philadelphia, has in preparation a book entitled *Advice to Actors*. He cites an actual incident in his own life, or in that of an actor friend, to illustrate the truth of each bit of advice. Here is one of them:—

"DON'T ACT OFF THE STAGE.—The average actor makes himself obnoxious to his lay friends by constantly acting off-stage. If he is telling a story of a man falling down, he must fall down to prove that the word means just that. If he is telling that a man was drunk, he must act as much like a drunken man as possible. Now, I don't drink anything stronger than buttermilk, but I went into a bar with a friend of mine, who is also a water-wagoner. We both wanted a soft drink. He was telling me of a drunken scene he had played and as he

told it he unconsciously enacted the whole thing. It was so realistic that the young bartender, after looking him over seriously for a while, remarked to me aside: 'You can have a drink, but your friend can't.'"

A Talk About Motion-Pictures.

IN an interview with the *Motion Picture Weekly*, Cecil B. De Mille gives the reasons why he left the production of legitimate dramas for "pictures." "It is particularly fascinating when you are breaking ground for a new art, when you are making grow an art where no art flourished before. Nobody can show you the way, there are no Old Masters. We are just as apt to be the Old Masters as anybody else. That is one of the things that fascinate me. Another is the thought of the wonderful audience. I thought as a dramatist of fifteen years' experience that I knew something about the American people, that I was to a certain extent in touch with them; but I realise now that I have scarcely scratched the surface of the American people. If I wrote a play that was seen

by a million and a half persons in a year it was a phenomenal success. Our worst picture has been seen by forty millions in two years. Our best picture, like *Carmen*, for instance, will be seen by over two hundred millions in two years."

"These figures are inspiring. A friend of mine asked me how I had the nerve to desert the theatre after fifteen years. I told him it was because I didn't have the nerve to desert the audience. My dramatic religion always has been that the theatre is the people and not the house. It is the audience that means the theatre to me, and not the proscenium arch. Now for the first time in history a new art is being born that is far more democratic than the drama—and the drama always has been the democrat of the arts. In giving form to this new art we are reaching millions of people who might not otherwise have a theatre in their neighbourhood for years to come. I think this is a big justification for the new art."

The *Carmen* picture referred to by Mr. De Mille is the wonderful Lasky production, about which more later.



J. R. TOZER, the new leading man of the Broadwest Films. He has just finished playing the part of "Paul Westlake," the hero in their film adaptation of Mrs. Stanley Wrench's novel, *Bent Wings*.

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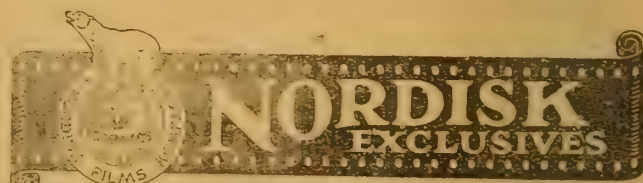
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THAT four hundred people enjoyed a free Circus Entertainment at Walton last week.

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THAT the occasion was the taking of a big scene in *A Welsh Singer*, the Turner production just finished.

THAT Sir Herbert Tree is to play in America in a film version of *Richard the Second*.

THAT pictures are being made of the German Fleet, but of course they cannot be *moving* pictures.

THAT there is not a word of truth in the rumour that Lupino Lane has joined Trans-Atlantic.

THAT L. L. is hard at work on his own John Bull Films when away from the footlights at the Oxford and Empire.

THAT Victoria Monks, another popular music-hall artiste, will shortly be seen in an all-British film comedy.

THAT Fred Paul, famous in Samuelson films, is now producing Ideal Exclusives at the Isleworth Studio.

THAT Grace Airie, whose clever drawings sometimes appear in these pages, has induced her pretty sister to play with her in films.

THAT Sir John Hare and his old friend Sir Squire Bancroft were present at the trade show of *Caste*, in which Sir John appears as Eceles.

THAT Sir Squire was seen to wipe away a silent tear, and that Sir John attributed the great popularity of *Caste* to its happy blend of pathos and strong human interest.

THAT Turner Films, Ltd., have just added another new auto to their growing fleet of motor-cars.

THAT many readers think our "Smiles" (see page 148) are really funny and original, and not the "Chestnuts" printed in some "funny" pages.

THAT orders are more numerous than ever for the latest bound volume of PICTURES (3s. 9d. post-free from this Office), and that everybody who has one is in love with same.

THAT, in the opinion of our Advertisement Manager, the Double Christmas Number of PICTURES will be the biggest publication ever published for picturegoers in this country.

THAT our Editor's prediction is precisely the same.

THAT Elisabeth Risdon is busy in *Motherlove*, produced by Maurice Elvey, and that she has a part which, like *Florence Nightingale*, will take the actress from girlhood to old age.

THAT Selfridges have been utilised by the producers of the film *The Exploits of Elaine*, and one morning last month a representative of Pathé Frères was photographing at the Oxford Street stores with this end in view, taking pictures hurrying with armfuls of "Elaine" hats to waiting motors for despatch.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

"THE LAST ONE!"

Daddy's been eating them!"

EVEN "grown-ups" never grow out of a liking for the toothsome Mackintosh's. And as for the kiddies, well, give them some coppers and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.

Toffee-de-Luxe.

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."



Mint-de-Luxe.

Just Toffee-de-Luxe cunningly blended with real English Mint-leaf Peppermint.

Lo11 4lb. Tin, 5/-; 1/4 lb. loose, from all Confectioners.

DAVISON THE BRITISH AGENT

A MASTER OF MIRTH! LUPINO LANE

in John Bull Comedies.

THE HOME OF BRITISH COMEDY.

15-16, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The skin's most rash, furthest spot, irritations, pimples, disfigurements, blotches, obstinate eczema disappear bearing SULPHOLINE, which restores the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been tried safely for Eruption, Redness, Roughness, Eczema, Acne, Spots, Pimples, Psoriasis, Rash, Scars, Blotches, Roset. Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. Parfitt & Co., Ltd., 37, Bedford Laboratory, London, S.W., and is sold in bottles at 1s. 3d. and 3s. It can also be ordered direct from them by post or from any Chemist and Stores throughout the world.

SCALA THEATRE

"Remarkable."

SIR HERBERT TREE.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.





A Curious Adventure of BILLY REEVES

OVER-INDULGENCE in strong drink will lead to cartloads of trouble. A drunken man invariably gets into some hole or other before he is sober again. An exception to this rule, however, was once proved by a curious adventure that happened to me some years ago in which drunkenness got me out of a hole—and yet I was not really in drink, but merely pretending.

You may remember the bitterly cold winter of 1907. I was booked to appear in Edinburgh on Boxing Night in my character as the "drunk" in Fred Karno's *Mumming Birds*, and arrived at the Scotch capital on the afternoon of the 25th. We secured our rooms, and most of the company fixed up to spend the evening together. As for myself, an old school chum in Edinburgh who knew all about my visit had asked me to dine with him on Christmas Day. Having seen my luggage duly installed in my bedroom and obtained a latchkey from "Ma," I changed my clothes and sallied forth for my friend's house.

It must have been about 1 a.m. on Boxing morning when I started to tramp back to my digs through the snow. I was tired out, as our last show had been at Bristol, and I had travelled all night. My friend's dinner had been excellent, and altogether I had spent a most enjoyable evening. We had not had more than a couple of goes of whisky each, and I was as sober as a judge—which was lucky, for if ever in my life I needed my wits about me it was on this particular night. As a matter of fact I am practically a teetotaler. As an acrobatic comedian abstinence to me is a case of necessity to say nothing of choice.

On setting out in the afternoon I had made a mental note of my new address. At any rate I was under the impression that it was 32, Lothian Road. I felt so sure of this that when my latchkey opened the front door it never occurred to me as a possibility that I could have got into the wrong house. I went upstairs and passed through my sitting-room, where the light was turned down quite low, into my bedroom, which led directly out of it. I then lit the gas and looked around me. My luggage was

not there, and presently I noticed that the room was not furnished the same as the one which I had taken in the afternoon.

Then I saw, of course, that I had made a mistake, and resolved to beat a quiet retreat. I was about to do this when I heard footsteps in the sitting-room and then a voice, saying, "It's absolutely O K, Slaney. There must be at least £20,000 in the safe. It will be our best haul for many a long day." And another voice answered, "If you've got the tools all right we can get to work pretty soon,



"COME TO BED, OLE GIRL."

Jed; the moon will be down by three o'clock."

Naturally I pricked up my ears, and strained them for all they were worth. In a few minutes I heard enough to tell me that an attack on the safe of the Anglo-Scottish Bank in Princes Street was going to be made in a couple of hours. It was more than awkward for me, for I could not get away without passing through the outer room, and I resolved to keep as quiet as a mouse. I prayed that no one would come in, and I racked my brain meanwhile to evolve a scheme whereby I could escape in the event of being discovered. An idea suddenly flashed across my mind. I was known all over the country as the most realistic "drunk" that had

ever trod the boards. Here, then, was my chance—to play my rôle with such intense realism that it would be taken for the real thing and enable me to get out of the house.

A quarter of an hour passed, perhaps—it seemed an eternity to me—and then I heard one of the men say "Where are the diamond-drills, Slaney?" "In the next room," replied Slaney. Then I knew my time had come. It was now or never.

The man called Slaney opened the door and entered the room. When he saw me his mouth simply dropped with fright and astonishment. But he instantly recovered, and called to his accomplice, "Look out! There's a 'tec here." In the corner of the bedroom was a large figure in plaster of Paris of the famous Venus de Milo. I lurched a little towards Slaney, and hiccupped out, "Wass yer 'bindoin' to Maria? She's cold." Then I staggered backwards, and, placing my arm round the figure's waist, murmured, "Come to bed, ole girl, d'yer me, dear."

The statue making no reply, I gave it a pull, and lurched backwards, clinging on to Venus for all I was worth. We both went down in a lump on the floor, and the beauty of the lady was a thing of the past. She lay scattered over the room in countless fragments. The man Jed rushed in screaming, "The blankety fool" (it was a lot stronger than that, but I've toned it down) "will wake the blankety house, and he will have the police in."

My ruse was evidently working all right, so I reeled into the dining-room, and, seizing a bottle of whisky, gulped down a spoonful, most of the remainder of the bottle going down my shirt-front. If the men had had any doubt as to whether I was really "well oiled" or only shamming it was certainly disposed of now. They looked at me with blank amazement, so I put



"SWINGING THE BOTTLE WILDLY ROUND."

on the finishing touch by swinging the bottle wildly round and finally landing it straight in the centre of a large glass mirror which hung over the fireplace.

The crash of the falling glass seemed to drive Slaney and Jed to desperation. They seized me by the head and heels, and ran me downstairs as quickly as they could, the man at my head having previously stuffed his pocket handkerchief into my mouth. The front door was opened, and a few seconds later I found myself in the middle of a deep snow-drift. I lay there a minute or so and then staggered to my feet, this performance being followed by my tracking in a serpentine course down the road, falling every now and then to keep up the illusion.

Once round the corner I took to my heels in search of a hobby. As you can imagine, he refused to accept my story, advising me to "get along home and sleep it off." I insisted that I must see the Chief Inspector, and he at last accompanied me to the nearest police-station. Here I explained matters more at length. Like the policeman, the Inspector was also incredulous, but when I mentioned the names of Slaney and Jed you should have seen the change which came over his face. "Good heavens!" he shouted, "Two of the smartest safe-breakers in the kingdom! We've got warrants out for the pair of them in connection with the recent robbery at the United Glasgow Bank." Well, to cut a long story short, the Inspector got out a squad of men, and in



THE INSPECTOR WAS ALSO IN REGULARS.

less than two hours Slaney and Jed were caught, red handed at the Anglo-Scottish Bank itself.

Dawn was breaking when, shivering with cold, I reached my own rooms, and found they were situated at No. 24 instead of No. 32; and jolly glad I was to crawl into bed, for I was exhausted.

A month later Slaney and Jed got five years and I, well, how do you like this, three-carat diamond ring? Superb! Yes, it was a present from the Directors of the Anglo-Scottish Bank as a mark of their gratitude and a memento of the most thrilling experience I have ever passed through.

BILLY REEVES.

PRODUCER: "So the engine in our railroad scene ran over your husband and killed him?"

SARCASTIC WIDOW: "No; it hit him on the elbow and he died of hydrophobia."

Edgar Lewis tells how Paper Matches Forow a Bad Light.

NO I don't like paper matches," said Edgar Lewis, the comedian, to the stage clerk. "Why? Well, if you'd promise not to relate it as my own experience, I'll tell you. I once had a handsome looking man. His wife was terribly pious, of her, and used to go through his pockets after he had gone to sleep in the hope of finding something incriminating in a telephone chirography. 'Aub' had been a bit of a roaster, and although he loved his pretty wife he used to sneak out on an evening on the pretext of night work on a picture that was being rushed, but really to visit the homes of his bachelorhood. He was a great snorer, and every time he entered a room he would ask the man behind the counter for a little paper of matches.

One morning, after a particularly friendly evening, he was awakened by busy little wiles. I've found you out, my faithful darling. No wonder your boudoir smells like a thirst emporium with an all-night licence! You bring home the evidence to me in your always obliging way.

When you left here for your "night interior," very well-named, you started to make it Palst's, and you couldn't wait till you got down to Churchill's, but had to call at the Woodward. Then, after Churchill's, you crossed over to Rector's, and back again to the Strand on your way to Frank at the Gaiety café.

And she produced from his pocket a paper of matches for every house she had mentioned, with the advertisement on the back of each.

No more paper ones for me, thank you!"

Write for

THE LATEST & SMARTEST THING
— OUT IN PICTURE POSTCARDS —

Humorous Expressions of
BILLY REEVES

LUBIN'S INIMITABLE COMEDIAN

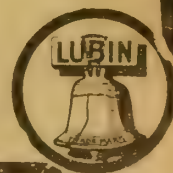
The creator of the role of the Drunk in the Box in
"MUMMING BIRDS."

And his versatile companion MAE HOTELEY,
the Girl with the Rubber Face.

SIXPENCE PER SET OF TWELVE. REAL ART PHOTOS.

Obtainable from "Pictures and The Picturegoer," or the Lubin Head European Office.

J. FRANK BROCKLISS, Ltd., 4 & 5, New Compton St., W.C.



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£10

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£5

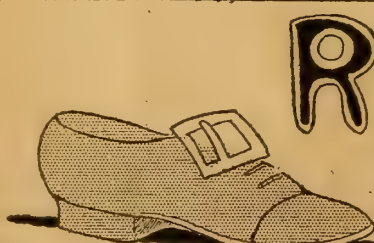
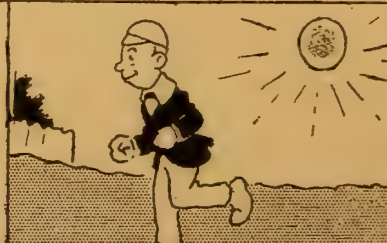

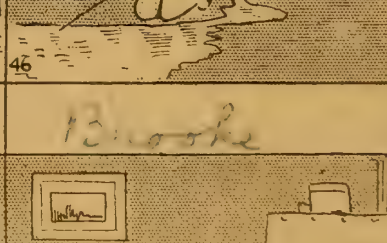
10 PRIZES
of 10/ Ea

SCREENED STARS

OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the eighth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus, take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 10s. each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the eighth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

 <p>43</p>	 <p>44</p>
 <p>45</p>	 <p>46</p>
 <p>47</p>	 <p>48</p>

Mary Pickford *Owen Moore*
Hall *Brooke*
Brown *Greenwood*

ENTRY
FORM.

NAME 8th
ADDRESS Set.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Acting by Return of Post.

"My friend and I have an awful craze for pictures, and would simply love to act for same. If you will kindly furnish us with full particulars as to how we can do so per return of post we shall feel very much obliged."

S. S. and D. D. (Dublin).

Wanted, a Cast.

"In the one British film which I saw last night the heroine was pretty and quite a decent actress, but there was no cast given; therefore, even if I wish to follow that actress in her career I cannot, simply because I don't know her name. I am prevented from talking about her to my friends, for I simply know her as the girl who played in that film. When will all English producers realise that publicity is the key to the door of success?"

M. A. (St. John's Wood).

"Mary Pickford" Shot.

"I have had a letter from an officer friend in the trenches, and he tells me that in his dug-out the walls are covered with portraits of cinema actors and actresses which I have sent him from time to time. Mary Pickford has had two bullets through her head, and half her frock is shot away; Charlie Chaplin (this is one of those big cut-outs) has had his head and hat completely shot off. He ends his letter by saying that fresh contributions will be very thankfully received, as they expect in a few days' time to have captured an important German trench, where the dug-out walls will be bare, and they have not time to transport all their pictures to the new trench, as they leave them behind for the newcomers."

T. S. (Aberdeen).

Oh! Owen Moore.

"My chum has just been across to see me, and told me something that struck me as being really good. It ran thus:—

Owen Moore went out one day,
Owing more than he could pay,
Owen Moore came back that day
Owing more."

[We suggest that he should fall back on his dear Mary, seeing that she earns 'more' than enough to supply them both with the mere necessities of life.]

"I am in trouble. My favourite cinema is under new management, so now instead of getting two Famous Players or Lasky films a week we are getting such a mixture of films. Then the late manager used to sing divinely and the pianist would play selections from operas, but now songs and classical music are things of the past. The whole place seems to be chilly and strange."

IVY N. (Watford).

Tuck for Tommy—Please Help.

"Would you be so kind as to insert the following request in the columns of PICTURES? With the collaboration of some friends I am sending out some cases of good things for my brother's men in the Dardanelles—they have been out there now for eight months. I hope to be able to send several well-packed boxes: do you think there are any of your readers who would help me fill these cases for our men? I am assured that the men will get them, as I did the same thing last year when they were in France. The letters of thanks which I received were more than ample reward for my trouble. No matter what it is, send it along—bottle sweets, tinned cocoa, chocolate, cigarettes, tobacco, soap, tinned fruits, soap-powders, vests, scarves, mittens, gloves—all are useful and they are appreciated. Don't be afraid of your parcel being small—every little counts. Please will you allow the parcels to be addressed to my care of your office?"

F. BRISTOW (11c of Wight).

"The Man Who Stayed at Home." (H. Worth.)

A circular logo with the text "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" arranged in a circular pattern around a central design. The text is in a bold, serif font. The central design is partially obscured but appears to be a stylized figure or emblem.

Turner Films

"Pictures made
for You."



Turner Films take their name from the most famous picture artiste the world has ever known—Florence Turner.

The Company is owned and controlled entirely by Miss Turner and her partner, Larry Trimble—producer of such wonderful pictures as "Through the Valley of Shadows," "My Old Dutch," and "Caste."

When once you have seen a picture with the "Turner" Trade Mark—Jean's head—appended, you will understand the artistic possibilities of the picture-play. You will want to see other Turner Films as they are released.

Just as a reminder—"Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Welsh Singer," and "The Great Adventure" will all be seen shortly; and they are all Turner Films.

◎ THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER ◎

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

The Editor tells me that on the front cover this week will appear a pretty portrait of dear little Helen Badgley, and that being so, I cannot do better than write about her. But when I think of the Thanhouser Company, to which she belongs, I am reminded that Helen is not the only clever child-artiste in their ranks. First, however, there is Helen herself, not yet five years old, and known all over the world as the "Thanhouser Kidlet." Then comes Leland Benham, not much more than eight years old, and the son of that popular player Harry Benham; and, of course, there are the Twins (Marion and Madeline Fairbanks), who have seen twelve years, and are so much alike that even the producers cannot tell them apart. Although their pictures often include many other children, those I have mentioned are the best known of the Thanhouser "Kids."

A few months ago Helen arrived at the studios one morning and caused much excitement among the other children by announcing that she had "a new baby brother." The Twins and Leland were very interested, and all began to discuss a name for the newcomer. One wanted this and the other



Four Prizes for the best Fairy Story round this pretty picture.

(See next page.)

that name, and as none of them could agree, the task was left for the baby's parents to settle.

Whilst waiting their turn at the studios these children indulge in all sorts of games—hide-and-seek and blind man's buff, for instance—and although they bob in and out between the players their elders are never too busy to give them an encouraging smile or pat on the head.

"I'm tired of adulation," one of the Twins was heard to remark one day.

"What's that?" asked Helen, with an inquiring glance from her pretty brown eyes, which are shown to advantage by her pink cheeks and lovely golden curls.

"It's a bad cold," said the other Twin.

"No, it is not," said the first speaker.

"Yes, it is," said the other, "because

Mother said you were getting too much adulation, and you know that all you've got to matter with you is a cold."

"Well, I don't know what is," replied Marion, "but isn't a cold, and whatever it is, it's nice."

Perhaps they might have gone deeper into the subject but just at that moment Leland upset Helen's tea-party, and now the teap

was broken. Helen wept, and the Twins tried to comfort her whilst Leland was banished into outer darkness.

But really the Thanhouser Kids are some genuinely hard work. What lessons, in addition to picture work, the youngsters frequently have little time for play. Helen has already been featured in many photo-plays with marked success, and so have the Twins. Leland has also appeared in scores of pictures, and probably shines more where his natural love for mischief allowed a chance to express itself. He is, however, a very clever boy for a that. But the folks at the studio know the children best by their play, and a rushing producer falls over a portico of scenery which is being used by the children for their own amusement, who can he say when two score men at

I am going to start a League, something which will bring us new pieces more together, and make them feel that they are all brothers and sisters. I shall call it

UNCLE TIM'S "PICTURES" LEAGUE.
and members, when they become such, will receive a charming little badge as a permanent reminder of the fact. "I can hear you all shouting, 'Can I be a member, Uncle Tim?' " and I answer, "Yes, you can; there will be no limit to members." What you have to do first, my dears, I shall tell you fully on your page next week. Meanwhile, look around and see if you can secure a new reader.

The "Best Artists" Competition brought in shoals of efforts—good, bad and indifferent. Our old friend "Charlie," of course, was well to the fore, and some of his caricatures, I am sure, would make him weep with laughter. On the whole, however, the sketches were a very good batch, and result as follows:

Prizes to—Arthur Coe, 5, Gas Street, Desborough; M. Shrimpton, 8, Strathmore Road, Wimbledon Park, S.W.; W. Davison, 69, Winn's Avenue, Walthamstow; A. Morrison, 13, College Street, Islington.

AWARD OF MERIT (six to win a special prize)
Francis Melling (Nelson), Doris Watté
(Selby), Frank Hulin (Cardiff), Ruth New-
man (Stamford), F. C. Shaw (Longton),
Alexander Chapman (Dennistown), S. A. J.
Bull (Peterborough), A. Dale (Macclesfield).

So much for sketching; now for composition. I will ask you to write a *short* story around the little picture on the opposite page. The subject suggests a scene in fairyland; but you may write anything you please—the shorter the better. Post-cards will do. Address them to "Babies," PICTURES OFFICE, 85, LONG ACRE, London, W.C., and post your cards to reach me by Monday, November 15th. Four prizes and the usual awards of merit are waiting to be posted to the senders of the best stories by

UNCLE TOM



PATRON: "Mr. Hughes, what has you on for to-night?"

MANAGER: "We all has King Baggit in three thousin yahds of film."

PATRON: "Man, man, do you git all dem foh ah nickel?"

MANAGER: "Yessir; dem dare Unah-versils, jes fillin' des yere show every night."



REPLIES

THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

[illegible]

Attn: J. Warwick. You want our little book on *Play Writing for the Camera*, price 1s. 2d. post free from this office. A few weeks ago we published some articles on "How to Write a Picture Play," which will also help you.

MARY CHAMSTEAD. We presume you mean an agency for placing film plots. We do not generally recommend readers to pay money for the placing of scenarios.

John H. Yarnall, *The Film Life of Mary Pickford*, price 2 d., post-free from a retail office, contains many interesting facts and answers the questions you ask, Jerrold.

B. R. Ball and has over 2,000 autographs of players and others, and having some good duplicates, would be pleased to exchange with any other reader. We will gladly place them in communication with "B. R." Addresses wanted: Blanche Forsyth, c/o Burke's Motion Photography, Ltd., West End, W. C.; Elizabeth Carson, c/o London Film Co., St. Margaret's-Hamers; House Peters, c/o London Film Co., 29th St. and 10th Ave., Phila., Pa.; U. S. A., c/o Betty Neuman, Inc., West 10th Street, New York City, U. S. A. The other player he left "B. R." and we do not yet know which company she has joined.

Hon'ble Shop'rd's Bash. - Sorry we cannot give
 you our typeset name and address - this is an
 editorial office, not a metropolitan bureau. The
 east and hok you require we are unable to
 supply. Thanks for new readers. Good boy,
 Ho ace!

Nephew and M. (St. Pancreas). "Shadows" (B.
and C.). "Sir Win. Rodney," A. V. Bramble
"Lady Rodney," his wife, Evelyn Shadley;
"Victor," their son, Henry Pargamson;
"Lord Anarchy," Sir Gray Marry; "M. (Grand-
father)," Mrs. Sully; "Mrs. Vanneau;" "the la-
dy of Temple." It was written and produced by
Hunt & Weston. We only have postcards of
M. and M. (grand). Others are dead and write to
A. and Sully. The other three are dead and write to
A. and Sully.

[illegible]

First, a question: Why do we have so many different names? Well, it's a lady's privilege to change her name when she gets married. The name of the bride is changed to the name of the groom. As you can see, we had some state experience, we would say, before writing to He. Or, she, staying at the home and asking for an interview. "Dear Answers Man" is quite the right way to address us. It's so friendly,

S. H. L. (Spokane) - Cleo Carlson and George Lindvall played in "The Grey's Heats." We know no records at present of the players you mention.

FLAHERTY (Birmingham).—Address Owen Moore, c. o. Keystone Co., Long Acre Buildings, New York City, U.S.A. Yes, we do think Mary Pickford is "just lovely."

[illegible]

M. P. Flynn, Inc., The Famous Players' add res., 537, Park Avenue, Above 12th St., New York, U.S.A. Joseph Horn played "Harry Warden" and Vincent Koon "Lucky Lane" in "The Happy Man" (Beauty, A-1 Pictures, Ltd. Inc., c/o Universal Film Co., 1000, Parkway, New York City, U.S.A. Film featuring Miss opposite Charlie Chaplin in Keystone films, Thanks for and sends. Guy "made the."

Mrs. W. Botterson Ris, - Arthur Campion played the husband's part in "The Jury Room." We have no postcards of him.

[illegible]

Edwin Arlington has just received a letter and autographed photograph from Charlie Chaplin, which he says proves the absurdity of the rumour going about concerning his mental faculties. Addresses: Edwin Arlington, c/o Jesse L. Lasky Co., Long Acre Theatre, New York City, U.S.A., and Winfield Greenwood, c/o American Mfg. Co., Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

[illegible]

Mary answered: "A constant worry?" Not at all, Mary, dear. We have sent you a postal list and you will see we have those you want.

As A Fair Deal.—The players in the Broadway show "The Girl Who Did," several copies of which were sent to England, returned safely to England. We have not heard that those you mention are married.

A P. 1. 1860. Isington - We have postcards
of Herbert K. Williams, from here sent to him.

PAIRO PIGEONS - Young sold 1s. 11. Dozen.

From my Photo. 12 8. Photographs, 81.

S. E. HASKETT. W. 4th: JULY 1896, LIVERPOOL, N. Y.

GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, or P.O.P. POST CARDS.

24, ed. $\frac{1}{2}$, 100, 1s. 6d. Plans, and Papers also Cheap.
Columbus and San Juan Prep.

S. E. HACKETT. WORKS: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

ERIC (Burton-on-Stather).—We have postcards of Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson, but none of Blanche Forsyth. Have sent you a list, Eric.

IRENE (Crouch End).—The movie you want is unobtainable. Can you not give us the producing company's name? Tom Powers' address is given to "Eric" on this page. The result of our Voting Competition appeared in last week's issue.

HUGH (Glasgow).—Thanks for your interesting letter from New York. We quite envy you interviewing the American players there.

TRILBY (Stockwell).—Address Charlie Chaplin, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1323, Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. Thanks for getting us five new readers, also for the "X one for luck."

J. G. (Belfast).—Have re-addressed your letter.

MAUD (Northfleet).—Have asked our publishers to send you some more, Maud. Thank you for getting us new readers. Your patience was rewarded after waiting a year and then getting an autographed photo of your favourite player, Dorothy Gish is no relation of Mary Pickford.

L. C. M. (Jersey).—We have no postcards of Henry Ainley yet. Have put his name on our list for an article. Glad to hear that, although you have no touring Dramatic Companies visiting your island in wartime, the pictures are always available.

DORIS (Acton).—Without fuller particulars we cannot help you, Doris.

A. R. T. (Blackpool).—Read our rule at the top and send name and address next time, please. Write to J. D. Walker's World Film Co., 170, Wardour St., London, W., for the booklet you want.

G. D. (Carlton).—In spite of what you saw in an American magazine Charlie Chaplin was born in Walworth, London. Stake your money on what you read in PICTURES, dear boy.

NO. 84 (Enfield).—Ivy Close is not at present playing, and Florence Lawrence was with Universal, but is not playing now. The Eclair player we have not heard of for some time now. Cannot understand why your newsgate should have had trouble in getting No. 84. The fault of his wholesale agent, we should say, as it was on sale as usual.

E. A. (South Africa).—Many thanks for sending us interesting news cutting concerning the African Film Productions, Ltd., the first African film-producing firm. We shall hope to see some of their work in our London picture theatres. Delighted to hear from one of our readers so far away. The best of wishes from PICTURES.

S. H. G. (Nottingham).—Many of our readers have written to American players for their autographs, and have, generally speaking, been favoured with replies. We have frequently given addresses of different players in this column. Let us know of any you require.

WELSH GIRL (Westcliff-on-Sea).—The photo of your young brother (aged 12) as Charlie Chaplin is very good. You are indeed quite an old reader of ours. Our best wishes for your success as a picture player, and don't forget your promise to come and see us. Glad you are entertaining our dear boys in khaki.

SOMEBODY (Forest Gate).—Many of the studios of the London Companies are on the South Western Railway: the London Film Co. is at St. Margarets, Twickenham; Samuelson Film Co. is close by at Werton Hall, Isleworth; Hepworth's and Turner's are at Walton-on-Thames; Chronicon is at Croydon; and Birkers at West Ealing. Sorry No. 76 was out of stock. The pictures you enclosed were not of a film taken in England—probably France or America.

TOTS (Forest Hill).—We can supply the three volumes (VI., VII., and VIII.) of PICTURES, price 3s. 9d. each, post-free, all beautifully bound in blue cloth and lettered in silver. Glad you liked our little War Souvenir Album. We have still a few more, price 1s. each. Address your orders to PICTURES, 141, 83, Long Acre, London. Thanks so much. Same to you, dear.

S. C. (Islington).—F. X. Bushman's middle name is Xavier. He is now with the Metro Film Co., whose films are shown in this country.

GLADIOLA (Barnsley).—Address British Empire Film Co., Woodlands, Great North Road, Whetstone. Sorry you have mislaid your meelo. Our best wishes for success in your hunt for him.

MAY (Burton-on-Trent).—The cast of "Jane Shore" was given to a reader (Blackpool) in our Oct. 30th issue. The other you want was not published. Some of our readers have had to wait quite a long time for a reply to their letters to a player. One received an answer after waiting a year, so don't give up hope yet. Think of the huge mail every popular player gets and pity him (or her). Have sent your love to Ella Hall, Eddie Lyons, and Earle Williams.



STELLA RAZETO, the Selig player.

This portrait is reproduced from our Postcard Series.

ENA (near Liskeard).—Address Tom Powers, 350, West 56th St., New York City, U.S.A., and Selig Polyscope Co., 20, East Randolph St., Chicago, U.S.A. The other eludes us for the moment. We forwarded your letter as desired—how could we do otherwise after reading your coaxing words? Thanks for kind wishes.

L. V. C. (Shilton).—The Keystone pictures you saw with Charlie Chaplin were re-issues, filmed before he joined Essanay. Pleased to hear PICTURES delights you when at sea.

ALICE (Rochdale).—We have no postcards of Thes. H. Macdonald. Thanks for kind regards, Alice.

VIOLET (Cork).—Address Boyd Marshall, c/o. Thanhouser Film Co., Main St. and Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A.

J. R. (Highbury).—You will be able to see the film you mention on your return to the States. Why not subscribe through our publishers, Odhams Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, and make sure of having it regularly by post to your home in America; then in time you will attain to the proud distinction of being "An Old Reader." All good luck attend you in your travels.

INQUISITIVE KID (Leeds).—Your previous letter was answered a week or so ago, dear. There are no postcards of the Answers Man. Your "very best love and miles of kisses" most acceptable.

MAY (W. Ealing).—So sorry, Queen of the May, the cast you want was not published.

EILRAH NILPAH (Tooting).—(What a clever dick you are, to be sure—Charlie Chaplin backwards for a non-de-phone.) Yes, "strict weekly subscriber," the eminent Charlie was born in Walworth.

* * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
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SMILES

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A Modern Film Comedy.

Reel One—Maid one.

Reel Two—Maid won.

Reel Three—Made one.

From Bad to Worse.

FRENCH TOMMY (after a tram ride): "Zey had up what you call ze notice 'Please don't spit on ze floor.'"

ENGLISH TOMMY: "And of course you—"

FRENCH TOMMY: "So I spat on ze conductaire!"

The Long and the Short of It.

HUSBAND (arriving at cinema to find all seats full): "If you hadn't taken an hour to dress we should have got a seat."

WIFE: "And if you hadn't hurried me so all the way here we shouldn't have to wait so long for them to empty."

Two Men in a Crowd.

OLD GENT (waiting to get into cinema): "D— you, sir, you're on my foot!"

THE CULPRIT: "How dare you swear before my wife!"

OLD GENT: "How could I guess she wanted to swear first?"

An Extensive Wardrobe.

OUT-OF-WORK FILM-ACTOR: "I'm indeed sorry to leave you, Mrs. Smith; but I presume you have no objection to my taking my belongings away with me!"

LANDLADY: "Don't worry, my husband has already hung your other collar on the hat-rack."

More Than He Bargained For.

DARE-DEVIL FILM-ACTOR: "You said when I agreed to ride this horse that if anything went wrong you'd give me a new part."

PRODUCER: "Certainly I did."

D. F. A.: "Well, I want two muscles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow, about half a yard of cuticle, and a left ear."

Willie's Love-Sickness.

When father obliged the guests with "Love Makes the World go Round" little Willie wrestled with his half-smoked cigar. Mother found him behind a screen with a face like putty. "I believe you've been smoking," she said.

Willie shook his head. "Tain't that," he gasped, untruthfully. "If it's true what father's been singing about, I'll re-ckon I'm in love!"

The Upright Grand.

The Town Council of a thriving Scotch burgh recently acquired a piano for their town cinema, and appointed three of their number to inspect and report on the purchase. The councillors were not musical experts, but one—a joiner—bending down and applying his eye to the several corners of the instrument, remarked:

"I'm nae judge o' music, but I'll warrant ye a' the boards are plumb."

**Honestly,
what do you
think?**

What is your own opinion of the plays that you see? What comment do you have to make?

We know that you would like to tell us—gladly. But we also know that you are busy. So to encourage you a bit we have offered £40 in cash prizes for the best 150-word comments on the Hepworth Triplet.

All you have to do is to enter your name now, at once, immediately, together with the name and address of the cinema at which you expect to see the Hepworth Triplet ("The Curtain's Secret," "Her Boy," and "The Second String"). Then when you have seen them, send us as many 150-word comments as you wish. But send us your name to-day.



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"Another terrible affliction was headaches. Oh, they were violent. I used to think sometimes my head would burst, and they hardly ever ceased. I suffered so much that I became quite run-down and nervous, so much so that I dared not go upstairs at night without a light, I was afraid to open my door after dark when alone. Then, to crown my suffering, I caught influenza, and that simply prostrated me altogether. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They did me so much good in the first day or two that I went on taking them, and it was just wonderful how I gained new health and strength. Now I am as well as ever in my life."



Mrs. Baxter, Sheffield.



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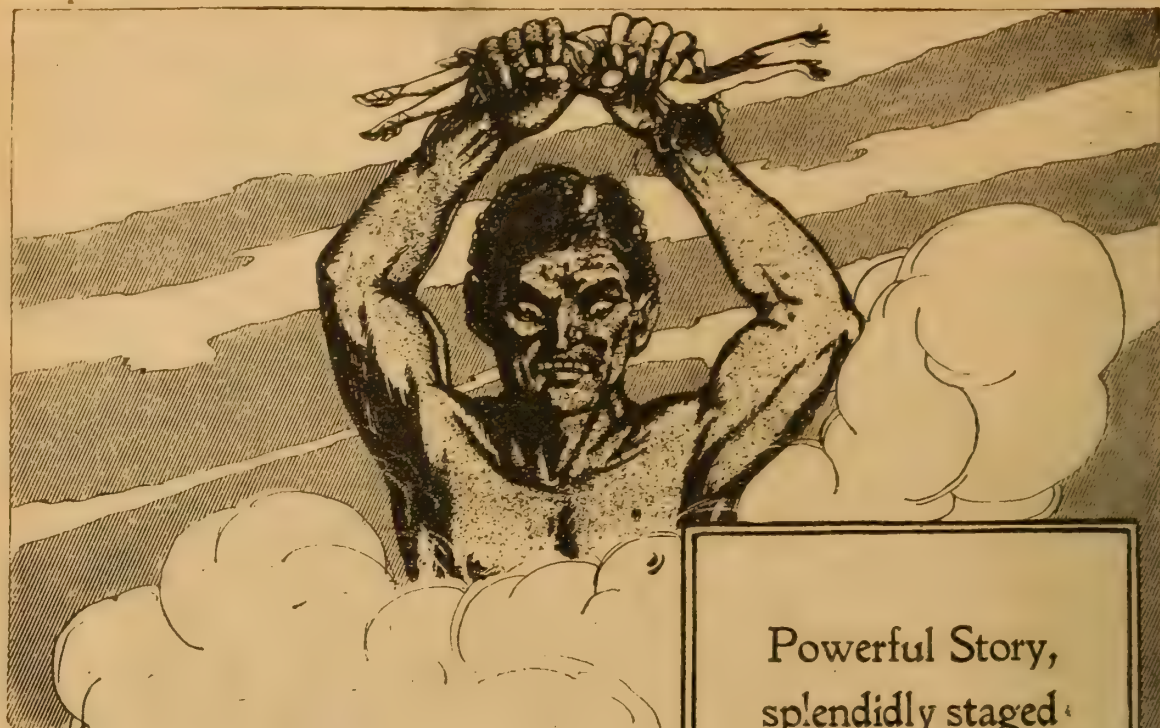
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PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1915.

New Series, No. 92.



HENRY B. WALTHALL IN "THE WOMAN HATER."

A sparkling three-act Essanay comedy. When the minister asked the groom the all-important question, he gasped out a lifeless "No," and then bolted down the aisle and out of the church.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

MAKE a note of the date—December 11th—when the Double Christmas Number of PICTURES (price 2d.) will be in the hands of (we hope) all our readers. More particulars later.

Cubiria has broken all records, we are told. It is strong enough to break anything!

Otis Harlan, the Selig star, weighs over three hundred pounds, and yet on the screen he is a mere shadow.

The Silence of Dean Maitland, the "Ideal" picture, is booming. Though the Dean be silent, the box-office talks.

Constance Collier is the latest stage star to go into pictures—for the Morosco, in which company Cyril Maude and Maud Allan have also played.

Pickle-eaters, says an authority, are invariably sweet-tempered and affectionate men. Note for producers: Don't let your "villains" eat pickles. The ladies are not mentioned.

Mabel Forrest, the wife of Bryant Washburn, recently presented her husband with a bonny bouncing boy. This answers the oft-repeated question, "Is Bryant married?"

A cinema poster at Westcliff-on-Sea: "*Nation*, for one day only; by special request." It reminds us of Irving, who when Toole burlesqued his Mephistopheles said "So you think that funny, do you?" to which the famous comedian's reply was "Devilish!"

This is (Not) the Life.

THE life of a film property-man is not an easy one. For example, some of the properties called for during the filming of a picture-play at the Selig studios, Chicago, included one dead cat, a dozen white mice, a dozen cannon-balls of clay, one wooden cannon, and some mock shells manufactured of hickory. And the poor man had to get them.

During the Year, 1914.

ACCORDING to the Editor of Selig's *Postcard*, 228 head of villains were killed; 1,233 mortgages were foreclosed and three cancelled; 1,888,999 automobile chases occurred; 3,009,999,111 buckets of water were emptied on silk hats; 222,333,002 new butlers appeared in "big sets;" and 11 new plots were unearthed.

In Memory of Nurse Cavell.

THE Phoenix Film Co. has produced a film based on the murder of Nurse Cavell. The scenario was written by Edgar Wallace, the well-known novelist, and the subject will be shown in conjunction with Lord Derby's recruiting campaign. The proceeds from the film will be devoted to the Cavell Memorial Fund, and all the players are giving their services free.

Civilisation's Public-house.

THE great British public-house of to-day is the picture-show with its 4,000,000 patrons each day. And there's no bar against treating there. It's encouraged, because it means two hours of refreshing recreation after a day of strain. A treat that is a treat. — *From one of Hepworth's yellow posters.*

A Snake in the Scene.

DURING the taking of a desert scene in *The Great Divide*, Romaine Fielding suddenly observed a large rattler coiled up a few feet away from the scene being taken. Mr. Fielding, anxious not to spoil the scene, said nothing to any one. The noise evidently disturbed "Mr. Rattler," who started to uncoil, but Mr. Fielding was equal to the occasion. He shouted "stop" to the camera-man, whipped out his automatic 38, and with a well-directed shot blew the big rattler's head off.

Woman—Everywhere!

THEY talk about a woman's sphere. As though it had a limit: There's not a place in earth or heaven. There's not a task to mankind given, There's not a blessing or a woe, There's not a whispered yes or no, There's not a life, or death, or birth That has a feather's weight of worth Without a woman in it!

And the poet should have added "Nor a film studio."



THE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY.—No. 5.
Mary Pickford dons Billie Ritchie's togs.

Plum Puddings in Pictures.

THOUSANDS of Christmas puddings for our Tommies on active service are being made at Whiteley's famous house in Bayswater for the *Daily News* pudding fund, and recently moving photographs were taken of the making, boiling, and packing of the first eighty-three of these puddings. This topical film will be shown at a great number of cinemas throughout the kingdom.

The War-time Conjuror.

IN the days before the war a friend of ours was something of an expert in the amateur conjuring line; but, one of the first to answer the call, he was fated to find that the legerdemain which enabled him to do all sorts of things with eggs was of little avail against the enemy's shells.

And now, having done his bit gallantly, he is as courageously prepared to face the future minus an arm.

"My occupation's gone in one respect," he told us, smiling rather ruefully. "I shall have to say good-bye to the game of hanky-panky. I've nothing up my sleeve!"

But after all, in the hanky-panky of life, a stout heart under one's vest is something to conjure with.

Generous Gifts to the Fund.

THE trade's effort to raise £30,000 for the purchase of a complete ambulance convoy, with accessories, for the nation, is being magnificently responded to. Already eleven gifts of £500 have come in or are promised. Edisons, Lubin, Vitagraph, and Famous Players pay for a car each. Gaumont, of Paris and London, have contributed £500, and so has W. F. Jury, who is the Treasurer of the Fund. Dr. Jupp, who is the President, has given a similar donation, and the Provincial Cinematograph Theatres have given £500 and other offerings. Cecil Hepworth and his staff are raising £500, and the London Film is making a similar effort.

Familiar Film Captions.

AN American contributor to the *Script* has saved up the following sub-titles. They so often appear on the screen that all will recognise them:—

That Night: As the Days Went By: Morning: That Afternoon: Later: The Next Day: She Never Knew: The Colonel Arrives: The End of the Trail: He Believed in Her: The Wedding Day: Too Late: The Reception: Still No Message: Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!: The Signal: Faith: A Stranger: The Christening: And Some Must Suffer: A Little Child Shall Lead Them: The Call to Arms: Conspiracy: Court-Martial: In Better Surroundings: She Trusted Him: A Child of the Sea: Promotion: The Long Dull Days: Convalescence: She Becomes a Nurse: Her Own Child: No Place to Turn: The Lure of the City: Her Friend Proves False: The Better Way: A Wild Flower: Leave Me: He Starts Anew: Twilight: They are Watched: A Detective is Summoned: Eluding Capture: A Mother's Love: Back Home: A Friend Indeed: She Meets Mr. —: Dress: Day-Dreams: A Benefactor: Love Finds a Way: The Return: Circumstantial Evidence: A Reporter Gets the Story: Bankruptcy: Disgraced: The Clouds Pass Away: Happy at Last: Love Rules the World.

But why, oh, why has he overlooked our bewhiskered friends, "One Hour Later," "Saved!" and "Her Blessing"?

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **SOME OF THE MANY:** German prisoners being sent to the rear immediately after capture. 2. **MERRY AND BRIGHT:** Tommies cheering during the visit of the Lady Mayoress and Sir Vezev Strong to the Bathnal Green Military Hospital. 3. **"I AM GLAD TO DIE FOR MY COUNTRY":** One of the banners at the Memorial Service for the late Nurse E. Cavell. 4. **KING GEORGE AND GENERAL JOFFRE:** His Majesty with the Allied troops in the field. 5. **CAPTURED AT LOOS:** One of a great number of German guns now being exhibited in London. 6. **FACTORY TO FIRING-LINE:** Stacks of immense shells ready for the guns. 7. **OFF TO THE FRONT:** Battery after battery of artillery parade before M. Poincare.



THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB

Adapted from the B. and C. "Ideal" Picture Play by NORMAN HOWARD.

MARK FRETTELEBY sat alone in his study, gazing abstractedly at the photograph which stood upon the desk by his side. The face was that of a decidedly beautiful woman—an actress whom long years gone by he had made his wife, and, to judge by the complex expression upon his face, it was obvious that the union had little but bitter recollections and sad memories for him. She had deserted him, shortly after their marriage, for an old "actor" lover she had known in her earlier days, and, turning a deaf ear to her husband's entreaties, she had gone back to the gayer and more bohemian life of the stage.

Her subsequent crossing to America with her new lover, and the despatch of a forged death certificate to her husband, which she had persuaded a doctor acquaintance to write out for her, had caused the final severing of their ties.

Upon its receipt Frettleby had been overwhelmed with grief, and had succumbed to an attack of brain-fever, his recovery being due to the excessive care and devotion of his nurse. Then he had realised that the feeling he bore towards the nurse was something greater than gratitude, and eventually he had made her his second wife.

Their happiness, however, was only of a temporary duration, for at the birth of their infant daughter his wife died. Since, he had lived only for his daughter who was now approaching womanhood, and many anxious moments had he spent in worrying over her future welfare. "God grant she may never know what I have known!" he prayed.

His reverie was interrupted by the maid.

"A Mr. White to see you, Sir."

"Good gracious! how you startled me!" answered Mark, rising. "A Mr. White, eh? I don't seem to know the name. Still, show him in."

"Good afternoon," cried his visitor a few seconds later. "Mr. Mark Frettleby, I believe?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Frettleby. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. My name is Oliver White, and I've come a long way to see you upon an unpleasant matter."

"Indeed! Pray proceed."

"Some years ago—kindly correct me if I make a mistake—you married a well-known actress named Rosanna. She left you soon afterwards, and finally drifted to the 'States.'"

Mark nodded.

"Later, receiving her death certificate, you married again, and possess a daughter by your second wife."

"You are quite right, Mr. or White, but really I fail to see how my domestic affairs can possibly interest you."

"Directly, they don't; indirectly, they do. Should your first wife be still alive, Mark Frettleby, what is it worth to you to have the fact remain a secret?"

Mark looked puzzled. "First wife still alive! What do you mean? I don't understand you, sir."

"What grounds have you for believing your first wife dead, might I ask?"

"All the grounds in the world! Her

death certificate is at the present moment in my possession; surely more conclusive proof than that is superfluous."

White smiled evilly.

"The certificate you refer to is a forgery," he drawled quietly; "written at the instigation of your first wife herself. She is alive and under my care at present, and I can prove it."

Mark sprang to his feet.

"You blackguard! So blackmail's your game, is it? Out of my house before I have you thrown out!"

White reached for his hat.

"Of course, if that's how you regard the matter," he remarked resignedly, "there's an end of it; only I scarcely thought you would like your daughter to know that she was born out of wedlock, and in consequence—"

"Silence, you cur! Don't dare to mention her name again. Bring me the proofs concerning the statement you have made here to-day, and I will listen to you further. In the meantime, get out!"

As he rose, the door flew open, and a vision of womanly loveliness, in the shape of Mark's daughter Madge, burst into the room.

"Daddie! Daddie!" she cried excitedly—"Oh! I'm awfully sorry; I thought you were alone," she added confusedly.

"It's all right, little one," assured her father affectionately patting her on the shoulder; "run away for awhile, I shan't be very long now."

"Jove! what a lovely girl," muttered White, as Madge left the room.

"Say," he added, turning and facing Mark; "I'll fix my price—now, on the spot. The price of my silence and the recovery of your first wife's marriage certificate lies with your daughter."

"How do you mean? What is your price?"

"Your daughter's hand in marriage."

"Never!" cried Mark, striking the table with his fist. "Produce your proofs and I will buy your silence, but not at the expense of my daughter's happiness."

"It is your daughter's hand or nothing," came back the implacable demand. "I shall bring the proofs and call back for your answer later. Your wife fell into my hands accidentally, after she had been deserted by her lover in the 'States.' I have been put to a good deal of trouble over finding out what I know about you, and rest assured, Mark Frettleby, I'm not a man to waste opportunities. Good-day!"

And without further comment, White left the room.

* * * * *

When, a few days later, Brian Fitzgerald, Mark's junior partner, asked for Madge's hand in marriage and was refused his anger knew no bounds. He had heard about White's visits and the effect they had had, and having obtained his address, he now paid White a visit to demand an explanation.

A terrible quarrel resulted, towards the



MILTON ROSMER
as "Mark Frettleby."



THE INFILTRATOR. "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT."

end of which Moreland, White's accomplice and fellow-lodger, entered the room.

"I warn you," cried Brian, heatedly. "The day you marry Madge Frettleby I will kill you; so have a care!" And, brushing past the pair, he strode out and slammed the door.

"Possible young man, that," asserted White, carelessly brushing his sleeve with his handkerchief. "I'm rather glad he's gone."

"Look here," demanded Moreland, gazing hard at White. "What's the game? No crooking here, remember, or you'll regret it. You get the money from the old fool for that certificate quickly, see! Never mind spooning round with his daughter. It's the money we want, and don't you forget it. Where is his wife?"

"Still drinking herself mad, I suppose. But, don't worry. I'll get the money all right if you'll only leave it to me."

The following day Rosanna, who was more than usual in drink, fell down helplessly in the street. A poor woman who happened to be passing noticed her condition, and, taking pity on her, managed, after great difficulty, to assist her to her own little garret.

Whilst in the garret Rosanna sent for Brian, and, telling him the whole miserable story of her relationship to Frettleby, and of her husband's unintentional act of bigamy, begged of him to keep it secret.

She was also visited by White, who had accidentally discovered her whereabouts, and being determined to get hold of the marriage certificate made sure of doing so by taking it from her by force. Rosanna immediately communicated with Moreland, telling him of White's theft, and that gentleman's distrust in his confederate at once became confirmed.

It looked as if White meant to use the certificate in order to procure Madge, and so do him out of his share of the money, in which case he must regain the certificate from White at all costs. From a neighbouring chemist he obtained a bottle of chloroform by signing the fictitious name of Geoffrey Dalton in the poison-book in the usual way, and at once set out to find his quarry.

Entering a local hotel, Moreland found White drinking alone at the bar. He encouraged him to further excesses, and, getting him thoroughly drunk, left him to find his way home as best he could, following him at a safe distance behind.

Upon reaching the open street White began to stagger badly, and colliding with a friendly lamppost hung helplessly on to it.

Whilst thus engaged, Brian chanced to pass him by. Observing White to be in difficulties, he stopped with the intention of helping him, but recognising that the man was his hated rival, he left him to his own devices.

Upon his departure, Moreland, who had been watching the procedure from a convenient doorway, took his place. Hailing a cab, he assisted White into it, and shouting an address to the cabby, climbed in beside him.

Without a moment's delay he withdrew the chloroform from his pocket, and saturating his handkerchief with the drug pressed it firmly to White's nostrils. The feeble struggle which followed was but momentary, and abstracting the certificate from White's inner pocket, he stopped the cab, alighted, gave the cabby a further address to drive his "friend" to, handed him a coin, and departed into the night.

Upon reaching his destination the caddy, mistaking something to be amiss, found to his horror that his fare was dead, and promptly placed the matter in the hands of a policeman.

The mystery of a hansom cab was the sensation of the day; people talked of nothing else.

In spite of all the exhaustive inquiries of the police, no trace could be found of the murderer, and following up the dead man's doings on the fatal night they ultimately called upon Moreland, as having been seen with White before his death.

But Moreland threw no further light upon the matter other than suggesting that Brian Fitzgerald might have something to do with it. He declared that he had heard Brian threaten to kill White some time previously, during a quarrel.

In consequence Brian was arrested. His counsel begged of him to prove an *alibi*, but he steadfastly refused to do so. In his own heart Brian feared that Frettleby himself might have been the culprit, knowing that he had been in White's power, and, for the sake of Madge, he determined to keep silent.

Further investigation revealed the cork of the chloroform bottle in the bottom of the cab. Upon it was stamped the chemist's name. The latter's register was examined, and the name of the purchaser, Geoffrey Dalton, stood revealed.

The chemist's detailed description of his customer, aroused the detective's suspicion, and, photographing the signature in the poison-book, he departed in search of a sample of Moreland's handwriting. This he easily obtained from Frettleby, to whom Moreland had written the moment he had secured the certificate from White, offering same for sale. A glance at the two writings confirmed the detective's suspicions as to the identity of the real murderer.

The trial attracted extraordinary interest. The witnesses, one by one, narrated their own individual version of the affair, and at length Moreland was called.

He described all he had overheard during the quarrel between Brian and White and the manner in which Brian had left the room afterwards.

"How long have you had that ring which is on your finger?" asked prisoner's counsel.

Moreland started.

"Oh, a good many years," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Give the witness pen and paper," commanded the counsel. "Now," he continued, addressing Moreland, "will you kindly write from my dictation? write down the words 'Geoffrey Dalton.'"

Moreland paled slightly, and with the greatest self-control did as he was bid.

"Thank you. That will do. You may stand down."

As Mark Frettleby gave evidence concerning the relationship between Brian and his daughter, Brian was once more appealed to by counsel to state where he was on the night of the murder, but without effect.

Then the court was electrified by the arrival of a new witness the poor woman to whose garret Rosanna had been taken.

"The prisoner, Mr. Brian, was with me at the time of the murder," she cried, "a-listening to the story of Rosanna, who was a-dying in my garret."

At once the whole aspect of the case changed. Brian was unable to deny this last shaft of evidence which had so unexpectedly come to light.

Counsel now reconstructed the whole case and murder in his address to the jury. Touching on all the principal points, he laid special stress upon the writing of the signature in the chemist's poison-book,



THE MURDERER
DEPARTED
INTO THE
NIGHT.



THE CADMAN IS A MOST IMPORTANT WITNESS.

and commented upon the similarity between it and the signature Moreland had just written.

"The inferences we draw from these facts, gentlemen," he concluded, "are as obvious as they are conclusive, and," here counsel pointed to Moreland, "there sits the murderer." For a moment confusion reigned supreme. Then Moreland, with a terrible cry, rushed at the counsel, but before he could reach him he was overpowered by the police and dragged below.

"Thank God you are free!" cried Frettleby, pushing his way towards Brian and grasping his hand.

Ere many weeks elapsed a charming wedding took place, and Brian and Madge were the chief parties concerned.

"No one can take you from me now," whispered the bridegroom as they left the church.

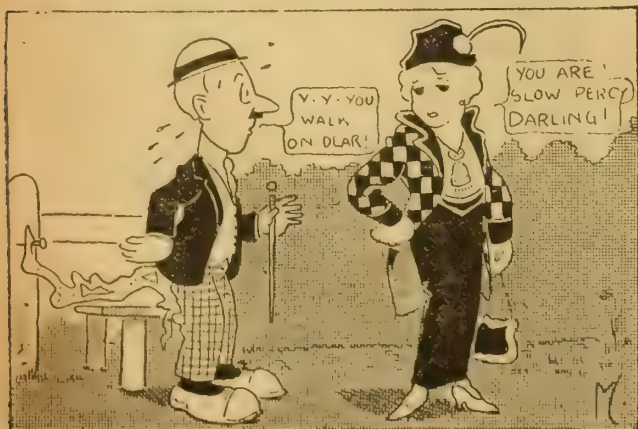
"No! not even daddie!" Madge answered gaily, as kissing him fondly on the cheek, she stepped into the waiting carriage.

The film, 5,000 feet long, has been finely produced for the "Ideal" Film Renting Co. by the "B and C" Co. As a novel by Fergus Hume, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* passed through millions of hands; as an "Ideal" picture-play it will provide a big dramatic feast for millions of eyes. The cast includes Milton Rosmer as Mark Frettleby; A. V. Bramble as Moreland; Arthur Walecott as Oliver White; Mr. Dale as Brian; and Fay Temple as Madge.

A LA CAPTAIN KIDD.

PIRACY continues in spite of all the Board of Trade and the efforts of the various film manufacturers to prevent it. A cablegram from Singapore indicates that piracy is still flourishing in the Far East, and that films have for the first time on record become of enough value to be included in the category of the loot.

The Trans-Atlantic films, *The Purple Iris*, *Smouldering Fires*, and *The Child Needed a Mother* have been stolen by river pirates at Hong Kong. Picture, if you can, the unholy delight of these oily gentlemen of the pirate junk trade assembled about a sea rover's fireplace, with its banked embers, enjoying film dramas while dressed in all the panoply of piratical warfare; but whether they will appreciate *The Child Needed a Mother* or not is problematical.



FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED. No. 17: "Rags." (Famous Players.)

"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 10. HINTS TO MANAGERS.

WHEN trade becomes monotonous and money tight as oyster-shells, And bills innumerable get a trifle in arrear, Stagnation may be chased away and shows made less like cloister-cells By simply introducing this original idea.

Admit the audience gratis, give them any old and hoary show,

Then lock the doors and ask them if they've reasonable doubt

You're letting them off lightly by requesting them before they go

To pay a modest sixpence for permission to get out!



If irritated patrons say 'twixt films they can't discriminate

When disobliging females who will not sit in the rear

Assume obliterating hats that ev'ryone but women hate—

To remedy the nuisance try the following idea. Request those ladies who would like a cup of tea to indicate

The fact by taking off their hats, the easier to view;

And, under the delusion they are treated by the syndicate,

They'll do it—thus you move their hats and move their money too!

To rid your show of whistlers you should buy some sweets, some sticky ones,

Acidulated orange drops, you know the sort I mean,

Present a little packet each to all the noisy tricky ones,

But sprinkle first some grains of sodium chloride in between.

You'll find this plan effective in lending most of them an aid

To keeping thirsty silence with a dry, adhesive lip;

And when the show is over you can sell diluted lemonade

Which brings you back your outlay at a halfpenny the sip!

"BRIAN."



OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



DICK STANTON, a popular player and a busy producer. He is taking lead in and directing *Does It End Right?* a Trans-Atlantic photo-play.



LUCY BLAUZ (Mrs. William Conklin), the lady villain in Fathé's great serial, *Neal of the Navy*, produced by Balboa. Her husband plays in the same film.



ALICE HOLLISTER who has been in pictures for over four years—all with Kalem, and all filled with long hours of happiness and hard work.



TOM FORMAN, the clever actor who recently played important parts in *The Explorer* and *The Red Mirage*, two plays coming from the Lasky Studio.

FAMOUS PLAYERS PRODUCTION OF

"JIM the PENMAN"

THE INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC TRIUMPH.

By SIR CHARLES D. YOUNG.

CONTROLLED BY J. D. WALKER'S WORLD'S
FILMS, LTD. ADAPTED FROM THE FILM
BY PATRICK GLYNN.

"THE HAND THAT WROTE THAT SIGNATURE FORGED THIS LETTER"

JOHN RALSTON at this moment was suffering from "the hump." He had just been rejected as a lover by Nina L'Estrange in favour of a younger rival who worked in the same office with him. Yes, he liked the handsome, straightforward young Louis Percival all right, but why in the name of perdition should this young man win the affections of charming Nina, when his own warm affections were gently but firmly repulsed. He was cleverer than Louis, and a much more experienced man of the world, but he did not deceive himself he was also much older; his personality was as candle-light beside the brilliant flare of youth, enthusiasm, and good looks enjoyed by Louis.

His hump grew larger when Louis came to him with a piece of "good news." Louis had just heard that a relative had died conveniently enough to a lot him a large fortune to commence housekeeping with.

"I shall have to leave for Chicago, old chap," continued Louis, "and take over the management of my uncle's affairs. As soon as I can lay hands on the dough I shall be back again to marry Nina. I am not going to tell her about my windfall just yet. I mean it to be a pleasant surprise to her."

"I shall respect your confidence," replied Ralston in a tired voice. "But, as you know, Nina has given me the cold shoulder in your favour. Don't say anything. Everything is fair in love and war. You deserve your luck."

Louis instinctively knew that his sympathy in this case would hardly be appreciated. He silently shook hands with his friend, and departed by the next train to Chicago.

Ralston received another jar to his nerves that day. In this case it was not sheer misfortune, but the result of his own misconduct. Baron Hartfeld, the agent of a foreign bank, called to see him, and the visitor's sinister face involuntarily made Ralston shiver.

"Ah, Mr. Ralston," said the Baron, urbanely: "I have called about this cheque." Ralston glanced at it and shivered again. "It was presented to our bank, and we have—or rather I have

—discovered that it is the neatest forgery I have ever seen."

"Give me time, and I'll make good the cheque," replied Ralston, hoarsely. "It was a momentary temptation. I'll pay you to-morrow."

The Baron bowed. "That will do," he replied, as he retired with a peculiar smile. "I intend to make use of that man," he murmured, as he walked back to the bank; "his talent would make his fortune—and mine."

Ralston paid the Baron by the simple process of robbing Peter to pay Paul. He embezzled some of his firm's money, and trusted to luck to pay his firm before the deficit was discovered.

His thoughts returned to lucky Louis, who had written him telling him that the amount of the fortune left him by his uncle was larger than he had expected. "Nina will have a town and a country house, a queen's retinue, and a lavish margin for charities. I am keeping the news from her as a surprise."

"Why should he have all, and I nothing?" Ralston asked himself, bitterly. His eyes fell upon Percival's letter lying before him, and a diabolical scheme entered his head. He took up a pen and idly copied the other's handwriting. With a few minutes' practice he marvellously produced the other's style of writing, and Ralston smiled.

He shut himself up for the next hour, and when he emerged he posted the following letter to Miss Nina L'Estrange:—

"Dear Nina I hardly know how to tell you that I am about to marry another. The love I felt for you was a mistake. Forgive and forget me, and I am sure you will find someone more worthy of your love; and, though we never should meet again, remember me as your friend. LOUIS PERCIVAL."

Ralston kept away from the L'Estrange household for a few days. Then he paid a visit. He saw that Nina was looking pale, but determined. In response to his sympathetic inquiries Nina replied:

"Percival and I have parted. I returned him his ring without a word."

Ralston murmured sympathetic words. He knew it was not yet time to press

his suit, but his prospects certainly looked brighter. He would call again.

Baron Hartfeld saw Ralston the next day. He treated Ralston with the utmost politeness, and apologised if the fact of the forged cheque might have left any unpleasantness behind.

"A man with a talent like yours," he said, "could do much for himself abroad with me to manage that talent."

There was a long conversation, and at length Ralston agreed to embark upon a career of professional forgery, with Hartfeld to advise, as he possessed the banking secrets of nearly every wealthy man in the country. London was selected in which to commence operations, and Ralston, knowing

that he could marry Nina immediately he "earned" some money, decided to follow Hartfeld's plans. He commenced operations with a very clever forgery, and with the proceeds married Nina, who agreed to accompany her husband to London.

What had mystified New York began to mystify London. Every few months the newspapers chronicled the news of yet another clever forgery. First it was the Duke of Athlone, then the great financier Wm. Robt. Dubton, afterwards it was the great theatrical star Miss Vera Buttal. The mysterious forger plundered all sections of society, provided they were worth plundering. Scotland Yard put the best men of its staff on the task of unearthing the forger, but all its efforts met with no



WITH THE PROCEEDS HE MARRIED NINA.



IT WAS WITH A SHOCK OF SURPRISE THAT HE ENCOUNTERED LOUIS PERCIVAL.

result. The newspapers began to crack jokes at the expense of Scotland Yard, and because the detectives could give no name to the forger, the newspapers gave him one themselves. They called him "Jim the Penman," and suggested that one of the Scotland Yard officials was "Jim the Penman" himself. Readers wrote hurried lines to the papers, saying what they would do to catch the forger, whilst some had the hardihood to write wishing they themselves were half as clever as "Jim the Penman." The public took up the name with alacrity. There were "Jim the Penman" hats and "Jim the Penman" ties, each nicely worked with hieroglyphics to testify their admiration of the unknown hero. The years followed each other, and "Jim the Penman" remained unknown. Sometimes after a very big coup he remained quiet for several years, and every one was beginning to forget him when another amazing forgery brought his glamorous personality again before the public attention, and the battle of words started afresh.

Twenty years passed, and Jim Ralston had gone into that mysterious business known as "company promoting." That he was company promoting during the day was correct enough, but in the quietness of his study, with locked doors, he performed those miracles of handwriting that earned him the secret admiration of the crowd, and paid much better than company promoting.

Notwithstanding his successes, he knew he was engaged in very dangerous enterprises. His hair was grey, and sometimes there crept into his eyes the look of a hunted animal. His wife Nina and his daughter Agnes were naturally the chief cause of his anxiety, for discovery would ruin them as well as him. They little knew of the volcano beneath their feet. Nina had become a matronly woman, and only occasionally wondered why the lover of her youth, Louis Percival, had thrown her up so suddenly, and whether he had married. At this time her daughter Agnes was beginning to occupy her thoughts, for her engagement to Lord Drelinecourt was about to be announced. It was this that increased Ralston's anxiety. He was rich now, and had no farther desire to exploit his talent with the pen. He wished to rest on his laurels, but in the background was the sinister figure of Baron

Hartfeld, who, like the proverbial tiger, was never satisfied.

"We have made large profits; let us stop now before it is too late," pleaded Ralston, on seeing the figure of the Baron luxuriously ensconced in an arm-chair in his study.

The Baron eyed Ralston narrowly. He realised that Ralston wished to turn his back on his career, and he smiled at the idea of "Jim the Penman" becoming respectable. Ralston had performed his bidding so far; but the time was coming when he would not. He must not break the straining cord.

"Very well, my friend," replied the Baron, "it shall be as you wish. But just one more coup, and then we'll cry quits, and finish it."

"What is it?" asked Ralston, somewhat relieved to know that it would be the last time for using his pen.

The Baron rose and whispered in the other's ear. "The Drelinecourt necklace. They are worth twenty thousand pounds. I have a specimen of Lord Drelinecourt's handwriting, and you can copy it to write an order on the bank to open the safe and hand it over."

"I can't do it," replied Ralston, despairingly. "He is the last man in the world I would rob."

This was news to Hartfeld, and for a moment he was nonplussed. Then his cupidity overruled him, and he stormed, cajoled, and threatened until he wrung an unwilling consent from the wretched man. Then he departed.

Ralston went into the drawing-room, and saw a gentleman in conversation



BARON HARTFELD WAS ARGUING WITH RALSTON.

with his wife whose face and figure seemed strangely familiar. He paused for a moment and then, with a shock of surprise that he encountered Louis Percival.

"I am in England, on business," said Percival, pleasantly. "Have I done wrong to look you both up as old friends?"

"Not at all, my dear chap," replied Ralston, considerably relieved. Apparently Percival knew nothing of the real reasons that led to the breaking off of the old love match, nor of the fact that a sum of £15,000 had some time ago been neatly abstracted from Percival's banking account by Jim the Penman.

"Did Percival say whether he had married or not?" Ralston asked of his wife with assumed carelessness.

"We did not speak of the past," replied Nina with a pout.

Ralston breathed again, and turned to another subject.

"Who is that new guest, Captain Redwood, who arrived a few days ago?" he continued. "I don't like the man."

"He is an acquaintance of Lord Drelinecourt's," replied Nina, in surprise. "He is a charming man, and knows everybody. By the way, Lord Drelinecourt has asked Agnes to be his wife, and he awaits your sanction to their engagement."

"That's all right," returned Ralston, hurriedly. "I have nothing to say against it."

Five minutes later Ralston called up Baron Hartfeld. "That Drelinecourt deal must not go through. I'll explain to-morrow," said Ralston.

"You're late," replied Hartfeld, with a smile as he hung up the receiver at the other end.

Ralston went into the smoking-room where his guests were gathered, and saw that they were listening to some of Percival's remarks.

"I must tell you the odd circumstances that brought me to England," said Louis Percival. "A few weeks ago I received a letter from a detective—"

"I am very sorry to interrupt your story," remarked Captain Redwood, "but I think the ladies are waiting—"

Ralston felt very uncomfortable.

Meanwhile events moved rapidly. Next day, for the first time, Nina learned that the letter she had received from Percival breaking off their engagement had not been written by him.

"No," replied Nina to Louis's guarded inquiries. "I wrote you no letter. It was your note to me that broke off our engagement. I still have it. Wait."

Nina ran to her desk and brought out the fateful letter. Percival looked at it with knitted brows, then remarked, strangely, "A wonderful forgery, and like the one that robbed me of £15,000."

Baron Hartfeld, in the other room, was arguing with Ralston. "It's too bad," commenced the Baron, "that this complication should have arisen. The necklace has already been secured, and if you want to restore it to your future son-in-law it will cost you £15,000. Besides, I intend to be your guest for a few days."

"Why?" asked Ralston, angrily; "why do you force yourself upon us?"

"Because of your sudden determina-

tion to dissolve the partnership of 'Jim the Penman and Co.'

A fateful interview was proceeding between Captain Redwood and Louis Percival. "I am Captain Redwood to society," said the former; "but I am also a detective. I determined to find 'Jim the Penman,' and I tell you that he is your friend James Ralston."

Percival was dumbfounded; then his instincts of chivalry towards the woman he had loved asserted itself. "That may be," he said; "but neither you nor I have the authority to disgrace an innocent wife and child for his infamy."

Nina going over her accounts that night made a startling discovery. Her husband had signed her name to a list of items one day when she was out and her signature was required. He had informed her of it, but on seeing the signature she was amazed at the marvellous resemblance. A dreadful suspicion entered her brain. She went to the drawer, and took out the letter Percival had declared to be a forgery, and she compared the handwriting with the imitation of her own signature to the accounts. Ralston was reclining in an armchair at the other end of the room,

get even with you for this. Hand me over that £15,000, or I denounce you!"

Ralston was amazed and alarmed. "I have not the necklace," he retorted; "but as for your threats, I have in my pocket evidence to send you to prison also—letters over your signature forged by me."

A sound attracted their attention, and they turned to face Captain Redwood. "You gentlemen miss something, I believe. Is this it?" and the Captain pulled a case from his pocket. It contained the Drelincourt necklace.

Baron Hartfeld was seized with a fit of trembling, whilst Ralston grew even paler, and put his hand over his heart. The detective took up the pile of notes, remarking, "I think I may offer these to Mr. Percival as a permanent loan from you, Jim the Penman."

Ralston nodded. His eyes were glazing. It was evident the man was ill. The detective walked out with the notes, leaving the pair stupefied.

"The game is up," said Ralston, as he fell back in his chair. Hartfeld felt vaguely alarmed; then he quickly rummaged in the other's pocket for the incriminating papers, which he ab-



"I AM CAPTAIN REDWOOD TO SOCIETY, BUT I AM ALSO A DETECTIVE."

for he looked ill and fatigued—the result of recent excitement on a heart that had grown weak of recent years.

"John, come here!" cried his wife.

He rose to his feet, and encountered his wife's accusing eyes. "The hand that wrote this signature wrote this letter. How infamous!"

Ralston knew that his marvellous luck had departed. "It was for love of you I did it. If you leave me, what will you tell our daughter?"

A compromise was arranged, for Agnes's wedding to Lord Drelincourt was arranged for the following day. Baron Hartfeld hung around Ralston like his shadow, and after the wedding followed him to his private room.

"Well?" he queried.

"I have here the fifteen thousand pounds for the Drelincourt necklace," whispered Ralston. "Fetch me the necklace, and you will have the notes."

Hartfeld rubbed his hands and, remarking that he would be back in a few moments, went to his bedroom. He returned in a very few moments spluttering with rage.

"You have it!" he screamed. "It's gone, and you have tricked me. I shall

strated. At this moment he felt a hand on his arm, and again encountered the inscrutable face of Captain Redwood. "I shall want you," said the Captain.

The doors were thrown open, revealing the wedding-party, which had just sat down to dinner. Agnes had come to fetch her father into the dining-room, and as she emerged Redwood pulled Hartfeld into the shadow behind the door. The girl tripped up to her father's chair and pulled his coat playfully.

"Come along, sleepy head. The guests are waiting."

She bent down, and straightened herself again with a gesture of terror and surprise. "There is something wrong—I cannot arouse Father," she cried to several of the guests.

She was right. The tired heart was stilled at last. The career of Jim the Penman had finished for ever.

The cast of this superbly-acted production is as follows: John Ralston, John Mason; Louis Percival, Harold Lockwood; Baron Hartfeld, Russell Bassett; Lord Drelincourt, William Roselle; Captain Redwood, Frederick Perry; Nina L'Estrange, Marguerite Leslie.

CRANE WILBUR

Interviewed by "Pictures."

"MAY I see Mr. Wilbur, please?" I inquired timidly.

I had come to interview the famous actor who is now playing in Centaur Star Features produced by the Mutual Film Corporation of America.

"I'm sorry, Miss, but Mr. Wilbur is engaged, and too busy to see anyone. You are almost sure to catch him at his apartments in Madison Avenue after hours."

"Thank you," I replied as I turned from the office with a sinking heart. Nevertheless I decided I would write to Mr. Wilbur and be sure of my prey. This I did, but the reply was again disappointing, for it conveyed the fact that for ten days he would be engaged on a big picture. If I cared to meet him at breakfast, however, at the Hotel McAlpin, where he always takes his first meal of the day, he would give me what "copy" I required. On the following morning I wended my way to the meeting-place.

I was ushered to the table where the actor sat waiting for his breakfast and, incidentally, for me. I had never met him before, having admired his good looks through the medium of the screen only, and when he rose from his seat I felt my heart go thud, thud, thud! Never have I seen such pensive grey eyes, such gloriously curly black hair. Mr. Wilbur is—oh! so handsome!

"Won't you sit down?" he asked. "What is it you want to know?"

"Everything about yourself," I urged.

The waiter brought us some strawberries and cream (a dish which is served regularly to Mr. Wilbur 365 days in the year), crisp brown toast, and coffee.

"Well," Mr. Wilbur began, "I've had to traverse a rocky road, but I think I have jumped the ruts very well." And between mouthfuls of strawberries and cream and sips of coffee Mr. Wilbur imparted the following:—

"I was born in Athens, N.Y.—my dear little mother still lives there. I left school at the age of thirteen and started life in a meat market, some beginning that for an actor, eh? (Here Mr. Wilbur revelled in a chuckle of mirth in which I joined.) Then I was a winder in a knitting mill, and when I asked for a rise the boss gave me one—the noble order of the boot. That settled matters. I went to Mrs. Fiske, who was then playing in New York in 'Mary of Magdala' and got the job of leading a mule across the stage! I was four seasons in that show, and then got a part in 'Robespierre' where I had to say 'Oni, Oni, Monsieur.' Three words were too much for my mental capacity, and I forgot my part and was fired. Later on, however, I was re-engaged by the same company, and from that time I moved some.

"I was on the stage twelve years, then I went into pictures, and, if I have any say in the matter, in pictures I'll stay."

"How did you come to play for films?" I ventured, as Mr. Wilbur



A Pen-
Sketch of
Crane Wilbur
by GIP-SPEAR.

hesitated to pour me out some more coffee.

"It was quite by accident. I happened to be in a village in New Jersey when I heard they were photographing.

"As I had never seen a cinema camera, I went to investigate. They were taking a scene where the hero had to rescue the heroine from being dashed to death by a runaway horse. The hero was awaiting the moment when he was to fly to the rescue; but at the last moment he failed. I saw the apparent danger of the heroine, and, forgetful of the fact that they were taking pictures, I rushed out and stopped the horse. For this the producer thanked me, and asked me to go to the studios on the following day. I went, and Mr. Handwerth (for he was the producer at the time) of the Pathé Frères Company gave me a part, and with him I remained until I joined the Centaur Company."

Then Mr. Wilbur stopped, and I thought for a moment. "What are your hobbies, Mr. Wilbur?" I asked.

"Hobbies?" repeated Mr. Wilbur. "After pictures, music is my favourite pastime. It awakens my innermost soul—it maddens me. Italian operas intoxicate me—I speak Italian you know. Why they should have such an effect upon me I do not know—it is my temperament I suppose. I'm a fearful dreamer. I sit for hours in the firelight in my study buried in the depths of my armchair; then, with my favourite pipe in my mouth, I imagine all sorts of wonderful things. Some of them come true but alas! some of them do not."

Mr. Wilbur, seeing I had finished my repast, now informed me that he regretted he would have to be making his way studio-wards. Thanking him profusely for his kindness, I gathered up my gloves.

"Just one more question before I go. Can you tell me what you consider are some of your best cinema works?"

"I'll send you along a list," he promised, and this is what he sent me: *The Perils of Pauline*, in which he played opposite Pearl White, *The Prettiest*, *The Corsair*, *All Love Excelling*, and *The Blood of our Brothers*.

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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later.



WHEN WIFIE SLEEPS.—Lubin comedy. One reel. Billy Reeves, the scream of the screen. —*J. Frank Bo. Bliss, Ltd.*

HIS COOLING COURTSHIP. John Bull comedy. One reel. Lupino Lane, the popular comedian. —*Davison, the British Agent.*

"SHE'S A PIPPIN." Pathé comedy. One reel. Issy and Moscy at their best. This is an exceptional mirth-producer.

SALISBURY'S WILD LIFE.—Educational. Three reels. Fish, birds, and animals in their natural surroundings. —*Gaiety Film Hire Service.*

LOST AND WON.—Turner drama. Four parts. Florence Turner. A love story, with exciting racing scenes introduced. Full story in No. 89, October 30th issue. —*Ideal Film Renting Co.*

THE CORPORAL'S DAUGHTER.—Edison drama. One reel. Arthur Housman, Gladys Huette, and Ben Turbett. Military love story, depicting life on the Indian hill-stations.

THE SECRET ORCHARD.—Lasky drama. Four parts. Blanche Sweet. Romance of Paris in 1898. Full story in No. 90, November 6th issue. —*J. D. Walker's, Ltd.*

THE CIRCUS GIRL'S ROMANCE.—"101 Bison" drama. One reel. Marie Walcamp. Thrilling and unique wild animal scenes. —*Trans-Atlantic Film Co.*

DRAWING THE LINE.—"Flying A" drama. One reel. Vivian Rich, Walter Spencer, and Jack Richardson. See the wonderful fight between the two men. —*American Film Co.*

LIFE'S YESTERDAY. Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Julia Swayne, Leo Delaney, and Zena Keefe. His career ruined by drugs, he atones, and devotes his later life to the care of the world's outcasts.

A STUDIO ESCAPEE.—Selig drama. Two parts. Bessie Eyton. Life, love, and honour in gay Bohemia. See the raid on the studio in the midst of the students' revelries. —*E. H. Montagu.*

THE PRETENDER.—Reliance drama. One reel. Elsie de Wolfe and George Walsh. Interesting scenes laid in Australia, a South Sea Island, the deck of a liner, and America. —*New Majestic Co.*

WHEN LOVE TOOK WINGS.—Keystone comedy. One reel. Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle. Love passions end in the disillusionment of the lady's beauty. —*Western Import Co.*

A BID FOR A BOUNTY.—Bamforth comedy. One reel. The hero's endeavour to defraud the Government ends in a surprise from an unexpected direction. —*Yorkshire Cine Co.*

THE BIRTH OF A NATION.—Griffith production. Two parts. The mighty spectacle which is still going strong at the Scala Theatre. If you live in London and miss this show you are not a picturegoer.

A TELEPHONE TRAGEDY.—Thanhouser drama. Two reels. Florence La Badie. How a dying woman's unfinished telephone message condemns an innocent man, though the guilty party is forced to confess in the end.

FROM FORGE TO FOOTLIGHTS. Nordisk drama. Three parts. Features Johann Petersen. A delightful romance. A rich lady falling in love with a handsome, singing blacksmith, marries him, and with her great influence makes of him an operatic star.

A TALE OF TWENTY STORIES.—L-Ko farce comedy. Two reels. Hank Mann comedies are always good, but here is one that stands out as quite the finest and funniest picture in which the lugubrious one has ever appeared. And its "some" thriller too; indeed, no more remarkable combination of chuckles and thrills has ever been presented on a motion picture screen. —*Trans-Atlantic Film Co.*

SCALA THEATRE

"Stupendous."—DAILY EXPRESS.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.





WE HEAR



THAT Edna Purviance (Essanay) has received a beautiful silk kimono from a Chinese admirer.

THAT Florence La Badie has just signed on with Thanhouser films for at least another two years.

THAT on arrival in New York Sir Herbert Tree will go straight to Los Angeles to be filmed in several of his most successful productions, including *Richard the Second*.

THAT the Tournament, Richard's arrest and imprisonment, his abduction, his riding through the City in Bolingbroke's procession, and, finally, Bolingbroke's coronation are to be some of the big effects in this last-named film-play.

THAT Henry Ainley is playing lead in *The Great Adventure* which the Turner Co. is producing for Ideal.

THAT *Caste*, the Ideal picture-play released in January, is to be revived on the stage with Sir John Hare as Eccles, his part in the film version.

THAT the stage and screen impersonations by this great actor will be wonderfully interesting to play and picture goers.

THAT the good old fairy tales take a good deal of displacing in these terribly realistic days, the booking of Christmas films being better than ever before.

THAT Turner Films, Ltd., are at work on a comedy adapted from *Downsteps*, with Miss Turner in the principal rôle.

THAT *Downsteps* is the music-hall sketch which made good at the Pavilion and Oxford, and now scores elsewhere.

THAT, to quote the words of our publisher, orders are simply "rolling" in for the Christmas Double Number of PICTURES to be published on December 4th, price twopence.

THAT, in consequence, the usual big printing order is passed and will be quite dwarfed by the time we go to press.

THAT Bigelow Cooper returned to the Edison Studios recently all battered up through a motor trip to Pennsylvania.

THAT although the car was smashed up through hitting a rock, and he cut his arms and legs, Bigelow's perennial good nature was unscathed.

THAT the fire scene in *Not Wanted*, Edison's beautiful picture of child life, is a red-hot example of that Company's ability to provide screen realism.

THAT William J. Elliott, the well-known photo-play writer, is now in charge of the publicity department at Davison's.

THAT in *The White Hope*, the Hepworth Version of the successful novel, George Gunther, the famous middle-weight, appears as the black champion defeated.

SCALA THEATRE

"A triumph of historical incident."
—GLOBE.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.



A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL PRODUCT ON BY LOIS WEBER

AND PHILLIPS SMALLEY.

'A CIGARETTE, THAT'S ALL'

Gold Seal Drama. 1,930 feet approx. Released Dec. 27th.

Here is another masterpiece from the pen of wonderfully gifted Lois Weber, author of "Hypocrites," "Scandal" and a host of other triumphantly superior photo-plays.

To attempt to tell you of the novelty, the gripping, enthralling interest of this unusual drama in printed words would be useless. Through magic spectacles a man sees the terrible truth of false partner, false friend, false wife. Convinced that the whole thing is a vision, he returns home to tell his wife of the "joke." There he finds a "cigarette, that's all" which through the magic glasses he saw the false friend lay on the mantel when making a lover's call on his wife. Wonderful and enthralling beyond description; you MUST see it.

THE TRANS ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.,
Universal House, 37-39, Oxford St., London, W.



HACKING COUGH

MOTHER CURED BY VENO'S 18 YEARS AGO STILL USES
THE GREAT REMEDY IN THE FAMILY.

Mrs. Aldridge, 9, Hyde Street, Hulme, Manchester, says:—"I first used Veno's some 18 years ago when suffering with a cold and cough.

It was a cough that gave no rest, but kept me hacking all day long, and in the night too it disturbed me. But when I commenced taking Veno's I soon got relief. It was quite wonderful how it loosened the phlegm and set fitness at my chest. Soon I was quite cured.

"Ever since then Veno's has been my family medicine. I used to give it to my children when they showed any sign of a cough, and it always cured them. Once my little Cissie caught whooping cough, but a few doses of Veno's stopped it almost at once. They are grown up now but they should still have Veno's if they need it. I shall always praise Veno's and always recommend it as the very best cough medicine in the world."



Mrs. Aldridge,
Manchester.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Sweetest Remedy for:—

COUGHS AND COLDS,
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LUNG TROUBLES,
INFLUENZA,
HOARSENESS

11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
a bottle.

ASTHMA,
NASAL CATARRH,
WHOOPIING COUGH,
BLOOD SPITTING,
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Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/4. The 3/4 Size is the most economical.
Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over. Insist on having
Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

ARE YOU TRYING FOR ONE OF THESE?

1ST PRIZE

£10

2ND PRIZE

£5

10 PRIZES

of **10/6** ea

SCREENED STARS

OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the ninth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition "Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions. £5 to the next, and 10s each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders or the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the ninth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

<p>49</p>	<p>50</p>
<p><i>Anderson</i></p> <p>51</p>	<p><i>Roland</i></p> <p>52</p>
<p><i>Blayton</i></p> <p>53</p>	<p><i>Turner</i></p> <p>54</p>
<p><i>Stewart</i></p>	<p><i>Holmes</i></p>

ENTRY
FORM.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

9th
Set.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week

As It Should Be.

"I have seen more British films this last four weeks than I had previously seen for four months. Is it due to the tax, or merely coincidence? But I do appreciate them."
B. B. Houghton.

A Loss to Pictures.

"As a constant picturegoer and reader, I notice the tremendous popularity the comedy pictures enjoy, yet there are many in which the chief character is more painful than funny. The majority of comedy film-producers must be slow. I myself saw a man playing in a drama last week at the theatre, and why some picture-making firm has not snapped him up long ago is a mystery. His facial expressions would take pages to describe. He is remarkably agile, and his knockabout business is of an original kind. He produced shrieks of laughter with hardly a word spoken. I do not know his name, but he is rather slim, with thick, flying, black hair, and a pair of most expressive eyes, and a ripping smile. If any of the representatives of American or French firms saw him I do not think they would hesitate to engage him."
L. M. M. (Lower Warner).

Cinema's Roll of Honour.

"I admire the patriotic point of view of T. S. (Highgate) on British films; but when your readers talk about young fellows in the trade joining the Colours, it shows how little they know of the Cinema trade's Roll of Honour.

"If they had all read the trade journals from the outbreak of the war, T. S. would have found the industry has given men from every branch, including actors, connected with it. Almost every week the trade papers announce that some one connected with the trade has fallen in Flanders or elsewhere. Has my fellow-reader heard that there is a Cinema V.C.?"

"No! T. S. (Highgate) must not run away with the idea because the fellow on the screen looks eligible he is so. To outlive young men out of the scene is absurd. Who wants to see pictures wherein the characters are all old men and women? What kind of films would T. S. have us see in war-time?"

"Personally I consider that the cinema trade has done very well in sending men to the Colours, judging from reports in the trade journals."

B. M. V. (Walworth).

Credit Where Credit is Due.

"I take your pleasant little paper weekly, and was interested in the Competition about the famous actors, but I was surprised to see that Courtenay Foote is classed among the non-British players. This is surely a mistake, as I am sure Mr. Foote was born in England, and I think, in Harrogate (my own native place), where his people now live. When a film featuring Mr. Foote was shown not long ago at our local picture-house, he was announced on the programme as 'formerly of Harrogate,' and I believe he acted on the English stage for some years before he went to America. Of course, I may have read your Competition notice incorrectly, but I hope you will not object to my writing on the matter. Mr. Foote is such a distinguished, handsome, and talented actor that I feel proud he is a native of this town. I do not wish America to claim him as a countryman."

MITRE (Harrogate).

"You are quite right, Mr. Foote is an Englishman, but as his film work has been confined to America, his name crept into the Foreign List by mistake. - Ed."

ON AND OFF THE SCREEN

Much-Liked Actor-Producer.

RICHARD STANTON, whose portrait is included in our Gallery, has all the sympathies of his native character that of the Irish. Richard was describing how he left his old car outside the garage as he drove away in his big new one. "It was such a good old friend of mine that when I saw it standing there, shabby and forlorn, I thought it looked at me regretfully, and I actually had a tightening of the throat."

Recently a Los Angeles magazine manager sent Richard to be photographed against his will. The photographer met the manager shortly afterwards, and said, "If you ever send Stanton to me again I will brain you." Stanton fidgeted and made suggestions until the man who took the pictures said, "Look here, Mr. Stanton, you may do as you like with your own plays, but I am producing your pictures. Now, then the head a little to one side, please."

Mr. Stanton has fitted right into his niche with the Trans-Atlantic Company, and is much liked by every one at Universal City.

The Midnight Marriage.

"WHY produce that one?" William Conklin asked Andrew Arbuckle, when the latter declared his intention to wed Irma Wright, at the Balboa studio recently. It seemed a good suggestion, so the couple speeded off to Southern California's Gretna Green instantaneously, and were made man and wife, despite the fact that they had met only two weeks before.

Mrs. Arbuckle is professionally known as Mdlle. Duquense. Coming to Long Beach for the winter, after several years abroad in grand opera, the singer met Andrew, the brother of the distinguished Maelyn Arbuckle. It was a case of love at first sight, as has been experienced by so many Balboans recently.

But the marriage was not accomplished without a succession of difficulties. When the groom was asked for a ring, he could not produce one. So an accommodating goldsmith, reached over the telephone, agreed to come down town, open his store, and deliver one. Next the clergyman caused consternation by requesting a licence.

The contracting parties, coming from York State, had not thought such a scrap of paper essential. Hence it was necessary to rout out the county clerk. He emerged from his slumbers and issued the document. It was the witching hour by the time all of the details had been provided, and on the stroke of twelve the rotund comedian and the opera-singer were made one.

Lucy Blake of Balboa.

LUCY BLAKE, whose picture is given in our Gallery, says that she has no time to rest, and is busy with a crowd of New England family. Her desires were somewhat conflicting. One day she had her mother, who was going to visit a cousin in Providence, R.I., and succeeded in getting away from home. But she did not leave the train until it reached New York. There, Miss Blake immediately obtained an engagement to play in "When Knighthood was in Flower," with Roselle Knott and Charles Dalton. She made such an impression in a small part that Klaw and Erlanger used her to advantage for the next three years.

But her real chance came as the star in "The Lily and the Prince." In this she toured the United States. Then she supported Maelyn Arbuckle in "The Round-up," and Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian."

Miss Blake is now appearing prominently in Balboa pictures. In private life she is Mrs. William Conklin.

News of Max Linder.

GABRIEL LEUVILLE, known to all cinema lovers as Max Linder, has almost recovered from the wounds he received, and when seen at the Buffon Military Hospital, Paris, was looking forward to his discharge.

Max Linder was born at St. Louis, in the Department of Gironde, of French parents; his education and subsequent theatrical career were entirely French. Although found unfit for military service.



DON'T LOOK OLD!

You begin to look it, with these grey and faded hairs always so conspicuous. Write at once to the great Hair Specialists, J. Pepper & Co., Ltd., 37, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, for a bottle of their world-famous, **LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER.**

Sent privately packed and post-free. Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

RED **DELICIOUS COFFEE,**
WHITE
& BLUE

For Breakfast
& after Dinner.

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THE BRITISH AGENT

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ASK YOUR CINEMA MANAGER
TO BOOK THESE TWO GREAT
NORDISK EXCLUSIVES

"A QUEEN OF KNAVES"

Thrilling Three-Part
Detective Drama.

"SINS OF GREAT CITIES"

Drama in Three Reels of
Absorbing Heart Interest.



vice in 1903, when France called all her sons at the beginning of the war he volunteered, and was attached to the 13th Regiment of Artillery.

Bronchial trouble supervening, says the *Courier*, he was stricken down, and, barely recovered, so anxious was he to render some service, that he undertook what was perhaps the most dangerous work of all, despatch motor-driving.

In the course of his perilous journeys, driving at terrific speed, without lights, a collision occurred. Max was violently thrown out and badly injured. He was removed to hospital, where on March 2nd he was invalided out of the Army for the second time, suffering from severe internal injuries. Although debarr'd from military service, Max, the light-hearted and cheeriest of comedians, will be, we trust, able to enact for Pathe those debonair rôles which have made his name famous the world over.

Surprising Surprise Gifts.

WHAT would you do if you woke up some morning in a small apartment, and had a notice handed you before breakfast, too—that an admirer, to surprise you, had shipped a fine black horse, and that said horse was

waiting your call at the local freight yards? *What Could She Do?* the title of a play written by Gertrude McCoy, the Edison leading woman, came in most aptly here, for the surprised one was that film favourite. Getting a "white elephant" before breakfast, in the shape of a horse, so to speak, was especially annoying when one loves—yes, loves—one's auto with undying devotion, such as Miss McCoy does. For what horse can equal the delicious excitement of tearing down a country road with the sky the limit!

Think as she could, the apartment offered no solution, so she enlisted an uncle's establishment. The uncle was as enthusiastic about the horse as she about her machine, and insisted that equal pleasurable excitement comes from driving a horse. After much persuasion, the uncle induced Miss McCoy to drive out the horse, but only on condition that the chauffeur would follow behind with her machine as she expected soon to tire of the horse. So that Miss McCoy would get greater pleasure, he said, the uncle would ride behind in the auto. As they neared the Yonkers' race-track Miss McCoy wished

to go back to her old love, and was preparing to get out of the wagon, when the white elephant horse pricked up its ears and swerved quickly into the gate of the race-track. With a snort and ears laid back, away down the track the horse flew, while frightened Miss McCoy pulled back for all she was worth. Around he sped past the equally astonished group, while Miss McCoy frantically jerked her head as a signal for them to stop the flying horse. The secret was out. It had been an old race-horse, and nobody knew—but the horse knew. Down the track he pounded in a cloud of dust and around again he flew. The uncle dared not attempt to head off the horse for fear of a spill. Then suddenly he thought to send the auto after the flying steed. The sound of the machine seemed to act as a pace and brace, for the machine never caught up till the horse had gone round the fourth time; then, with the satisfied air of a winner, Mr. Horse slowed up, his job well done, apparently, to his thinking. But you couldn't get Miss McCoy again to gainsay that horse-driving does not offer its own excitement. There is now a horse for sale—yes, and cheap, too!

SCALA THEATRE

"It provides the mighty spectacle it claims to provide." MORNING POST.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.



VOL.
VIII.

"PICTURES"

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LUBIN'S INIMITABLE COMEDIAN

The creator of the role of the Drunk in the Box in
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And his versatile companion MAE HOTELEY,
the Girl with the Rubber Face.

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GOSSIP AND EDITORIAL



AFTER THE FLIGHT: Norman Howard, the villain in *Howe's Sea*, a Hohnfirth British production just finished.

IT may be early to talk about Christmas Day, but it is not too soon to write about Christmas Number Day. If ever you miss an issue of PICTURES, make a note that the one published on December 4th is not to be missed. That issue will be the Christmas Double Number of PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER, price twopence a bigger, better, brighter number than any that have gone before.

Concerning that Contest.

As I fortold two weeks ago, scores of disappointed ones have written that although they gave three winning names they have won no prize. Now what can I say to make the matter clear to these friendly but fuddled readers. *If the winning names were not placed in correct order they could not possibly constitute a winning coupon!* Really I have a far-away sort of recollection of writing those words before. During the past fortnight also coupons have been dribbling in from foreign lands. Only this morning, for instance, some have arrived from Rhodesia, South Africa. I am sorry for our foreign friends, whose late coupons are useless, but they may take comfort, if cold comfort, in the knowledge that not a single coupon from abroad happened to be a "winner."

One of the Greatest.

I grasped the opportunity of seeing again *The Woman Who Did*, which this time, being shown to the trade, had the advantage of a full-sized screen and appropriate music. My previous opinion is confirmed. It is a most entertaining picture, beautifully produced, and none the worse for the trimming which I found it had undergone. Walter West, who produced it for the Broadwest Company, must be very pleased with himself, and I know that the Gerrard Film Company, who have acquired the film, are glad they have done so. *The Woman Who Did* easily ranks as one of the few great artistic British successes of the year.

And More to Come.

The firm that produced *The Woman Who Did*, which you will see later on, is bound to "make good" in other productions. Wherefore I await with interest the trade showing of *Burnt Wings*, the next big effort of the Broadwest Film Company. They tell me that they hope to make a feature of famous novels (*Burnt Wings* is a novel), and that, in order to secure the proper atmosphere called for in the story they will not hesitate to transport their company (war permitting) to any quarter of the globe, enemy territory excepted.

A Loss to Stage and Screen.

Countless thousands regret the unexpected death of poor Lewis Waller. He was one of the finest and certainly most popular actors on the stage, and in romantic parts especially none could excel him. Mr. Waller was a particular favourite

of mine, and I mention his name on this page because he untimely died a great loss to the screen as well as to the stage. He told me once that he had no intention of ever being filmed, but at that time stage plays on the screen were novelties, and like many other stars he changed his mind as the matter progressed. It is fortunate that Mr. Waller will live on in the screen in *Wings of a Girl*, the film made by Barker and now being controlled by Walt Disney.

Postcards a Pleasure and a Profit.

Picture postcards of cinema stars have long been the rage, but hitherto they have nearly all pictured foreign artists. "I am glad that the British are now coming along with a similar form of publicity—it is good for them, and a great joy for collectors, who, we know from experience, number many thousands. One of the latest artists to be postcarded is Billy Merson, whose three fine films are being controlled by the Globe Film Company. A set of twelve photographic cards of this favourite comedian is now published, and may be had post-free for 10d., either from the Globe Company, of St-3, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., or direct from this office.

Another Pinero Play Pictured.

Before a distinguished audience, which included George Bernard Shaw, Sir George and Lady Alexander, Sir Henry Arthur Jones, Lena Ashwell, Dion Boucicault, and Owen Nares, the Hepworth production of Sir Arthur Pinero's *Iris* was shown privately last week and enjoyed by all. This is the second Pinero stage-play produced by Cecil Hepworth, and once more he has given us a most artistic and charming picture. It tells the story of a woman (Alma Taylor, who was as charming as ever) whose love of luxury makes her forget all else, though to her cost she learns that wealth does not necessarily go with happiness. Powerful parts are provided and taken advantage of by Henry Ainley, whom none can equal in character studies, and Stewart Rome; whilst the scenery and lighting effects in the scenes, taken in the Lake District, will live long in the memory of the picturegoer.

The Happy Ending Always Best.

For the second time in three months, Sir Arthur has arranged an alternative ending for a Pinero production. The first instance was in *The Big Dream* at the St. James's. The second is in the matter of *Iris*, the picture-play. Although Cecil M. Hepworth is second only to Sir Arthur Pinero in his appreciation of the dramatic strength of the original ending, yet even he felt that in bringing so stern a subject to the attention of 20,000,000 people in Great Britain alone it would be wise to add a symbolical epilogue. Sir Arthur, on considering the difference between stage and picture play audiences cordially agreed, and a suggestion of ultimate salvation has been added to the picture-play version.

The Art of Advertising.

Ever since the Hepworth Company made use of our pages I have admired their announcements, and am sure that readers have done likewise, for the reason that they are always so bright and readable. Indeed, many of them have been quite editorial in character. Their announcement appearing this week in the usual space on the third page of cover is therefore of exceptional interest, and I hope that many readers will take the trouble to send a postcard and answer the set of queries put to them.

F. D.

Do You Collect Postcards?

Send for our list of Thousands of Portraits of British and Foreign Film Stars. All the latest, and constantly being added to.

POST-FREE TO ANY READER FROM

"The Pictures," Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

SCALA THEATRE

"On all sides was heard nothing but praise."—MORNING ADVERTISER.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.



Turner Films

"Pictures made
for You."



Where to see some Turner Films this week (Nov. 15th to 20th).

MY OLD DUTCH

at Streatham, Lewisham, Greenwich, Rotherhithe, Earlsfield, Walthamstow, Edgware Road, Stoke Newington, Manchester (Cheetham Hill, Blackley, and Ardwick), Leicester, Jersey, Morley, Landore, Hanley, Heckmondwike, Bath, Heywood, Barrow, Bradford, Widnes, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Kingstown, Dublin.

ALONE IN LONDON

at Tottenham, Birkenhead, Belfast, Pembroke Dock, Abercynon, Hyde, Senghenydd, Heywood, Cowdenbeath, Paisley, Stirchley, Brighouse, Ogmore Vale, Manchester (Walkden, Cheetham Hill and Levenshulme), Ammanford, Clay Cross, Denaby, Dundee.

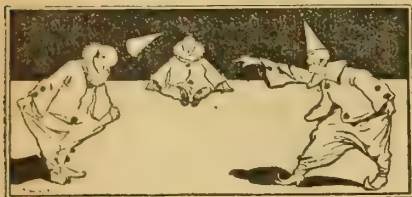
SHOP GIRLS

at Ellesmere Port, Warminster, Ripley, Glasgow (Shettleston), Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Barnet, Doncaster.

LOST AND WON

at Forest Gate, Croydon, Stourbridge, Manchester (Salford and Pendleton), Norwich, Treherbert, Leicester, Leeds, Glasgow.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

The little scene above will remind you of pantomime, which in turn will warn you of the rapid approach of Christmas when boys and girls who go to picture-theatres will expect to see films suited to that festive holiday. In spite of war-time, the film companies have been watching your interests, and already a great batch of pantomime, fairy, and other Christmassy subjects are waiting their release dates. Many of these pictures will be dealt with in the big double number of PICTURES to be published on December 4th, and from what the Editor has told me about this issue I should advise you all to make a note of that date and see that you get a copy.

I was glad to read that one of my "nieces," Irene Leete, of Balham, was a winner of a big prize in the Voting Contest. I am glad also to learn that a great many of my readers are doing their best with the "Screened Stars"

Puzzles, and hope that at least one of you will be successful.

We get a lot of rain at this time of year in England, and we are used to it. Wet weather generally helps to fill the cinemas; but other countries get their share of wet as well, and when it comes to picture-making rainy weather is not always helpful. In California, for instance, it rained quite a lot a short time ago, and Eugenie Besserer, the Selig player, has sent me an amusing account of how she and the rest of the company spent an afternoon in the studio waiting for a glimmer of sunshine through the heavy clouds to catch a scene now and then. One of the "sets" happened to be a child's playroom. The child playing in the picture that day was sitting alone in the set, playing at "keeping house." Miss Besserer suggested to three of the ladies that they should all go around the set, knock at the door, and make a call. And so they did. They asked the child all sorts of questions about her "children" (dolls), her husband, &c., and were sorry to hear that the children were all down with the measles!

And then to prove that all men are boys, and also willing to play at "house-keeping," this is what really happened.

Tom Santsehi, the screen star, opened the door with a bang and cried "Coals!" The little one, immediately

catching the idea, replied, "Put them in the cellar, please." He refused, saying that she owed him last week's coal bill. "No money, no coals!" He was very sorry. Some one suggested to the child that she should phone the police. By this time every one in the studio was interested.

At the other end of the imaginary telephone-line one of the most famous Selig directors answered "Mrs. Smith's" telephone-call, saying he would send a policeman to turn out the saucy coal-man. Then along came Wheeler Oakman as a burly policeman.

All the afternoon it continued to pour with rain while the entire picture staff, from manager to property-man, the great and the small, the young and the old, continued to "play at housekeeping." Thus, you see, the Selig company of players is just one big happy family of boys and girls.

A few weeks ago I offered four War Charms to the senders of the cleverest answers to this little riddle. "What is the difference between a mouse and a cinema actress?" Your answers would fill my page, and it will be sufficient if I print a few of the best:—

"One's chased by cats, and the other by dogs" (men).

"The mouse is trapped, and the actress is clapped."

"A mouse is heard, but not seen; the actress is seen, but not heard."

"One puts the ladies in a fright; the other fills the men with sheer delight."

"The mouse makes you jump with fright, and the actress makes you jump with joy."

"The mouse causes a real sensation; the actress a 'real' sensation."

"One larks the cheese; the other charms the he's."

"One is caught, and the other released" (on the film).

"One is run away from; the other is run after."

"One shines in the light; the other works in the dark."

"One is hated; the other is loved."

"One makes the ladies excited; the other makes the gentlemen delighted."

The PRIZES are awarded to: Nellie Whitehead, 1, Phoenix Terrace, Upper Reed Street, North Shields; Miriam Wiseman, 105, Grove Street, Commercial Road, S.E.; James Eve, 63, Brock Road, Victoria Docks, E.; May Stone, Gold Croft, Caerleon, Newport, Mon.

AWARD OF MERIT six to win a special prize: Marie Lister (Ardwick), James Briscoe (Manchester), Lillian Burgess (Swancombe), Ivy Neal (Watford), Anne Levenson (Stamford Hill), Reggie Partridge (Thornton Heath), G. M. Jeffries (Hauwell).

SPECIAL PRIZE: Lillian Burgess.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOERS' LEAGUE.

I told you a little about it in last week's issue, and guess you all want to know by now how to become members. All you have to do, then, is to get three new readers for PICTURES, and send me their names and addresses. They in turn can each become members of the League also by obtaining three more readers and sending me their names. When you have satisfied your Uncle Tim that your three friends have promised to become regular PICTURES readers you may call yourselves full-blown members, and will each receive a charming little badge, which you can wear or not as you please, and which, in any case, is well worth keeping. Now get to work, and see if you can find me these three readers, and I will tell you how the League progresses in future issues.

ANOTHER PRIZE RIDDLE COMPETITION.

Riddles are evidently so much to your liking that I am going to give you another one:—What is the difference between a film and a convicted felon. Write your answer on a post-card, addressed to "Riddle," PICTURES Offices, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., a d post to arrive by Monday, November 22nd. Four prizes and the Award of Merit will go to the senders of the cleverest answers, but what form the prizes will take has not yet been determined by

UNCLE TIM.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTO POSTCARDS of Yourself, 1s. 3d. Dozen.
From any Photo. 12 x 19 Enlargements, 8s.
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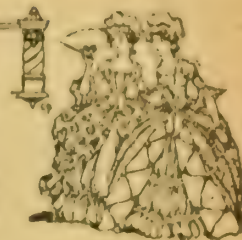
Catalogues and Samples Free.

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REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. Address THE EDITOR, "PICTURES," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



DAISY (Southampton).—Owing to the new Post Office rates, the cost of postage is now one penny for each three or four picture postcards ordered from us. But if 10 postcards are ordered at one time we will send them post free for 2s. 6d.

PERCY, E. F. (Highway).—Thanks muchly for the "Smiles." You will see we have made use of them.

KITTY (Carmarthen).—We join with you in prayers for the safe return of your dear ones from their fight for our country. You are indeed doing your bit for England.

SHED (Barnet Hill).—The cast of "Mother's Roses" (Vita-graph) was given in issue 89.

NOVICE (Fovey).—Quite recently we published three articles on "Play writing for the Film" and A. B. Dunch's book "Photography for the Cinematographer." In this office, would assist you.

DOLLY (Putney).—The Hepworth Co. have handled a good many of the Turner films, but they are quite separate companies.

EXETER (Birmingham).—Mac Semmett and Walter Terry are the same. The postcard was published when he was playing for A.B. The postcards of Mattie and Early and Kay Brierly were produced for the Trans-Atlantic Co. L. Rogers Layton and Earle Williams are Vitagraph players. The index for Vol. VIII. is now ready and can be had for 3d. from this office.

J. H. P. ("Tottenham").—Thos. Macdonald played "The Five Sings" (Broadwest) and in the same company's "The Woman Who Did." Address c/o Broadwest Film Co., Pavilion Studio, Esher, Surrey. Thanks for kind wishes.

ALICE (Maida Vale).—Yes, we are now at 85, Long Acre, W.C. Letters addressed to Adam St. are sent on to us by the kind Postmaster-General.

TROUBLESOME FLAPPER (Enfield Town).—Many thanks for seven new readers. If we can get a few more of the players you mention we shall be sure and let you know.

N. A. (Corktown).—When your autograph album comes home send it on and we will sign it. "Her Triumph" has been released and "The Broken Coin" will be on Nov. 29. Address Francis X. Bushman, c/o Metro Film Co., 1465, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.



—From Motion Picture Magazine.

J. H. A. H. (Willesden).—Regret that your verses are unsuitable. Thanks for sending them.

SILVER LASS (Thursley).—Robert Leonard is 28 years old. May your dear sailor boy and his future soldier brother in law return safe and sound to your arms. Of course write again.

EVELYN (Stratford).—The Cinema Day Committee did not forget to rope in the cinema proprietors, as you doubtless know by now. Like their theatrical brothers, they are a generous lot of people.

V. (Doltan).—Alice Worrester is, we believe, still in India. T. H. Macdonald and James Morrison have had your love sent to them. The casts were not published. Write again, V.

LASSY (Workop).—In "The Straight Road" Gladys Hanson played lead. The Broadwest Film Co.'s address is Pavilion Studio, Esher, Surrey. We have no postcards of Eve Salfour. So you have autographed photos from Florence Turner and Alma Taylor. Lucky boy!

TORAZ (Bedford).—You can add these addresses to your list:—Samuelson Film Co., Wren Hall, Isleworth; B. and C. Co., Hoe St., Walthamstow; Neptune Film Co., Boreham Woods, Herts; and Turner Films, Ltd., Walton-on-Thames. Pleased to welcome you, new reader.

READER AS EVER (Barnes).—Long Acre is quite near Covent Garden Theatre, "The Substitute" (Thames), "Ruth Sinclair" and Ann Haggerty, "Mignon Anderson," "Mrs. Sinclair," "Carey Hastings," "Dr. Stanley," "Arthur Pater," "Bill Haggerty," "J. B. Lemberg," "Ralph Foster," "Wilfred Young." The chocs were lovely.

IVY (Rushville).—Your picture palace must be a "tophole" place; the programme you send is excellent. Be sure you call and see us.

BILLY (Maida Vale).—Under the circumstances, we can forgive your impatience, Billy—but your letter had to take its turn and was answered in our October 23rd number.

JEFF (Wilton).—"Barbary Rudge" is a Hepworth film. We can supply you with Souvenir booklet of same, price 3d., post free. The Film Life of Mary Pickford is the same price. Address order to PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, W.C.

TAFY (Swinsed).—If you want either Vols. VI. or VII. of PICTURES you must hurry up—as we have only a few left. The price is 3s. 9d. each post-free from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London. Vol. VII. is now ready.

WINIFRED (Watford).—To condemn moving pictures without seeing them is surely the height of injustice. We hope you will be able to persuade your friend to make at least one visit to the best cinema in your district.

D. B. H. (Blackpool).—Sorry the cast of the film you mention was not given.

VERA (Southend).—We know nothing more definite about Mary Pickford's religion than the report from an American paper which we published on this page in our October 16th issue. We think it is most likely she would reply if you wrote to her.

ELSIE (Leightonstone).—Address: Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Sixteen copies of PICTURES are sent by each week to the troops! Bravo, Elsie! See reply to "Vera."

CONSTANT READER (Gravesend).—Address the Editor of the Kinematograph Weekly, 9 and 11, Tottenham Street, London, W. Ella Hall is 18 years old. Of course we should like your photo.

W. G. C. (Moston).—Marguerite Clark's age is 18 and not 18 as given in a recent issue. (Be careful this time, Mr. Printer, please.) Write to her by all means, c/o Famous Players Co., whose address is given to "Elsie." As you are writing, you can send the kind in stages yourself. N'est ce pas, dear boy?

CINEMA-GOER (Leeds).—Sounds like a new place of worship! Twickenham and Polidor have not left the film, but the war has played Old Harry with the Continental producing companies.

SIDNEY (Harborne).—Address Harold Lockwood, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, above 4th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

CRUI (Bury St. Edmunds).—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford played in the film you speak of.

Bert (Birmingham).—The English picture companies are practically all in or near London, and the supply of experienced players exceeds the demand, Bert.

Ben W. (Liverpool).—The great C. C. is playing and producing daily for Essanay, and comes quite the stall outside the asylum. Address:—Jesse L. Lasky Co., Los Angeles, California; Billy Ritchie, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York, U.S.A. Best and kindest from the Answers Man, Bob.

H. M. (Cradley Heath).—The player you ask about is a German actress, and plays for a German company—hence it must be obvious to you why no mention of her occurs in PICTURES.

Chief (Taunton).—Blanche Forsythe spells her name so, and King Baggot thus.

Andy (Edinburgh).—Sorry to hear of your short-sightedness. Have sent your love to Jane Gail and given the kisses to the "ladies on the staff."

Warren (Glasgow).—15 years old, has written 50 photo plays 3 or 4 in a night sometimes—and wants to know what to do with them. If the quality is equal to the quantity, send your best to any of the British companies. You will not of course send a comedy to a company which produces drama. You're some writer, Warry.

Florrie (Camden Town).—You did not give your full address as required, but as you were nearly "off your head" at having received a letter from Mary Pickford, we forgive you, Florrie. Glad you like PICTURES so much.

Bobby (Brighton).—Pleased to welcome, you new reader. Anita Stewart played the part of the daughter in "The Painted World" (Vitagraph). The Jesse L. Lasky Co. is American—their address is given to your namesake on this page.

Geoff and Doris (Rotherham).—See reply to "Bert" (Birmingham).

Tony (Oxford).—The War Souvenir Album costs 1s. and is well worth double. Send your order to PICTURES Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London.

W. G. H. (Nottingham).—Address Gene Hathaway, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. We should think she would be pleased to hear from you. We have no postcards of her. Have sent you a postcard list.

Ellen (Walthamstow).—We have postcards of Jane Gail and Mary Pickford (2 different), but none of Gerald Ames. For amounts under one shilling (send us stamps (half-penny ones preferred), and postal orders for amounts of a shilling or over. Have sent your love to Jane Gail. Why don't you write to her? quite likely she will reply. Her address is c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

Important (Ryde).—Wally is short for Walter. We have not heard of the other player.

N. R. B. (Richmond).—Why not send your film plots direct to the companies? The particulars you give of a film are too slight for us to identify.

John (Cowley Bath).—Address Anna Little, c/o American Film Mfg. Co., 6,227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. She has left Universal. Hope you will write us again.

J. W. (North Shields).—Has had a letter from Charlie Chaplin saying that he is "quite alive as ever, tell them." Address Mac Marsh, c/o Reliance Film Co., 537, Riverdale Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A.

Emily (Edinburgh).—Your sweet letter to hand. So you are one of the fortunate possessors of players' letters and autographs! Have sent your love to Earle Williams. Have not heard if Norma Talhadge is married. You are quite a family of warriors with three brothers, two brothers-in-law, and six cousins in khaki. Of course we should like your photo, Emily.

Alan Law (Cliftonville).—In our January 19th, 1935, issue we published a photo of George Larkin. We note that you have heard he has been in played in films entitled "Bound by the Leopard's Love," "On Leopard Land," "The Harvest," "The Tiger Slayer," and "Unto Those Who Sin." We have not the address of the reader you mention.

Dixie (Brighton).—One of the few things we have not heard about Charlie Chaplin is that he is delicate. We don't believe it. Photos of him have been published in PICTURES Nos. 72, 73, 77, 81—not full-page ones, but all excellent.

Muriel (Newton-le-Willows).—Why should you not write to Mary Pickford if you want to? Most likely you would get a reply.

Ernest (Newton-le-Willows).—Read reply to "Muriel," above, and substitute Pickford for Fuller, and your question is answered.

Harry (Uxbridge).—We quite agree that Mary Pickford is "sweet," and we expect happy too, Harry.

A. W. S. (Clapham).—Look in the Letter Bag of October 30th, in which issue your query was answered.



MAY HOTELEY, the girl with the rubber face, who stars with Billy Reeves.

This is one of our newest Postcards.

ONLY ME (Surrey).—We have everything you want except your order. Souvenir booklets of *Barnaby Rudge* and *Film Life of Mary Pickford* are 3d. each; bound volumes of 6, 7 and 8 are 3s. 9d. each, all post-free. Postcards of the Editor and Postcard Manager, autographed if desired, are 2d. each, postage extra, and we have hundreds of postcards of players. If you send us your full name and address we will send you a list. Our new address is 85, Long Acre, London. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford.

MABEL (Bromley).—Yes, dear, we have some more souvenirs of "Barnaby Rudge," price 3d. each, post-free. Glad you are pleased with Album.

FLORRIE (London, N.).—The film *Life of Mary Pickford*, price 3d. post-free from this office, will answer your question. Many of our readers have had replies from the incomparable Mary, so you may be a lucky one, too.

LULU (Burnley).—Thanks for kind words, Lulu, also for the big X you sent to each of us.

F. S. (Wolverhampton).—We have two different postcards of Mary Pickford, price 3d. each, postage extra. Dorothy Kelly still plays for Vitagraph. See also reply to "Florrie."

C. S. (Catford).—It is quite likely Charlie Chaplin would oblige you. Why not try him? Thanks for "good luck."

LILLIAN (Halifax).—Address Marguerite Clark, c/o Famous Players Co., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A., and Harold Laskwood, c/o American Film Co., 6,227, Broadway, Chicago U.S.A. All new postcards are announced in PICTURES immediately we get them.

B. M. V. (Waltham).—Many thanks for your information.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone GERRARD 2595.

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SMILES

A Brute at the Pictures.

WIFE: "Oh, Henry, dear, my foot is asleep! What shall I do?"

HUSBAND (intent on film): "Stop talking, in case you wake it up."

Electrocution for Eggs.

"Everything here is cooked by electricity, sir," explained the waiter.

"Good!" replied the comedian, "then take back this egg and give it another shock. It isn't quite dead."

Necks Please!

LECTURER: "Can any one here tell me why the giraffe has a long neck?"

BRIGHT BOY: "Please, sir, because his head is such a long way from his body."

At the Pictures.

BOBBY: "Pa, what do they call a man who has two wives?"

PA: "A bigamist, Bobby."

BOBBY: "Pa, suppose he has more than two wives; what is he then?"

PA (trying to follow film): "An idiot. Now, keep quiet."

A Valuable Witness.

JUDGE: "Tell the jury what passed between you and the prisoner."

WITNESS: "I sees Phelim on top of the wall, your Worship. 'Paddy,' says he. 'What?' says I. 'Here,' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'Whist!' says he. 'Hush!' says I, and devil a bit more do I know about it at all, at all."

Coin Trick at Cinema.

SMALL BOY (at pay-box): "Can you change this half-crown Miss?"

CASHIER (giving him silver and coppers in return for the coin): "Here you are son. What seat do you want?"

S. B.: "None, Miss. I only wanted change. That's a bad half-crown."

The Dawn that Didn't.

The hero staggered about the stage faint with loss of blood. He gazed about him, and suddenly his voice rang out with hope—

"See! The dawn breaks!"

The stage remained in darkness.

"See!" he yelled. "The dawn breaks bright upon you topmost heights!"

"Old hard, guv'nor!" came a voice over the mountain. "Someone's turned the gas off!"

A Long Time Getting There.

A young woman had devoted a year tousing all possible influence to gain an interview with a certain film-producer. At last her hopes were realised, and she was finally ushered into the great one's private office. He offered her a chair.

"Thank you," she said gratefully. "I will sit down. I've been ten months getting here, and I'm a little tired."

And the producer, who has a keen sense of humour, promptly engaged her.

Another letter can you write to us again and offer suggestions?

Here is our problem in three parts.

1. Is our advertisement printed in the best place in "The Pictures."
2. Ought we to use a full-page?
3. What shall be the subject of our next series of advertisements?

Can you write to-day?

Hepworth Picture Plays

Address Hepworth Publicity, c/o Hepworth Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 2, Darnley Street, Golden Square, W.

Keep your eyes peeled

for local announcements of the
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BILLY MERSON

Now Showing—

"A SPANISH LOVE SPASM"

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION"

Coming in January—

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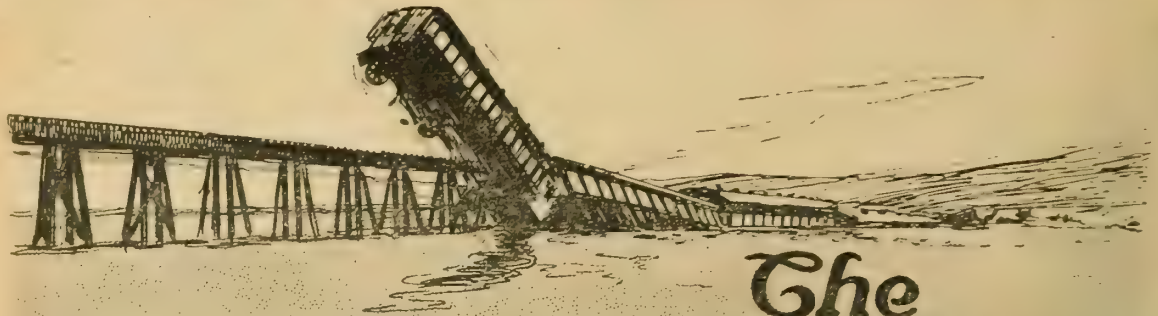
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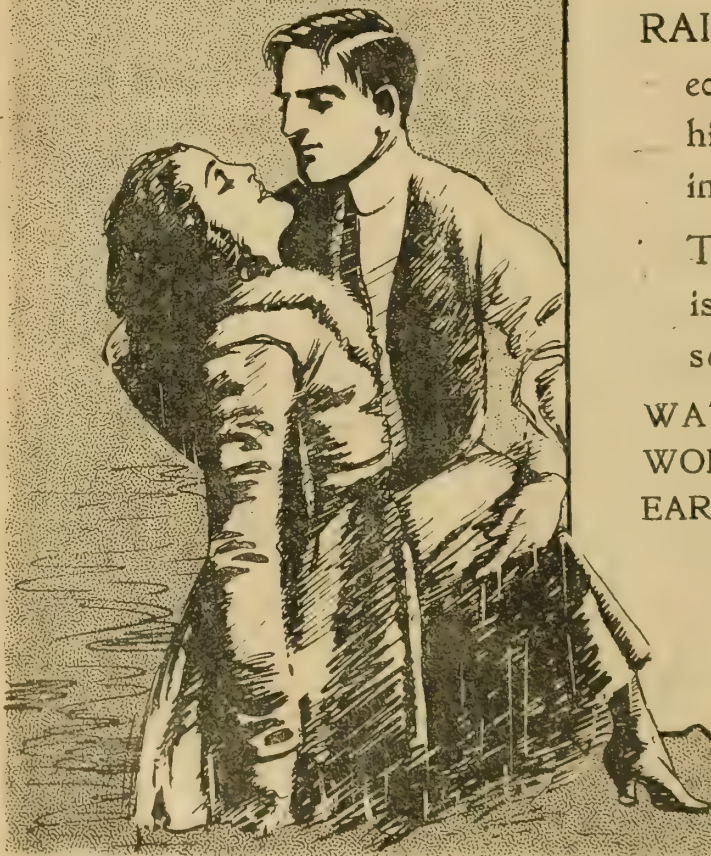
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The JUGGERNAUT



RAILROAD DRAMA

eclipsing anything
hitherto attempted
in cinematography.

The train wreck
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sensationalism.

WATCH FOR THIS
WONDERFUL PICTURE
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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}

PRODUCED BY THE
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Daniel Frohman
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**PAULINE
FREDERICK**

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By

HALL CAINE

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EBBA THOMSEN

The favourite Nordisk actress. She played the leading role in
Sins of Great Cities. (See page 172.)

The Melody of Doom

**A drama of
occultism, crime,
and mystery.**

Featuring - - - -

**EUGENIE
BESSERER**



Selig

COMING

ANOTHER BIG "IDEAL" PICTURE PLAY

"WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN—"

This picture is the winning story in the famous competition of the Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd., in which a prize was offered for the best story based on the text "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

IT IS A FINE ENGLISH SOCIAL DRAMA

Produced by FRED PAUL. Featuring
Miss HILDA MOORE and Mr. MILTON ROSMER

In a Word — A REAL "IDEAL"

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1915.

New Series, No. 93.



GREAT MINDS DISCUSS A GREAT SERIAL.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in the privacy of the dressing-room run through the scenario of *The Broken Coin*, to be released by Trans-Atlantic next week.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES



Film cartoon apropos of Hy. Meyer's (the cartoonist's) trip to the Grand Canyon and Universal City.

IF all multiple reels are "the greatest ever produced" (see bills), on what date may we expect something better?

From a cinema programme: "Patsy Hogan *Deceased*" in two parts. Now is Patsy dead, or only troubled with a "growth"? The italics are ours.

Touchstone Comedies may feature Billy Boreham, but from all accounts they are made to cheer, not bore. They are British, and Davison, the British agent, is handling them.

The title of a coming Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature is *The Sins of the Mothers*. Father will want to see this, and he is sure to be followed by Mother, even if she does not accompany him.

Soldiers are said to have dug the foundations for a cinema site to be used by the Royal Engineers at Old Trafford, Manchester, during their recruiting campaign. Thus "pictures" provides practice in the manly art of trench-making.

Among some of the productions in which Bottomley took part was *Hamlet*, says *The Moving Picture World*. This does not refer to our one and only Bottomley, says the *Idealist*, although that gentleman is always playing one of the characters in the famous play. Need we mention it? It is Horatio.

Not His First Clean Lip.

WHEN Charlie Chaplin appears in *The Perfect Lady* his admirers will see him, of course minus that wonderful moustache. Many will doubtless think it is his first appearance without it, but in point of fact Charlie

appeared without a moustache in *The Masqueraders*, a Keystone issued in March last. Charlie is good with or without.

Bo b-dropping on the Screen.

TO film an actual air-raid is surely the last word in realism? Yet Pathé's are showing *War in the Air* on the film, which pictures a Russian hydroplane on a bomb-dropping expedition. In scenes taken at dangerous range from a steamer you may watch the machine raining down bombs on a Turkish coast town, and see the bursts of fire and smoke which mark the explosion of the bombs as they reach the earth. You can almost hear them.

Too Many "Crooks."

IT is only in the nature of things, writes Arthur Shirley (the well-known dramatist) in the *Biograph*, that a British audience should feel more sympathy for a story of British life, interpreted by British players amidst British scenery, than for a tale of a foreign land, with the thoughts and habits of which he is unfamiliar. The exploits of American "crooks" are interesting enough in moderation, but British rasbals should be given a chance as well. Too many "crooks" spoil the film broth.

World's Oldest Dances.

WE wonder if anybody "filmed" the dances which have been taking place before the Emperor of Japan at his Coronation banquets. For three months five beautiful young peeresses of Japan were rehearsing the postures for these dances, some of which have figured at the Coronation of the Japanese Emperors from beyond recorded history. The Kagura wai dance, or instance (one of the Coronation dances), to solace the spirits of the Imperial ancestors, is probably the oldest dance left in the world.

The Week After Next.

OUR day is December 11th. On that date the big Double Christmas Number of PICTURES will appear. It will cost twopence, but not one of our readers is likely to grumble, the sale being much less than the number will be worth. Many readers will want several copies to send abroad. No the least interesting feature about the issue will be a superbly printed Art Supplement of — More next week.

The Imitation and the Real.

AN actress rushed from a theatre audience in Madrid the other day went on the stage, and attacked another actress for imitating her. The audience, startled at first, thought it was all in order, and applauded vigorously. But although the actual performance was an imitation the fight was real enough, and blood trickled down the player's face when she finally fell on the stage. If she takes our advice, this actress will have her new "imitations" filmed, and thus "screen herself from attack.

A Mouse at the Movies.

AT a London theatre recently a mouse suddenly appeared in the gallery. Women screamed, and rushed down to the dress-circle and pit. The girl-attendants were themselves stricken with fear, and nothing seemingly could be done to quell the tumult. The manager was out. The poor lady pianist, not knowing what could be the matter, and thinking it best to stick to her post, stood up and played the National Anthem. Then the manager returned. And then—well, then there were more pictures!

Enough for the Elephant.

ONE hundred and fifty bluejacket from Uncle Sam's warships *Missouri*, *Ohio*, and *Wisconsin* swam "Africa," a big elephant in the Universal Zoo, off his feet in a tug-of-war held in the Big U town the other day. The sailor-lads pitted their muscles against the 12,000 lb. of the pachyderm, and although the struggle was a stiff one finally carried "Africa" off his feet and floored him. The tug-of-war was only one feature of an interesting programme of entertainments arranged for six hundred sailors by the Trans-Atlantic.

Films Free from Fire.

RECENTLY it was announced that the Famous Players had decided to open a new studio on a large tract of ground purchased by them in Upper New York. Following this statement came the fire which wiped out the whole of the old studio premises at West 26th Street. This is in the nature of a coincidence, and while it of course entails a severe loss, will hasten the completion of the new premises. When completed, the new studio to be built in Upper New York will be the last word in studio construction and equipment. To give an example of the thoroughness with which everything will be carried out, the film-vaults will be hewn out of the solid rock which forms the apex of the hill on which the studio will be built. Fire will not in future jeopardise the works of our famous stars.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE



THE BOMBING SCHOOL: With the 10th Middlesex in camp. 1. How our boys advance. First—a bomb! Then the bayonet. 2. The new hair-brush bomb, which has a handle and is much easier to throw than the round bomb. 3 and 5. **LATEST PARIS FASHIONS:** Two chic hats. A confection of rich wine-coloured velvet and silk, topped by pure white wings. A turquoise blue hat, the brim of which is composed of alternate bands of ribbon velvet and narrow satin ribbon, the only trimming being two white ostrich tips poised saucily behind the turn-up in front. 4. **BULLET PROOF:** The new steel (back and front) waistcoat now being worn by our lads at the front. 6. **IN THE FIRST LINE TRENCHES:** Roll-call of French troops, who are wearing the new steel helmets. 7. **TO FIGHT FOR THE EMPIRE:** Contingent of recruits from Trinidad. They were inspected the other day by the Lord Mayor of London.

SINS OF GREAT CITIES

Adapted from the Nordisk Film by HEADLEY BRIDGE.



"YES, sir. Mr. Reynolds is in. Will you go into his room?"

Jake Sullivan nodded, and, crossing the outer office, opened the door of the merchant's

private sanctum and passed through. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, with a jaw that spoke of strength and eyes that told their tale of vindictiveness and cunning. But his sleek, well-groomed figure gave no hint of what he really was—owner of a gaming saloon, managing director of a shady dance-hall, and to sum him up in a word—a panderer to the worst instincts of the depraved *habitués* of the underworld.

Scarcely had the door closed behind Sullivan when it was suddenly opened again, and his voice rang out, spreading consternation among the clerks in the outer office.

"Here! come quickly!" he cried. "Mr. Reynolds has had a sudden seizure of some sort. Send for a doctor at once—though I'm afraid it is too late."

He had guessed rightly. The merchant was beyond the need of any earthly aid; but none of those who crowded round his body knew that Sullivan had slipped into his pocket the explanation of the tragedy—a letter from a firm of lawyers informing Arthur Reynolds that an adverse legal decision had wiped out at one blow the fortune he had built up, and left him bankrupt.

"I will go to see Miss Reynolds," said Sullivan, his strident voice breaking in on the hushed whisper of the clerks. "Some one must break the sad news to her, and as a friend of her father I will take on myself the painful duty."

But his thoughts—far different from his words—ran in this wise. "Now, you little spitfire, I've got you. You wouldn't listen to me when I called at your father's house as his guest. You turned a deaf ear to my advances. Now we'll see how you will face poverty. Something tells me you will be in my power within three months."

He dissembled his feelings well during the heart-breaking interview with Daphne Reynolds, and when he left her to the consolations of her friend, Sonia Merriman, his tactful sympathy had gone far to wipe out the unfavourable impression he had first made on her. He devoted himself to her service—relieved her of the painful tasks connected with her father's funeral, and generally played the part of the self-effacing and unobtrusive friend.

The winding-up of her father's business disclosed to Daphne what was

already known to Sullivan; and at the earnest request of Sonia she went to live with her and her brother Paul until she should see some way to earning her own living. The Merrimans were both on the stage, and both had achieved no little success in their career. Sonia was at the time studying the leading part in a new play in which she was to be starred, and Daphne, ever seeking a way to repay the kindness of her friends, offered to assist her by prompting her during her rehearsals at home.

Sonia's discerning eye soon saw in Daphne evidences of no slight artistic talent. She persuaded the girl to study for the stage, and Paul gladly gave up his evenings to assisting her in her work. She rapidly gained proficiency, got rid of the self-consciousness that at first embarrassed her, and in a little while felt confident of her ability to take at least a small part as a commencement.

Sullivan had meantime not been idle. He was aware of Daphne's intention to adopt a stage career, and when he judged that the moment was ripe he ordered the manager of his dance-hall to write to the girl, offering her an engagement at a very liberal salary.

Daphne's delight at receiving this offer was unbounded. She felt that she need no longer be a burden to her kind friends and when Sonia returned from the theatre she ran to her, waving the letter gleefully as she announced her good news to her friend.

"Oh," cried Sonia, "how glad I am, for your sake, dearest! Let me see the letter. Why," she added in a changed voice as she saw the address of the dance-hall, you can't go there, Daphne! You really can't."

"Why?" asked Daphne, somewhat bewildered by her friend's altered manner. "Why can't I go there?"

"Don't you know that it is the lowest place in the town?"

"No," replied Daphne, thoughtfully. "I didn't know it. I am sorry to hear it. But I'm afraid I must accept this offer all the same. Beggars cannot be choosers, you know."

To all Sonia's arguments Daphne returned the same reply. Her spirit of independence bade her face any unpleasantness, any inconvenience, rather than be a continued burden to her friends; nor was all Paul's eloquence of any greater avail. She remained steadfast in her resolution to accept the offer, even though now it looked much less tempting than it did before her eyes were opened to the character of the place at which she was to appear.

To her surprise and relief, the terrors that Sonia had predicted did not at first materialise. If somewhat boisterous and uncouth, the men who thronged her dressing-room between her performances were, on the whole, fairly civil and well-behaved. Perhaps for that reason it came as a greater shock to her when one evening a half-drunken man-about-town, pestering her with his atten-

tions, and angered by her chilly attitude towards him, suddenly seized her roughly, and before she could resist had planted his wine-tainted lips against hers.

She screamed for help, which came without delay. Sullivan forced his way through the throng of laughing roysters and seizing her assistant pushed him firmly from the room. The others, obeying his glance, followed suit, and closing the door he turned to Daphne, now almost on the verge of collapse.

"Poor little girl," he said, as he advanced towards her. "It is a shame that you should have to put up with this sort of thing. Won't you give me the right, dear, to guard you against it? You know how I love you. Say you can care for me a little."

Worn out by the strain of what she had gone through, Daphne, more through gratitude than for any other reason, almost cheerfully listened to his pleadings.

At Sullivan's earnest request she named an early date for the marriage, and, deceived by his plausible arguments, she agreed to keep their engagement secret.

The night before her wedding, however, she wrote to her friends Paul and Sonia telling them of her coming happiness, and naming the clergyman at whose house the ceremony was to be performed.

"Why!" cried Paul, when he read her note, "that's one of Sullivan's houses, and there's no clergyman living there!" He looked up the directory to verify his suspicions, and, glancing at his watch, saw that the hour named by Daphne was almost at hand. Together the brother and sister rushed out, and, calling a passing taxi, drove to the house Daphne had mentioned.

They were at first refused admittance,



THE MOCK MARRIAGE CERMONT.



"BEWARE OF HER," HE CRIED, HIS MALICE PERSISTING WHILE A BREATH OF LIFE WAS LEFT TO HIM.

but Paul forced his way past the unwilling servant and entered the house, followed by Sonia. In the drawing-room they found Daphne, already a prey to the fears aroused by her strange surroundings.

"Oh! I am so glad you've come," she cried; "I was beginning to get worried. I was married half an hour ago to Mr. Sullivan; but he was called away suddenly, and since he left I have found some photographs and letters which make me think he is not all he seemed to be."

"Come with us," was Sonia's reply, as, taking her friend's arm, she led her down the stairs. She was startled by a sudden cry from Daphne.

"Oh! do you see that servant? I think—I am sure—that he was the clergyman who married us."

"Who pretended to marry you," re-

plied Paul, "and be thankful that it was only a pretence. I can't insult you by telling you what I know about Sullivan, but, believe me, you are well rid of him. You are going to come home with us, and if you insist on earning your own living, I can get you an engagement at the Casino Theatre."

Paul was as good as his word, and in her new engagement Daphne achieved a tremendous success. Among the many admirers who showered congratulations on her was Robert Seaton, a young but very eminent Judge. Robert and Daphne were mutually attracted. They saw much of each other, and in a little while when Daphne had forgotten her experiences in association with Sullivan, her engagement to Judge Seaton was announced.

Sullivan, however, had by no means given up hope of getting Daphne into his power; and her engagement to Robert Seaton, when announced served only to concentrate his mind more insistently on his design. He knew that he must act quickly, and as a first step he wrote a letter to Daphne.

"If you do not at once break your engagement to Seaton," it ran, "I will circulate a report that will blast your reputation for ever. You know how frequently you have been seen in my company; you know the reputation of the dance-hall where you appeared; you know, too, that it is my property. I need hardly tell you how readily certain rumours, supported by such facts as these, will be believed by the public."

In her despair at receiving this note, Daphne did not see that the wisest course would be to show Seaton the letter. Paul, who loved her dearly, and who placed her happiness above all other considerations, could not convince her that she should do so; and, hopeless of bringing her to reason, he determined to do the only thing he could conceive as likely to help her—to remove Sullivan from her path.

His opportunity was not long delayed.

That night Sullivan was haunting the stage-door of the Casino, as he often did. Taking advantage of a crowd passing by, Paul drew his revolver. Two shots rang out in quick succession; and as Sullivan fell to the ground Paul slipped through the stage door and into his dressing-room.

"Send for Judge Seaton and Miss Reynolds," was the whisper that the nurse caught from Sullivan's dying lips as he lay fighting for breath on the narrow cot in the hospital. Knowing that his remaining span of life could be reckoned in minutes, she carried out his wishes; and as the two for whom he had asked entered the ward Sullivan half rose in his bed.

"Beware of her," he cried, his malice persisting while a breath of life was left to him. "She—she was my mistress."

The words were his last; for even while Daphne clung to Robert Seaton's arm, imploring him not to believe the slander, Sullivan fell back heavily—dead.

"Dying men do not lie," was Judge Seaton's cold rejoinder to Daphne's tearful protestations. "You had better leave me—I have my duty to do in investigating this murder."

Seeing no sign of relenting on Seaton's stern features, Daphne turned slowly from the ward, and made her way to the theatre. Once seated in her dressing-room, a sense of desolation came over her which soon became unbearable. She felt that she must have companionship, and passed into Paul's room. He was not in; her glance at once fell on a revolver on the table, and, taking it in her hand, she found two chambers empty.

"So it was you who shot Sullivan," she exclaimed, as Paul entered the room.

"Yes," he replied in a subdued voice. "I did it—to save you from his persecution."

"And you have only succeeded in



"SO IT WAS YOU WHO SHOT SULLIVAN?"

ruining my life," was Daphne's bitter reply. "With his dying breath he uttered the lie he had threatened—and Robert believes it."

"Thank God!" was Paul's unspoken thought, as he left the room in silence. "Thank God I kept that letter he sent to Daphne. That will open Seaton's eyes, if anything will."

He was not disappointed. Robert Seaton knew the instant he saw Sullivan's letter how cruelly he had wronged Daphne. He hastened to the theatre, followed by Paul. With trembling hands he knocked at the door of her dressing-room.

"No, no!" cried Paul. "Here in my room." He threw the door open as he spoke, and horror seized on the two men as they glanced within. There stood Daphne, a look of unutterable misery on her beautiful face. Her hand was raised to her head; and in it, its cold muzzle pressed firmly to her temple, the revolver.

Seaton's whispered "Daphne" reached her ears. She turned, saw in his face nothing but love and remorse for his hasty judgment and with a glad cry she flew to his arms.

There is no need to say that *Sins of Great Cities* is the thrilling type of drama—the story narrated above will confirm that; whilst the fact that Elba Thomsen (Daphne) and other clever Nordisk players fill the cast is all-sufficient evidence that perfect acting is present throughout this enjoyable three-part picture-play. The release date is December 30th.

RAYMOND AND THE RING-TAILED RHINO.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, a well-known stage-player, has made his first *début* in a four-act Lubin photo-play, *The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros*. This is how it happened. When Geo. Terwilliger, head of the Lubin Co., asked Mr. Hitchcock to join his forces he said, "No movies for me; so sure!" All the Lubinites tried to persuade Hitchie to join. But nothing doing. Then Larry, a friend of his, said, "Let's do something original. Gimme a week." The script of *The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros* was the result. Hitchie saw it, and asked Larry to his home, where the scenario was finished, and it was in the neighbourhood that it was filmed. Larry not only succeeded in persuading Hitchie to play in the picture, but made use of his wife (Flora Zabelle), his macaws, his friends, his house and his grounds. Bravo!



LUNCH TIME IN THE STUDIO: Villains, Heroes, Heroines, Rags, and Riches in full war-paint often sit at the same table.

WHISKERS WHILE YOU WAIT

Funny Little Mistakes they make in Films.

IT was a scene in a thrilling film drama showing the miser's room and the unfortunate old gentleman lying murdered on the floor. Staring wildly at the corpse was the hero, and confronting him was the detective, looking awfully accusing. The villain, all sardonic smile, was in the background, and the hero was so clean shaven that he really must have just come from the barber's.

The scene changed, and you saw a street, with the hero rushing out of the miser's front-door, and the detective in pursuit. The abrupt shock of the accusation appeared to have had a startling effect on the hero. In the room, less than two seconds before, there was no suspicion of a hair on his countenance, yet now our hero wore a delicately outlined yet unmistakable moustache. Wonderful, wasn't it?

Yet it was quite simple, really. No photo-play is ever filmed right off from beginning to end at one and the same time. One scene is negotiated at one time, in one place, and another later on, possibly a hundred miles away. In this drama the murder was finished off by the camera man, and the producer had then to wait for a day or two until the street scene he required was available. By that time the hero had forgotten that he hadn't had a moustache in the room, and had omitted to get a new shave.

Often, too, a picture drama is produced "backward." A funeral might be filmed one month, and the deathbed scene the month after; and it is not unusual for a criminal to be filmed "doing time" many days before he commits the forgery or other enterprise of genius which gets him into trouble.

Generally producers are most careful; but mistakes will happen. In a famous film the hero was shown being picked out of the river, and in the next scene, when he was supposed to be still wearing his sodden garments, he absent-mindedly struck a match on his trouser leg. The adventuress who was shown jumping out of a window with her boots off and then being picked up in the street outside with her boots on must have been a remarkable young person!

The letters which characters in film-

plays are supposed to write, and which are then shown on the screen, lead to little mistakes now and then. Such letters are next to never actually written by the actors who seem to pen and pencil them, but are prepared by the property man, either before or afterward, according to his sweet fancy. Most of the players pretend to be writing very nicely; but a big film was nearly wrecked by an actor's forgetfulness. He was playing a spendthrift who had to write distractedly to his rich uncle to implore assistance. He must have been very distracted, since the picture plainly showed him writing a long letter, which was shown on the screen full of arched blots, and he accomplished it without once dipping his quill pen into the ink-bottle.

A cowboy has been shown in another film writing out a telegram with the blunt end of a pencil and the point sticking in the air. Yet the clerk read the effort without a wink.

Of course it does not do to be too hypercritical, but some film letters are open to exception. In a costly Queen Elizabeth photoplay Philip II. sent a note to the Maiden Queen, to inform her that he was sending along the Armada to smash her up. He wrote his letter in English, spelt several words incorrectly, and employed a rigid "commercial" hand, which was not invented until a couple of centuries after his decease. But all these things might have been due to his foreign education.

And the effect was, to say the least, striking when Mary Queen of Scots is shown penning her dedication at Lochleven—writing every word of it herself—and the fateful document when flashed on the screen turned out to be the production of two people who wrote absolutely dissimilar hands. We have also seen the heroine of a film write to her lover, far, far away in India, and receive his answer on precisely the same style of notepaper and in the same shaped envelopes as she had herself used. But she might have given him a supply of her own stationery before he left her.

Probably more little mistakes in films occur over supposed scenes in pawnbrokers' shops than over anything else. It is to be hoped that the film people make such gorgeous incomes that they never have occasion to learn anything about such establishments. The way in which the benevolent "uncle" will advance handsome sums on jewellery he never tests and on gold watches he accepts as genuine on sight is positively touching. The limit must, however, have been reached by a film actor who redeemed his valuables by presenting a punched tram-ticket instead of the orthodox one. The picture revealed it as a tram-ticket, and the pawnbroker accepted it without a wink.

Many films come from the United States, and it may be that in the Land of the Free the police have peculiarities

MUSICAL TERMS ILLUSTRATED. No. 1.

known among us. So even though Yankee policemen and detectives do very strange things in the pictures it might be impudicious to cavil too much. But what about the supposed real 'R. derts' in British films? Most of them ought to know better. They all carry hand-cuffs, and nearly all of them have a playful way of making arrests without warrants; but, taken all round, their manners are very, very bad. They seem to think nothing of walking into a lady's drawing-room without taking off their helmets, and the friendly nod with which a lot of them receive the inspector's orders would get any genuine policeman into trouble on the spot.

A commendable number of films dealing with historical subjects are flaw-proof, but some are not. In one film we have seen Oliver Cromwell riding a back-jumper like an expert; and in another we watched Napoleon at Waterloo frowningly consulting what was supposed to be a map of Belgium, but which looked suspiciously like a map of Middlesex.

Film burglars are mostly more transparent than glass. In real life they would be arrested as soon as they walked out of their secluded homes—unless the police were too helpless with mirth. But the burglar whom—in a picture—we saw set off to raid a mansion at midnight, wearing a pair of the thickest boots he could have purchased and carrying an arsenal of professional tools and weapons in a carpet-bag, must have been either an amateur or quite a new beginner.

O. M.

**NOT NEXT WEEK
BUT THE WEEK AFTER
OUR USUAL ISSUE**
Dated Dec. 11 and published Dec. 4.
WITH BE
AN UNUSUAL ISSUE
10 IS THE
DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
of "PICTURES." Price 2d
Note the Date and Do Not Miss It.



1. "Piano" — very soft. 2. "Forte" — very loud. 3. "Ma Non Troppo" — not too much. 4. "Tenuto" — held.
Drawn by Fred Allingham.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

What Matters Which?

A Belgian friend of mine swears by her belief that the words the actors speak in *Revue of Houdou* are French. I couldn't swear by my belief, as I'm not sure if I have one, but, at any rate, I said I did not think so. It is not likely English actors in an English company would speak French, is it? Still, that's what she says, so I said I'd write to you and find out for certain.

M. F. (Bridlington).

Plainer Titles at Last.

How glad I am that many new British films have just the plain title to explain matters. Before you took the subject up in your paper we were given titles with pink, blue, and yellow ornaments around the words, and as the title was flashed off almost as soon as it was on the screen it took one all one's time to discover the letters at all. Now things are different—instead of the old titles we have just plain lettering on a dark background, and one can at once read what the

title is meant to convey without having to strain one's eyes. If it is the influence of your dear paper, please may I thank you?

P. H. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

Who is this Man?

I met a friend the other day—who lives in the heart of the country—he was up in Coventry on holiday. He heard us speak of Charlie Chaplin and one night he asked, 'Who is this man?' 'Is he a Liberal Member, a General, or a V.C.?' Would you believe that anyone could go about with their eyes open and not realise that 'Charlie' is the greatest cinema comedian the world has ever known? Of course we soon told him all about the laughter-maker, and now he will not go inside a cinema unless one of 'Charlie's' films is on.

A. S. (Coventry).

Quite Likely!

Do you think it possible that a young lady who used to sing in the choruses at the Theatre in London, could have gone to the Selig Company in America? because I am sure I recognised her in a ball-room scene in a Selig drama which was shown here.

B. Y. (Clapham).

Many things are likely those that have happened in England. EDITOR.

An Out-of-the-Ordinary Paper.

'My brother has asked me to write and thank you for the very pleasant hours your *Pictures* has given him since he has been out in the Dardanelles. Before he went away he did not think of looking at your book; he considered *Pictures* were utter bosh; but now he is quite reformed, and says we at home cannot realise how much they appreciate a cinema show when they got a chance of going to one, and that *Pictures* is such an out-of-the-ordinary paper that all the fellows in his Brigade like it.'

C. M. (Southampton).

"Pictures" from Paddy.

I have just had a letter from my brother, 'somewhere in the North Sea,' telling me how much he appreciates your *Pictures*. I send him my copies every month, and he says they help to pass many a pleasant hour while they are waiting for 'something to happen.' He has taken part in each of the sea-battles so far, and was in the ship which fired the first shot in the Heligoland Fight. He is rather proud of that, and says the only wish they have is for the chance of another 'go at em.'

PADDY (Peterborough).



THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

Adapted from the Selig Drama
By MO-LIE GUYTON.



"BLANCHE, old girl, unless we can make a decent haul within forty-eight hours we shall have to clear out—we're broke to the wick; do you understand?" and without waiting for a reply Richard Savage slammed the door, leaving his wife to ruminate over their unpleasant position.

Two of the smartest society crooks in the country, they had been obliged to lay low for some time to avoid the police, who were hot on their trail. During this enforced inactivity their store of stolen wealth had gradually dwindled, and starvation now faced them.

When, later in the day, Richard returned he was surprised to find his wife attired in an evening robe.

"What's the use of moping here?" she asked, in reply to his inquiries. "Let us do something. Suppose we go along to the 'Riche' and see what's going there?"

"Right you are, Blanche, we will," replied her husband, who, like his wife, felt that they had been in hiding too long, and was ready for anything. "As for money—I don't think it matters," he added with a chuckle.

Half-an-hour later Mr. and Mrs. Savage were dining at one of New York's fashionable restaurants.

At the table next them sat two well-dressed men, deep in conversation. They heeded not the gay crowd which thronged the restaurant, and Blanche, noticing this, listened carefully to their conversation. She heard the first man, who seemed anxious to depart, say to his friend, "I've written to Mrs. Dundore, and told her I'm awfully sorry I can't go to the birthday reception to-morrow. You know I tried to get her on the phone this morning. But she'll get this letter if we post it before we board ship." And, taking the letter and some notes from his pocket, he placed them on the table. "Beastly nuisance," he went on, "I wanted to meet Dr. Dundore, as he's interested in an experiment I'm on—a cure for consumption—but this trip overseas has mucked things up a bit."

"Can't be helped, old man," replied his friend. "Time waits for no man, neither do the liners, so we must be getting along to the docks."

George Gray, the first man, called for the bill, and, having paid the waiter, the two friends left the restaurant in a great hurry, carelessly leaving the letter and the notes still lying on the table. In a moment Richard Savage snatched them up.

"What luck, my dear Blanche!" he whispered, scarcely able to control his excitement. "What a marvellous slice

of luck! That letter will *not* reach Mrs. Dundore." A minute later Richard and his wife were on their way home, and in the privacy of which Mrs. Dundore's letter was opened and discussed.

"Mr. George Gray, I believe?" said Mrs. Dundore as Richard Savage was ushered into her presence.

"Yes," replied the visitor, with all the self-confidence he could muster.

"I'm so glad you can come to the reception this evening; you must see the present which my husband gave me this morning," and, with great pride, Mrs. Dundore unsuspectingly displayed a valuable drop-pearl necklet.

An unusual lustre might have been observed in Richard's eyes, as he tactfully changed the subject, and, after most politely taking leave of Mrs. Dundore, he hastened homeward to tell his wife about the haul which looked like being theirs that very evening.

The birthday reception was in full swing—luxuriously-clad women swayed to and fro to the rhythmic beat of the orchestra in the ballroom, where every spare corner was laden with choice flowers. The hostess, looking very

beautiful, glided in and out between her guests, anxious that everything possible was being done for their comfort.

"I believe this is my waltz?" said Richard Savage, hurrying towards her; "but would you not rather come and sit it out in the rose-garden?"

"It is rather hot here," said Mrs. Dundore with a smile, and leaning on the arm of her partner, she allowed him to lead her to a seat, away from the crowded ballroom.

Their conversation was empty, but not so empty that Richard did not gather how the land lay before him. His hand slowly slid round the back of Mrs. Dundore's neck, and had almost touched the clasp which secured the necklet, when both were startled by Dr. Dundore's voice.

"Alice, dear," he said, "I've been looking for you everywhere—I am called away to see a patient, and people are enquiring for you—come along."

And in a moment Richard was left alone, his quarry having slipped from his fingers.

"Perdition take the man!" he muttered "but I'll have his wife's necklet yet."

The dance was over, and the guests had departed. The house was wrapped



THE BIRTHDAY RECEPTION WAS IN FULL SWING.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



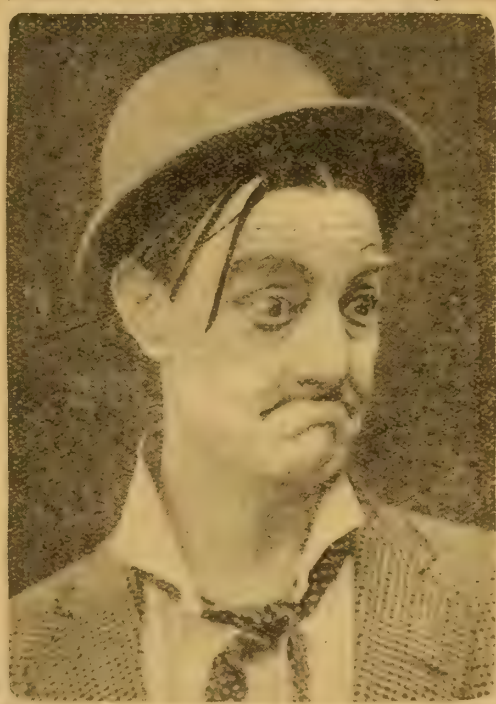
FLORA FINCH, a world-wide favorite who will always be remembered in Bunny films. She is still busy with Vitagraph.



NELL CRAIG, who is rapidly coming to the fore in Essanay films. She will be featured in *The Adventures of Dominic*.



BUD DUNCAN, one of the comical couple known as "Ham and Bud" in Kalem films. Bud is always trying to cure Ham of laziness.



BILLY REEVES, Lubin's acrobatic comedian, who says he is going to write a book on his adventures in movie pictures.



A SLIGHT NOISE CAUSED BY THE OPENING OF THE DOOR ATTRACTED HER ATTENTION.

in sepulchral silence, and Mrs. Dundore had retired to her room—her husband had not yet returned. She dismissed the maid, and sitting down before the mirror once more admired, for the twentieth time, the beautiful gift which had been the birthday present from her devoted husband.

Placing it carefully on her dressing-table, she commenced to comb out her hair.

A slight noise caused by the opening of the door attracted her attention. She looked up, expecting to see her husband. Instead, with a thrill of horror, she saw in the mirror before her the face of Richard Savage.

"George Gray!" she gasped. The man covered her with a revolver, and fear seemed to paralyse her tongue. She could neither speak again nor cry out. She rose from her seat as Richard cautiously advanced towards her, still pointing his revolver at her head.

"Give me that necklet, and I'll clear off," he said in a low tone; "but, by heaven! if you refuse—"

Mrs. Dundore moved a step further away from him, but still was unable to speak.

"Do you hear me, hand over that necklet!" he repeated, and mechanically the poor woman gave him her husband's precious gift.

Richard snatched it from her, put it in his pocket, and was preparing to leave when footsteps were heard in the passage outside.

Mrs. Dundore breathed freely once more, and thanked God that her husband had returned.

But Richard had also heard the footsteps, and acted quickly.

Tearing off his coat and waistcoat, he thrust the revolver into his pocket, and when Dr. Dundore entered the bedroom he found his wife in the man's embraces.

Utterly astonished, the Doctor stood

and stared at the scene for a brief moment. Then he said very quietly, "Will you explain?"

Richard answered the question.

"Your wife and I are old friends, and we did not expect you back so soon—that's all."

"That's all—all! You scoundrel! How dare you?" began Dr. Dundore. He stopped suddenly and looked sternly at his helpless wife; the thought that her husband should take this man for her lover was unbearable, and Mrs. Dundore collapsed without a word of explanation.

A maid was summoned, and while she was reviving her mistress Dr. Dundore ordered Richard to accompany him downstairs. Once in the morning-room the Doctor gave full vent to his feelings.

"Now tell me what you mean," he began. A sneer of defiance was the only answer to his question. It was too much for the Doctor, who seized his opponent's throat. Round and round the two men struggled, ornaments were broken, chairs and tables were overturned as the fight continued.

But the husband's strength proved superior, and with a groan Richard finally fell with a thud to the floor.

By this time the whole of the house was roused, and the police had been summoned. At this time, too, a cablegram arrived for Mrs. Dundore from George Gray.

It read: "Left letter at restaurant—regret delay in refusing invitation."

This message, which threw much light on the mystery, brought Mrs. Dundore to her senses, and, descending to the morning-room, she found the police raising the almost senseless body of the supposed Gray from the floor.

"This man is Dick Savage—one of the cleverest crooks in New York!" exclaimed the policeman.

(Continued on next page.)

'Concerning Me'

With Occasional References
to Mr. Walthall.

BY EDNA MAYO.

I AM going to do a thing which I dislike intensely, and that is to talk about myself. It is the Editor's fault. He says that an article from me would delight the hearts of thousands of his readers, so what is a poor girl to do?

Some time ago I was asked why I learned my part in screen-drama just as on the speaking stage. This idea seems to be regarded as unique; but I must say that I only see it as a very useful and practical help to the photo-play actress. I believe that by more theatrical and often ridiculous pantomime before the camera it is impossible to portray the emotions with that subtlety which is possible by "suiting the action to the word." It is quite true that I spend a great deal of time, as well as exercising a great amount of labour, in reading my parts, which, by the way, is made possible by the new Essayay system of writing complete dramas instead of mere scenarios.

What prompts me to do it? you will say. I believe in making photo-plays approximate as nearly as possible to the highest ideals of the speaking stage, and I am quite sure this is possible. In fact it is being done. The public are growing more critical. Nowadays they want a drama that is beautiful and artistic, and the picture must carry a real story, with something behind it that reaches the heart. The weak, innu plot is no longer tolerated. The photo-play public is gradually demanding just as great masterpieces as the stage public.

The Dreadful Secret.

And now to talk of more personal matters. Why is it that people always seem so very anxious to know the age of an actress, especially—and I must admit it—my own sex? I receive numberless letters asking me for personal details about myself, and nearly all of them have one common request—to be told my age. Well, if you'll promise never to breathe a word about it to any one, I'll let you into the dreadful secret. I have actually attained the venerable age of twenty-two summers, and precisely the same number of winters! I might also tell you that my weight is approximately ninety-nine pounds fourteen and (I believe) a half ounces.

Like the lark, I rise extremely early in the mornings, and, unlike that estimable bird, in the winter-time I go for a long walk before breakfast. In summer my favourite early morning exercise is to take a long swim half a mile or more.

My swimming capabilities proved very useful to me when I was playing in *The Woman Heber*, for I had to swim about in the water for quite a long time, and was practically fully dressed. In this picture Mr. Walthall, as my timid husband-to-be, rushes out of the church in the middle of the wedding ceremony

in a great fright. When people saw him running along, hatless and apparently in full wedding attire, and with a disconsolate wedding party standing on the church steps, they entered into the spirit of the thing, and gave him several ironic cheers. Did you see the photograph of this scene in last week's PICTURES?

Poor Mr. Walthall was really frightfully embarrassed, and I teased him about the affair for days afterwards. But all this is by the way, and I must return to my trumpet-blowing.

After breakfast I generally glance over my parts for the day, and at nine o'clock I am in the studios. From nine until five I am engaged in rehearsing or making scenes, and I relieve this often exacting business with my favourite hobby—sculpturing.

A Fearful Confession.

And now I'm going to make a fearful confession—I'm horribly afraid of the camera. I'm temperamental—wretchedly so. If I stopped to think that I was playing for a picture which perhaps thousands of people will see, I should stop short altogether. Everybody I know says I am whimsical and self-centred. But I have to be. I can remember when I used to go to the Metropolitan Museum with a crowd of Art Students to make sketches, I nearly always returned with a blank sketching block. I couldn't copy. I wanted to create for myself. I have high ideals and endeavour to attain them. When I am playing a part like that of Patricia Sutherland in *The Lady of the Snows* I am carried by my own acting. I sink right into the part. There is a conflagration in my brain, and a trembling in my limbs that awes me. It's the grip of power to feel that gets such a hold of me I'm sure.

And now, thank goodness! I've finished, and if I have bored you, well—as I said at the beginning of this article—you must blame the Editor, not me!

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

(Continued from previous page.)

The cablegram was read again, and all became as clear as daylight to the doctor. His wife had no lover, but a thief, an impostor, had tried to gain possession of her necklet.

Richard was handcuffed and led away, and as the door shut behind the criminal the doctor folded his wife tenderly in his arms. "Darling, in my heart of hearts I knew you could not be unfaithful to me," he murmured.

And Alice, happy in the knowledge of her husband's understanding, regretted not the test of his trustfulness.

A sensational plot well carried out. The settings are elaborate and appropriate, and the acting is well up to the usual fine standard of all Selig dramas. Lamar Johnstone plays the part of the crook, Phyllis Daniels his wife, Stella Razeto Mrs. Dundore, and Joe King her husband. Released December 9th.



EDNA MAYO

IN

"STARS THEIR COURSES CHANGE"

A STRONG, emotional Three-Act Love Story concerning a wager made by a beautiful girl that she can compel the author of a successful novel to fall in love with her within three weeks.

As time goes on she finds she really loves the author, and as he is now indifferent she announces her engagement with another man to spite him.

The disconsolate author returns to his cabin in the woods to try to forget, but the girl sets out to find him. Half-frozen, she is brought to the cabin-door by a priest, who arrives just in time to save her second suitor from shooting his rival.

FRANCIS BUSHMAN, EDNA MAYO, BRYANT WASHBURN

:: make up a strong and very able cast. ::

If you do not see this film announced at your local cinema tell the manager you want to see it and that

Essanay

stands for

EXCELLENCE & ENJOYMENT



Francis X. Bushman



Bryant Washburn

A STRONG SOCIAL DRAMA FEATURING
HARRY MYERS AND ROSEMARY THEBY.

"FLAMES OF SHAME"

Victor Drama. 1,790 feet approx. Released Jan. 6th.
This unusual story of attempted blackmail has never been exceeded in strong situations and unique settings. One scene, a wonderful black-and-white set, designed by Harry Myers, is quite the most remarkable interior setting ever built.

With such popular players as Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in the stellar roles, this fine picture cannot fail in its strong human appeal. There's a big punch, too, in the fire scene that destroys the black-and-white room before the camera.

Don't fail to see this: it is super-excellent!

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Managing Director — J. D. TIPPETT
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YOU MUST SEE THIS GREAT
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"SINS OF GREAT CITIES."

This thrilling three-reel Nordisk Drama deals in wonderfully interesting fashion with the trials and temptations of a young girl suddenly forced to earn her own living.



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BRITISH.

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some of them.

Thank YOU!

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WE HEAR



THAT Sir George Alexander recently said that the picture-play had come to stay, and would henceforth have a great influence on national life.

THAT Edwin Thalhouser has a theory that old screen triumphs will be turned into new stage successes.

THAT the Ideal Company are busy turning old stage successes into new screen triumphs.

THAT by the time these lines are in print Florence Turner will have given some of her inimitable comedy sketches at the Cinema Fund Benefit Matinee at the London Opera House.

THAT Charles McEvey has filmed *The Village Wedding*, the play which, with its real village players from Aldbourne, was such a novelty in London some time ago.

THAT the film was made in Aldbourne, has many of the original "villagers" in the cast, and has been rechristened *The Man in the Shadows*.

THAT Mary Pickford has completed her picturisation of *Madame Butterfly*, in which she is the little Jap girl.

THAT "Ham," the Kalem comedian, has been in hospital with a double fracture of the right leg, said damage being done whilst rolling down a steep embankment.

THAT more likely than not "Ham" made use of a similar word which does not begin with "H."

THAT Hazel Dawn, "one of our girls," has played in Henry Arthur Jones's drama *The Miscreants*, filmed by Famous Players.

THAT Sidney Bracey and James Cruze have gone on a vaudeville tour on the coast.

THAT non-trade readers who want the Famous Players Review, which is published solely in the interests of the trade, can get it monthly at an annual subscription of 3s. post-free from the Offices, 166-170, Wardour Street, W.

THAT the Certificate presented by us to Maurice Costello has attracted much public attention in Charing Cross Road.

THAT the Vitagraph Company, loth to part with it, have exhibited it in their windows for some days past, but—

THAT this one, like the three other Pictures Certificates, are now on their way to their respective owners.

THAT *My Old Dutch* has been booked for 675 theatres; *Florence Nightingale* for 593; *Alone in London* for 460; *Shop Girls* for 533; and *The Belle* for 157 theatres.

THAT these "Ideal" bookings alone give the lie direct to those pessimists who groan that British films are not in the ascendant.

THAT the rumour is spreading that our Double Christmas Number will be the biggest weekly ever published in this country for picturegoers; Dame Rumour in this instance being the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.



"PICTURES"
GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later



CONSCIENCE. Trans-Atlantic drama. Four reels. A gripping tale of good and crime. A drama of striking power.
—*Trans-Atlantic Film Co., Ltd.*

THE PRETENDER. Beliance drama. Two reels. Remarkable inner scenes in which crooks steal the hero's money and credentials.
—*New Magazine Co.*

A SAFE INVESTMENT. Another Lubin Comedy. One reel. Featuring the inimitable Billie Reeves, and therefore too good to miss.
—*J. Lubin & Co., Ltd.*

HIGH TREASON. Imp drama. Four parts. A father sacrifices his son's life for his country's honour. Story in No. 80 October 20 issue.
—*Gaiety Film Hire Service.*

COPPERS AND CUT-UP'S. Martin comedy. One reel. A Magician imitates a lover with superior strength thereby causing victory over patrifamilias.
—*Davis's Film Agency.*

THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE. Pathé serial. The greatest detective story ever written: and in connection with which a great competition is being run.

MABEL AND FATTY VIEWING THE WORLD'S FAIR. Keystone comedy. One reel. Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle. A wonderful lighting effect in the illumination of the exhibition grounds.
—*Western Import Co., Ltd.*

CRAZED ON CHARLIE. Tower comedy. One reel. Such a collection of "Charles" was never seen as in Lily's dream. Postmen, policemen, school children—all are "Charles".
—*Yorkshire Cine Co.*

THE COUNTERFEITERS. Davidson drama. Three reels. Featuring the most famous detective in modern fiction, Sexton Blake. Acting and photography both splendid.
—*Kinematograph Trading Co., Ltd.*

AFTER THE STORM. Flying "A" drama. How a baby, washed up by the sea, falls into the hands of thieves, to be reclaimed in after years under strange circumstances. Story in No. 88, October 23 issue.
—*American Co., Ltd.*

THE OUTCASTS OF SOCIETY. Thanhouser drama. Two reels. Features the popular Mignon Anderson. A powerful story proving that a good heart often beats beneath a rough exterior.

THE SHADOW AND THE SHADE. Selig drama. Two reels. How a silhouette at a window makes it appear to a jealous husband that a faithful wife is in another man's room. An unusually strong subject.
—*E. H. Montagu.*

THE STRUGGLE UPWARD. Edison drama. Two reels. A young man breaks away from disreputable companions, only to find that the girl who saves him, and whom he loves, has married another. Story in No. 91, November 13th, issue.

THE WILD GOOSE CHASE. Lasky picture. Ina Claire, celebrated in musical comedy, is in the leading role, and has Tom Forman for her screen partner. Delightfully romantic scenes and situations.
—*J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*

THE HEART OF A PAINTED WOMAN. Metro drama. A fascinating picture, in which the versatile actress Olga Petrova played the lead—the second picture that she has ever made. Some ingenious double-exposure effects help to make it a most remarkable production.
—*Ruffell's Exclusives, Ltd.*

A DAUGHTER OF THE JUNGLE. "101 Bison" drama. Two reels. A thrilling production in which those daredevils Marie Wadsworth and Wellington Playter appear. There are hand-to-hand struggles with lions and leopards, which must be seen to be believed.
—*Trans-Atlantic Film Co., Ltd.*

THE DAWN OF UNDERSTANDING. Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Features your favourite Maurice Costello, also Leah Baird and Howard Hall. An intensely human story, telling how a child's portrait brings a man and his wife, who have drifted apart, together again.
—*Vitagraph Co., Ltd.*

TEMPER. Essanay drama. Three parts. The first of this Company's films in which Henry B. Walthall takes part. Ruth Stonehouse plays with him as his sweetheart. Mr. Walthall has a strong part, and acts it with wonderful realism. Story appeared in No. 88, October 23 issue.
—*Essanay Film Service.*



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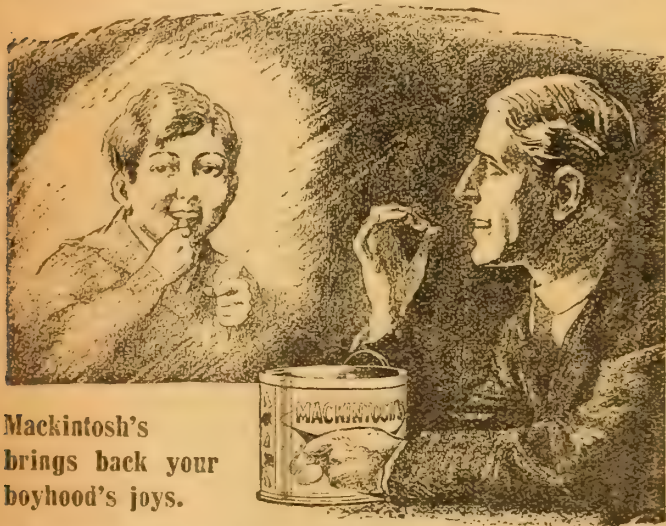
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boyhood's joys.**

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PEOPLE IN PICTURES

The Risks They Run.

LIKE so many actors, A. E. Auson, who is playing the elder lover in *Remembrance* at the Duke of York's Theatre, has played for films in America and has been telling an interviewer some of his experiences.

"I remember for one film," he said, "the company producing it wanted a realistic bull-fight. They hired a vast site, put up tiers for the audience, imported real bulls, and gave the public a genuine fight, and paid the cost out of the admission fees to see the fight! There seems to be nothing you need fear to tackle with the modern camera, and every day new ideas are being thought out for its improvement. The risks run by the actors for some of the films are pretty considerable.

"I remember seeing one man, on a very cold day, climb up the mast of a ship followed by another actor, who pretends to stab him in the back. He falls, of course, and is just rescued in time by a seaplane, into which he has to crawl from the water and seat himself beside the pilot. The actor caught pneumonia from being so much in the cold water, possibly because a second film had to be taken of that self-same ordeal."

Old Soldier Helps Actress.

ABOUT a year ago a veteran of the Civil War, who lives at the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, near Inceville, was introduced to Rhea Mitchell, the beautiful young leading woman of the New York Motion Picture Company. He long had admired her on the screen, and this opportunity of meeting her and shaking her hand made the old soldier as happy as a child. Recently, while paying a visit to the studio, the veteran overheard a conversation between Miss Mitchell and Producer Ince in regard to the difficulty of finding just the right costume for the leading woman to wear in *On the Night Stage*. Miss Mitchell feared the effect of the entire play would be spoiled unless her gown was exactly true to the period represented in the film.

Politely intruding, her aged admirer assured her that he would loan her just the frock for the part, one that had belonged to his wife at the close of the war. It proved to be a quaint black taffeta, with a basque waist, which transformed Miss Mitchell into a comely young matron of the early 'seventies. She warmly thanked the old soldier, who, upon seeing her in the costume, was overcome with emotion.

Not Guilty!

CROOK stories are Leona Hutton's specialty, though this talented young woman declares that never in her life has she had an opportunity to study first hand the type of woman which she impersonates. In *A Crook's Sweetheart* she did such convincing work that several of the other actors at the Kay Bee studio took it for granted that she previously had been associated with prison reform, or at least had visited court-rooms and gaols to find her types. When they said as much, however, Miss Hutton—who is a very attractive blonde—laughingly replied: "Not guilty! Really I don't believe I ever saw a woman who was the accomplice of a crook; but maybe my sympathy from childhood with poor Nancy Sykes has given me the ability to portray her sort."



Up the pole "somewhere in India." The snapshot has come from a PICTURES reader who says the water near the notice board tempted him, but he did not wish to tempt the hungry crocodiles.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



BOBBY SAVES THE BABY.
See story of N. H. Bowen.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS

Delightful letters reach me from winners of my prizes, and I am glad that the little war clamor, in particular, is so greatly appreciated. There are plenty more prizes for my dear young readers, and as I never fail to give you a weekly Competition, you all have the same chance of winning them.

One of the most pathetic little pictures I have ever come across will shortly be seen on the screen, and I advise you all to

look out for it. *N. H. Bowen* is the title of this pretty Edison drama, and here follows the story:—

Mr. Bowen had married twice, and was the father of two children. Bobby came first when his first wife was alive, and "baby" arrived after Bobby's stepmother had appeared on the scene. Now it is quite common in cases like these that "first" children are "not wanted" by the stepmother, who, as I suppose you know, would not be their real mother. This was so in Bobby's case. The second Mrs. Bowen declared that everything that Bobby did was wrong; he was always "in the way." Neither his presence nor his actions ever pleased her. But she loved her own baby-girl, and so did Bobby.

One day Bobby started to water the garden, and made his hands and clothes dirty. His stepmother turned off the water, took the key of the hydrant away, and locked Bobby in his room for the rest of the day.

Being in a highly nervous state, Mrs. Bowen sought relief by smoking one of her husband's cigarettes; presently she laid it down on an ash-tray close to the window, and went off with a neighbour, leaving Bobby locked in his room and the baby girl—her own child and her greatest treasure—asleep in the crib.

Silly woman! you say. Yes, indeed, she was. The lighted cigarette caught the curtain which was blowing about, the blaze spread, and soon the room was on fire.

By this time Bobby, who knew nothing of the fire, had decided to run away. He left a note for his father, and made his escape through the roof. Then he saw the flames! "The baby!" he cried, "she will be burnt to death!" He rushed for the garden-hose, but his mother had the water-key and the hose was useless. It only made Bobby all the more determined to save his tiny sister, and, dashing in at the front door, he reached baby, wrapped her in a blanket, and struggled with her through hot clouds of smoke, which nearly choked him, until he gained the open air.

Brave little Bobby! His stepmother, frantic with grief, and his father had just come up, and the precious baby was taken from Bobby's poor burned little arms. . . . During his recovery his stepmother came to her senses. She had seen Bobby's note to his father, in which he declared that, since nobody loved him, he was going away. But a new-born love crept into the heart of the stepmother. With tears in her eyes, she thought of Bobby's noble sacrifice to save her darling, and she decided then and there to make Bobby her darling number two. She pressed the boy to her bosom, and promised to love him always as a real mother should do.

That is the story, my dears; now mind you see it on the screen as soon as it comes into your district.

(Continued on page 187.)

IT'S INDIGESTION NOT THE LIVER.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes CONSTIPATION
That is not the LIVER, it is BOWEL INDIGESTION.

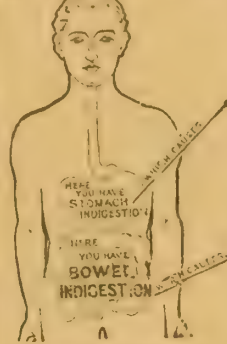
CICFA IS THE ONLY CURE.

You know, I am sure, that it is not the Liver, but the Bowel, that is at fault. Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes CONSTIPATION. That is not the LIVER, it is BOWEL INDIGESTION. CICFA is the ONLY CURE.

As it is, I choose the Bowel for my subject. It is the only part of the body that is not self-cleaning. It is the only part that is not self-cleaning. It is the only part that is not self-cleaning. It is the only part that is not self-cleaning.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 10,000 British Doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

IN WARM TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You



GAS in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness
of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired.
Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and
Burning Spot between Shoulder
Blades.

GAS in Bowel or Flatulence,
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACHES in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth
on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Gripping and Consti-
pation with all its misery.

Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must cure that Indigestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia. Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one part of the tract seriously affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, &c., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help to heal local spots, while any

Remedy which can Cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa is the only preparation which can do this, and Cicfa has this power because its discoverer succeeded in combining such Digestive Ferments as would ensure perfect digestion at every point along the whole alimentary tract.

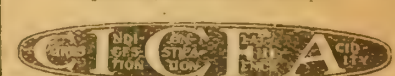
know how worry of an affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present who is not worried? your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to assist digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferment which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible, and makes Digestion perfect and certain.

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SCREENED STARS

OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the tenth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite **free**. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A **£10** note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, **£5** to the next, and **10s** each to the next ten, and **20 Consolation Prizes** to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the tenth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the **£10**—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous sets may be had from our Publishers.

<p>56</p>	<p>58</p>
<p>Fischer</p> <p>57</p>	<p>Fuller</p> <p>58</p>
<p>Baird</p> <p>59</p>	<p>Learn</p> <p>60</p>
<p>Little</p>	<p>Lyons</p>

ENTRY
FORM.

Name
Address

10th
Set.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP

LET me begin this page with the subject which is most on my mind, and will be for another fortnight—the Double Christmas Number of PICTURES. It is shaping quite nicely, thank you. Since I last wrote I have passed the proof of the special Supplement which will be presented gratis in every copy. It is a fine art portrait of—on second thoughts I will hold up this information until next week.

Whistle and I Shall Hear.

I learn from Turner Films, Ltd., that there are some exquisite scenes in *A Welsh Singer*, the film from the novel by Allan Raine, which has been made by this company. Can you picture a prodigal being so far from one or two performers that his voice would not carry? This was the case in one of the scenes made in Wales. To photograph Florence Turner and another player on top of the cliff the camera was placed away down on the rocks below, a fact which necessitated the use of whistles. This is the first time I have heard of a small scene in which, through distance alone, whistles became a substitute for the voice.

Billy in the Briny.

A few days ago I was one of the crowd that chuckled over *The Only Man*, the third screen production featuring Billy Merson. Even the saddest will feel gay when they see Billy as a shop-walker in a big drapery establishment; but wait and see him in reels two and three as the only man in a sea-side village where women wear the trousers, and you will see—well, just Billy Merson, that's good enough. The Globe Film Company know something. They tell me that they have secured all the Billy Merson films for the next two years.

Famous "Villain" Passes away.

The passing away of E. S. Willard, a famous actor-manager, and one of the greatest of stage villains, is of no little interest to the picturegoer, seeing that Mr. Willard has secured in many stage successes now being shown upon the screen, including *The Silver King*, *Jim the Peasant*, and *The Lights of London*. One of his greatest creations was Cyrus Blenkarn in *The Middlemarch* (the part played by Albert Chevalier in the London Film production), which I well remember clapping at the Shaftesbury Theatre a good many years ago. He made stage history, too, in *Justah*, as the Professor in Sir J. M. Barrie's *A Professor's Love Story*, and as Benjamin Goldfinch in *A Pair of Sixes*—three plays which would make lovely screen productions. Although Mr. Willard died in London, he spent many years in America, where he was an immense stage favourite.

Anita Stewart's Great Success.

Whenever I go to see a film with Anita Stewart and Earle Williams in the cast I look forward to enjoyment.

In the Vitagraph film *Snake Pit*, a Feature Film, *The Snake Pit*, I found nothing to disappoint me, unless indeed it was the tragic ending, the death by pistol shot of Miss Stewart. As the daughter in the story she inherited from her mother the tendency to gamble, and gambling not only ruined her own happiness and brought about her death, but destroyed her husband's career as well. Anita Stewart and Earle Williams, as husband and wife, have never appeared to better advantage than in this fine drama. The £1,000 prize-winning story of the Vitagraph-Sun Scenario Contest. One scene alone would carry the film with any audience. It shows the wife after breasting her promise by gambling on the race-course, rushing home and joyfully pouring her winnings into the hands of a heart-broken husband who flings the money into the fire. But the acting of all the players is superb. There are five reels and not a foot could be spared from them.

The Long and Strong Film.

Why do people often say to me that *So and So* is a good film, but too long? If a film is really good, it cannot be too long. My contention is that if the story is strong enough to grip you its length does not count, and in some instances is not even long enough. Take *The Birth of a Nation*, which, although screened in two parts, is really twelve reels in length. Here is a story in which the



A Florence Turner Impression of the great "Wild West." Note the Trademark and Billy's Nose. Miss Turner is a successful impersonator; many readers have no doubt seen her *Film Favourites*.

poetry of love and the horrors of war are intertwined; the spectator is held by wonderful scenes of battle crammed with action and realism, and relieved by pretty sentiment, and

the most beautiful qualities of the best of the picture. Of course there are millions of films which do not even have a minimum of these qualities—but that is another story.

A Fine Story to come.

In the course of a week or two I hope to publish the story of *The Journey*, the Vitagraph "Blue Ribbon" film which the Gaumont Film Hire Service has purchased at a high figure. Anita Stewart, Earle Williams, and William Dunn appear in this picture-play, the conclusion of which consists of the biggest rail-road disaster ever filmed. The Gaumont Service, who are justly known as some of the finest publicists in the trade, have just introduced two series of poster-stamps. One is a three-dollar set calling attention to some of their big exclusives, and the other takes the form of portraits of Anita Stewart, Lillie Leslie, Lois Weber, and Margarita Fischer.

A Synopsis for a Postcard.

Readers often write and ask me if and where they can obtain the synopsis of a certain film. An answer so far as Turner productions are concerned is given in that company's announcement on page 186. A postcard, mentioning PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER, to their sole agents, the Hepworth Co., 2, Denman Street, W., will bring any reader a synopsis of *Far from the Madding Crowd* or *A Welsh Singer*, two of their latest.

F. D.

LAUGH UPON LAUGH

Like Waves Rolling into One Tremendous

SEA OF LAUGHTER.

A
SPANISH
LOVE
SPASM

BILLY MERSON

is the Irresistible Magnetic Force that
Causes the Waves of Laughter to Flow.

It is now High Tide at Every
Cinema Where his Films are Showing.

THE
MAN
IN
POSSESSION

GET A SPLASH FROM THIS SPRAY OF ENJOYMENT.



EXCLUSIVE BRITISH RIGHTS—
THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.,
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Phone:
5600, 5131 REGENT (6 lines).

Telegrams:
"BIOPROSCO, TELEW, LONDON"

Turner Films

"Pictures made
for You."



We have received several enquiries from readers who wish to obtain synopses of some of our forthcoming productions.

For the future, synopses of our pictures can be obtained, on application, from our sole agents, The Hepworth Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of 2, Deuman Street, London, W.

Synopses of "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "A Welsh Singer" are now ready.

Poisoned Blood

INDUCES ANAEMIA & OTHER COMPLICATIONS.

**Doctors and Hospitals both Fail.
Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.**

Mr. J. H. MOODY, Ancaster Heath, near Crantham, says:—"My trouble was said to be a form of blood poisoning. I became so weak that I could not get through my day's work. Appetite I had none, and often what I did eat returned. My breath, too, was very short at times, and I was quite white with anæmia. Doctors prescribed for me, and I took their medicines, but I got no better. Then I was in hospital for some weeks, after which I felt better, but the trouble returned, and kept returning for years, particularly in the Spring.

I was feeling very ill when I first got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, but after a few doses I found them doing me good, so I persevered with them. The result is that I have worked steadily ever since, and I believe that with the help of Dr. Cassell's Tablets now and then I shall keep my health and strength as well as any man."



Mr. J. H. Moody

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, &c., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box B. A. 36, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young.

They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

**Nervous Breakdown
Nerve Paralysis
Spinal Paralysis
Infantile Paralysis**

**Neurasthenia
Nervous Debility
Sleeplessness
Anæmia**

**Kidney Disease
Indigestion
Stomach Disorder
Mal-Nutrition**

**Wasting Diseases
Palpitation
Premature Decay
Brain Fog**

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by chemists and stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

(Continued from page 183.)

The "Elephant" Picture Competition brought me piles of postcards, and very cute and comical and curious many of them were. A great number showed the big creature performing in the circus, but he was also on the screen, in the jungle, taking moving pictures, in bed reading PICTURES, in the water, shaking trunk with Charlie smoking a pipe, and goodness knows what else besides.

PRIZES TO: Irene Butcher, 1, Dalmore Rd., West Dulwich; Connie Slack, 712, Attercliffe Rd., Sheffield; P. Nicholson, 497, Bolton Road, Bradford; Jessie McPherson, 59, Bell Green, Sydenham.

AWARD OF MERIT (six will win a special prize).—Marie Lister (Andwick); Alfred Crick (Desborough); Marjorie Piff (Coventry); Marion Bridger (Brighton); G. Nash (Bristol); Arthur Coe (Desborough); Charlie Wright (Newport); Albert E. Barnard (Sheffield); Betty Jones (Nantymoch); Nellie Whitehead (North Shields).

SPECIAL PRIZE:—Marie Lister (Andwick).

Now, let me see—this week I think we will go back to "Limericks," at which I know you are all keen and clever.

FOUR PRIZES FOR LIMERICK WINNERS.

Little Billy was fond of the screen,
But his father a film had ne'er seen;
When he cried, "Come with Bill!"
Pa replied, "Not until—"

Make your last line to rhyme with "screen," put it on a postcard addressed to "Limerick," PICTURES Offices, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to reach me by Monday, November 29th. Four prizes and the Award of Merit will be due to the senders of what are considered the cleverest last lines by busy

UNCLE TIM.



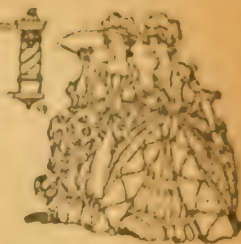
He: "I'm glad you recognise me in khaki. You're so popular on the screen. By Jove! one would recognise you anywhere—what—"

Sue (sweetly): "Yours is a face one does not forget."



REPLIES

Name and address on the postcard must be stated when writing. If possible, please put the post. Letters should be sent to the Editor, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



E. H. Bloomer. We have just received a box from you, containing a copy of the "Elephant" picture, and a copy of the "Elephant" picture, and a copy of the "Elephant" picture.

J. H. (London). Of course you've read the "Elephant" picture. The two different addresses given by the Famous Players Co. are of the address in New York and the studio in Los Angeles. Either would do, but the former would be better. We have photos of Edna and Anne Nash, the Viagers, etc. We have not heard that the two players named Gaster are related. At once, Cheer Box.

Admirer, Charlie (Glasgow). You will remember that the Famous Players Co. in your letter, wrote to the Famous Players Co., 22, Soho Square, London, and ask them when and where you can see them—they are worth waiting for. Have put Henry B. (Andwick's name) on our "waiting list" for an interview. Your typewritten letter is a joy to us.

JAMES HADDOCK. Take the advice given to "Admirer of Charlie" above.

DETROIT (YORK). We have not heard that the player your name is married. Glad you keep on "star" hunting.

L. L. (Halifax). Address Harold Lockwood, c/o American Film Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A., and Marguerite Clark, c/o Famous Players Co., 57, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

DAISY PEACH (Edinburgh). "Partners in Crime" (Hepworth). "Ruth Meredith." "Alma Taylor." "Inspector's Daughter." "Flora Morris." "Harry." "Harry Royston." "Mr. Meredith." "Harry Gilbey." Have witnessed your love to Maurice Costello, Warren Keegan, and Mary Pickford, and we return thanks for love to us.

A VICTORIAN PRINCE (London, E.). The result of our Foreign Film Players Contest was published in November 6th number. Have dispatched your love by cargo boat as the one we saw a lot of it to the American Players you selected.

B. B. Loughton. We have replied to both your letters, dear reader. The proof of your having talent for cinema acting would rest with the producer—a man with "cattle eye" for such qualifications.

NELLIE N. (Shepherd's Bush). Address Helen Holmes, c/o Universal Film Co., 1601, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Most likely you would get an answer, especially so as you have had a second letter from another favourite. So you think a reader of ours ("Ivy N., of Wadford") is a relation of yours—Would Ivy like to be put in communication with Nellie? This is not from the Agony Column.

D. M. (London). Thanks for your letter containing the names of English Players, which we printed in "our Letter Bag" column a few weeks ago.

HELEN (Glasgow). Thanks for all your kind offers of service for us on the other side of "The Herring Pond," but there is nothing we can just now. You have read "rit to go across so often all "on your lonesome," and we are proud to number such a traveller amongst our readers.

MARGARET (Birmingham). Your three letters of eight closely written sheets have knocked us out of breath, but we will do our best. Fred Paul played lead in "Our Halifax Gentleman." Samuelson and Baker are two different companies. Some cinema actresses are forced to wear wigs when their parts demand it. Your

last line will tell you the name of the actress who played the part of the famous player. Have your play competition on paper at the size of this page. The competition must explain every trick. It really has to be played for the money. Have said your love to Henry and Mary Pickford. They are not to be seen at the Famous Players Co. in London. They don't send us your play. We are sorry.

VICTORIAN PRINCE (London, E.). Address, Harold Lockwood, c/o American Film Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A., and Marguerite Clark, c/o Famous Players Co., 57, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Victor has been in London. Have sent you a postcard just. Our reply to "Glasgow." Thanks for letter. Your paper is as usual a treat.

ALEX. (Durham). "Pre-writing" for the "Glasgow" by A. B. Birch, price 1s. 6d., from three others, would help you considerably. Please address all replies to "Glasgow." A postcard of Marguerite Clark appeared on the cover of No. 18. We shall be delighted to receive photo. The Famous Players (York). We have thousands of postcards of players, and Norman Howard is amongst them.

SEVEN SEVEN (Bundax).—Vol. VIII. is now ready, price 3s. 9d., post-free. We have still a few left of VI. and VII. at the same price.

S. S. (Coventry). Your letter of appreciation of the British films shown at your favourite cinema to hand. Many thanks for cutting.

DOROTHY (Harrington). So sorry we called you Dolly; thought you would like it. We thought your writing original because it was a likeness we had seen, and we do see a likeness. We rather like it, Dot. Thanks for friendly wishes.

PUZZLED (North Shields). The result of our Foreign Film Players Contest appeared in our Nov. 6th issue, and Mary Pickford and Maurice Costello attained top places. Why not give a standing order to your newsgate, and so avoid missing PICTURES if you are unable to get it at your cinema? So sorry to "Admirer of Charlie."

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Lytham).—Thanks for yours. With you we admire the excellent acting in the film you speak of.

MRS. S. (Sheepshale).—As you only voted for the players in our Foreign Film Players Contest, you could not possibly win a prize—those who played the best players in their correct order were the lucky ones. Glad you like our paper.

LARRY (Bethnal Green). Have sent you a postcard list. When ordering send postal order or half-penny stamps in payment. Address Charlie Chaplin, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1335, Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. A penny stamp will do. The Reliance Studios are in California.

CINEMA GOSSIP (London).—Shakespeare's plays are not generally suitable for film. Plays like "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" depend mostly on their didactic. On the other hand some of the great ones plays of course would make magnificent film spectacles.

PICTURE KING (Glasgow). Address Warren Keegan, c/o Universal Film Co., 1601, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

A. C. (Barton).—We have no record of the film you mention. Sorry.

HELEN (Widened). We have postcards of Lily Benson 12 different kinds, price 10d. post-free. Thanks for long attention.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photo Postcards of Yourself, 1s. 3d. Dozen.
From any Photo. 12 x 10 Enlargements, 81.
Cutting and Samples Free.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: JUNE ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, or P.O.P. POST CARDS.

21, 6d.; 100, 1s. 6d. Plates and Papers also Cheap.
Catalogues and Samples Free.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: JUNE ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

M. T. B. (Sheffield).—Thanks for sight of photo. Glad you are in us one later "for keeps." Please send us even an address money pictures.

Jan. 1916, out of the Varsity (Mingler).—Marguerite Clark plays "Zestora" in "The Zestora Mystery." Her address is c/o, Metro Film Co., 1435 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. The other name I have been given on this page quite recently. "No offence," Phantom.

Elmer (Walthamstow).—As a general rule we do not recommend our readers to pay fees for cinema acting tuition, because it is not easy to distinguish the bad from the genuine schools. As you are near the B. and C. Co.'s studio in Hie St., you might apply there. It is quite useful to be "one of the crowd" in a scene. Everyone has to start at the bottom of the ladder, Elsie.

N. O. B. (Nottingham).—We should think Warren Kerrigan would like to hear from you. See "Picture Keen" for ad. res.

MANAGER (West Bromwich).—A study of the trade journals would be helpful to you. A review of forthcoming films is included therein, and advertisements for managers also.

CURIOUSITY (Dublin).—We know of no producing company in Dublin. Perhaps the advert. you saw was for supers for a company visiting the place.

LITTLE (Clapham).—Why not make the best of your present station in life, either where you are or elsewhere? You may find it difficult to realise your ambition to get on the screen when so many experienced players are wanting positions. Have sent your love to Maurice Costello and Mabel Normand. We should think quite likely they would reply to letters from you. We have no postcards of Robert Warwick.

LA BALLE (Erdington).—In "The Southern Hills" (Domino) "Nan Hopkin," Khea Mitchell; "Rev. E. Seymour," Thos. Chatterton; "Bill Willis," William Elfre; "Jim Hopkins," Geo. Osborne. Have sent your love to the players you mention. We don't know the names of Florence La Balle's relations.

FLORENCE (Shepherd's Bush).—Richard C. Travers, Ernest Manpain, John H. Cottar, and Nell Craig played in "Blindfolded" (Essanay), and John D. Dallas, Harry Pollard, Lucille Ward, De Villiers, Joseph E. Singleton, Helen Christy, William Carroll, K. R. Adair, and Margarita Fischer played in "The Quest" (Flying A). Tom Santelini is with Selig, and because he always acts with Kathryn Williams, it does not follow that they are married. The other players you mention are American. Thank you, Florrie.

KATE (Sutton).—We have a fine set of twelve postcards of May Hoteley—the Girl with the Rubber Face—price and the set.

CONSTANT READER (West Hartlepool).—James Cruze plays "John Storm" in "The Zudora Mystery" (Thanhouser). We have postcards of him, and, as desired, have sent him your love. Glad you had so many of your questions answered in this column before you ask them.

J. L. (Wolverhampton) has seen in a year 1,146 films—"some" sec. The cast was not published.

ELSIE (Leicester).—Pearl White played "Elaine" and Paul Panzer and Arnold Daly the child parts in "The Exploits of Elaine" (Pathé). We have no postcards of Pearl.

ALICE (Fulham).—Have sent you a postcard list. To tell your friends that PICTURES is an excellent paper was a happy thought, Alice. Thank you ever so much.

SIX FRIMS (Tipperary).—So you never see Famous Players films? Well, well! they may come your way yet, and they are worth waiting for. The cast you want was not given.

W. S. (Swindon).—Hazel Dawn played "Niobe" in "One of Our Girls." Please to hear from you.

SARCY (Sheffield).—Address Muriel Ostriche, c/o, Thanhouser-Film Co., Mai Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, U.S.A. Better not to pay those fees. They may, or may not, be justified.

COSTER (Birmingham).—We know of no producing company in your neighbourhood. Practically all the English studios are in or near London. You can obtain American stamps from any money exchange bureau, or a return stamp voucher from the Post Office. Keystone do not publish their casts. Yes, certainly, write us whenever you like.

H. V. R. (Horne Hill).—Ben Turpin still plays for Essanay. Charlie Chaplin is in America playing for Essanay. "Charlie's New Job," "Charlie the Trump," "Charlie by the Sea," "Charlie at Work," and "Charlie the Perfect Lady" are some Essanay films in which he has appeared under their banner. Glad to hear that you carry PICTURES about with you to refute the rumours you hear about C. C.



GERALD AMES, the well-known stage actor and a popular player in London Films. This has just been added to our postcards.

G. W. B. (Notts).—The Universal Film Co., of Los Angeles, California, filmed "A Page from Life." We do not reply by post.

PAT (Swansea).—Charlie Chaplin's address is given to "Laura" on this page. Marguerite Clark played the title part in "Mizou" (Famous Players). You "will write again soon!" Good.

TERRY (Swansea).—We think it is quite likely Marguerite Clark would answer a letter from you. We do not think she is married. Sorry friend Doris has neuritis, but expect she is better by now—we hope so, anyhow.

VERA (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Harold Lockwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "Tessie" and "The Storm Country" and Carlyle Blackwell in "Such a Little Queen." We cannot trace the other casts. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford and Hubert Rawlinson. Of course we shall like to hear from you again.

A. C. B. J. (Liverpool).—James Cruze is a great athlete and champion horse-shoe thrower, but we have not heard that he is champion heavy-weight lifter, nor that the two players are related.

WHITE ROCK (Dalston).—Two or more complete sets of our Screen & Star Puzzles may be sent in by the same reader, but only one name may appear under each picture. All the pictures are surnames. "The Three Brothers" (Majestic):—"Will," Wallace Red; "Bob," E. D. Sears; "Charlie," Mr. Hinkley; "Their Mother," Josephine Crowell; "Mac," Claire Anderson. We expect that tax notwithstanding, you will still see plenty of American films.

EDITH (Brighton).—No, the Answer Man is not a lady—how could he be? The Sure-ir War Album is the luckiest it is watch-chain or bracelet charm out price one shilling from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London W.C.

DORIS (Richmond) wants us to publish PICTURES twice a week. But no in these—day, Doris.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed

THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"

85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone—Gerrard 2595.

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SMILES

THOUGHTS of a Coster: "Lummy, ain't it a funny country? If yer treats yer missis, yer fined a hundred quid; if yer ill-treats 'er yer only fined five bob!"

A Film Engagement.

DAD: "What was going on at the cinema to-night, dear?"

DAUGHTER: "This ring, dad. Isn't it a beauty!"

All That Mattered.

MOTORIST (to villager): "Where do these roads lead to, my man?"

VILLAGER: "One leads to our picture theatre, and t'other doesn't."

Better than Nothing.

VISITOR: "Still cheerful, my good fellow, and with all those awful wounds on your head?"

OPTIMIST: "Yes, miss, you see I've still got me 'ead to have wounds on!"

Fear and the Film.

There had been a terrific earthquake, and afterwards one lady was asking another if she was not frightened?

"Oh, no," she said; "I quite enjoyed the scene. It reminded me of the film I saw of *The Last Days of Pompeii*."

Wicked Words from Wifie.

She answered this advertisement: "How to make milk puddings without milk and have them richer. Send one shilling for recipe."

Some days later she received her money's worth. It ran thus: "Use cream."

Her New Film Play.

FILM ACTRESS: "Darling, I have been untrue to you. I love another."

HUSBAND: "W-h-a-t!"

"Calm yourself, dear; calm yourself. That is only what my heroine says to her husband, and I wanted to see how the husband would act."

The Candid Friend.

FIRST ACTOR: "Which kind of acting do you prefer, screen or stage?"

SECOND ACTOR: "It's curious how my taste in acting varies. When I see you playing on the stage I long for screen-acting, but when I see you in a film I long for stage-acting."

"Honi Soit—"

PICTURE THEATRE MANAGER (to the cleaner): "Mrs. Jones, what makes you forget the statue in the hall? It's covered with dust?"

MRS. JONES: "I aint forgetting her, sir, but I think its time she was covered with somethink."

Cold Comfort for Charlie.

"Cheer up, Charlie," advised the friend. "You know 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

"Yes," agreed the rejected suitor, "better for the florist, the confectioner, the messenger-boy, the restaurant waiter, the taxi-cab man, the jeweller, and the cinema manager."

**When you
write us
a letter—**

From the very beginning we have believed that you who see our picture-plays are certain to be our friends.

We who are spending our lives making picture plays for you—plays that will interest you and please you, plays that will give you just the rest and recreation that you need each day really are (when you come to think about it) doing as much for you as almost your best friend.

And friends write letters because they want to know what each thinks about common interests. That's why we write this full page letter to you every week in "The Pictures and the Picturegoer." And that's why we like to hear from you.



Hepworth Picture Plays

c/o Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Darnley Street, Golden Square, W.



Write for

**THE LATEST & SMARTEST THING
— OUT IN PICTURE POSTCARDS —**

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The creator of the role of the Drunk in the Box in
"MUMMING BIRDS."

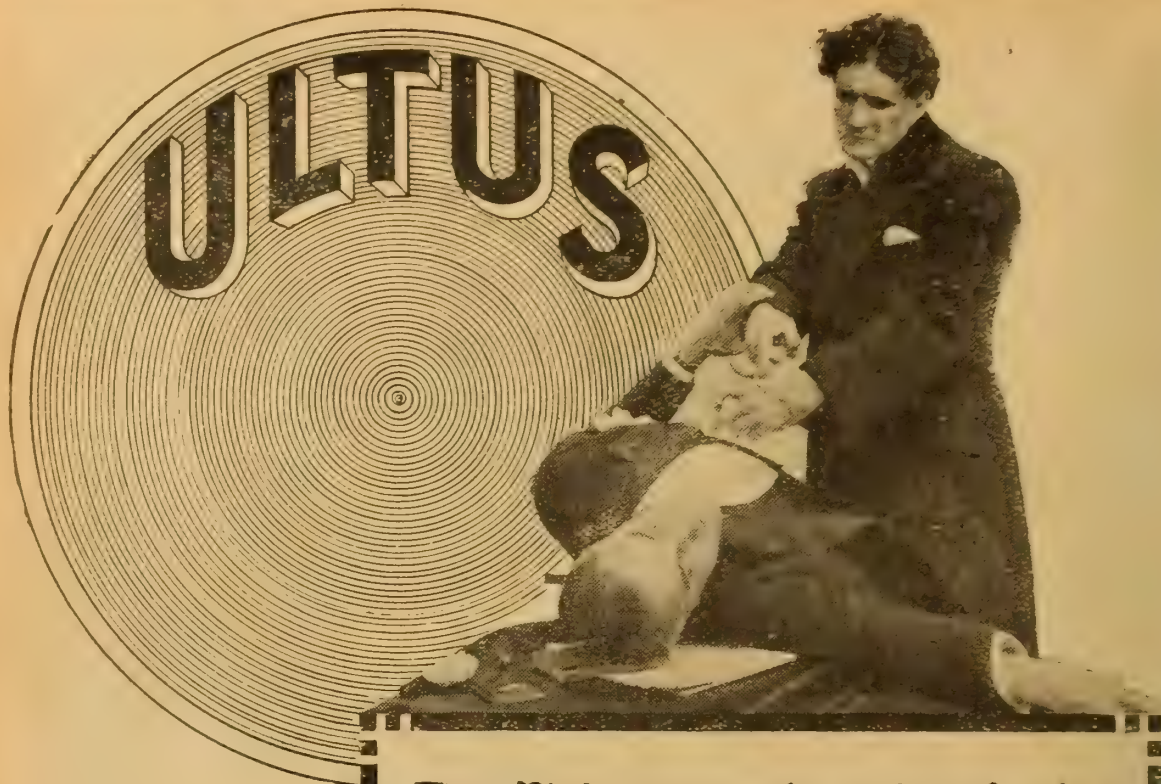
And his versatile companion MAE HOTELEY,
the Girl with the Rubber Face.

SIXPENCE PER SET OF TWELVE. REAL ART PHOTOS.

Obtainable from "Pictures and The Picturegoer," or the Lubin Head European Office.

J. FRANK BROCKLISS, Ltd., 4 & 5, New Compton St., W.C.





The Picturegoer is going to be immensely excited over **ULTUS**. He is an engaging & resourceful criminal; one who not only dares but succeeds. **ULTUS** makes his first appearance on march 20th when we shall publish.



ULTUS:

THE MAN FROM THE DEAD

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE

(The Gaumont Co., Ltd.),

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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}

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FAMOUS PLAYERS
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ADOLPH ZUKOR
PRES.

Daniel Frohman

presents the
popular Star

HAZEL DAWN

in the fanci-
ful Comedy

"**NIOBE**"

IN FOUR ACTS.

Released
MONDAY,
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Produced by
**FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO., LTD.,**

166-170, Wardour Street, W.

THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine
of Famous Players, Jesse
Lasky and J. D. Walkers
may be obtained by the
public for an annual sub-
scription of 3/- post-free.



PAULINE FREDERICK

As "Roma" in Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*, to be released by Famous
Players this week. She played the rôle magnificently. (See page 195.)

Selig

**TOM
MIX**

Make sure
your hall is
running this
fine production.

SELIG'S

— is featured in —
**The Taking of
Mustang Pete**

THE tired old man woke up and smiled,
An undertaker laughed.
Fifty lads stopped playing the fool,
Girls no longer chaffed.
Later every one held their breath,
A couple of ladies fainted
From every part of the Hall rose cheers,
For the man who's as brave as he's painted.
What are these lines about you ask,
Has every one hysterics?
No, they're watching a comedy film,
And the hero's just—TOM MIX.

Selig

A GREAT TIME COMING FOR PICTUREGOERS.

There is great joy in store for the frequenters of
Cinemas. A batch of new pictures is announced
by the Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd., which throw
into the shadow all previous efforts in the trade.
Among the new Ideal Picture Plays are included:

"WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN—"

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP"

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

LADY TREE will make her first appearance on the screen in "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

HENRY AINLEY makes the greatest hit of his film career in "THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

Other famous Actors to appear in these Pictures are:

Rutland Barrington, Miss Hilda Moore, Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter and Milton Rosmer.

PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1915.

New Series, No. 94.



"THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

Francis X. Bushman (standing on left) in a strong scene from this great dramatic "Metro" production.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer. This year it also brings our Xmas Double Number.

Mem. for next Saturday: Order PICTURES. It will cost you "tuppence," but it's our Xmas Number, and worth more than two coppers.

£25 cash prizes have been won by Manchester film patrons in the great Hepworth picture-judging competition.

Admirers of Rosetta Brice, a favourite Lubin actress, will have an opportunity of seeing her in a remarkable Gaumont exclusive, *Whom the Gods would Destroy*. She is the leading figure in scenes of Oriental splendour.

George Gunther, who plays the part of the black champion in the Hepworth fighting picture *The White Hope*, has had 417 hard fights, in addition to several thousand exhibitions, and he has never been knocked out once!

The greatest attraction of the cinema, says G. A. Atkinson in the *Cinema*, is also its greatest danger. It offers "the maximum of sensation for the minimum of thought." The least we can do is to see that that sensation is healthy.

Have you a one-reel scenario (comedy or drama) that you think something of? Any such may be sent to A. Crawford Harold, of Minerva Films, 34, Oxford Street, W., who tells us that screen publicity will be given to the author's names of all their productions.

What is said to be the first negro film has been produced in Birmingham Alabama, by negro actors and actresses. The picture is an experiment and will make a tour of some 900 theatres. Query: Is this a "coloured" film?

Stuffed and Still Smiling.

CHANG, the remarkable orang-outang who recently committed suicide by drinking paint, has been stuffed and mounted. He still retains Chang's quaint, quizzical smile, and the taxidermist has posed him in the position which was typical of Chang when alive and kicking in the Selig studio.

Farmer Chaplin.

CHARLIE, we are informed, is training fowls, pigs, rabbits, turkeys and other farmyard inhabitants, from which we may assume that a farmyard comedy is in process of making. We have not heard what the other Essanay players have to say about the cock-crowing which we suppose takes place, or whether they have yet learned to appreciate the vocal efforts of the pigs at feeding time.

An Appetiser for Picturegoers.

MARIE Tempest in *Mrs. Phipps' Pudding* is sure to be a draw, and many readers are doubtless anxiously awaiting its coming. We learn from the Walturdaw that the pudding—we mean film—will be released on January 31st. Its title is so Christmassy, it seems a pity that it could not have been a Christmas dish.

The Smoke in Pictures.

PICTUREGOERS have noticed that in two out of every three plays released clouds of tobacco smoke delay the action of the story. When the villain is foiled he lights a cigarette; when he plans his dastardly deeds, he delays the action by lighting up. Before the Western miner proceeds to unearth golden nuggets he sometimes requires 25ft. of film in which to light up the old pipe. And the adventuress, how would she struggle along tempting the honest young business man to err if it were not for the dainty cigarette she ignites and smokes so unconcernedly? Perceiving the drift of events, the Selig Company

has put the lid on the smoke-pot, and while others may continue to burn up tobacco this Company will considerably curtail the use of the weed.

The Kaiser Forbids the Kinema.

THE following notice, says the *Cinema*, is said to have been posted up outside certain town-halls in Germany:—"The wives of soldiers at the Front are not to wear finery. They are not to indulge in cakes. Further, they are not to visit the theatres, cinemas, or the Kaiser Panorama. Should any woman disobey this order, her military allowance will be stopped."

Not the "One and Only."

THE Eastern Film Corporation of Rhode Island, which is specialising at present in feature photo-play productions of stories of the sea, owing to the close proximity of beautiful water locations, has just arranged to blow up, at the cost of three thousand dollars, the fishing schooner *Conquest* for their production *Partners of the Tide*. The captain of the bark is Charlie Chaplin, but positively no relation to the famous fun-maker. Captain Chaplin, however, is an ardent admirer of his namesake.

Bunny's Brother on Screen.

GEORGE Bunny, brother of the immortal screen-comedian, has been starred in *Cap'n Eri*, a five-reel production just finished by George A. Lessey of the Eastern Film forces in America. A great scene in the picture is the burning of the village pool-room and saloon, in which fifteen hundred people were engaged. Lunch was served to the whole, huge crowd, and a hundred vehicles and motor trucks were required to take them back to the studios. George Bunny, in face and figure, is said to be remarkably like the late John.

Player Writes and Acts in Play.

EVERY picture-player hopes to write a play in which he or she will take the leading part. Having written the play himself the player knows just what he wants, and, if he is in sympathy with the producer and is able to work in harmony with him, remarkably good scenes are achieved. The example of this is a picture just completed in the Hepworth studios, at present called *The Love of an Old Man*. Alma Taylor has succeeded in both writing and acting the same play. Miss Taylor herself takes the lead, and her ordinary skill seems intensified by the fact that she had conceived the plot.

A Big Move Forward.

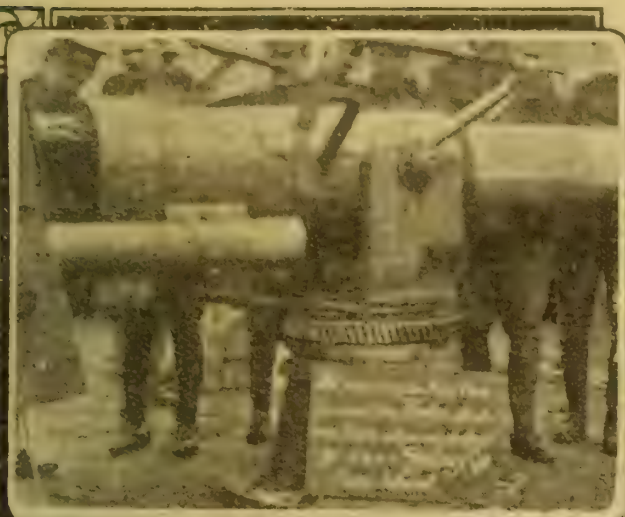
IT may happen that in some picture-theatres to-day you will not see a British film. But that does not mean that there are no British films. The exhibition of films throughout the United Kingdom, writes "W. G. F." in the *Evening News*, has become such a big business that nearly 60,000,000ft. of film are needed every week. British manufacturers are not in a position to supply such a quantity, nor would it be well that they should, since the moving-picture at its best should be international in character. Yet there can be no doubt that the present autumn is witnessing the biggest output ever known of really good British pictures.



THE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY. No. 3:
Francis Ford as Flora Finch.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. A BIG GUN FROM THE "EMDEN," now on view in London amongst many other war trophies. 2. FEEDING THE FRENCH ARMY: Good food is always served to the soldiers, even in the trenches. 3. FRENCH "TOMMIES" IN A TRENCH: A fine typical photograph. 4. THE "NEVER BEATEN" RUSSIANS: After their long retreat they are now vigorously and successfully counter-attacking all along the line. 5. MANY TURKISH PRISONERS have recently been taken by the Russians. This picture shows a prisoner being interrogated. 6. FRENCH ARTILLERY on the move in Champagne.

The GIRL on the FILM

"PICTURES" INTERVIEWS MAE MARSH.

"YES, it is just about three years ago since I first came into pictures. And those three years have simply flown by."

The speaker, Mae Marsh, rose from the chair (in her dressing-room) where she had been lounging, and went across to a bureau on the other side of the room. She took a photograph from its place on top of the shelf above it.

"There," she said, bringing it to me to see "that is a picture of poor me taken three years ago. A fearful gawk wasn't I?" And I had to agree with her—it was a picture of a timid-looking, ungainly, overgrown schoolgirl, who seemed to be all legs and arms. Her hair was plastered down straight onto her head and fastened in two stiff, wiry-looking plaits. "What a contrast!" I thought, as I mentally compared this awkward-looking girl with the graceful, refined-looking young woman who stood waiting for my opinion of the portrait.

"But you have altered a great deal," was all I said.

"So every one tells me for the better I think too, don't you?"

"Certainly," I assured her; "and now, please, Miss Marsh, I want you to tell me something about yourself, your life, and your friends."

Here the actress dropped her beautifully-coiffured head.

"I suppose," she answered, after a few moments' silence, "you want to know where I hail from, when my birthday is—but I'm just not going to tell you. If you only knew how it hurts me to talk about my younger days you would not ask me; I'll tell you where I was born—New Mexico—but no more."

"Well, then," I suggested, "tell me about your screen life."

"That I will do with pleasure," she said. "You know I first came into pictures through my sister, who is known on the stage as Margaret Loveridge. Hundreds of times had I prayed of my sister to take me to the studio with her, but she always refused. She was playing for Biograph at the particular time to which I refer, and so determined was I to get into the studio that one morning I followed her down. Well, I got safely inside the Biograph studio, and managed to slink away to a corner without Margaret seeing me, but Mr. Griffith saw me, and hauled me out from my hiding-place. Didn't my knees shake! I thought he was going to put me in charge or something; but, to my great surprise, he asked me if I had come to play in pictures. Then I told a tremendous fib, and said 'Yes.' The result was that I secured a tiny part on the spot."

"And did you remain a tiny person very long?" I asked.

"No, I was given a stock engage-

ment within a fortnight. Everybody used to laugh at me, I remember, because I was so lankey and my face and hands were so fearfully freckled and sunburnt; but Mr. Griffith was perfectly charming to me. He used to spend hours teaching me how, when, and where to place my feet, and how to move my body so as not to appear on the screen with a walk like a camel."

"How long were you with Biograph?" I asked once more as Miss Marsh paused to offer me a chocolate.

"Oh! not long, for when D. W. Griffith became director-in-chief for the Reliance and Majestic I went with him to play leads—yes, 'leads'—in the new show."

"Which do you prefer—comedy or drama?"

"Oh! drama," came the decided answer. "It gives me more scope. I can tell my audience just how I feel. I can throw my whole soul into my work. It makes me cry when I have to play

sad parts"—and I can quite believe this, for Miss Marsh's eyes are large and grey, and are full of feeling. "But I like comedy parts for a change," she continued.

"I think the part I liked best of all was 'Apple-pie Mary' in *Home, Sweet Home*. It was simply lovely. Then I liked the part of 'Jennie,' the unfit sister in *The Escape*. I expect you have seen that picture, haven't you?"

"Yes, of course I have; and enjoyed it, too," I replied.

"I had strong parts also in *The Outcast* and *The Outlaw's Revenge*," she continued; "but undoubtedly one of the strongest rôles I have so far played was 'Flora,' the pet sister, in *The Birth of a Nation*."

"Ah, that was fine, indeed!" I chimed in, as I remembered one particularly exciting episode in that Griffith masterpiece, wherein 'Flora,' to escape the clutches of a negro, leaps from a rocky height to a tragic death. I mentioned this to Miss Marsh, and added—

"Your strength and daring as an actress was certainly intensified in that great scene."

"I am so glad you liked it," she answered, simply. "I know I completely forgot that I was Mae Marsh, and just became the hunted one in reality. And it *was* a fall, too, and—oh! but never mind; it all passed off successfully—so everybody tells me."

"It did indeed, Miss Marsh. And now I suppose I ought to ask you about your hobbies."

"Well," she replied, "I like anything connected with outdoor life—gardening, motoring, boating—anything as long as it is in the fresh air."

"Nature appeals to me—it seems a part of me. People think I'm morbid; but I'm not. I simply love to think very deeply about the things which go on around me."

"Experiences, did you say? Oh! I've had heaps, both for the screen and in ordinary life. I narrowly escaped being killed in the San Francisco earthquake; had to run away in my nightdress, you know. Then, when I first began to play for pictures I had to make my horse jump eighty feet over a cliff into a river. I held my breath. I can tell you; and wasn't I glad to reach Mother Earth again!"

Miss Marsh noticed that my eye had been resting on a dog-collar which was lying on her bureau.

"That belongs to my darling 'Rex,'" she said, with a smile. "He is such a fine English bull-terrier. At present he is out for a scamper—"

"Does he play for any films?" I interrupted.

"I don't think he's clever enough to act for pictures," laughed Miss



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MAE MARSH.

Marsh; "but once he was filmed, and I will tell you how it happened. One morning Dorothy Gish and I were rehearsing at the studios. Dorothy has a pedigree Airedale named 'Don,' and 'Rex' and her little terror were tied up to the stage, when suddenly they both broke loose. For five minutes the two wretches were at death-grips with each other. We tried to separate them, but were afraid to get too near as they were so fierce. Then Mr. Griffith conceived a glorious idea—he had the fire-hose turned on them. Didn't these dogs move? Believe me, they have not fought since. And now the important sequel. One of the ever-alert camera men saw the dogs scrapping, so he turned the handle of the machine and made a picture. That is how 'Rex' came to 'star' in a film.

"Last Christmas I had four darling little, fluffy kittens. I kept them here until they grew big, and then 'Rex' became jealous, and I had to give them away. Wasn't it a shame?"

I agreed with her.

"I'm sure you would like to see my collection of 'stills,'" she suggested when she had sufficiently regained her breath. Miss Marsh then hauled down from a shelf a huge album. She brought it to me, and on opening it I found it crowded with striking scenes from the films in which this wonderful actress has featured. There are sad Maes, happy Maes, angry Maes, in fact Mae Marsh in every mood. When I had finished looking at it and had expressed my admiration, Miss Marsh said:

"And now, I'm sorry, but I must put on my war-paint for that next scene, or Mr. Griffith will be in to see why I'm not ready."

"Good-bye. Do come again soon. I'm awfully sorry I've got to bustle you off."

And as Miss Marsh stood at the door, of her studio waving me adieu, I thought to myself "What an intensely realistic character!"



MAE MARSH expressing 'fear' in her wonderful performance in
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"PICTURES" XMAS NUMBER. Dec. 4th. Price 2d.



PETER CHASE "WASTES HIS TIME" WITH NATALIE AT THE RITZ.

The Flight of a Nightbird

THE STORY ADAPTED FROM THE GOLD SEAL FILM

By DOROTHY DONNELL.

"IDLE? Me?" Frank amazement set its seal on Peter Chase's well-featured young face. He stared across the littered desk into the shrewd old eyes of his father's friend incredulously. "Oh, I say, sir, that sounds a bit funny to me—idle! Why, I never have a spare moment to myself—cut two engagements to come here this morning."

"Peter," asked Cyrus Holt, abruptly, "suppose you give me a sample of one of your days—yesterday, let us say. A day is a pretty valuable thing, you know, my boy. You can waste money and get some more, but you can't waste a day and get another one to take its place. What did you do with yours yesterday?"

Peter reflected. "Motored Natalie Wall out to the Wayside Inn for lunch—they give you bully squabs *en casseroles* at the Wayside Inn, sir—ought to try 'em some time; then, let's see—golf for an hour or so—went around the links with Trevor, the amateur champion, and then the Arnolds' *thé dansant*, and dinner at the Ritz, and then a bunch of us motor-boated out to the Van Dorns's yacht and danced till daylight. That's about all I can remember, but you wouldn't call that being exactly idle, would you, sir?"

"I hate to tell you what I *would* call it, Peter." Cyrus Holt's tone was dry. His fingers felt a strong desire to shake the fresh-faced, dapper young

person lounging in his stiff, staid old office-chair; then, because the boy's chin and eyes were echoes of another chin and pair of eyes he had once loved, the old man leaned forward and laid a knotty, powerful hand on the youth's well-tailored sleeve. "I remember you when you were a baby, Peter," he said slowly; "saw you the day you were a week old. Lord! wasn't your father proud! Look at that head on the little fellow," he told me; "look at that chin and the way he hits out with his fists! He'll do something some day, my son will!" Your father didn't mean, either, that you'd lead a cotillion or play a fair game at golf, Peter, or know how to order a good dinner for Natalie Wall—"

Peter Chase stirred uneasily, and crossed his smartly creased trouser-legs, with fastidious care for the sector of lavender silk ankle that showed above the patent-leather pumps. "Well, what would you have a gentleman do?" he asked, sulkily. "Pore over musty old law-books, or sell pickled herring and cheese over a counter? I don't need to grub around for money, thank the Lord, so why not have a good time in life?"

"And when you line up before the Golden Gate, present Saint Peter with a golf score and a wine list as your tickets of admission, eh?"

Peter's patent leathers shuffled impatiently, and the motion did not escape

the old lawyer's eyes. "Oh, yes, I know it isn't fashionable to speak about dying or heaven these days, and that religion doesn't make good table talk, and that God is never invited to a tango tea," Cyrus said grimly; "but you can't get away from first principles, sonny—death and birth and the Judgment Day. Your father is going to be hanging around over yonder to hear what his boy has done with his life, and whatever engagements you have you'll have to break 'em when the Big Summons comes. Well! well! it's an old man's privilege to preach—you'll have to excuse me, Peter. You've got the papers I wanted you to sign? I well, you see, I thought a heap of your father, boy—"

"Pardon, sir—a lady in the waiting-room to see you."

Holt's secretary appeared, holding out a dainty card. Peter, on the way out, halted, for some reason he could not explain.

"Katherine Weaver," read the lawyer. A smile touched his thin, kindly lips. "Here's a good example of what we were discussing, Peter. Old Weaver, this girl's father, started out in life with a sizable fortune—cards, horses—and the fortune began to go. Weaver and his last dollar departed about the same time, and his girl, Katherine—bless her heart!—is the only thing that stands between her mother and an invalid sister and the almshouse. She's a lady,

too—as much so as your pretty little butterfly of a Natalie; but she's not too proud to work—not she!"

The words echoed in Peter's brain as he left Cyrus Holt's office. He could not forbear a well-bred glance at the slender, black-clad girl-figure sitting quietly in the waiting-room. In the one glance he saw that she had thick, smooth, brown hair and a clear-cut brow and chin; in the next glance he saw that she was beautiful, with a still, restful beauty that had nothing of coquetry about it. Her brown eyes rested on his face an instant as he held the door open for her, with the first absolutely unprovocative glance he had had from a woman for many a day.

"Jove!" muttered Peter to himself, as he took the crazy wooden stairs three at a time. "I wonder how Natalie would carry off a hat like that?"

The picture of dainty, doll-like Natalie Wall, with her restless gestures and eyes, in the shabby out-of-dateness of the girl he had just seen, brought a grin to his lips. Admire Natalie as he did, plan to marry her as he half intended, he suspected, in a vague, masculine fashion, that hairdresser and *massense* and *modiste* were necessary adjuncts to her charm.

He sprang into his car, panting at the kerb, and threw in the clutch, suddenly recollecting that he had promised to meet Natalie at the train and see her off on a week-end visit to the shore. Taking liberties with the speed-limit, he arrived at the station twenty minutes before Natalie was due.

It was still ten minutes early for her when an express train, going in the opposite direction, drew into the station. As Peter watched it idly, he saw the girl of Holt's office alight from a trolley and hurry toward the train, already showing symptoms of starting. As she passed him something small and black dropped from her fingers and lay staring up at him from the cinders, like a tiny, malicious eye of Fate. Before he quite realised what he was doing, Peter had jumped from his car, picked up the little black object, and clambered aboard the moving train. The girl in black looked up bewildered to find him, hat in hand, beside her seat.

"I beg your pardon," said Peter Chase, courteously, "but I think this is yours."

He handed her the purse she had dropped as she got on the train. A wave of startled colour swept the girl's face.

"Oh!" she cried breathlessly, "oh, thank you! I hadn't missed it, but I should have—it has my ticket and—and all the money I have in the world."

Peter Chase smiled easily and pleasantly. "Lucky thing I happened to be waiting for a train," he said, half-turning to go; then the words trailed. Incredulously he stared out of the dusty car window at the landscape reeling by as though unwound from a reel of film. The train was going, and going with all the speed for which the line was noted; and behind, somewhere along the miles, waited his empty car and—Natalie!

"Oh!" Katherine Weaver's voice was shocked. "Then you weren't intending

to take this train? How dreadful!—and it doesn't stop till Hackettsville!"

Peter looked down into the lovely, anxious face curiously, and strange words crept to his lips, words that he did not understand himself—just then.

"I believe," said he slowly, "I believe I *did* intend to take this train, after all!"

Then very calmly he dropped down into the empty place at her side. Some five miles to the rear Natalie Wall floomed pettishly into her Pullman, thinking thoughts that should have searched the ears of the graceless young man who had promised to see her off.

Thirty-nine miles away waited smoky, mill-bound Hackettsville, the first stop on the line, and in his unaccustomed red plush seat in the day-coach, with Cyrus Holt's name as an introduction, Peter Chase proceeded to get acquainted with his shabby neighbour of the steady, brown eyes.

In the next half-hour the young millionaire discovered many new things. He learnt that three people can live on twelve dollars a week; that typewriting and stenography at eight hours a day is a good "job," but that one has to do nightwork too when one is paying instalments on an invalid-chair; he heard about "Mummie" and Justine, who had something the matter with her back, but not a thing the matter with her soul, and about The Office and The Boss and The Mills. And he learnt, too, a little of the gallant, bright spirit of the girl at his side; learnt that her eyelashes were gold at the roots and inky black at the ends, that her voice was low and vibrant, and that her eyes could hold depths on depths of tenderness when she spoke of lame little Justine.

"But, I say, it's too bad you have to do it," he ejaculated "work so hard and all. It's no life for a girl; don't you ever have any fun?"

"Fun?" she repeated the word gravely—"that depends. I suppose, on what you call fun. If rose-bushes and a row of nasturtiums and a dozen tomato-plants are fun—and walks in the evening with Justine in her new chair, and the public library books, and Mummie's surprise luncheons in my lunch-box are fun—then I have lots of it! What do you call fun, Mr. Chase?"

A quick vision came to Peter of his days and nights—the heavy, cumbersome, formal dinners; the dances; the artful beauty of the girls; the noisy, luxurious motors; the deep leather chairs and cocktails of his club. Were these things fun, after all? He drew a long, slow breath of resolution. What old Cyrus Holt, with his shrewd advice

and fatherly moralising, could not have accomplished in years of effort, this slip of a woman-girl had done in an hour, which is the whimsical way of the world. As the train pulled to a stand still in the Hackettsville station, Peter Chase rose to his feet with the girl.

"I'm getting off here too," he answered her glance of amazement, calmly, "I'm going up to the mills to get a job."

For two weeks the newspapers buzzed with the mysterious disappearance of the young millionaire, Peter Chase, who had left his empty motor car at the railroad station and vanished, apparently, out of the world. By that phrase the reporters meant the world which had known and been known by Peter Chase—the gay, easy world of club and hotel; of white-washed shoulders and canvas-backs and women's smiles. They did not, in the least, refer to an office world, where, cramped on a tall stool, a young man, with a green shade over his eyes, added long columns of figures in a ledger for fifteen dollars a week. Reporters are credited with a good deal of imagination, but not enough to picture Peter Chase in such surroundings. And so presently the talk about him subsided, and a next-of-kin filed a claim for the Chase millions. And a year went by.

"Peter is late to-night," said Jane, anxiously. "Truly, Katie, I do think he is working too hard since he got raised."

Katherine Weaver's fingers halted. "Why what makes you think he's working too hard, honey?" she asked.



A HAPPY GROUP: Katherine, Jane, "Mummie," and Peter spend an evening in the porch.

"I thought that since he came here to board, Mummy's cooking was doing him heaps of good."

"Well, maybe he's just *thinking* too hard," Jane said, slowly. "Katie, did you ever stop to wonder *why* he came to Hackettsville? Mightn't it be, maybe, that he's in love with some girl somewhere who refused him—?"

"Nonsense!" Katherine jumped to her feet hastily, two rose spots in her cheeks. "There! He's coming now! I must hurry and put the kettle on, and make some biscuits for tea." She bent over the wheel-chair, and dropped a kiss on her sister's small, wistful, upturned face. "Little romancer," she cried, gaily; but Jane, with love-sharpened ears, heard the quiver that ran through the words.

"But I couldn't help it," she murmured. "I was afraid she was getting to care, and she *mustn't*, for, of course, he doesn't think of her that way."

The young man, striding up the walk, waved a cheery hand.

"Hello, Little White Rose!" he called, "and how is the chair to-night? doesn't ache so quite does it?"

"It's a little tired," sighed Jane, whimsically; "and you look tired too, Peter. Sit down on the top step and confess."

Obediently, he lowered his big bulk to her feet. "Where's Katherine?" His eyes did not meet hers. He drew down a spray of honeysuckle and stared at it, frowning.

"She's getting supper."

The sweet, yellow flowers fell, in a crushed shower of petals, from the man's big hands. With a sudden fierceness, he turned to Jane, and she saw the misery in his eyes.

"Tell me," begged Peter Chase, "why does she always run away when I come? Is it because she—she doesn't like me, do you think, Jane?"

The girl in the invalid-chair leaned forward sharply, eyes intent on his face. "Why do you ask *that*, Peter?" she demanded. "Does it make any difference to you how Katherine feels?"

"All the difference in the world, little Jane," said Peter, huskily. "Of course I know I'm not good enough for her; but I can't help loving her any more than breathing."

Jane's eyes were shining. She stretched out a thin hand and laid it on his sleeve. "Then why don't you tell her so?" she laughed, shakily. "Seems to me I would—if I cared that way!"

Katherine stood in the rose-wreathed doorway, sleeves rolled up to her elbow.

"Did you call me, honey?" she cried, cheerily. "Don't you want Peter to lift you out and rest you awhile?"

"Not to-night, Katie," the little invalid shook her head; "I want to go in and finish your biscuits. I rather guess I can make biscuits on four wheels! And Peter's got something he wants to tell you about. Wheel me in, Katie!"



"A night-bird," said Peter, slowly, "flying to his nest, Katherine—"

Behind the tiny, old-fashioned roses Peter waited, sick with fear. When she came, wide-eyed and quiet, through the dusklight, he put his hand on her arm and turned her so that she could see the evening sky. A bird flew across it, on swift, hurrying wings.

"A night-bird," said Peter, slowly, "flying to his nest, Katherine."

Suddenly he gave a hoarse little cry and held out his arm. "I want *my* nest," he said; "will you give it to me?"

The glory in her face was his answer, as she fled into his arms. Later—minutes or hours, who can tell?—a foot sounded on the gravel, and the lovers looked up, to find old Cyrus Holt smiling at them like a fat, elderly Cupid.

"Thought I'd run out and see Mrs. Weaver on that bond matter of your father's, Kate," he began, chuckling, "and *this* is what I find! Bless my soul! Peter Chase, is this *you*? Explain yourself, you young rascal! Don't you

know that a hundred what-I-detectives have been drawing salaries for a year trying to find you? Don't you know that next Tuesday you are going to lose a million dollars if you're not at my office by twelve to claim them?"

"A million dollars!" Peter Chase's tone held utter scorn. "I've got the best girl in the world, and I've got a good job, and I'm happy—perfectly happy. Who wants a million dollars?"

A fine Gold Seal (Trans-Atlantic) two-part production, brimful of novelty and interest. Hobart Henley as Peter Chase; Cleo Madison as Katherine Weaver; Agnes Vernon as Jane; and Ray Hanford as Cyrus Holt. The story is published by kind permission of the *Motion-picture Magazine*, and the play was written by H. G. Stafford. Released Dec. 20th.

"Soldiers" on the Screen

AFTER tea George said we had better go to the pictures and see a great new military drama of the Indian Frontier in two parts. The first scene was a barrack-room thronged with clean-shaven soldiers with very long hair. Never in all my experience as a soldier have I seen so much hair in a barrack-room at once. The men were dressed in white jackets, tramway-men's trousers, and jack-boots, and they ran about and cheered and waved their arms like mad. If the poor fellows could only have seen what drivelling scarecrows they looked like, they wouldn't have cheered; they would have wept bitter, scalding tears. It was a horrifying sight. It unmanned me. I wanted to go out and have a brandy-and-soda, but George wouldn't hear of it. . . . Another scarecrow came tearing into the barrack-room. He had more hair than any of the others. It fell over his ears and his collar, and some caressed his eyebrows. Not content with that

there was more hair growing out of the top of his tropical helmet. . . .

"Then came 'The Battle.'" There was the British Army (about thirty of it, marshalled on a tennis-court, facing a lot of burnt-cork faces and white night-shirts. These latter were "The Tribesmen." . . . When the British Army charged, the tribesmen's army fell down dead, and it was quite pathetic to see how the corpses pulled their nightshirts over their knees after falling.

However, victory belonged to the hairy colonel, and you ought to have seen the wild orgy of kissing that went on when he released half a dozen beautiful captive nurses from a large rabbit-hutch in the background.

I said, "George, let us leave at once. If there is any kissing to be done, let us sally forth, procure two damsels for ourselves, and do our own kissing."

— *Extract from a story in the "Regiment."*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



GEORGE FIELD, the dare-devil cowboy of the "Flying A" films. To be quite up to date in this caption he appears as Howard in *Wait and See*, released December 15th.



ELISABETH RISDON as a typical heroine in a B. and C. film. She has been busy for months past at the London Film Studio. Look out for her in coming big pictures.



LOIS WEBER, who wrote the scenario and played lead in *Scandal*, to be released shortly by Gaumont.



ROBERT CONNESS, a leading man with Edison. He is a clever and versatile actor, and some interesting paragraphs concerning him will be found on page 198.

IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO



UNCLE JOLLY IN PYRAMID FILMS.

A "Jolly" Fine Comedian.

IF doubts have been expressed as to the chances of Britain raising a comedian of the late John Bunny rank, they may be set at rest now that "Jolly" has come upon the scene.

"Jolly," the drollest creature that ever walked into films, and a great actor with a long and successful apprenticeship, has been secured by the Pyramid Film Company, which is out to make the world laugh, and with "Jolly" they must succeed.

The prophets were wise when they predicted for this comedian a phenomenal film career, as he is already well on the road.

With "Jolly" on the Pyramid stock are handsome Leslie Hatton, the flapper-killer; and Madame Pareva, from the Moulin Rouge, Paris, and Monte Carlo. The three of them are working in a series of comedies shortly to be released under the Pyramid trade-mark.

Concerning Robert Conness.

ROBERT CONNESS, chosen for the lead in the Edison feature film, *The House of the Lost Count*, from the popular book by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, well represents the dramatic technique and art that come only from inborn histrionic talent shaped with the broadest experience.

Born on an obscure farm in Illinois, and succeeding to a most promising degree in reaching the position of confidential secretary to the president of a large Western railroad, the never successfully crushed leaning for the stage made Mr. Conness throw it all up and begin at the very bottom in order that he might attain the hope of his boyhood. Beginning as an usher in a theatre, that he might be able to study the stage stars, he soon showed such aptitude in amateur theatricals that a manager, visiting in town, engaged him at once for juvenile rôles, which he was soon playing with James O'Neill in

Monte Cristo and other productions. He later played Rupert for two seasons in Frohman's *Prisoner of Zenda*. His activities since have covered the widest range of technical and emotional experience, including many seasons and many big parts in many big plays.

Edison films are the only pictures in which Mr. Conness has appeared, and his advent into screendom was quite unique, as he was appearing at the same time in pictures and on the stage with Francis Wilson, working day and night. But the lure of the camera was too much, and he stayed, and there are many playgoers who hope he will stay, for his impersonations are always charged with a manly virility that compels because of its honesty of character-shading, telling little details which, however, never suggest the merely technical grasp of the players, but a man whose intellectual perception is pulsed with wholeheartedness and sincerity. To see him play the devoted husband or the loving father, it is difficult to imagine a man of such genuine heart-reaching impulses playing a villain. But it is the sure grasp of the accomplished player that enables Mr. Conness to sink his personality in the artful delineation of less sympathetic characters. Nor is his ability confined to the drama. Many a hearty laugh has he given the screen.

His more recent work will be recalled as the featured player in the Edison *Pelle Boyl* detective series; in the *Colonel of the Red Hussars*; as the compelling minister in the feature *The Stoning*, and his splendid presentation of the husband who would be faithful in Mrs. Fiske's play (Edison version) *In Spite of All*.

Good-bye to the Stage.

PLEASED with her success in motion-pictures, Pauline Frederick, the star of *The Eternal City*, has decided to quit the legitimate stage for ever and devote her talents henceforth to pictures. Her principal reason is as follows: "The motion-picture to-day is the most illimitable form of art that the world has ever known. I have heard stage stars boast of having played in the course of many years before half a million people. Contrast this petty figure obtained only after a score of years of constant activity to the screen-player's possession of an audience of thirty-five million a week in the United States alone. It was principally for these reasons that I have said good-bye to the oral stage and joined the stellar forces of the Famous Players."

A portrait of Miss Frederick appears on the front cover of this issue.

Dual Roles in Film Drama.

PLAYING two rôles in the same play is usually regarded as a good test of an artiste's ability. Mary Pickford underwent the same test in *Rears*. In the opening part Mary is portrayed as the meek and ill-used wife of a drunkard, and is seen in an antiquated costume of the early 'eighties, with low bonnet, "bussle," and tight sleeves. A different Mary emerges later. She is a tomboy

dressed in a cast-off pair of her father's trousers, and plays the mischief with everybody and everything. Even her dissolute old father stands in awe of his wild young daughter. The contrast between the two characters is strong, although every one is aware that Mary plays both.

Blanche Sweet also plays a dual rôle in *The Case of Becky*, a Lasky drama. In this play Miss Sweet is a feminine "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As the pretty girl, Dorothy, she is loved by every one and makes many friends, but when her other self appears as Becky she is a mean, disagreeable creature. It is not until she falls under the hypnotic power of a clever young doctor that the malicious personality of her nature as Becky is finally killed.

Picture-playing and Patriotism.

WE recently received a visit from Rowland Moore, the well-known British Cinema hero, whose portrait we reproduce and whose name and features are, no doubt, familiar to some of our readers.

Mr. Moore, like many other cinema players, served his apprenticeship on the legitimate stage. In films, however, some of his most successful appearances have been in the following productions:—*Called to the Front*, *Saving the Colonies*, *On the Road to Calais*, *The Home of an Officer*, and *The Master Spy*, in all of which he played lead. He has also played for Edison, Vitagraph, Samuelson, and Gaumont.

Mr. Moore is a capable producer, and as such was engaged by the Weston Feature Film Co., following which he directed Billie Boreham in *Touchstone* comedies.

Our readers will not think less of Rowland Moore for having preferred the call of national duty to the advancement of his own career. He has joined the Royal Naval Air Service which is



ROWLAND MOORE, popular English film hero.

keeping him pretty busy, but assures us that the few leisure hours which are his he will not neglect to utilise in furthering his ambitions in the cinema world.

Losing to Win.

JESSIE STEVENS and Frank Lyon, the heavies, literally, of the Edison Company, are greatly excited over the weight contest which they are running off, so to speak. Every pound of flesh lost is to be a point scored. Every morning they are both carefully weighed on a nearby coal-yard scales not together of course. Frank found himself one pound heavier the other week, and Jessie declared that his airs that day were insufferable. There is a rumour that Frank sleeps most of the nights in his bath-tub. Jessie was gaining heavily, in the "lighter" sense, when a friendly spy of Frank's, who posed as Jessie's friend, discovered the cause—she was eating her own cooking. Frank ruled this as not fair, Jessie agreed that it was not "fair," but she ate it for such. Frank is now on the second lap of the often-heard theory, "He eats so much it makes him thin to carry it around." There is every prospect of Frank losing through sticking too much to theory.

Moving Pictures without a Screen.

A SCREEN-THEATRE without a screen! One in which photoplays are projected in natural colour, seemingly into the air, so that the characters move about on a stage and give illusion of actors' presence there!

This is the idea of Allan Dwan, producer for the Majestic Motion Picture Company, who has just arrived in New York to make a film for the Triangle Programme, whose star is Dorothy Gish.

"Think of it," he exclaimed, "a vast following has never seen Miss Gish, save on a flat screen. Think how much more charming her following would find her if they went into their favourite cinema and saw Dorothy Gish seemingly moving in the flesh."

And such a development in motion-pictures is not very distant. Already it is scientifically and technically possible, but the apparatus is so costly that the photoplay theatres of the country could not afford to throw away their present projecting equipment and substitute another kind. But the day is coming when this will be done."

Asked if speech would accompany the illusion, Mr. Dwan replied, "I think not—I hope not. Pantomime of a most natural and lifelike sort is arising which seems to be conveying far more than mere lines. A long, eloquent speech is often expressed with a single gesture in the new pantomime, and expressed artistically and convincingly."

"The giving of a third dimension to motion-pictures, the showing of them upon a stage in colours with the background in colours too—all of which is to come in the not distant future—will advance motion-pictures to a great pinnacle. The last opponent, or person indifferent to the newer form of dramatic art will disappear. Theatres will multiply and the field of the motion-picture become larger."



"I'm not a boy—I'm a girl!"

"THE LITTLE DECEIVER"

AN ATTRACTIVE DRAMA IN 3 ACTS.

THE story deals with a charming girl who is compelled to masquerade as a boy in order to be received by her crusty old uncle. During her deception she is constantly being grumbled at for her girlish ways, and it is only when she makes a particularly brave arrest of a burglar that the uncle is told how he has been deceived. This causes him to take a new view of life and turns him into a kindly and generous old man. A delightful love interest is maintained between the little deceiver and a friend of the family, and this feature affords splendid opportunities for the dramatic talent of those popular Essanay players

RICHARD TRAVERS, EDNA MAYO, BRYANT WASHBURN

If you do not see this film announced at your local cinema tell the manager you want to see it and that

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stands for

EXCELLENCE and ENJOYMENT

Even Charlie Chaplin

can't provide you with so much Fun
and Entertainment as is contained

in this



THE Passing Show Christmas Number

Laughter and Fun
from Cover to Cover
and nothing but the
Brightest and Best.

Lavishly Illustrated
by Favourite Artists

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At all Bookstalls and Newsagents.



WE HEAR



THAT Marguerite Clark will make her next Famous Players appearance in *Still Waters*, a story of circuses and canal life.

THAT Edith Barnard Delano, the novelist who wrote *Rage* for Mary Pickford, is also the author of *Still Waters*.

THAT Nina Lyn, not content with luring her victims in *The Beggar Girl's Wedding* and *The Girl who Took the Wrong Turning*, is once more the naughty person in *The Shipwrecked Girl*, the new British Empire production.

THAT Mary Anderson, the famous actress, who retired from the stage over twenty years ago, has been engaged in America to appear before the camera.

THAT Rider Haggard's *She* is being filmed by Lucioque, Ltd., an English firm who recently completed *The Four Feathers*, A. E. W. Mason's famous story.

THAT in *She* the producer should find enough scope for weird and spectacular effects to satisfy him for a few weeks.

THAT Ivy Close, who looked well and charming at the Cinema Fund Matinée, has not played in pictures for some time, but hopes to do so again before long.

THAT Daisy Cordell, after playing many strong parts in Neptune Films, has gone back temporarily to her old love the stage, and is appearing in a one-act piece called *War Mates*.

THAT E. Hay-Plumb, whom we once thought was dead, has so far recovered from his wounds received in the Dardanelles that he called to see his old friends at the Hepworth studio the other day.

THAT orders for our next issue are already nearly double the usual quantity. And as it happens to be our Christmas Number it is nearly *triple* the usual size.

THAT in *A Night in the Show* (Essanay) Charles Chaplin will wear a new top-hat, new dress-suit, and new shoes.

THAT the office staff wonders who has left Charlie a fortune?

THAT Ford Sterling and Co. are making a coloured film in which the players are coloured - thanks to their make-up.

THAT *The Birth of a Nation* now begins at seven in the evening instead of eight, allowing patrons to be in bed at a reasonable hour - for war-time.

THAT it is reported that "Pimple" intends soon to appear with his uncle, the well-known comedian Will Evans.

THAT rumours fly around in California connecting H. B. Walthall's name with all sorts of new concerns at all sorts of salaries.

THAT Henry only smiles and - acts with Essanay, where he is likely to remain.

**SCALA
THEATRE**

"It provides the mighty spectacle it
claims to provide." - *Morning Post*.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 7.



"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later.

THE LONELY SOLDIER. Eclair Drama. Two reels. The pretty love romance of a young Countess and an Alpine Chasseur who is wounded.

SHELLS, MORE SHELLS. Piccadilly drama. One reel. A spy story in which a great stroke is a great feature.

—H. J. Benson and Co.

MISS MADCAP MAY. Bamforth Comedy. One reel. Ridiculously funny scenes caused by Madcap May masquerading as a man.

—Yorkshire Cine Co.

NELLY. Pathé drama. Two reels. A moving picture story of human frailties adapted from the celebrated novel by Richard Marsh.

WHICH IS WITCH? Martin comedy. One reel. Full of the most startling illusions ever depicted on the screen.

—Davis's Film Agency.

GUSSLE TIED TO TROUBLE. Keystone comedy. One reel. Syd Chaplin. Intrepid mountaineering scenes, with thrilling rapids conclusion.

—Western Filmport Co.

FROM THE DREGS. Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Darwin Karr and Ned Finney. A fine military drama of great heart interest. Realistic battle scenes.

TRACKED THROUGH THE SNOW. Thanhouser drama. One reel. Helen Badgley and "Shep," the beautiful sheep-dog. Pretty winter scenes in which the child favourite "Kidlet" takes part.

THE MELODY OF DOOM. Selig drama. Two reels. William Sheerer and Eugene Besserer. Occultism and a strain of weird music figure largely in this well-thought-out production.

A WOMAN OF NERVE. Reliance drama. One reel. Olga Grey, Howard Gaye. A breathless test of a woman's nerve under terrifying circumstances.

—New Majestic Co.

THE STOLEN VOICE. World Film production. Four reels. Featuring Robert Warwick. Powerful acting and, like all this company's films, a perfect picture-play.

—Clarens Film Agency.

UNDER THE RED ROBE. Clarendon drama. Three reels. From the famous historical novel by S. J. Weyman. A perfect all-British production.

—Gaiety Film Hire Service.

THE BEDOUIN'S SACRIFICE. Essanay drama. One reel. Bigelow Cooper makes the Bedouin's dead in this subject a screen epic, and with him is Bessie Learn, who is stolen in the heart of a desert city.

THE GREATER COURAGE. Essanay drama. Three acts. Features Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn. The story shows how a coward proves himself to be a hero. The acting is very fine.

JIM THE PENMAN. Famous Players drama. Four reels. John Mason in title-role. A thrilling film version of the world-famed play by Sir Chas. Young. Story in No. 92, Nov. 20 issue.

—J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.

COMRADES THREE. Flying A drama. One reel. Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen. Touching story of a life of drudgery ending in perfect happiness when the man rescues the girl from the "knights of the road."

—American Co.

LOST—THREE TEETH. Nestor comedy. One reel. Eddie Lyons and Victoria Forde. The lady gets three of her front teeth knocked out at football, and a tramp picks them up. She recovers them, but you will laugh before she does so.

—Trans-Atlantic Film Co.

THE SECOND IN COMMAND. Metro drama. Five reels. F. X. Bushman and Marguerite Snow. The battle-scenes, in which hundreds of people take part, are fearfully realistic. An entire cavalry regiment is seen in action. A scene from the film appears on our frontispiece page.

—Ruffell's Exclusives, Ltd.

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—GLOBE.

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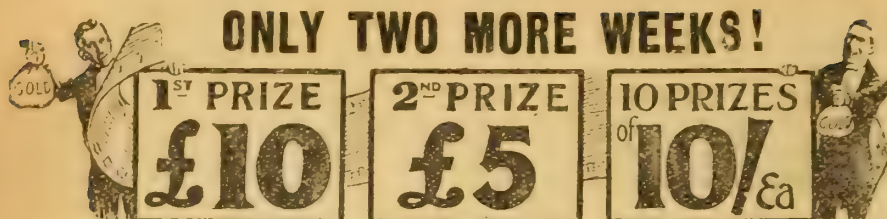
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SCREENED STARS

OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the eleventh set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 10s each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the eleventh set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

<p>61</p>	<p>62</p>
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<p>63</p>	<p>64</p>
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<p>65</p>	<p>66</p>
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OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

A Real Complaint.

"I am writing to make a complaint about the length of two films I have seen. They were both three-reelers, and I am sure all too action that was in these three reels might have been put into one. The opening part of the film was very promising, but by the time the three reels were finished I was thoroughly bored, and felt as if I never wanted to see any more of that company's films."

S. C. (Birmingham).

Bravo Britisher!

"I had the pleasure of seeing *The Prisoner of Zenda* the other week, and also the sequel, and I might say I think it one of the finest pictures I have ever seen, and I have seen some pictures in my time. The seat I occupied had a very rough time of it, especially during the duel scenes. Mr. Ainley was superb, but the striking feature throughout was the thoroughness of the small details."

C. R. (Canterbury).

Moving Stars.

"I have been remarkably struck lately by the extensive migration of actors and actresses from one company to another, particularly from British companies to American ones. Why and wherefore? Surely British producers are sufficiently awake to realise that before long the talent of our country will be in the hands of a serious rival in the commercial world. I suppose it is the usual tale of America's speculating producers, who think more of talent than the cost of same."

N. M. (Leicester).

The Roller Towel Mystery.

"Talking of mistakes in films, there was rather a big error in a Keystone film I saw recently. The scene is a kitchen, and the back door leads from the side of the kitchen out on to the prairie. Well, on this door hangs a towel, and out of this door walks the heroine. She gets outside and leaves the door open, but there is no sign of the roller-towel on the door and outside is a fence of which there are no signs from the inside of the kitchen. What happened to the roller-towel? and who put up the fence in such a short space of time?"

F. L. (Harrow).

Names Wanted on Screen.

"Pardon me writing to you, but the other day I was speaking to a friend, and in the course of the conversation I remarked, 'Do you like Mary Pickford?' 'Rather,' was the answer; and I again said, 'What do you think of Alma Taylor?' 'I don't believe I know her,' said my friend, 'I might have seen her, but English companies hardly ever publish their casts, so, of course, you don't know who is acting.' Now, Mr. Editor, this is only one case out of hundreds. Why don't English companies publish their casts?"

AN ENGLISH MAID (Brighton).

"In time, no doubt, every good play will be preceded by the cast. There are more possibilities now than there used to be.—EDITOR."

"JOLLY"

IN

PYRAMID FILMS

The great Film Comedian always
JOLLY AND JOVIAL. A thousand
and one laughs in facial expressions
alone. For fun and pleasure—

PYRAMID COMEDIES.

SCREENED ON THE SAND

The World's Most Curious Cinema.



LEON WYNBERGEN.

Whose Eastern experiences are narrated on this page.

"YES, I've seen many picture-shows in my time, but the quaintest of all was one that I was once privileged to attend during my long sojourn in the East."

The speaker was Leon Wynbergen, the new Export Manager of the Essanay Company. He paid us a visit a few days ago, and during a most interesting chat told us some of his experiences. Until fairly recently Mr. Wynbergen was managing the Newcastle branch of the Ideal Film-Renting Company, Ltd., which he left to take up his new duties with Essanay. Mr. Wynbergen is English to the backbone, being born in London of English

parents. He bears a Flemish name, however, and received a University education in Belgium. He has travelled extensively, and speaks seven languages—English, French, Dutch, Flemish, German, Greek, and Turkish. These qualifications, plus a valuable knowledge of the film trade, obviously make him the right man for the important position he now holds. With this introduction we will allow him to proceed.

"I left London in 1910, travelling backwards and forwards over the entire Continent until a few months before the war.

"No, I was not in the cinema trade then, although it always fascinated me, and I intended to take it up eventually. My travels had a good deal to do with buying eggs. Yes, it is some jump from eggs to pictures. I must confess. Well, as I was saying, what was probably the world's most curious cinema was actually set up in the Arabian desert.

Peaceful Pictures Under the Stars.

"I had joined a caravan for a long journey from Smyrna across Asia Minor, our party including eight or ten Englishmen besides myself. One morning, in the midst of the desert, I learnt that some of my fellow-travellers were cinema proprietors, and, to break the monotony, I asked them if it were possible to give us a show. No sooner said than—no, not done, but acted upon. We had come to a halt, and it took us all that day to prepare for the evening's performance. We rigged up a screen from bed-sheets, and prepared an acetylene light for the lantern. There was no little excitement when night came, I assure you. Fancy, if you can, a cinema miles from civilisation, with the star-spangled sky for roof, and the sand of the desert for seats. The music, provided by the Arabs, came from tom-toms, and the bells from the camels. And what a show! It lasted an hour and a half, and, under the conditions stated, it proved to be the most charming entertainment I am ever likely to see in this world.

"What sort of programme was it? Oh, just a few short comic and other subjects, the 'feature' being two odd reels only all that we had been able to fish out from the baggage of *Les Misérables*, and all seats were free!

Heat and the Midnight Cinema.

"The three hundred thousand inhabitants of Smyrna are very keen on pictures. I know, for I lived there for eight months. There were eight cinemas on the Quay (a fashionable thoroughfare) to start with. But even 'pictures' do not

DARING LEAP BY HELEN HOLMES IN THRILLING RAILROAD DRAMA.

'THE METTLE OF JERRY MCGUIRE'

Full Bison Drama. 1915 best approx. Release 1 Jan. 1916

Helen Holmes, heroine of the drama "Hazel of Bel Air," is the heroine of this Trans-Atlantic, this being the first of a new series of Trans-Atlantic railroad dramas in which the daring actress will be featured.

"The Mettle of Jerry McGuire" is some thriller. It was produced by J. P. McGuire, who directed Mrs. Holmes in the "Hazel of Bel Air," and he has made the best rail-road drama of his career. One scene shows a wonderful leap from a moving automobile off a runaway train. Helen Holmes performing the feat of driving in a way that will make spectators gasp.

There are plenty of other thrills in this excellent railroad story, which is something far too good to be missed. Don't fail to see it.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.
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SCALA THEATRE

"On all sides was heard nothing but praise."—MORNING ADVERTISER.

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INFLUENZA COLD AND COUGH

Soon Cured by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

Mr. W. Bertram, 13, Lizard Street, Hall Lane, Bradford, Yorks, says:—"About two years ago I had influenza, which laid me up for four months. Then last winter I caught a child which soon started exactly the same symptoms—running at the nose, severe head pains, a bad cough, and great difficulty in breathing. I thought I was in for another long illness, but hearing people speak so well of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure I tried a bottle. After a few doses I felt much relieved. My breathing was easier, and the cough and running at the nose not nearly so bad. Soon I was completely cured.

"I feel sure that but for Veno's I should have had an illness quite as severe as the previous one, perhaps worse. My work (wool-combing) makes me very liable to colds, as I have to work in great heat, but now I know how to guard my health with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure."



Mr. W. J. Bertram, Bradford.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Swiftest Remedy for:—

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SORE THROAT

11½d.
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ASTHMA
NASAL CATARRH
WHOOPING COUGH
OLD-AGE COUGHS
CHRONIC COUGHS

Largest Sizes, 1/3 and 3/4. The 3/4 Size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world. Insist on having Veno's and reject all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE




DON'T LOOK OLD!

You don't look it with those sunny and fair, always so conspicuous. Write at once to the Lockyer's Hair Restorer, J. P. Lockyer & Co., Ltd., 37, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, for a bottle of this wonderful hair restorer.

LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER. 1/6.

Sent privately packed and post-free. Lockyer's Hair Restorer to the hair and restores its natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and the hair grows again. Part of Hair Dressing.



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YOUR SELECTION OR OURS.

Complete List free on application.

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tempt the Smyrna picturegoer during the summer—at least not in the daytime. The heat is so great that you cannot think of pleasure until after the *cafés* are closed. Business starts at four in the morning and finishes at nine or ten; after that work is out of the question. You positively splash as you walk. You can't even take food—Turkish coffee or cigarettes at most—so you lay in bed until five o'clock or so, and get your first solid meal about nine at night. But from eleven o'clock or midnight until two in the morning the open-air cinema shows are in full swing. All seats are free, but you sit at tables and pay for your refreshment.

"You pay for that whether you want it or not."

"Children? Oh, no, they were never seen at these midnight shows. Matinées were run for them occasionally, from seven to nine in the evening. By the way, I first saw your PICTUREGOER in Smyrna. I have the copies at home now bearing the agent's stamp. [We do travel, don't we?—EDITOR.]

"Yes; pictures in Smyrna are the finest it is possible to secure. Nordisk and Asta Nielsen films were the rage when I was there, and the big films were seldom less than six reels.

Eastern Picturegoers are Fond of Music.

"Are the cinemas busy in the winter? Rather. When the hot season is over the hours for showing films in the East are much the same as they are here, but the programmes are better. They split their big films with musical selections. The best halls would not think of employing less than thirty or forty musicians in the orchestra, and even the poorest have a dozen. Prices begin from one shilling upwards; and don't they just know how to advertise! I have seen cinema handbills in Smyrna printed in eight different languages for the benefit of the many nationalities which reside there.

"What do I think of Turkey as a film-producing ground? Ideal! But nothing much is done there yet in that way except with topical subjects, owing to the poor means of communication between the towns. But the scope is magnificent, and I suppose in time it will be taken full advantage of. The old Sultan Abdul was very interested in cinema photography, although he never allowed himself to be photographed in connection with it.

"I met with a curious accident in Brussels a little over two years ago. I was standing alone on the balcony of a cinema just after four people had been sitting on it, when the structure gave way and fell to the ground. I landed on my feet, and got up with a bent, not broken, ankle which still pains me in damp weather.

"Is Charlie Chaplin known yet in the East? Probably not very much yet, if at all, the war, of course, being the cause. But when the war is over I hope to introduce Charlie into every corner of the earth that does not know him, if there be such a corner by that time. Do you know that I have recently had inquiries for Charlie from the interior of China?"



THE VITAGRAPH TRUCK,

Which travels many thousands of miles in a year. It was specially constructed to take the Western Company of Players to and from the Desert and the City. Rollin S. Sturgeon, the producer, is seen on right of picture.

ELSEWHERE in this issue your attention is drawn to the fact that next week's PICTURES will be our Christmas Number. I make no apology for referring to it again because one cannot shout too much about a good thing. It will be double the price and nearly treble the size, and a portrait of Florence Turner suitable for framing is given with it as a Special Supplement. Regular readers, of course, will get their copy as usual, but new or casual readers who want the Christmas Number should order it at once of any newsagent. Now don't forget next Saturday, December 11th, the Christmas PICTURES (dated December 11th) should be in the hands of every one of you.

Another Great "Novel" Film.

The mere fact that so great a novel as Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd* should be produced as a picture-play is sufficient to attract both the public and the trade. The story has been adapted and the film produced by Larry Trimble, and having seen the result *via* the screen, I am once more able to congratulate Mr. Trimble and all concerned on another charming and most artistic Turner production. I do not wish to see better acting than that of Florence Turner as "Bathsheba," Campbell Gullan as "Troy," Malcolm Cherry as "Boldwood," and Henry Edwards as "Gabriel." I must not forget the wonderful dog Jean and some of the prettiest pastoral effects I have ever seen on or off the screen.

Masterpiece Follows Masterpiece.

The Ideal Film Company, not content with introducing Sir John Hare to picturegoers, now have the added honour of bringing to the cinema two more leaders of the stage. Lady Tree and Sir George Alexander. Really we have much to thank the Ideal Company for. Lady Tree is to appear on the screen in *Still Waters Run Deep*, and Sir George will sustain his original part of Aubrey Tanqueray in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. It is not the first Pinero play to be filmed, but this will be the first screen appearance of Sir George Alexander. This last-named play, like *Castle*, will be a Turner Film produced by Larry Trimble. Thus the great stage-masterpieces are being filmed in quick succession, and one wonders what producers will do when all the famous plays and novels have been adapted for film purposes.

Cinema Fund Nearly Complete.

It is rather late in the day to say so, but the big matinee at the London Opera House was a bumping success. It added 1,000*l.* to the Cinema Trade Ambulance Fund. At the moment of writing the total is well over 26,000*l.*, and money is still coming in. The generosity of the leading American Film Companies has been most handsome, many of them having contributed 500*l.* apiece. Now I hear that the Essanay Company and its staff have given the magnificent sum of 1,500*l.*—or three complete Red Cross ambulance cars. George K. Spoor, the president, together with G. M. Anderson, have given 500*l.*, the artistes from the Essanay Chicago Studio (many of them British) have given another 500*l.*, and Charles Chaplin and H. A. Spoor, Manager of the London office, have contributed the remaining 500*l.* Isn't it splendid?

An Island Picture Play.

I saw the last half of the six-part Blue Ribbon Vitagraph Feature *The Island of Regeneration*, and can promise my readers when in due course they see this picture some delightful island scenes, in which Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno, as castaways, appear in almost prehistoric garb. The film has been adapted from the novel by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, and what I saw of it was certainly of a most thrilling and fascinating character. The Blue Ribbon are features to watch for. I have not struck one yet that did not engage my whole attention. Last week, you remember, I admired Anita Stewart in *Sins of the Mothers*.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP



Artist Popini's conception of Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno in *The Island of Regeneration*.

Love and Art at the B and C.

I have just left Dave Abert, who tells me that he is producing a well-known military drama for B and C. He has also recently finished *Love and Art*, a one-reel story of love and art, with Fred Groves as the artist, A. V. Bramble as the Count, and Lettie Paxton as the model. Dave tells me there is a wonderful fight with rapiers between the two men, which presumably is where the love element comes in.

Concerning that Submarine Picture.

Some time ago I published in these pages an illustrated article on that wonderful film *The Williamson Expedition Submarine Motion Pictures*, but was not then able to say when the picture would be on show. Now I learn that the Trans-Atlantic have secured the services of Joseph Best, who will be remembered in his connection with the education department of Pathé Frères, to put this production before the public.

Over one hundred miles of the Atlantic Ocean bed was photographed under the water, and, apart from the great scientific aspect, it includes a fight under the ocean between two sharks and a man *versus* a shark the most daring and perilous feat ever achieved. The whole of America has flocked to see this film, which is going to be run first at a well-known West-end hall in London, starting probably on Boxing Night, then at a few large provincial centres, and next offered to the exhibitors. It is bound to become the talk of the country and to draw huge houses everywhere. F. D.



Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"Why not let us go to the Picture Palace? I see they are showing an EDISON PLAY, and Edison pictures are *always* good."

In Edison plays you see fine acting, clear photography, and a jolly good plot, unfolded by EDISON STAR PLAYERS in a manner that fascinates.

THE PICTURE TO SEE THIS WEEK IS

CARTOONS IN THE PARLOUR.

AT ALL THE BEST CINEMAS.

FREE!

We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON Players on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour St., London, W.

Turner Films

"Pictures made
for You."



"A Welsh Singer," Allen Raine's famous novel, has been made into a Turner Film, and is being shown to the Trade and Press next week.

It will be on view in the Picture Theatres early in the New Year.

Descriptive Booklets, illustrated with scenes from this film, are now ready, and may be had gratis, on application, from our sole agents, The Hepworth Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 2, Deanman St., London, W.

Don't throw away your Booklet when read. Keep it. It may be useful.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



DEAR GIRLS
AND BOYS—

I am so glad that you have taken kindly to my newly-formed "Young Picturegoers' League;" at least several of you have written to say that you have, and I take it

for granted that hundreds who have not written are nevertheless intending to become members. Obtain three new readers of PICTURES, and send me their names and addresses, and your name will then be enrolled on the membership book. Further, you will receive the PICTURES Badge, in proof that you belong to the League, and, as I shall publish from time to time the names and addresses of the members, you will be able to correspond with each other if you feel so inclined. The first claim to membership, I may tell you, was made a few days after my first announcement appeared. So keep the ball rolling, boys and girls, and send me

those names as soon as you can. I shall publish the first list of members as soon as the list is strong enough.

Did you see the picture of three little babies in a hammock swung from water-lilies in my recent "Story" Competition? It is rather a useless question, because an enormous number of stories have reached me, and they have taken hours to read through. I intended publishing the best, but they are nearly all such long stories that anything like a fair selection would fill several pages. I will content myself by giving you one, which happens to be short, and telling you that there were dozens of others equally interesting.

"Basking on a water-lily leaf in the middle of Lord Cin-Ema's ornamental lake were three wee water-babies, when little Danny Film crept into the garden with his fishing-net.

"He was about to capture a fat gold-fish when he was discovered by the gardener, so he took to his heels, letting his net fall with a splash into the water. Seeing this, the babes dived in and swam towards it.

"Pulling with all their might, they succeeded in tearing the net away from the wire frame, and then, with united efforts, they tore it down the seam.

"Chuckling with glee, they bore their strip of net back to the centre of the lake, where they knotted the ends to two of the graceful water-lily stalks, and so formed a perfect little hammock.

"When they had clambered in, they gazed round to see that they had not

been discovered, and then swung to and fro in the sunlight."

The Prizes are awarded to—Hetty Lawrence, 67, King George Street, Greenwich; Percy Yeomans, 22, Gladstone Street, Desborough; Sybil Mossford, 31, Richmond Road, Cardiff; Charles Wright, 25, High St., Newport.

Award of Merit (which six times won secures a Special Prize)—Selina Prophett (Liverpool); Betty Jones (Nantmeal); Alfred Cook (Desborough); Marie Lister (Manchester); W. Davison (Walthamstow); Irene Hockey (Cardiff); Dorothy Green-smith, Huddersfield; Vera Warner, Fulham; Marion Bridger (Brighton); Lena Stanley (Barnley); Ivy Neal (Watford).

BOUND VOLUMES FOR HIDDEN NAMES.

Since I started to write this page over two years ago (how time does fly!) we have had some very successful "Hidden-name" Competitions, and this week I propose to give you yet another one. Below are six lines of jumbled letters. Each line, when the letters are placed in their correct order, will spell the full name of a well-known cinema child artist.

V E E E L L B G H D A N
R T T L L A A E M E S H
Y Y R R R E A E B D U
A A E K N C D R Y L
I S J Y O B C A L L
Y Y L L B B B N N O O E C

When you have discovered the names of these six little players, write them on a postcard, address it to "Jumble," PICTURES Offices, 85-86, Long Acre,

London, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, December 6th. The boy and girl who send the neatest cards containing all or the greatest number of correct names will each receive the beautifully bound Volume VIII, of PICTURES. This is a prize worth having, my dears, so do your best to win it. In addition the usual "Merit" will be awarded to the next "best" in order.

Do you know the name of George Hollister, a little boy who plays for Kalem? He has played the most important rôle of any child-player—that of Jesus as a child in *From Manger to Cross*. In order to take this part little George (he is only six) had to travel to Palestine and many other foreign lands. The only thing Georgie has ever refused to do for pictures is to play the part of a girl. When asked to do so he replied, "No, Sir. Let Doris do it; she's a girl. I don't want to be one; they're all silly." And Doris, his sister, had to play the part.

And now for a few words about next week's issue, which, as you already know if you read your PICTURES carefully, is our big Christmas Number. It will contain not less than fifty-two pages (it is more than a double issue), and in addition a beautiful portrait of Florence Turner, nice enough to frame, will be given free in every number. The price of this wonderful issue will be two-pence. It will be crammed with film pictures and film matter all equally pleasing to little and big picturegoers alike. On no account must you miss it, and if you are receiving PICTURES regularly you will not do so. But I warn you that there will be a rush for it, and to avoid disappointment order your copies early. Because I know it will be good I want you all to have this Christmas number. See that you get it and tell your friends to do likewise on the recommendation of your

UNCLE TIM.



HE: "Alone? May I come with you?"
SHE: "Willingly—if you will take me to the pictures."



REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in the next issue. Address THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



ROBERT S. (Norwich).—The studios of Hepworth and Turner Films are both at Watlington, Thames, and Samuelson, 111, Old's Address is Wootton Hall, Isleworth. The *Life of Mary Pickford* is 24d. post free from this office.

BLUE EYES AND PINK NOSE (Grimsby).—Max Linder, a Frenchman, he was born at St. Leger, and you will find a interesting paragraph about him on page 101 of November 20th number. Yes, we are all "merry and bright" in our new offices. Look out for our Double Christmas Number, price 2d., on December 11th. Order early. A big rush expected.

MARGUERITE (Edinburgh).—Christie's White's husband does not play for the PICTURES. The cast you mention was not given. Your "lost love" has gone to Marguerite Snow, Anna Little, Thos. H. Macdonald, and Bryant Washburn.

HUGH (late at New York).—The picture postcard you send of a New York building 32 storeys high compels our attention. Our own office are not so high, though.

ERIC (Doncaster).—"The Black Box" a Trans-Atlantic serial, and they might be able to help you. Their address is 37 to 39, Oxford Street, London, W. Glad you like our postcards.

EDITH (Nottingham).—All hail, new reader! May you live to see an "old" un, Edith!

BERT (Birmingham).—It is difficult to recommend the payment of fees for cinema tuition with no knowing the circumstances. Better give up all idea of getting on the screen for the present.

MABEL (Bromley).—Thanks for drawing of a cover for PICTURES. Glad you are such a picture student.

AGNES (London).—Why not write to the advertiser of the book and ask him which is the right price? See reply to "Bert." "Bob up" as often as you like, *cherie*—we like to hear from you.

V. H. (Surrey) AND ROSIE (Rathmines).—Our Postcard Manager has sent you a postcard list.

MARGUERITE (Glasgow).—Broncho Billy is a bachelor. The other two we think are in the same blissful (?) state. Oh yes, please send us your photo in ballet dress, Marguerite.

MAY (Kilburn).—Harold Lockwood played "Frederick Graves" in "Te sibel of the Storm Country" (Famous Players). The full cast was given to a reader ("D. A.") in No. 17.

NELLY (Gravesend).—Get from the Post Office a return stamp voucher for America, and when you write Charlie Chaplin enclose it for reply. On your own letter you must put an English penny stamp. Drawing circles in your autograph album for friends to write in is quite a brainy idea—is it the result of a diet of Gravesend shrimps? Have forwarded your love to Hebe Badgley and Joan Morgan and posted you a postcard list. The next issue, our Christmas Double Number, price 2d., will be "immense."

E. J. N. (Liverpool).—Marguerite Clark is 28 years old; the statement in a recent issue that she was 18 was a printer's error. Los Angeles is the location of the Famous Players studio, and the New York address is the office—either will find the lovely Mary. Have asked the Editor about an interview, but he is "definitely" busy on the Double Christmas Number, ready on December 11th, price 2d.

S. S. AND D. D. (Dublin).—There are no producing Companies in your city, so you may not realise your ambition to play for pictures.

SPICY AND CHECK (Crosby).—Change the name of the town in our answer to "S. S. and D. D. (Dublin)," given above, and you will find your answer, girls. Sound is like a puzzle, doesn't it?

INQUISITIVE KID (Leeds) is visiting and cheering up the wounded soldiers. Bully for the soldiers.

GRAHAM (Harrogate).—The competition you suggest would appeal to only a limited number of our readers. Thanks for verses, which do credit to your patriotism, but are not quite suitable for our paper, Graham.

"X." (Llanbadach).—Alec Worcester, Stewart Rome, Jamie Darling, Harry Royston, and Jack Raymond played in "Justice" (Hepworth), but what part each played was not given.

M. J. Bromley.—Glad you are now going to be a regular reader. Is Mabel a friend of yours?

I AM (Nottingham) went to the Scala Picture Palace at Nottingham on October 30th and met there a girl another reader of PICTURES from West Bridgford, and would like to meet her again. If the latter would care to write and forward her letter, PICTURES circles the world. How will that do, Ethel?

EVERET (Shilton).—Book and postcards were forwarded to you on October 31, 1915. Thanks for order. In your bound volume, amongst the Replies you will find a good number of names and addresses of Pictorial Connoisseurs. Best of good wishes to you in your "busy" duties.

EVERY (West Ham).—We believe the Phoenix Film Co., of London, have produced a film about the life of Nurse Cavell.

ETNA (Forest Hill).—Barle Williams and Robert Warwick are Americans. "To my Atkins" is a Barker film. No cast published. Many British films are as good as the world's best. The other information you ask for is not available.

AN ADAMANT (Et Ham).—"The Hanning Fear" (Kalem).—"Katharine," Alice Hollister; "Mace," Harry Millard; "Daisy," Amy Nelson; "Dr. Busby," Robert Walker; "Father Richard," Henry Hallow.

ALICE (South Hackney).—Let us know the Company producing the film and we will do our best for you, Alice, dear.

LOUISE (Wolverhampton).—Wallace Carlson was the artist of *Dad Cartoon Comics*. Billy Reeves played in the following:—"A Safe Investment," "Billy's Debut," "An Artful Artist," and "Billy Joins the Navy," all released in November and December. Cast of "On His Wedding Day": "The Boy," Noel Burns; "The Girl," Billy Rhodes; "The Boy's Chum," Harry Evans; "Love and Sore Note," "The Cornetist," Billy Ritchie; "His Rival," L. K. Fat Boy; "The Girl," Peggy Pearce. Muriel Duffie is Louise's wife. If you love us, Louise, don't write to us in pencil again.

JOHN (Wolverhampton).—In "His Smashing Career" (Universal) Ford Sterling played lead. "Kirk Johnnies" (L. K.).—"Mr. Rawsherry," Harry Gribbin; "The Cop," Patty Voss; "The Lady," Louise Orth; "The Husband," Vin Moore. Don't use Louise's pencil again, Johnny—ink is a good deal better.

G. H. (Watford).—Elizabeth Riston played lead in "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" (B. and C.).

MUSTARD (Sheffield).—Max Linder, like a true patriot, joined the French Army soon after war broke out and was wounded and is now invalided out of the Army. An interesting paragraph concerning him appeared in our Nov. 20th issue. The cast you want is not published. Have sent your love to Dolly Tree and Mary Fuller. Thank you, Mustard.

SEVEN STARS (Cardiff).—Herbert Rawlinson played in the Black Box Serial "The Gopher," released Nov. 21st, and "The Social Lion," released Dec. 6th. Arthur Hoops played "Prince Eugene" in "Such a Little Queen." Thanks for getting us four new readers. What a lovely lot of stars you have!

PHYLAZ (Stratford).—The consolation prize winners in our last contest were those who placed the first three in their respective lists, and as you had Florence Turner and Mary Pickford in their wrong positions, we regret if you were not one of the successful ones. Hope you will be one next time.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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S. E. MACKETT. Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

A. P. C. (Holloway Road, N.).—Nancy Davidson, Dorothy Lacey, and Martin Valmont played in "The Story of Helen." We have no postcards of this play. Myrtle Stodman. The cast you want is not given. Write to our publishers, C. G. & Co., Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. for back numbers. Thanks for the new number. I shall see us when you come to town.

J. S. (Leeds).—Florence Turner, c.o. Tinsell Films, Ltd., Walton-on-Thames, is the correct address. Henry Edwards played "The Soldier." My Old Dutch.

J. S. (Preston).—Glad you liked your prize—hope you will win lots more. As a reader from our first number you are an old friend, and we should appreciate your photo.

G. (Derbyshire).—Another proud prize-winner in our Foreign Players Contest. Other readers have asked us the same question about our Screened Stars Competition. It was answered in last week's number. So you "would not be without PICTURES on Saturday for a gold pig." Gladys? We're so happy.

A. (Tooting).—Still another winner. Good luck to you all! We gave some interesting particulars of Charlie Chaplin in our September 18th, 1915, issue.

L. (Holloway Road, N.).—The Film Life of Mary Pickford is 2d., post-free, and the bound volumes of PICTURES are 3s. 9d. each, also post-free. Your visiting-card is very "toney," Florrie.

T. (Stockwell).—The result of the Foreign Film Players Contest was entirely in the hands of the voters—those players at the top of the poll were the ones our readers considered the cleverest.

A. (Canden Town).—Harold Lockwood played "Frederick Graves" in "Tessibel of the Storm Country." We have no postcards of him. We are so glad to count you as one of our friends, Adele. We have lots of relations serving the country. The Answers Man has eight—all alive, he is pleased to say, although three have been wounded. Hope your soldier brother will return safe and sound.

J. (Fulham).—Returns thanks for her consolation prize. Glad you like it, Lillian. Some of our readers have waited a year for a reply from a film player, so don't give up hope after six weeks. A letter to America takes a full week or more to get there nowadays.

A. (Cardiff).—No, dear girl, we cannot publish PICTURES twice a week, but look out for our next issue, the Christmas Number, price 2d., ready Dec. 4th. In that you will have more than two big, jammy numbers.

S. (Canonbury).—Francis Xavier Bushman is his full name. You will see him very soon in the film again. What do you think of our frontispiece portrait of him, Stanley?

J. (Lingsight).—Your drawing was beautiful, but Uncle Tim's Competitions are for readers under 15 years old.

J. (York).—We have postcards of Edna Flugrath but not of the other you want. Most likely you will hear from Mary Pickford, Joan.

R. (Liverpool).—We have not published stories of the films you mention. Thanks for kind wishes.

C. (Holloway).—Address Owen Moore, c.o. Keystone Film Co., Long Acre Buildings, New York City, U.S.A. "The Troy of Hearts" cast was given in February last—here it is again:—"Judith" and "Rose," Cleo Madison; "Alonzo," George Larkin; "The Author," Louis J. Vance. Thanks for new readers. Have sent your love to Earle Williams.

A. E. J. (Neston).—Have put Robert Leonard's name on our "waiting" list for portrait. Your love despatched to him, Ella Hall, and Charles Minter. Don't forget Dec. 4th, THE day our Double Christmas Number, price 2d., is ready.

G. (York).—Thanks for nice friendly letter. The Editor has autographed the leaf from your album and returned it. "Little Gray Home in the West" (Trans-Atlantic).—"David," Harry Morgan; "Anne," Rosemary Theby; "Dane Edman," Brinsley Shaw; "Mme. de Vere," Ida Jones. The player's name in "My Lady High and Mighty" was not given. Thanks, we are all in the pink.

M. (Walthamstow).—Bessie Larn played "Nora" in "McQuade of the Tropic Sound" (Edison). Mabel Taliaferro played "Rita McChesney" in "McQuade." Thanks for long. Back numbers next time, please, Mary. See rule.

I. (Watford).—"Emotion the Cricket" was filmed in America—California mostly. Thanks for poem. It is good. Yes, you are always our friend, for ever and ever and ever, Iry.

B. (Rhodesia).—Pleased to hear from such a far-away reader—regret, however, you did not win a prize in our Foreign Film Players Contest—better luck next time.



CHRISSIE WHITE, the Hepworth player
This is one of our postcard series.

F. (Weston-super-Mare).—The London Film Co., St. Margarets, Twickenham; Hepworth Studios, Walton-on-Thames; Samuelson Film Co., Worton Hall, Isleworth, Middlesex; B. and C. Co., Hoc Street, Walthamstow, are some well-known producing companies—you could also send your plays to any of them. Thanks for love.

E. H. (Denaby Main).—You're a pal indeed. Fancy getting us thirty-two new readers! Thanks and thanks again, E. H. We shall like to see your drawing of Charlie Chaplin.

C. (Shepherd's Bush).—Your son could apply to any of the Companies given above to "Firefly." We wish him the best of luck.

T. (Coventry).—James Morrison is still with Vitaphone. The matrimonial questions you ask we cannot answer. Thanks for kind wishes.

P. (Manor Park).—Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson are in America. We have postcards of both. Welcome, new reader.

I. (Manchester).—Name and address next time, please, Ivy. Mary Pickford has been on the screen for five years. The Film Life of Mary Pickford, price 2d. from this office, would give you heaps of information about her.

M. T. (Grimsby).—Address Thomas Santschi, c.o. Solig Polyscope Co., 20, East Randolph Street, Chicago. If you have tried to enlist and been rejected, because of being under age you have no need to be ashamed of yourself. Cheer up!

H. R. (Bromley).—There are no postcards yet of the players you mention, and the cast you want is not given. Thanks for your verses—they quite doubled up the Answers Man. We are all "very fit."

M. Y. (London, E.C.).—We quite agree with you that it matters not one jot what religion Mary Pickford professes so long as she delights us all as hitherto.

M. Y. replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"

85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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SMILES

"LAUGHTER," says a victim, "is the noise a man makes when his new hat gets sat on at the cinema—I don't think."

A Noisy Picturegoer.

"Willie, you're making baby cry."

"No, I'm not, mum. I'm holding my hand over his mouth to stop him."

A Film Title.

"What are you going to name the baby?"

"We thought of calling her Scandal."

"But why?"

"We can't hush her up."

Thoughts in Film-land.

WIFE (as they leave the cinema): "I didn't think much of the close of that film."

HUSBAND: "Thought more of the clothes of the audience, I suppose."

Worth Less.

APPLICANT FOR POST AT CINEMA: "What wages will you pay, sir?"

MANAGER: "What you are worth."

APPLICANT: "Thanks, I'm afraid I want a living wage. Good-day."

At the Pictures.

GUSHING YOUNG THING (as she enters): "Oh, Mr. Jones, it is so sweet of you to bring me. May I sit on your right hand?"

MR. JONES: "Well, not this evening; I may want it before the show is over."

Pictures Without Picturegoing.

NEIGHBOUR: "You've had some good shows lately."

MANAGER: "Why, I haven't seen you come in for a long time."

NEIGHBOUR: "No, but my girl and her mother come here twice a week, and I know the films by heart."

Daredevils in the Nursery.

"Little sister's awful bad. Been in bed four days."

"How dreadful, Tommy! What's the matter?"

"We were pretending to play a film-drama. We had to see which could lean farthest out of the window, and sister won."

A Kick for Kompensation.

A couple of Jews were discussing the award of a railway company over an accident in which both they and their wives had been sufferers.

"Vat gompensation did yer git?"

"I got fifteen hundred."

"Goodness! Vy, I only got five."

"Ah, yes! But I had the presence of mind to kick my wife's teeth out!"

From Bad to Worse.

The short-sighted old lady who at a cinema had mistaken a young naval officer for the attendant was covered with confusion, but the young sailor was so nice to her that eventually she quite parried with delight and asked him his name. The boy told her what it was, and she repeated it several times so as to remember it, and added: "I shall be so delighted when I see it in the casualty-list." The dear old thing really meant the list of honours.

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WEEK ENDING DEC. 11, 1915.

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LOOK OUT FOR THE IDEAL'S SENSATIONAL ALL-BRITISH RELEASES IN 1916

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| STILL WATERS RUN DEEP , by Tom Taylor. Cast includes Lady Tree. | <i>Released April 10th.</i> |
| THE GREAT ADVENTURE , by Arnold Bennett (Turner Films). Featuring Henry Ainley. | <i>Released March 27th.</i> |
| IRIS , by Sir Arthur Pinero (Hepworth). Featuring Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor. | <i>Released March 13th.</i> |
| FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD , by Thomas Hardy (Turner Films). Florence Turner as Bathsheba. | <i>Released Feb. 28th.</i> |
| WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN , the "Ideal" Prize Story. Featuring Hilda Moore and Milton Rosmer. | <i>Released Feb. 7th.</i> |
| CASTLE , by T. W. Robertson (Turner Films). With SIR JOHN HARE as Eccles. | <i>Released Jan. 21st.</i> |

OTHER MASTERPIECES FOR 1916 INCLUDE:

- | | |
|---|--|
| SIR JOHN HARE as DR. PRIMROSE in "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD." | OSCAR WILDE'S "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN." |
| SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER in "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY." | OSCAR WILDE'S "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST." |
| SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER and IRENE VANBRUGH in "THE GAY LORD QUEX." | "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY," with HILDA TREVELYAN. |
| ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S "BACHELORS' CLUB" and "OLD MAIDS' CLUB." | "PROFIT AND LOSS," by F. W. MALTBY. |
| | "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME." |
| | "JUSTICE," by JOHN GALSWORTHY. |

PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1915.

New Series, No. 95



A CHRISTMAS SMILE FOR ALL OUR READERS
from Lillian Walker, one of Vitagraph's leading players.



"MR. SWEENEY"—HUGHIE MACK.

"THE saints preserve us," screamed Mrs. Sweeney, picking up the dead body of her beloved parrot Caesar, from the bottom of its cage. "Sweeney, for the love of heaven come here at once!"

"Is it calling me you are?" inquired that worthy, blandly, as he shambling his portly carcass into the room. "Sure, it sounded like the voice of an angel, so sweet and——"

"Calling you, you fool? Can't you see it's terrible trouble that I'm in. The bird has passed away, heaven rest its soul! and it's high time that it's gone to rest, I'm thinking."

"Begorra, higher than that," agreed Sweeney, meaningly, delicately handling the corpse with one hand and his nose with the other, "more like a bird of paradise, I'm thinking, than the remains of a reputable parrot!"

"How dare you speak so of the dead?" demanded his affinity, snatching the bird from him and clutching it to her breast. "Have you not a spark of decency left in you at a time like this?"

"It's respect I have," gurgled Sweeney, bringing his face to the can of beer, the presence of which his eye had just located upon the table.

"Put that down, you heathen," screamed his good lady, striking him forcibly across the head with the parrot. "It's not a wake you're at. Out of my sight and find a spade this instant. The bird shall have a decent burial—do you hear?"

With vivid recollections of former wakes he had attended, and an affectionate glance at the beer-can, Sweeney glided silently through the door. By the time he reappeared Mrs. Sweeney had tenderly packed up the corpse into a paper parcel, and, placing it under her husband's arm, set off with him upon the last mournful journey.

"Begorra, my grief is overcoming me," groaned Sweeney a few seconds later, as he gazed longingly at the saloon bar entrance of the "pub," they were passing.

"Just wait here a second, my darling," he pleaded, "and I'll slip inside for a 'bracer'—the sorrow which has fallen upon us is getting the better of me."

Mrs. Sweeney scowled. "Keep me waiting," she snapped, "and it's yourself you'll bury as well as the bird."

Barely waiting for her reply, Sweeney dived into the bar, and, placing the

SWEENEY'S CHRISTMAS BIRD

Adapted from the Vitagraph Comedy

By NORMAN HOWARD.



"MRS. SWEENEY"—FLORA FINCH.

"funeral parcel" upon the counter, called for a drink. Looking round, he saw his old friend and neighbour Mr. Clancy, who, having completed his own Christmas shopping, was having a drink before returning home.

"I've just been buying a turkey," remarked Clancy, pointing to a parcel lying on the counter beside Sweeney's dead parrot, "and a grand bird it is."

Whilst the two kindred spirits were exchanging confidences time was flying as usual; and they would have probably spent the rest of the day there had not the bewitching voice of his wife, suddenly brought Sweeney "back to earth." "Lord save us!" he cried, grabbing hold of Clancy's turkey in mistake for his own parcel, and bolting through the door. "Sure it's my own wake I've been attending." When he got outside a terrible row ensued. It continued until he had placed the last shovelful of earth upon poor Clancy's turkey.

"My poor Caesar has gone for ever," wailed his wife, engulfing Sweeney with her arms and half-drowning him with her tears.

"The devil he has," groaned Sweeney, mentally following the course of one of her tears which was trickling down the small of his back. "And it's swimming he'll have to be if we don't get away from the grave," he added.

Upon their arrival home they found another terrible riot in progress. "The Clancys are at it again," grinned Sweeney, listening through the door to the unearthly sounds that were proceeding from his neighbour's flat on the floor beneath. "Sure, it's the season of peace and goodwill towards men, but devil a bit among women, from what I can hear."

Clancy, as a matter of fact, was lying on the floor with his wife's massive foot on his chest. "Thank God! Christmas comes but once a year," he groaned.

"I'll teach you, you good-for-nothing blackguard," cried the irate Mrs. Clancy. "How dare you bring me home a dead parrot instead of a turkey! How dare you——"

"But, my darling," begged Clancy, "hold your noise! And, worm that you are, crawl out of my sight." Clancy did as he was bid; and gliding through the door, ran for dear life. As he passed Sweeney's flat he heard the latter say to his wife, "And I'm thinking I'll go

and buy a turkey. I'll have it sent home by the boy to save any trouble."

Clancy puckered up his brows and thought furiously. Dark and deadly plans went rushing through his brain.

Yes, he would get hold of that turkey somehow. He would have a sweet and terrible revenge. He waited secretly the arrival of the boy with Sweeney's turkey; and in due course the bird was placed on the lift by the negro waiter; then catching the lift as it passed en route for Sweeney's flat overhead, Clancy changed the parcels. He had substituted the everlasting dead parrot for Sweeney's turkey.

"May the saints abandon me," he muttered with a grin, "if there isn't something doing with the Sweeneys when that parrot arrives!"

His conjecture was indeed correct. The shock and effects sustained by Mrs. Sweeney upon its arrival may be better left to the imagination.

Most things, from resurrection to spiritual impracticabilities, had rushed through her mind at the same time, and it was "some reception" that the innocent and unoffending Sweeney received when he appeared some hours later.

"So you've come at last," inquired his wife, drily, catching him full in the chest with a heavy flat-iron. "Come in Mr. Sweeney; don't be afraid. I would like to talk to you," she added, smashing a large dish over his head.

"What in the name of Satan is the matter?" demanded Sweeney, protecting his head with his hands. "Have you gone mad or——?"

"How did that bird get here, Mike Sweeney! Answer me that!" demanded his wife stolidly, pointing to the dead body of the illustrious Caesar.

The moment he saw the parrot Sweeney collapsed. "I'll never touch another drop," he pleaded desperately, sinking on to his knees. "And if I do I'll put more water with it. For mercy's sake take the thing away."

Mrs. Sweeney clutched him by the throat.

"So it's drinking you've been, is it?" she yelled furiously, thrashing him violently with a convenient brush-handle that she had found lying handy. "How did you come by that bird again? Quick! tell me! or by heaven above, I'll kill you as dead as the parrot."

But Sweeney could make no answer. The reappearance of the parrot—

especially so late at night had completely unnerved him. He was suffering from a total mental paralysis.

"It's the devil himself that has done it," he moaned weakly, searching the ground fearfully for a piece of ear that he had apparently missed. "Sure I am as innocent of the return of the dead as you are yourself."

Thus the "feud" proceeded.

The row that the Claneys had had previously was but a picnic to it, and no china was there left intact in the kitchen when Mrs. Sweeney had finished illustrating her views upon the subject to her husband.

A happy man was Clancy therefore a few hours later, when after hiding Sweeney's turkey in a basket of dirty clothes in the cellar, he was commissioned by his wife to go out and buy a turkey. "Here's the money," she had said to him, "and the saints be with you if you make any mistakes with *this* turkey."

To Clancy this was the chance of a lifetime. Making a bee-line for the nearest hostel he at once began to celebrate the festive season with his wife's turkey money.

"What a mercy I didn't tell her I'd got Sweeney's turkey!" he thought to himself, "or I shouldn't have got the money for another to drink my own health with."

He had not been imbibing long, however, when Sweeney himself entered, looking the object of misery.

"Sure there's bin a devil of a row with the wife," he began, "for after buying a turkey and having it sent home, the parrot, which I decently buried yesterday, appeared in its place."

Clancy was all sympathy. "Oh, forget your troubles," said he, "Here's a pig here in a crate and it's going to be raffled for. If we both buy a ticket, will you agree to half the pig if one of us wins?"

"Begorra I will," agreed Sweeney, producing some money, "and may the devil's own luck go with us."

Much to his amazement, Sweeney discovered that he held the winning ticket.

The pair at once rushed home with their prize.

"Take the darling up to your room," suggested Clancy, "and I'll follow you in a minute."

As Sweeney disappeared up the stairs Clancy dived down into the cellar. "He's not the only man who's in luck," he mused, as he felt among the clothes for Sweeney's turkey.

But a terrible fear clutched his heart. An icy sweat broke over his brow. There had been some mistake—something had gone wrong. The turkey had disappeared. If he had only seen on turning round the expression upon the face of the negro waiter who was watching him he might have realised "where."

Flying with all speed towards a head of altercation was soon in progress.

us to which half of the pig he was to have, and upon the animal escaping into the street during the discussion the matter became much more complicated.

Both families, after a further free fight, at once gave chase, and upon capturing the fugitive, after further squabbling finally succeeded in getting themselves arrested by the police.

When brought before the magistrate, Sweeney and Clancy once more commenced hostilities.

"Silence!" called the magistrate, sternly. "Do you think I've nothing else to do but listen to the likes of you

parlour and busied themselves in stuffing down the "poker."

"By heaven it's better than turkey," grunted Sweeney, his mouth full and his eyes bulging. But Clancy didn't think so, for he was still wondering what had happened to his precious bird. Neither did the black waiter, who, seated round his table with his wife and six little niggers downstairs, were enjoying themselves mightily.

"The devil take turkeys!" toasted Sweeney, raising his glass; "and parrots," he whispered nervously.

"Here's to it," agreed Clancy, feeling sore all over, but gazing absently at his wife. "And the devil take our wives too," he muttered under his breath.



"HOW DID THAT BIRD GET HERE, MIKE SWEENEY?
ANSWER ME THAT!"

all day? It's the pig for your Christmas bird or ten days. So which is it to be?" Visions of Christmas Day in a cold and sordid prison cell, soon decided the pair. "Sure we'll split the pig, your honour!" cried Sweeney, grabbing hold of it and tucking it under his arm.

The difference thus settled, the two husbands and the two wives sadly retraced their steps to their respective domiciles.

The next day Christmas Day—the four sat round the table in Sweeney's

"'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

MORE wide-awake than he had ever been on a similar occasion, Tommy sprang out of bed and crept downstairs to the room from which the slight noise had come. Cautiously he entered, to see a beautifully shiny, fur-trimmed boot vanish up the chimney. With a fast-beating heart, he followed.

On the roof stood a skigh drawn by reindeer, and Tommy gasped as the figure climbed into the driver's seat. "Santa Claus!" he whispered.

Tommy managed to spring up behind as Santa dashed off. At every house they stopped. At last the sacks were empty and they came to the famous toy-shop. Tommy watched Santa prepare for the night, and a great pity came into his child-heart as he saw the empty stockings.

"He has left nothing for himself. Oh! if only I could—"

"You shall," the wind whispered, and a second later Tommy found himself carried through the air. In every country the wind paused for a moment, and from every nation Tommy gained a recruit, who brought the toy he loved best for their old friend.

At last the wind left them at Santa's house, and swept on its way. They quickly filled the stockings, but so loud was their laughter that Santa woke.

In a moment he saw the stockings, and understood all. With cries of delight the children sprang into his arms.

"A Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!" they cried.

"Aye, and a happy one to you, my dears," chuckled Santa Claus.

A pretty Edison Christmas film which will appeal to every childish heart.



"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
HURRAH! HURRAH!!



THELMA SALTER, one of America's clever kiddies on the screen.

ROUND THE FIRE ON CHRISTMAS EVE

By ALEC J. BRAID.

"Then I 'spects it's been a dream, 'cause I 's quite certain I saw Mary Pickford, and she was a beuful Cindersella. I should know her anywhere."

"I suppose so. Even in rags," sneered Master Hopeful.

"Tisn't fair of you, Jackie, to say such naughty things. If you won't believe Baby, you won't believe me. I have seen a lot of funny men all dressed as animals. It was a film called Pinchafellow *Pinochio*. So funny!"

"Upon my word, a fellow cannot understand you kids. First you see Father Christmas, then Tom mumbles that he sees a special in the fire and the postman in the smoke. Fancies all of them. Very nice at this season of the year, no doubt, but you cannot expect me to adapt myself to such visions. At school we were discussing Columbus—"

"We are going to see Columbus steal the sausages, Jackie."

"Do keep quiet, Baby. You mean Columbine, and she doesn't steal sausages; the clown does that. I was speaking of Columbus the great Spanish explorer. Montgomery, of the fifth, introduced the subject, and a heated argument began with the 'policeman.'"

"I know; he takes the sausages away from Columbine," suggested Marie.

"No, Baby. Pantaloon gets them. Shut up! How can one tell a story?"

"Tommy can. At least Nora says so," volunteered the little girl. "A lovely apple was stole yesterday, and Tommy was succused of eating it. He said he hadn't, and Nora said 'You tell stories, Master Tom.' It may be so if eating an apple is telling stories, because Tommy gave me a bite."

"So you don't care to hear about Columbus, who found America?"

"That was before neutral was found, wasn't it?" asked Tom.

"Whatever do you mean, young 'un?" asked the Sixth Former.

"Oh, I heard Dad and Uncle talking the other day. Dad said, 'I see Woodrow Wilson is still keen on discovering the rights of neutrals.' Is it a country or a town?"

"Praps it's a noun or a verb," suggested Marie.

"It has to do with the war and preventing food going into Germany."

"I wonder if little German girls and boys will see 'Cindersella.' I hope so, 'cause 'tisn't their fault the men are fighting," said Marie, quite distressed.

"Who is the 'policeman' at your school, Jackie?" asked Tom.

"That's Martin the Prefect."

"Does he wear a blue coat with shiny buttons, Jackie?" queried Marie.

"Of course not, Baby, he is an ordinary boy," replied Jack.

"Not like you, Jackie; 'cause I heard Auntie say you were an exterordinary boy," said Marie, proudly.

"Just like her cheek. Wake up, Tom!"

Startled out of his dose, Tommy said, "I was looking at the clock and saw

such a funny old man walk out. Then he laughed and went back."

"Yes, yes," cried Marie.

"He came out again with a sailor on his shoulders."

"I know; that's Sinbad the Sailor."

"Oh, do dry up. You will drive me dotty with your pantomimes."

"Well, it's Christmas time, and you liked to go last year. You laughed at *Jack and the Beanstalk*, said Marie.

"And talked in your sleep about *Beauty and the Beast*. I could not go to sleep," complained Tom.

"What a memory you have, Freckles! In the words of our school philosopher you're quite a chip of the old block."

"I don't know what that means, unless it is the picture Nurse said is at the Dome on Boxing Day. That's called *A Chip of the Old Block*," said Marie.

"If I wished to be funny, I should say such a subject is ideal," was Jack's remark. "If it's the one I saw advertised it should be scrumptious. The people say it is acted by children. I hope the kids have not made a mess of it. My difficulty is to understand what sort of a film *Selina* Ella can be."

"I 'spects it's 'Cindersella.'"

"Wrong, Baby, it's not *Cindersella*."

"I don't mind missing a pantomime if I can see Charlie," shouted Tom.

"Hasn't he funny feet?" said Marie.

"My dear Baby, you are terrible. The humorous person in question has feet not 'feet.' Moreover—and this I would have you understand—there are others, Billie Ritchie, Billy Morsen, Billy Reeves are all great in their way."

This information from Jack utterly failed to impress Marie.

Said the girlie, "Well, I don't mind much how many Billies there are so long as Charlie has his feet and 'sides, Charlie is a sweetest name."

Then Tom asked Jack what he thought would happen if the wrong Santa Claus came to their house?

"Freckles," replied Master Superior, "you know very well that I do not believe in the Santa Claus myth."

"Don't believe in Santa Claus!" cried Marie, "you wicked boy. Why he comes down the chimbley with goodies."

"And brought you an air-gun last Christmas," said Tom.

"You must b'leve in him, Jackie, dear, or pwaps he won't come to-night," said Marie, busting into tears.

"Cheer up, Baby, I'll believe in him so that you shan't miss your presents."

"Now children," came a voice from the door, "it is about time you thought of bed. You'll miss Santa Claus. He passes this way quite early. No, Tom, you may not wait to see him."

"All right, Daddie, we'll soon be off."

"What a bore," yawned Jack. "I was enjoying this yarn until the kids began talking about the pantomimes."

"As a part of your Christmas treat your mother and I will take you to see *The Birth of our Saviour*. After that you may select your own pantomimes."

"THIS is the awfulest night I ever remember," remarked little seven-year-old Marie, as, with her two brothers, Tom, three years her senior, and Jack, the "hope" of the family, of the ripe age of fifteen, she sat quite sedately in front of a roaring fire.

"You silly little chump! The 'awfulest night,' indeed. Why, it's Christmas Eve, and, if once in a while the snow does fall as it used to do, it is seasonable."

"At any rate, I hope it won't interfere with the visit of Father Christmas," shyly interposed Tom.

"No, no, Tommy, don't let it keep Father Christmas away. On an old, very old, I 'spects, Christmas card of Mummy's I saw Father Christmas climbing over the snow to get down the chimney. Such a little chimney, too. How did he get down, I wonder?"

Jack, that evening home from school and annoyed at being called Jackie, rather unkindly said, "I don't believe in the old buffer."

"Oh, but I saw him last year, Jackie," said Marie, almost bursting into tears. "I know it was him. He wore a red cloak, and carried a sack, and had white moustachums."

"Whiskers, you mean, Baby," said Tom, "not moustachums."

"Do shut up, you kids! Let a fellow read. You don't improve a little bit. Both of you are quite a bore."

"You are not half so nice as in the summer holidays," sobbed Marie.

"If you are going to start squabbling I shall have nothing more to say."

"But it's Christmas Eve, Jackie."

"Blow Christmas Eve!" replied Master Hopeful, and there was silence.

Outside the wind still roared, and the lullaby soothed Marie to sleep, while Tom, curled up in front of the fire wondering why the flames would make faces at him until sleep also claimed him.

Bang! The slamming of a door wakened the two children, and Marie, bright-eyed with wonder, called out, "Jackie, I have been to the 'pictures.'"

"You little goose, you have been sleeping, curled up in the chair."

"So have I," exclaimed Tom. He, too, had been to the "pictures."

"Ridiculous! Both you kiddies have been sleeping for twenty minutes."

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **RUSSIAN NAVAL SUPREMACY:** Clearing the Black Sea of Turkish Commerce. Taking off a crew before burning the boat. 2. **A WONDERFUL MACHINE:** Latest armoured motor-car from America. It surmounts almost any obstacle. 3. **HAT FASHIONS FOR MEN:** Steel helmets (see photo) and gas respirators are the season's mode. 4. **A PARIS FASHION:** This chic hat is composed of black "panne" velvet with a lined silk crown surmounted by a pair of neat little wings. It is sure to be immensely popular. 5. **THE RECRUITING BOOM:** Miss Shirley Kellogg, the popular actress, appeals for recruits for the 2nd London Regiment. 6. **THE R.E.'s:** Bridge-building is only one of the many jobs the Royal Engineers are called upon to do under fire. 7. **TRENCH WARFARE:** Firing a Catapult with live bombs.



SOME CHRISTMASSES WE HAVE KNOWN

Many Film Favourites relate their Yuletide Experiences
for the special benefit of "Pictures" Readers.

THE TALE OF A TURKEY.

By BILLIE RITCHIE.

THIS happened one Christmas Eve when I was playing in my first pantomime at a provincial theatre. I was in lodgings at the time with a



number of professional chums, and to me was allotted the task of buying the Christmas turkey. This I purchased on my way to the theatre for the evening show, and, having installed it in my dressing-room, I went on to the stage.

The pantomime passed without a hitch, until the time came for the harlequinade. As I did not appear in this, I was standing in the wings leisurely watching the antics of the clown and Joey, who were keeping the house uproariously amused. The harlequinade of those days was much the same as

it is at the present time, and the clown and his father went through the old routine of stealing from various shops. Suddenly Joey popped into the butcher's shop and emerged with a remarkably fine turkey, the sight of which struck me as strangely familiar. As a rule this scene was enacted with a canvas bird, but there was no doubt about the reality of the bird which Joey and his father had pinched.

"Surely," I said to an actor who was standing beside me, "they have got hold of a real turkey this time!"

"Bet your life they have," was the rejoinder; "they pinched it from one of the dressing-rooms!"

The horrible truth dawned upon me. It was *my* turkey with which Joey and his father were making so free, and, as I had to eat the bird on the morrow, I did not relish the way in which they were flinging it about.

It did not take me long to decide my course of action. In two or three minutes' time a policeman was due to go on the stage and arrest the clowns. Here was my chance to recover the turkey.

Hurrying over to the man who was playing the part of the policeman, I relieved him of his coat, belt, and hat. Quickly I hurried into the uniform, and, as I had not removed my make-up, I was just able to get on the stage in time.

When I clutched Joey's shoulder and demanded the turkey he knew of course that I was familiar with his theft and clung to the bird like grim death. As we struggled, the audience, thinking it was all part of the harlequinade, screamed with laughter, especially when the clown, coming to his father's assistance, belaboured me from behind with a bang-stick.

At last I got a firm hold on the body of my precious turkey, whilst Joey, gripped it by the neck. The inevitable happened. No bird ever reared could long have stood the strain. The turkey parted from its head with a slow, squealing sound, and I fell over backwards on to the stage, clutching the rest of my Christmas dinner to my bosom.

Oh! How the audience laughed. As I limped off the stage with the decapitated turkey the gallery sent up a rousing cheer. But I had rescued it, and that was all I cared about.

Billie Ritchie

TEN MINUTES OF TERROR.

By MARY PICKFORD.

THE Editor of your favourite paper has asked me to send some particulars of my most exciting Christmas.

The sun is blazing, and New York is very, very hot, but of course editors have to ask for these things long before they are actually wanted. I am afraid, with one exception, my Christmases have not been very exciting up to now. I always spend them with my family, and the exciting part about them is that I do no work for three whole days.

But there was one Christmas that was little less than terror for poor me. It is three years ago now, but my



memory of it is still fresh. I was invited to spend the three days with a relation who resided some five hundred miles from New York. My family had started some days before, so that on Christmas Eve I set out on my long journey alone. I caught the mail train—how I wish I had not—and for the first three hundred miles my trip was uneventful. By now the train was running through a lonely part of the country, and it was getting dark. Suddenly the train stopped with a jerk, and I heard the sound of revolvers.

All heads instantly went to the window. Little could be seen, but the noise of luggage being dropped from the train and an occasional sharp command was heard only too plainly.

The whole event did not occupy more than ten minutes, but during that period the guard of the train had been shot and eighty thousand dollars in hard cash had disappeared into the night, accompanied by six "gentlemen" on horseback. Oh! I was so frightened!

Now I always ask the question before making a long journey, "Is the train carrying specie?"

Mary Pickford

A "THOUGHTFUL" CHRISTMAS.

By CHARLES ROCK.

MANY Christmases ago I was rehearsing for pantomime in a big provincial town. I had previously appeared as an actor in "fit-ups" and certain stock seasons at small theatres. I was only twenty years and six months old, and had been in the profession only three years, and this pantomime engagement was my first real chance. As you may guess, I was greatly excited.

At the rehearsal on Christmas Eve a certain comedian in our company complained bitterly that he had only been given one song.

The manager heard the grumble and expressed his regret that Mr. So-and-So should bemoan the fact that his vocal efforts were confined to one number. "But I don't want the show to run about five hours the first night," he explained, "and



have purposely reduced the songs. But I'll tell you what I'll do. The comedian who makes the biggest hit on the first night shall have an extra song.

I went home to my rather poor "diggings" thinking. I spent the whole of Christmas Day thinking and thinking how I could improve my part. It was a thoughtful Christmas. All else except my part was forgotten. We ran through the show on Christmas Day, but that and "no presents" was how I spent December 25th, 1888.

Boxing Day came and went.

And I got the extra song!

And you can bet that I was the most pleased member of that company.

Charles Rock

A HAPPY NEW (Y)EAR TO YOU!

BY EDNA MAYO.

THE best Christmastide story I can recollect is one that, curiously enough, had its sequel in the New Year, as you will see. It is not generally known that the famous "Broncho Billy" films are produced at Chicago. I mention this because the two people concerned in this anecdote are in Mr. Anderson's company, and being in Chicago myself I am consequently in close touch with them. They are both typical ex-cowboys, and appear to have no other names than Lasso Larry and Bull Pete.

Last Christmas Mr. Anderson gave a big dinner to his company in the studio, during which Larry and Pete, "warmed up" by this unaccustomed luxury, fell to discussing who had had his glass filled the greater number of times. The two soon came to blows, and they were only separated when they had battered one another about pretty freely. Some days later Larry, evidently influenced by some New Year's good intention, called out to his late adversary, "A Happy New Year to you, Pete!" Now the cowboys' accent is not exactly refined, and Pete thought his late opponent was making sarcastic references to his ear, which had been damaged in the fight, so he cuttingly replied, "A Happy New Nose to you!"

That started the trouble all over again, and it is really laughable to see what rivals these two still are. I do not know whether Mr. Anderson will give a studio dinner this year, but I am sure that neither Larry nor Pete will give one another a New Year's greeting.

Edna Mayo

"MY 'AWFULLEST' CHRISTMAS EVE."

BY MAURICE COSTELLO.

HERE is an experience of mine when I was a kiddie. My parents and I were spending Christmas with an aunt who lived miles and miles from anywhere. It was a very old country house, and its tumble-down barns provided a happy hunting-ground for owls. On Christmas Eve I retired to bed with the intention of staying awake until Santa Claus should arrive. I succeeded in keeping my eyes open until long after I knew



that everybody else was in bed, and then I fell asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a frightful noise in the courtyard below. I listened intently. Yes! there was the clank of chains followed by the awful moaning of some person in pain. I was petrified with fear, and dared not move. Presently I heard a rattling

noise at the front door, the creaking of the old oak staircase as something ascended, and then I was sure I saw the door open. The sound of light foot-steps told me that some one was crossing my room. Then I heard the rattle of things on the dressing table. By this time I was shaking with fright. I had completely forgotten Santa Claus. My breath came in short gasps as I slid down noiselessly between the sheets and tried to sleep. But I did not close my eyes.

When the maid called me on Christmas morning I found many lovely presents awaiting me, but even then I could think of nothing but the fright I had undergone. At breakfast they told me I looked pale, and then I related my experience. "Why, you dear little goose," said my aunt, laughing, "the clanking chain you heard was the one attached to Jack, the Irish terrier. He broke loose last night."

"Oh, Auntie," I cried, "and did Jack come into my bedroom?"

"No, my dear, but Santa Claus did."

Maurice Costello

(Continued on page 218.)



THINGS ONE COULD NOT HAVE EXPRESSED BETTER.

"When a loving couple has now parted, and you may have their seats?"
"Thank you! That is so sweet of you."

ESSANAY GALLERY OF FAMOUS PHOTOPLAYERS

AND SOME ESSANAY EXCLUSIVE FILMS IN WHICH THEY ARE APPEARING.



WARDA HOWARD, who plays strong emotional parts with Henry B. Walthall in his productions. Her performance in "The Vortex," a three-act drama, has been voted a masterpiece.



HENRY B. WALTHALL, the world's greatest dramatic genius, who displays his remarkable acting in "Temper," "The Woman Hater," "The Circular Path," and "The Outer Edge."



RICHARD TRAVERS, a manly and romantic hero, playing leading parts in "Vain Justice," "A Man Afraid," "The Turn of the Wheel," and "Vengeance." He can play comedy and drama with equal charm and ability.



RUTH STONEHOUSE is particularly pleasing in pathetic characters, and plays the principal roles in "The Battle of Love," "Lioness Ann," and "When my Lady Smiles" with sincerity.

ESSANAY GALLERY OF FAMOUS PHOTOPLAYERS

AND SOME ESSANAY EXCLUSIVE FILMS IN WHICH THEY ARE APPEARING.



NEL CRAIG, whose popularity is increasing owing to her splendid acting in "The Adventures of Dominica" (the title-role—that of a lady crook and in emotional parts in "The Vortex," "His Crucible," "The Return of Richard Neal," and "The Coward."



C. M. ANDERSON, the popular "Broncho Billy" and universal hero in thrilling Western dramas, who is now appearing in some attractive two-act features which will be shown shortly at all cinemas.



BRYANT WASHBURN, a handsome and dashing hero in both romantic and modern dramas. He acts with fine emotion in "Frauds," "The Little Straw Man," "Caught," and "The Scapegoat."



EDNA MAYO, an attractive leading lady and a clever film actress who has made great successes in "The Greater Courage," "The Little Deceiver," "Frauds," and "The Lady of the Snows."

Some Christmases We Have Known

(Continued from page 215.)

A COLD PLACE AND A HOT ONE.

BY FLORENCE TURNER.

I HAVE always made it a rule when possible to spend Christmas in the good old-fashioned way, and have generally succeeded; but while that is

very pleasant, it is not very adventurous, and so I have scarcely any adventures.

One Christmas, however, stands out prominently in my memory; and I never sit down to the traditional turkey and plum-pudding without feeling really grateful that the experience has not been repeated.

I was travelling home on Christmas Eve, and when the train was just approaching Cincinnati it ran off the rails. Luckily for me, the carriage in which I sat was not overturned, but the doors were jammed and none of us could get out. It was cold—bitterly cold; perhaps you know what American Christmases are like—and for six solid hours we sat in that train, shivering and stamping our feet and blowing on our fingers, and doing all the other customary but useless things in a vain effort to keep warm.

When at last we did make our escape we sat in a dreary waiting-room for hours more. My Christmas dinner was a bun and a bottle of lemonade. I was never so miserable in my life, but I had to laugh once. A fussy passenger was pestering the railway people, who were really doing their best; and at last one of the officials turned angrily on him, saying, "Oh! go to —!" a place that is reputed to possess a warm climate.

The laugh came when the passenger mournfully replied, "I wish I could!"

Florence Turner

MY PAL LOTTIE.

BY CHARLES CHAPLIN.

TELL you a Christmas story? Why, certainly; and I can assure you that mine will be the truest story printed on this page. I once took a prize at a Bible-class for telling the truth, but somebody saw me take it and I had to put it back! But what I really want to talk about is Lottie, my tame turkey, whom, you may have heard, I am busily engaged teaching my famous "Chaplin" walk. Recently I noticed Lottie had become exceedingly depressed. She refused her food, and took to moping about on one leg in odd corners of the studio. The other day she was missing, and after a long search I discovered her in Edna Purviance's dressing-room trying to make-up as a canary! I suppose the poor creature's

depression was due to the approach of Yuletide festivities, and her consequent fears that she might be called upon to play the principal part in a Christmas drama in real life by way of a change from real life. However, I endorsed her contract to the effect that she would not be called upon to play tragedy rôles; and now, would you believe it, Lottie's herself again! A Merry Christmas to you all and the same to myself!

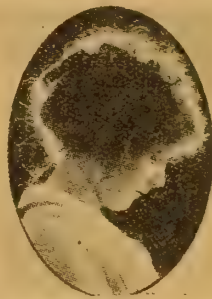
"CHARLIE" (sent per cable).

THE WONDERFUL MIRROR.

BY ALMA TAYLOR.

THE Editor has told me that you would like to read a little Christmas story which I wrote years ago. Perhaps it will interest you, because it was written not by me as I am now, but when I was thirteen years old.

There was once a little girl with large brown eyes and long golden hair. She had no parents to give her presents, but on Christmas Day her godmother gave her a wonderful mirror. It had a gold frame with sapphires on the back, and when you looked into it, no matter how tired, and discouraged, and disappointed you were, it made you cheerful and brave once more. On Christmas afternoon she went for a walk and took



her mirror with her, because she liked it so much. She was skipping and running along the road, when she saw a man in a faded velvet costume sitting by the wall and weeping. She stopped to look at him and felt sorry.

He was sad and tired. He made her sad too, till she remembered her mirror and told him what it would do. At first he would not even look, and when he did so he was still gloomy. "It's like any mirror," he said. Then she looked into it with him. His sad face reflected in the glass made her laugh. He could see her in the mirror, and laughed too. "You are right," he said, "it is a wonderful mirror!" She made him take it as a present, and he stood up and straightened himself and walked on.

Next Christmas, the little girl's godmother being dead, she had neither presents nor food. In the afternoon she walked out in the town again. Trumpets were heard, and the people cried, "Here comes the King! Long live the King!" And the people told her that the King had lost his throne the year before, but that this year he had fought bravely and won it back. And the procession came, and the King was riding proudly on a big grey horse. And in his hand he held a golden mirror with sapphires on the back. And when he saw the girl he said, "There is my Queen." The people cheered, and they rode away and lived happy ever after.

Alma Taylor

THE DINNER I ALMOST MISSED.

BY CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

I WAS hard up. It was at the very start of my career, and the travelling company I was with let the "ghost" walk, and I was stranded. I started to tramp to the nearest place where I might find work, for I would not write home. I came across a farmhouse, and the smell of the cooking was too much for me, so I went to the door and told a pleasant-faced woman that I wanted to do something for her to earn some of that nice-smelling dinner. She would not let me work, but gave me the dinner, and afterwards I recited to them, and I thought they would never have enough of me.

Gee! but that Christmas dinner was good, and on top of it I started out with enough cash to take me to where I wanted to go the next morning.

I got my job all right with a stock company, and since then I have never gone hungry on Christmas morning. May I hope that no reader of PICTURES ever will?

Carlyle Blackwell

A BUSY CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY STEWART ROME.

SEVERAL years ago I was engaged on engineering work in Australia. We were all living in a little house that had been rented for us. I felt that on Christmas Day I ought to have a rest, and at eight o'clock in the morning I was still lying in bed, reading. The boss, passing by the door of my room, saw me.

"What are you doing?" he said, quite sharply.

"Reading," I answered, feeling annoyed that he should ask.

"Why aren't you at work in the office?" he demanded. (On Sundays we generally had to work on plans, &c., in the "office.")

"I don't think we have to work on Christmas Day," I explained.

"I do. Get busy!" was his curt order, as he hustled off.

So I had to go. But, more to spite him than anything else, I went to work in the "office" (which was really only the front veranda) in my pyjamas.

Christmas is the warm time of year in Australia.

Some of the local inhabitants became indignant at my cool costume, and protested.

Our boss, though he might be sharp with us, always supported us in everything, and he had to spend the rest of Christmas Day quarrelling with the town dignitaries.



Stewart Rome



HIS MORNING'S MAIL. A CHRISTMAS FEAST FOR J. WARREN KERRIGAN.

With the above unique photograph just received, this "Universal" favourite also sent us a "Just About Myself" article, which we are publishing in an early issue.

A BOXING DAY MYSTERY.

By KATHLYN WILLIAMS.

THE most remarkable "Christmas" experience that I ever remember occurred at one o'clock on Boxing morning. The all-important day had been spent in real old-fashioned style by a merry party of us.

About a quarter to eleven I became very sleepy, and resolved to cut the rest of the evening and retire to bed. For an hour or more I tossed and turned and then fell into a light sleep.

Suddenly I became wide awake. A feeling that all was not well came over me. My little clock on the mantel-shelf struck one. Bright moonlight was streaming into the room, and the French windows that I had left slightly ajar were now wide open. I sat up, shivering, and listened. I felt that there was "something" in the room with me. The sound of heavy breathing came from the foot of my bed, and, summoning all my courage, I snapped on the light and looked. That "something" was a full-grown tiger, crouching low, with a bloody mass of flesh between its paws!

Now I have been told that I have considerable power over animals, but this unexpected shock in the dead of night was too much for me. I screamed, and fell back on to the bed in a deep swoon.

I recovered my senses to find a number of kind friends bending over me applying smelling-salts and other restoratives. In their verdict they were unanimous. I had been suffering from nightmare. I bade them look at the carpet—it was

perfectly clean! By the light of electric torches my window-sill and the ground below the window were examined. There was not the faintest trace of either blood or an animal's paws! I was obliged to admit that my friends were correct.

Yet in the morning the feeling that *something had occurred* took hold of me. I made my way to the tiger-house in the now famous Selig Zoo and looked for the tiger of my "dream."

I found him almost at once, and as I stood there a man brought round the daily allowance of meat. A huge joint was thrust through the bars and dropped right between the animal's paws.

And then a very strange thing happened. The animal just sniffed at that meal, turned round, and went to sleep!

Later in the day it was discovered that a woman from the native village had disappeared! Suspicion pointed to the husband, who was a brutal character, with whom she had frequently quarrelled. An inquiry was set on foot, but nothing could be proved.

The bars of the tiger's cage were too narrow for the woman to have been pushed through, and the padlock on the door had not been tampered with.

No trace of the woman was ever found, and the matter was finally allowed to drop. Yet the husband could never again be induced to go within a hundred yards of any wild beast; and I had seen a healthy tiger refuse meat *but the first and last time in my life!*

Kathlyn Williams

HAPPY IN MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

By GRACE CUNARD.

I HAVE spent so many jolly Christmases that I refuse to recount my most enjoyable one. Instead, I find it easier to recall my worst Christmas Day. I was travelling with a theatrical company, and the associations were not at all pleasant, and I spent my day all alone, and cried my eyes out and pitied myself a whole lot. In the evening I went out prepared to pity myself still further. At a corner of a street I saw a woman, wretchedly clad, with a small baby and a mournful-looking little boy at her side. She was selling pencils, and I was struck with remorse. Here was I pitying myself when I was well off, whilst others in the world were so much worse off than I was—but I was very young then.

After a short, sharp struggle with my pride, I led the woman and her children into a cheery restaurant, and there I gave the unhappy family the time of their lives. After the feast I sought and found a drug-store open, so that I was able to buy them a generous lot of candies and some small gifts. I left them so happy, and went home much happier myself. I have never pitied myself since, and hope I never shall.

Grace Cunard

WHAT ABOUT VOL. VIII. OF "PICTURES" FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

3s. 9d. post-free, from 85, Long-acre, W.C.

A MISTAKE AND A MARRIAGE.

BY VIOLET HOPSON.

I TOLD you last year about my dear old French governess. Many years ago I spent Christmas at her home in France. Busy with preparations for



the dinner, she sent me for a walk alone on Christmas morning. As I walked I met two elderly French people and their handsome son, who asked me hurriedly where the railway station was. My French was not yet equal to the strain

of rapid talking, so I easily misunderstood and said I would take them there. I thought they had asked for a certain chateau just outside the village. They were thankful for a guide (the railway station was really quite hard to find), and we hurried along to the chateau, which they expected to find was the station.

When we arrived at the chateau—a magnificent place with marble gates and a grand drive—I pointed to it proudly. Of course they were astounded. Just then the gentleman who lived there came out in his carriage accompanied by his daughter. They saw that something was wrong and explained my mistake. The old gentleman offered to drive them to the station, and they accepted the offer with smiles.

Later in the year my governess, to whom I told the story, said that the young gentleman whom I had misdirected and the daughter were to be married.

Violet Hopson

A REAL GHOST STORY.

BY J. R. TOZER.

LAST Christmas I was the guest of some old friends staying at Sittingbourne, Kent, who, coming from an old Scotch family, are superstitious, and boast of a family ghost. The usual thing at Christmas-time is for each of the family to relate his or her experiences in connection with the ghost.

Well, last Christmas Eve, in the library, after dinner, these family yarns worked the guests into a highly nervous state. My pal Ronald, the third member of the family, whispered in my ear, and together we left the library unnoticed. In the hall he said "Tozer, old man, let's give them a real ghost. I don't believe the family have seen these ghosts—it's all imagination. I'm going to don the great-grandfather's kilt, go through the garden, and tap three times on the library window; then I want you to draw the curtain, and—well, I'll leave the rest to you."

Like two devils let loose, we prepared to "lay the family ghost." I followed my pal upstairs, and, strange to say, into the bedroom that had been allotted to me.

From a large corner cupboard Ronald pulled a long tin box, in which was his

great-grandfather's kilt. He was soon dressed, and well, the joke went awfully well, much to the delight of the guests and the disgust of his people, who were frightfully annoyed, the kilt in question being one of the most sacred possessions of the family. However, the kilt was put away, and after a lot more fun downstairs bedtime came round.

On returning to my room I was amazed to find the contents of the box scattered about the room. Expecting a practical joke, I had taken the precaution to lock my door after we had returned the kilt to the cupboard, and had put the key in my pocket, so that no one could have entered the room to upset the box, as I now found it. Imagine my feelings. I was actually shaking, and thought hard. I packed the things in the box again, put it back into the cupboard, undressed (still thinking), got into bed, and went to sleep.

About three o'clock in the morning I woke up, perspiring like a bull. I had that awful feeling of being hot and cold all over. Then I found myself staring at something. Standing at the side of my bed was Ronald's great-grandfather, dressed in the kilt. I knew him from a painting in the hall, which showed him in the very kilt that he was wearing as he stood at my side. I thought it must be Ronald playing another joke, and shouted, "No you don't, Ronald—you can't kid me." I switched on the light.

The ghost—for it *was* a ghost, of that I am certain—stood there in the light for a moment and then glided towards the cupboard and vanished.

When I became a little calmer, for my heart was beating nineteen to the dozen, I got up and switched on the other lights in the room and went to open that cupboard, not knowing what I was going to see, but the blessed (or cursed) old box and kilt were still there.

I did not turn the lights out, but sat in my dressing-gown, and wondered what would happen next. In the morning, after my bath, I looked like Potted Death.

I related my experience at breakfast, and left soon afterwards. I felt too ill to join in the festivities that were to be, and the idea of another night in a haunted house did not appeal to me.

This is a true story, and since that night I have even believed in *fairies*.

J. R. Tozer

A BAD BOY AND HIS BROTHER.

BY LIONELLE HOWARD.

ONE Christmas I was present at some amateur theatricals and just before the performance one of



the children had sudden pains of a most alarming kind. Having a doctor's training, I immediately attended the child, and found that he had been given some kind of poison. The theatricals were of course stopped.

Next day the

truth came out. The child's older brother, about eight years of age, had a part in the play which he did not like. In order to put a stop to the performance he had induced his little brother to eat some rat-biscuit under the pretence that it was cake. The plan succeeded, but the boy had more trouble than if he had played his part. He ought to have been a Hun.

Lionelle Howard

MY CHRISTMAS WITH SPOTS!

BY ELISABETH RISON.

HAVE you ever spent a "spotty" Christmas? Well, I have. It was when I was seven years old, and believed in Father Christmas and fairies (of course, I *still* believe in fairies). I thought Christmas the most wonderful time that ever could be, and had prepared a *box* of stockings in case one shouldn't be enough. On Christmas Eve I went to a glorious party, and came home at ten o'clock with spots—measles! Think of it spots at Christmas! I was banished to bed right away from everybody, and the doctor shook his head sadly. No turkey, no pudding, no mince-pie, no fun—just spots! Mother cheered me up by hanging my row of



stockings on the bed-rail. They looked beautiful. I was nearly asleep, when a terrible thought came into my head. My eyes grew round with horror. "Oh, mother! suppose Father Christmas should catch measles from me and take it to all the other children in the world!" Mother held my hand tightly for a long while. Then she said, "You are quite right, darling, we must warn Father Christmas." On a sheet of paper she guided my hand as I wrote "DEAR FATHER CHRISTMAS, PLEASE

KEEP AWAY. SPOTS."

Then mother put it up the chimney, and I cried a great deal because I knew I could have no presents. But mother cuddled me up, spots and all, till I felt comforted. She said, "Never mind, Baby; if we can't have a Merry Christmas, we'll have a brave one."

And we did. . . .

Dear PICTUREGOERS, that was many years ago, but my mother's wish is very much in my thoughts at this time. If we can't have a very merry Christmas, we will have a brave one, won't we?

Elisabeth Rison

MY REAL GHOST STORY.

BY BLANCHE SWEET.

IT is not uncommon for artistes when asked to give their greetings to their friends and admirers to tell a Christmas ghost story. Well I have one to relate, but the incident did not happen at Christmas. It occurred in

(Continued on page 225.)

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, whose first big performance in a Metro feature, *The Second in Command*, may now be enjoyed in many cinemas.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS, the beautiful Trans-Atlantic player, who will next be seen in *Six Months to Live*, released on December 16.



CLARA WILLIAMS, the crack female rough-rider of the Lubin Company. She is appearing in a Western picture—*It Happened in the Hills*.

GEORGE FOLEY, the English player who has made such a striking success in *The Woman Who Did*, a Broadwest production coming in January.

VITAGRAPH

★ WITH BEST WISHES ★

FOR CHRISTMAS
and
THE NEW YEAR

SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS
RELEASES

THE
VITAGRAPH COY
— LIMITED —
31 & 33, CHARING CROSS RD. W.C.

A vintage advertisement for Vitagraph's Christmas releases. The central illustration features Santa Claus on the right, dressed in his traditional red and white suit with a long white beard. To his left is a Christmas tree decorated with several film reels instead of ornaments. The background shows a snowy landscape with a small building. The text is arranged around the illustration, with 'WITH BEST WISHES' at the top flanked by stars, 'FOR CHRISTMAS and THE NEW YEAR' in the upper middle, 'SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RELEASES' in large stylized letters on the left, and the company name and address at the bottom left.

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SWEENEY'S CHRISTMAS BIRD



A MIRTH-MAKER

— Featuring —
Your Old Favourites,

KATE PRICE
WILLIAM SHEA
FLORA FINCH
HUGHIE MACK

May be seen on the
Screen on and after
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A SPECIAL VITAGRAPH
XMAS OFFERING THAT
WILL BRING JOY INTO
THE HEARTS OF ALL.

Portraying

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(The Grand Old Lady of the Screen)

May be seen on and after
DECEMBER 23rd, 1915.

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A Pleasing Picture for
Old and Young.

BOBBY CONNELLY

Makes others happy and
is happy himself in this
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on and after Thursday,
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To Readers of "Pictures."

A Beautiful Photograph of
Miss Elisabeth Risdon and a
useful Oatine Toilet Outfit

FREE!

THE Oatine Co. will send to all readers of "Pictures" a charming photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon together with the delightful Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. Send to-day and test these wonderful toilet preparations of which Miss Risdon speaks so highly. Read what she says:—

To the Oatine Co.—

Please send me half-a-dozen more jars of Oatine Cream by an early post. I cannot tell you how useful I find this delightful preparation in my work. I use it regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water, as, besides removing the surface dirt, it brings out dust and grime from the pores of the skin.

I find it invaluable for removing make-up, which I often have to retain for many hours at a time.

Really there is nothing like it, and it is a pleasure to recommend it.

*Yours very truly
Elisabeth Risdon*

"I use Oatine regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water."

THIS is what Miss Elisabeth Risdon, the leading cinema actress of the day, says of Oatine Face Cream. Oatine has hosts of friends amongst cinema actresses, but it is not often that a lady with the great reputation that Miss Risdon enjoys expresses such definite reasons for its use.

This enthusiastic testimonial is undoubtedly the strongest argument that can be brought to the notice of the readers of "Pictures," and in the belief that they will wish to test these wonderful toilet preparations, The Oatine Co. will send to all enclosing 3d. in 3d. stamps for postage the Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. It contains—

- 1.—A bijou tin of **OATINE FACE CREAM**, which restores the natural oil to the skin which the alkali in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is Nature's own protector and rejuvenator. **OATINE FACE CREAM** contains no animal fat, and cannot grow hair. All Chemists stock OATINE in white jars, 1 1/2 & 2 3/4.
- 2.—A Tin of "Oatine" Sn. w.
- 3.—A 3 1/2 oz. Cake of the delightful "Oatine" Toilet Soap.
- 4.—A 2d. Packet of "Oatine" Shampoo Powder.
- 5.—A Packet of "Oatine" Face Powder.
- 6.—A 50-page Booklet entitled "Beauty and Health."

Together with the photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon referred to above.

THE OATINE CO., 245, Oatine Blds., Boro', London, S.E.



Some Christmases We Have Known

(Continued from page 220)

California in broad daylight, with a typical Californian sun, fit to burn every blade of grass in the place. I was rehearsing my part in the *Warriors of Fortune*, which deals with the period of the Civil War and the house selected for me was one of the real pre-war residences. I was told that one of the young ladies of the house had during those stormy days been led out and shot as a spy by the Northern Army, and that her ghost sometimes haunted the place. Well, after I had dressed myself for the part, I went down the staircase, when, to my horror, I found the lady of the story coming along the corridor in my direction. She was dressed in the fashion of the period, and her face looked white and strained. I nearly collapsed with terror, and called for assistance. What made my blood run cold, however, was that, although she was approaching me, I could not hear the sound of her foot-steps. It was an absolute dead silence. I gave a little scream, and then sank to the ground. The director, finding I had not arrived in time for the scene to be taken, came to look for me. I pointed to the apparition, which was also seated on the ground. For a second he looked startled, then he glanced quickly at me and back to the apparition.

"Why, my dear," he said, laughing, "it's yourself."

It was. A large mirror which fitted into the complete side of the wall facing me had given me the impression of open space, and when I walked towards it I walked towards myself, forgetting that I was clad in the crinoline dress of the Civil War days.

Now I am careful of large mirrors.

Clara's Sweet

A WELL-REMEMBERED YULETIDE.

BY BILLY MERSON.

IT seems so many years ago now that I scarcely like to recall the occasion.

It was on a Christmas Eve I made my debut as a public entertainer in a small, unromantic town in the North of England. A friend and myself were engaged for a pantomime as *Keith and Merson*, to play "the old men of the sea" parts.

Things did not go at all well during the first week of rehearsals, and we looked like getting the "bullet." Our parts were so thin that on the first show-day it was nearly the dictum of the management, "You won't touch, but go."

Anyhow, the comedian who played the dame was taken ill, and the manager was in a fix. In desperation I volunteered to play the dame as well as my own part. My offer was accepted. Nobody in the audience knew, but there was I as the dame, having to show my affection for my partner, and in a later scene as the old man of the sea preparing to strangle him.

I was told I made a success in my new



OUR CINEMA PIANIST HAS A MERRY (?) CHRISTMAS.

1. I leave when others begin to enjoy themselves. 2. I shiver for hours in a cold hall. 3. I miss last train home and walk. 4. I find all in bed, and cook my own supper.

parts, the appreciation of the manager being shown to me by an additional five shillings per week. What? Oh, yes, five shillings was a lot in those days.

Yes, it's an ill Christmas that does nobody good.

Billy Merson

CHRISTMAS GEESE.

BY CHRISSIE WHITE.

I CAN tell you about a joke that was played on me one Christmas afternoon long ago. I was a little girl, and a lot of prankish cousins came to visit us. After the Christmas dinner we children were all told to go out and play. There was a big farm not far away, and my cousins pretended that they had arranged to catch a goose there for New Year's dinner. Because I was younger I was not to come. That was just their way of getting me to want to come all the more. Of course it worked,

and I was furious until they said I could come and hold the big burlap bag until they had rounded up the goose and drawn it into the bag. They chose the spot, between a pond and a shed, where there were some bushes. They fixed the bag wide open and had me hold it. Then they went off to round up the goose. . . .

I waited till about five o'clock, and then went to look for them. I met a gardener who told me to keep off his farm, and I was so scared that I ran all the way home. When I arrived there I found my cousins all playing in the nursery. I was properly mad, and I never stopped crying until all my cousins had been suitably punished.

When I want a goose now I don't chase it, I buy it in a shop.

Chrissie White



**"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
HURRAH! HURRAH!!**

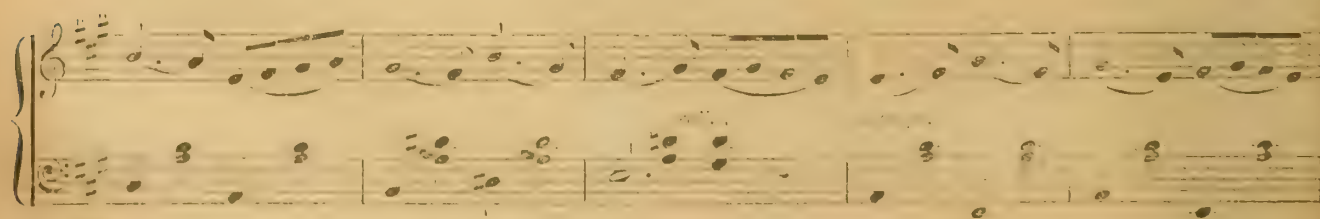
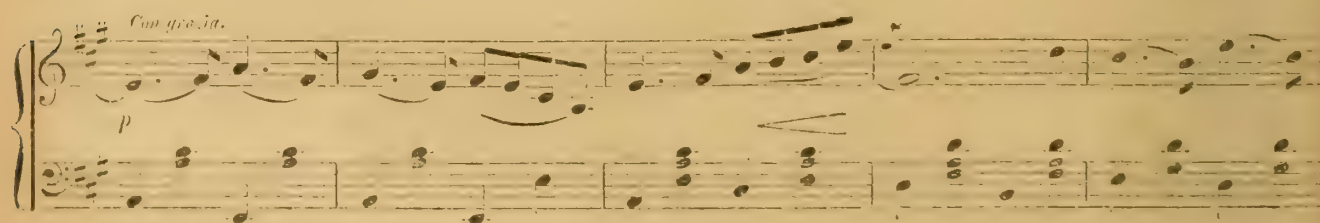
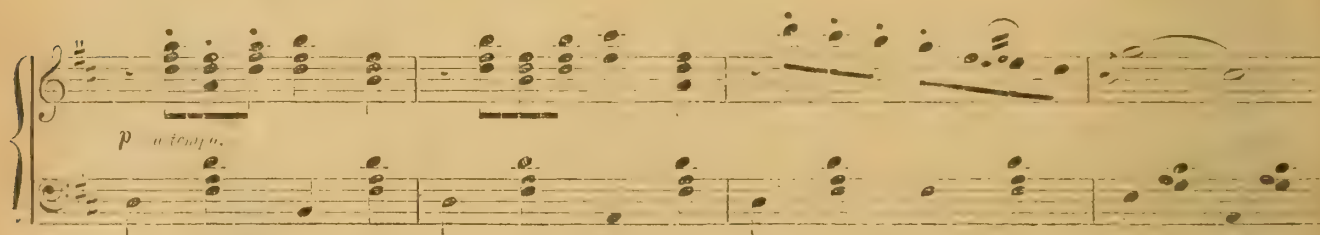
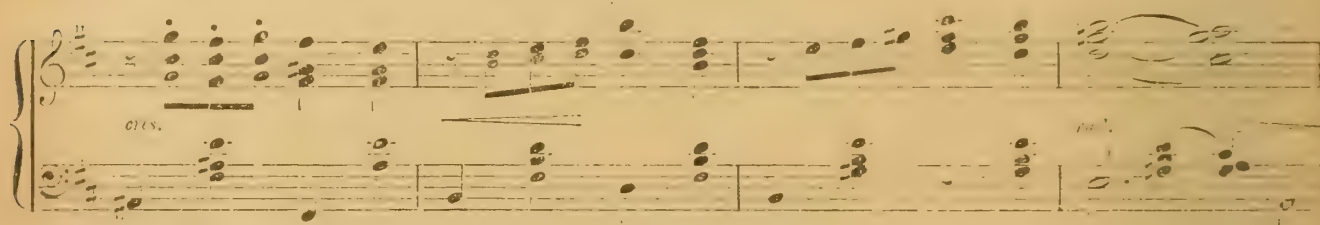
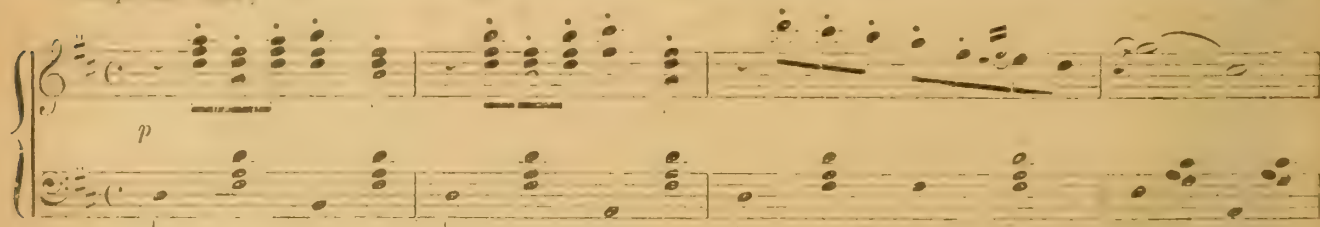


The "Pictures" Intermezzo



Dedicated to all readers of "Pictures and The Picturegoer" by the Composer, FRED ADLINGTON.

Temp. Intermezzo



First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. The word *Dim.* is written above the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. The words *1st time.* and *2nd time.* are written above the treble staff. The word *coll.* is written above the treble staff. The word *p* is written below the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. The words *Ten più primo.* are written above the treble staff. The word *mf* is written below the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. The word *rall.* is written above the treble staff. The words *f a tempo* are written above the treble staff.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. The word *f* is written below the bass staff.

FAMOUS PLAYERS & JESSE L. LASKY

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¶ You have learnt by experience to know that when you see either of these names on the Screen you are certain of a good Picture.

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¶ These Release Dates of some of our productions will put you up to date for the moment, but only for the moment.

¶ To keep up to date, subscribe to "THE REVIEW," a Monthly Magazine which tells you all about Famous Players and Lasky Pictures.

THANK YOU

RECENT RELEASES

November

1. Mary Pickford in "Rays."
8. Blanche Sweet in "Secret Orchard."
15. Ina Claire in "Will George Chase."
22. John Mason in "Jim the Penman."
29. Pauline Frederick in "The Elmer Gantry."

December

6. Hazel Dawn in "Night."

COMING

December

13. All Star Cast in "May Blossom."
20. Ina Claire in "The Puppet Crown."
27. All Star Cast in "Mala and the Flame."

January

3. Blanche Sweet in "Stolen Goods."
10. Charlotte Walker in "Out of Darkness."
17. Mary Pickford in "A Girl's Yesteryear."

Please cut here

To The
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Gentlemen,
I enclose P.O. for, and shall
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Our Picture Players' Xmas Party

A Wild Effort to describe the Dinner pictured on pages 232 and 233

By MICHAEL DEANE.



OUTSIDE in the night the combined exertions of inky darkness, slush, and sleet, with a *soupy* of icy wind, provided the component parts for a good new-fashioned Christmas, but inside the baronial hall conventional dreariness was flung to the winds, and beneath the hospitable roof was gathered a merry group who, blotting from their memories all thoughts of the cares unsympathetic producers would strew in their paths upon the morrow, determined to spend the evening in the good old-fashioned way.

Crackers lay upon the shining damask, holly and evergreens hung upon the walls, while many sprigs of mistletoe were snugly hidden ready to their owners' hands and only awaiting the signal for the osculatory assault.

"Say!" a voice rasped grimly, as its owner suddenly saw a sprig of the white-berried herb appear above the head of the little lady who shared the foot of the table with an immaculate personage. "will you pack up and wait for the whistle, or must I?" His hand stole suggestively to the bulging holster he, as ever, towed astern.

"What's the matter with you to-night?" his partner said sharply. "Did you bring me in or was I dreaming?"

The eyes of the rover from the far-off plains lost their ferocity and took on a gentler light as he turned to her. "Say, I reckon you must pardon me," he answered; "but I'm so used to pulling my guns on any tailor-made guy that happens to be around that I forgot for the moment. . . . Let 'em enjoy themselves while they're young. . . . You and I, Kathleen."

There was every probability of a thrilling argument, but just at the crucial moment, when the holstered one was praying for the prompt arrival of his verbal reserves, a loud roar cut the atmosphere, and the guests turned their attention to a weird, hairy animal that had entered.

"Keep your seats, ladies," the jovial chairman cried from behind his rampart of turkey. "That's not a mouse, Ford," he added, severely, addressing the Mormon-like gentleman, who had decoyed a tame Selionig on to the hearthrug, and was attempting to coax its appetite with a lark's wishbone and a few other trifles he had brought wrapt in an old copy of PICTURES, which marvellous publication he now repented defiling, as he wished to deposit it in the family archives. "If you want to play with the pretty little pet, do it in the coal-cellar. . . . Let the feast be served, Gadzooks! I'm half-starved!" he added, patting his dress-waistcoat lovingly.

As he spoke the Selionig succeeded in pinning its playmate into a corner, and, apparently ignorant of the present the lady-looking Charlie had affixed to the

length of cable Nature called its tail, proceeded affably to discuss the question of food supplies and economy—a discussion in which, after the first few seconds, the Mormon like one seemed to lose interest. A moment later the door crashed open, and amid cheers a waiter staggered in beneath a pyramid of plates, while a rich voice trolled gaily.

"When I get my civic clothes on—"

"No more soldiering for me—"

"But Rule Britannia, Brit—"

"Crash! Bang!! Crash!!"

A little man whose pedal extremities are the envy of every village policeman, and whose moustache has set the fashion among Army officers and others, had sprung nimbly from his seat, and, hooking the Pimplesque waiter deftly round the neck with his cane, caused the crockery to crash to the ground. . . .

For a breathless moment the snub-nosed one tottered on his base, then pulled himself together.

"Whatcher do that for?" he roared, and his stentorian tones told plainly where he had been spending the last few months. "You big-footed, baggy-trousered monopoly, I'll show you!"

With a rush he came on, to stagger back and settle without dignity among the broken plates as his assailant's foot rose gracefully to meet him. . . .

Up again, amid the cheers of the men and the wails of the women, but only to reel back again upon the outstretched tail of Jean, who had no thoughts of anything save the fragments the Selionig might leave. The dog's beautiful mistress meanwhile wept bitterly at the sight of her assaulted darling.

"Tut, tut—oh, tut, tut, and fi!" the gentleman with the curly head, whose boots, &c., and whose moustache, &c., was beginning to chide, when he suddenly sprang back as Jean became aware that something was wrong, and prepared to sample the nearest and baggiest pair of pants. "Good dog, good little dog—surely you wouldn't be so naughty as to make a meal of your Uncle Charlie!"

"Wait until they find your pink form, my bright lad," his soldierly antagonist exclaimed. "Oh, may I be a drill-sergeant then—"

"Bah! Pish! Ba-baa!" With other expressions of disgust Charlie resumed his seat, and saw to it that his mistletoe was still safe. "Wait, my lad, until I play Napoleon, only wait. . . . Napoleon—ah, well do I remember playing

him in one of those rusty old-fashioned melodramas. . . .

Eighty paces a week they offered me, a voice rose persistently above the hum of conversation, interrupting the mighty atom's pre-picture reminiscences. "Eighty pounds and all my hotel expenses. . . . But, as I told them plainly my dear boy, it wasn't enough; one must live, even in war time!"

Voices rose again, drowning one sweet soprano that murmured something about Annias, and for a few moments the worthy chairman, assisted by the vice and other experts, struggled gamely with his duties. "By the Lord Harry!" he wheezed at last, lapsing into that grand old Anglo-Saxon which was so in keeping with his sleek proportions, "and by my halidom! but methinks our worthy host hath procured this feathered one from one of those factories where, from morn till night, they do nought but munish. . . . Prithee, fair gentlemen, spare but a moment from the telling of the tale to grasp the turf firmly, that in good time we may proceed with the severed portions of the seasonable delicacy. . . . Marry, come up! grace-merey!"

Like men they rallied to his side, and the uneven struggle went on in right good earnest.

"Hold it, Harold, my boy . . . That's right, Warren. . . . No, for the love of Mike, don't shoot it, Broncho. . . . That's it; hold it, Charlie, hold it," I said. . . . "Collar it low—Oh, you undiluted hyphenated gratis souvenir!"

A cry of alarm rang out on all sides as the quaint one side-slipped, pirouetted, then, amid a shower of rich brown gravy, and with his arms clasped firmly round the crisp, nude form of that which had once "gobble gobbled" blithely in a Surrey farmyard, crashed violently into the sideboard. . . . A moment later willing hands had dragged him forth, and while his one-time antagonist sprayed him plenteously with seltzers with a view to removing the grease that clung to his hair and moustache, the worried chairman sought aid elsewhere.

"Ladies," he bleated, almost tearfully, "can none of you suggest anything? . . . It is already 8.30, and unless we get a move on we shan't get a . . . I mean we shall miss the carol party of renters who are going forth on a thanksgiving expedition!"

The men, especially the married, and

(Continued on page 235)



"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
HURRAH! HURRAH!

This year—

You who read are—we safely say—one of the million friends whom we have found or held this year. We have given you many thrilling or restful or happy hours with our big plays and with our sincere straightforward interesting players. At Christmas time you can look back with pleasure on the Hepworth year of 1915.

Great Picture Players

Alma Taylor won the great contest of "Pictures and The Picturegoer" by a large majority.

Chrissie White achieved a great triumph in *Sweet Lavender*.

Violet Hopson, "the dear delightful villainess," played a charming heroine part in *The White Hope*.

Stewart Rome has scored heavily in *Iris*, *The White Hope*, and *Sweet Lavender*.

Lionelle Howard has become one of the Hepworth Stars.

Henry Vibart in his dignified "lord" parts is welcomed everywhere.

Henry Ainley has become the idol of cinemas as well as of the stage.

Great Picture Plays

Iris won the unqualified praise of Sir Arthur Pinero and of the whole trade.

Sweet Lavender is already a great popular success.

The Man Who Stayed at Home has equalled the original play in popularity.

Court Martialled has been the most successful war picture-play yet produced.


The Sweater won the big competition at Manchester.

The Incorruptible Crown was booked everywhere.

The Basilisk created a sensation.

Hepworth Picture Plays

Produced by the Hepworth Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 2, Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus, London West.



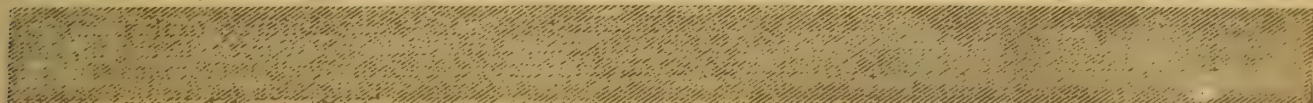
—and next

Stories of greater strength, more beautiful and striking production, greater skill and power in all our players—those are the factors that guarantee brilliance and nation-wide popularity for the Hepworth year of 1916.

You will remain our friends and you will bring us thousands more. May this Christmas receive an added touch of brightness from the thought of Hepworth in 1916.

Hepworth Picture Plays

Send in your inquiries, suggestions, and criticisms to Hepworth Publicity, c/o The Company. We like them.



OUR PICTURE PLAYERS'



FOR A TOTALLY INADEQUATE DESCRIPTION OF THIS FEARFUL
 THE GUESTS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE:—At Back—Selig Animas (uninvited), Billie Re
 Taylor, Henry Ainley, Grace Cunard, Tom Santschi, Mary Pickford, Warren Kerrigan, Anita Stev
 Table—James Cruze, Kathlyn Williams, G. M. Anderson, Elisabeth Risdon, Florence Turner, Mabe
 Selig Lion (invited), Ford Sterling,

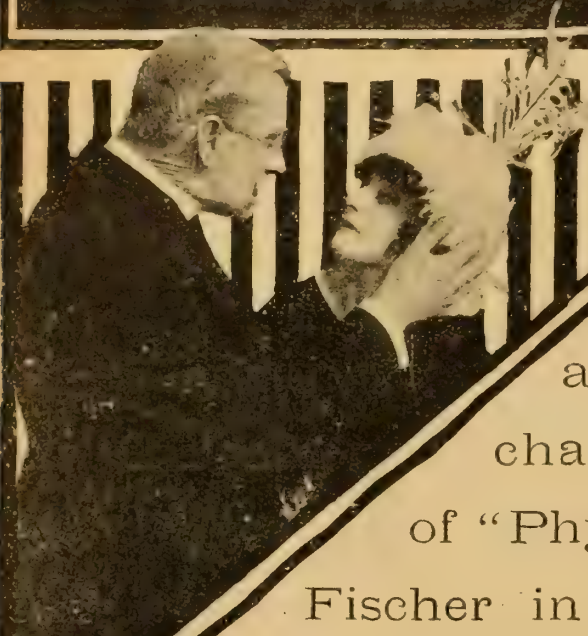
CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY



FRANK R GREY 1915


WONDERFUL GATHERING OF STARS AT YULETIDE, see Story on page 229.
 (Waiters), Billy Merson (Pudding-bearer); **Back of Table**—Chrissie White, Charles Rock, Alma Lockwood, Mary Fuller, Fred Paul, "Fatty"—Roscoe Arbuckle (Carver); **Near End and Near Side of** Marc McDermott, Vivian Rich, Maurice Costello, Edna Flugrath, Stewart Rome; **In Foreground**—The "Pimple" (Waiter).

Infatuation



Entrancing is the only possible word to apply to the delightful characterisation of the part of "Phyllis Ladd" by Margarita

Fischer in this Four-reel Drama. "Infatuation" is a strong story enacted in a bold way. The theme of the story is the love-hunger of a Young Girl for a Golden Young Man.



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OUR PICTURE-PLAYERS XMAS DINNER PARTY

(Continued from page 229.)

those about to leap from the high springboard of life, breathed again as they heard how deftly he managed to escape from what might easily have been an awkward statement, although one or two of the fair sex who had noticed the speaker's heightened colour and momentary hesitation, promised themselves a private investigation at the earliest moment.

"Come, ladies—"

Slowly they rose, and looked searchingly at the carvers, the implements de-carve and the ogre that refused to be carved; then they laughed, but their laughter held no mirth.

"Oh," one of the fairest of the fair remarked, in the tones she usually applied to the supers (pardon—"walkers-on") whom she alleged frequently tried to ruin the picture she was producing, "did you not know?"

"Know what?" the mere male element queried, with sinking hearts.

"That a carving-knife has two edges—a blunt edge and a sharp one. . . . In carving it is customary to use the sharp edge." She sat down and beamed.

"One for the missus, what?" Jean, the collie, whispered to the Selonig, who had just bolted a tuft of black chin-whisker, and was now chewing a pair of old-fashioned horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Um!" he of the mane answered as the spectacles disappeared. "I didn't notice the excitement. . . . I was busy." He licked his lips and rose slowly. "That silly ass wasn't bad as an appetiser. Now—now for a *hors d'oeuvre*, and then" his yellow eyes lingered affectionately on the chairman, who was at last making headway with the turkey "an *entrée* or a joint or two. . . . Jean, my friend. . . . He looked round in amazement, for at the mention of *hors d'oeuvres* the collie had retired under the table, only too glad to be used as a footstool by his beloved mistress. Meanwhile hostilities had nearly broken out anew between the little group at the foot of the table—a position which was not bettered by the lady with the famous smiles persistently tugging at the hero's flowing locks whenever he showed an inclination to produce his mistletoe and take an unfair advantage of the other "boys" by marching in before the gong went.

"Gee whirr! likewise gee-rusalem!" the desperado hissed, gnashing his teeth for the fiftieth time. "If this don't stop, there'll be hair flying about, sure. . . . Tain't that I'm interested in the millinery line myself, seeing that I'm—waf, let it pass. But I believe in fair play—fair play, as I've shown it on every screen in this country, America, and every other land that has a pull on respectability on old Mother Earth. . . . Git, you galoot," he shouted, as, releasing his hair from the white fingers that dallied with it, the hero bent closer to the dimpled cheek of the fair one, above whom the mistletoe

fluttered, "cut it out, or by thunder I'll fillet you!"

"Will you two stop arguing?" chided the ladies, quite drowning the protesting bleat of the ill-fed chairman. "Stop this minute, or you won't be allowed to join in the glad game of 'kiss in the ring' after dinner."

"Kiss in the ring. Oh, put me among the girls," a Denman Street prize-winner chortled, his memory awakened by the glad words.

Dire threat! Under it the storm died away, and the two men who a moment before had been daggers drawn beamed on each other in a manner that put the finest example of dental advertising completely to bed.

Suddenly weird music cleft the air, and drowned the shrill tones of a singer who, standing in soaking boots in the outer darkness, carolled with a skillfully-assumed huskiness of "the Pure who dine alone on this Merry Kismastide." The music rose to a triumphant wail, and as crescendo was reached the doors right and left of the baronial hall swung open and the procession entered from the right. Ahead of all, his hair-befringed face glowing with good health, joy, and a recent evasion of the new licensing restrictions, marched one who held aloft the pudding—the pudding that brings joy to the small boy on the day and more joy to the family doctor on the morrow. While from the left entered those who for the nonce held high office in brewery and ancestral wine-cellar. All eyes flashed as the goldfoil-necked bottles were gracefully arrayed by the open portal; then, as the two immitables stood to attention and awaited orders, a sigh, light as zephyr-carried thistle-down, rose from the bosoms of the delighted throng.

"Upon my word, but this reminds me more than ever of Christmas," a gentleman with a Byronic collar whispered softly to his blushing partner, "It only wants —," he paused and glared across at the moustached face of the young gentleman "who nightly makes millions laugh" (ad.) in a vain attempt to elucidate the mystery of the lady's blushes. The half-inch growth of moustache trembled antagonistically, and the feet, "those feet which matron, maid, or mere man never tire of" ("some" ad.), performed their own peculiar feat which elicited a shrill cry from their owner's *vis-à-vis*.

"Upon my word, really, you know, and all that," the great one cried, springing up and inadvertently placing one jewelled hand into the very innermost depths of a large blanc-mange manufactured in the national colours of the Allies, and carefully labelled on the under, or well-out-of-sight side, "*Plaster of Paris—not to be eaten*." "I'm beastly sorry and all that sort of silly old rot, don't you know, but—but—but—but—"

his game face had past the two vice-officers to the door, there it rested and became glacial. "But—but—" he stammered, and casting aside speech as being hopelessly inadequate, waved a blanc-mange hand fruitlessly in the direction of his hypothesized gaze.

"What cheer?" With one accord the two waiters swung round, ah! too late, their fate was on them even as they turned and saw the lurking danger. The laughter of an elephant came through the room, and before they had time to dodge or get behind each other a bottle, fully loaded, whizzed over their heads, knocked off the hat of one named Billie, and crashed against the wall.

"Who'll back the Metro both ways?" screamed the Buff-Blan, perched as Billie's language caused him to empty a sauce-boat down Sant'schi's neck.

The bombardment continued, the artillery now being reinforced by another Selonig, who entered in search of its missing pal.

"Call out the guard—send for the Gerson. . . . Giamme me hat and coat, I'm a dog back to mother!"

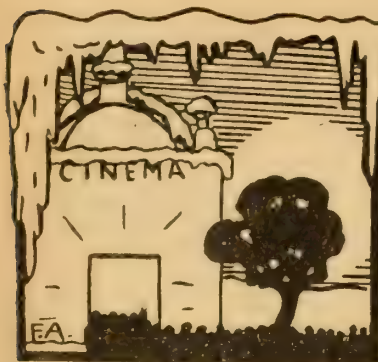
Eventually, the party succeeded in turning out the immitated guests, then having dug the waiters from beneath the table, where they had retired, taking with them as many bottles as they could grab for safety, the guests settled down once more. . . .

Bang went the first cracker, bringing Brimbo to his feet, gun in hand, until he discovered that the dreaded weapon was only a "prop." Master James prepared to take a "jump" with his mistletoe flying at the peak as the chairman rose to his feet and with a hicough, due doubtless to a natural emotion conjured up in his manly bosom by the joy he saw reflected on the faces around him, held up his brimming glass.

"Boys and girls," he cried, his voice flickering, "let's have the old toast, the old, happy feeling, the old good wishes which the season brings and which, thank the Lord, the opposition show run by Wilhelm the Huntruthful cannot get a monopoly of. . . . Here's to us and ours, here's to old PICTURES and its staff; here's to the manufacturers, the renters, the producers, and even to those who write scenarios, thereby causing us to work; to our pals on the sea and beyond the sea, and to the old flag that's glued firmly to the masthead; here's to us all, and everybody, and God grant we may spend next Christmas all together." Jean's bark rang out bravely above the cheers, but the invited Selonig made no sound, unless a purring noise like unto the humming of an aeroplane-propeller could rightly be called a sound—for you see he had just discovered a section of the Mormon like one's spare-rib, and in these hard times it doesn't do to let such little things go unnoticed.



**"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
— HURRAH! HURRAH! —**



CHRISTMAS IN FILMLAND

YULETIDE FARE
IN TABLOID FORM



WITH yet another Christmas and the war still running, we ought to be thankful that there are any Christmas films at all in store for us. And yet the number of pictures specially produced for the festive season is even smaller than it was last year, those that have been so produced are first-rate in quality. The following "tabloid" stories of some of the new Christmas pictures are not intended to indicate that there are no others. There are others as good and others, too, which, produced last Christmas, are so good that they are being released again this month. Among them must not be forgotten Mary Pickford as the most charming "Cinderella" ever seen on the screen or the stage. This Famous Players film will bear seeing many times over. Then there are the British film *Potted Pantomimes* covering several well-loved fairy-stories, issued by Gaumonts, and—what is quite a novelty in filmland—the Ideal Company's picture *A Chip of the Old Block*, which is played entirely by children, the principal taking the part of Charlie Chaplin in a truly remarkable manner. With this brief introduction, we will proceed with the tabloid stories.

"EVERYHEART."

IT was long, long ago, and Everyheart, learning of the wickedness of the realm of mortals, decided to descend to Earth and scatter good work amongst human beings. On his way to the World he lingered in the Garden of God's Gifts, knowing that he would need many of these whilst on his pilgrimage. And he was taken into the presence of the Angel of Kindness.

"Give, I beseech thee," he said, "gifts of Kindness and Protection that I may carry them to the realm of mortals."

And Everyheart's request was granted. "But," added the Angel of Kindness, as she gave him her gift, "List unto me! by life's eternal law it is decreed that every unusual gift shall be taken away. Take heed, therefore, and bear in mind my warning message. Also, exchange not thy gifts for those of the World—they are useless."

And Everyheart departed. He reached Earth, but, heedless of the Angel's warning, he traded his priceless gifts for Passion and Selfishness. And money was his next desire, but a detaining hand restrained him. Everyheart turned and saw a woman more beautiful in face and form than he had seen since he descended to earth, and, becoming enas-



A CHARMING SCENE FROM "EVERYHEART."

moured of her loveliness, Everyheart offered unto her his gifts of Kindness and Protection, for which she gave him her love. And they were wed.

And years passed by, and still Everyheart lingered upon Earth, but tiring of the love which the woman bestowed upon him, he became neglectful. Then did she find solace in the love of the other man. Everyheart was enraged, and, becoming the prey of anger, departed. The woman, stricken with grief, fell fainting to the floor, where, on his return some hours later, Everyheart discovered her. He summoned a physician, who assured him that Kindness was the only cure. Everyheart, mad with anguish, set out on a search for Kindness, but without avail. He had long lost the track of the gift. And he prayed to the Angel: "Send me, I pray thee, a gift of Kindness. I have erred, but I now repent, and if thou wilt only send me this I will give it unto the woman whose love I hold."

And the Angel heard and fulfilled

the desire. The gift was Everyheart's and, hastening with it to the side of the woman, she realised that the man had repented, and renewed again her gift of love.

In our next only, this pretty, mythical story, a "Beauty" production, forms a most seasonable departure from the usual pantomime subjects.

"CHARLIE SHANGHAIED."

CHARLIE stared at the stranger who had put the great question to him with well-bred astonishment. "Work!—I was born to it. Name the special variety of the herb you desire me to specialise in?"

"Listen," the unknown whispered, hitching up his slacks. "I am mate of yonder ship, the *Vaquero*. She is short-handed, and men must be obtained. That is your job. By fair means or foul, s'sh!"

Charlie s'sh'd, as ordered. "And the cof, the dibs, the chiplets!" he queried.

"That you can safely leave to me. Now, to work."

The form of the mariner melted away. Poor Charlie was left staring after him, and his heart sank as he realised that the request for an advance that had trembled on his tongue was still unspoken. However, the job was easy, and, seizing a large mallet, he concealed himself in an empty barrel. Soon, through the bung-hole, he saw the mate return, accompanied by a group of men with whom he argued. They halted by the barrel: their backs were towards Charlie. He rose slowly, the mallet fell surely, and in the twinkling of an eye the crew of the good ship *Vaquero* was complete.

Charlie scrambled from his concealment and laid the mallet aside. "Put it there," he said, holding out his hand, and a few moments later Charlie was added to the good ship's crew.

Over the first few days of the voyage let us draw a thick veil. Charlie and his new comrades suffered as only those who go down to the sea in ships—those who are not sailormen—do suffer. They cursed their cruel fate a thou-

(Continued on page 239.)



"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
HURRAH! HURRAH!!



FRANCIS. X. BUSHMAN



EMILY STEVENS



YOU SEE ALL STARS IN

METRO PICTURES

EDMUND BREESE



MME. PETROVA



Metro Pictures lead the world in power and artistic quality. Thrilling incident and good acting. Metro Pictures are alive and give the most enjoyable entertainment.

LOOK FOR THE PARROT POSTERS OUTSIDE THE CINEMA—THEN GO IN!

Metro Pictures are a revelation to those who see them for the first time.

THE BROKEN COIN

WHEREVER you see a notice outside a Cinema announcing "The Broken Coin" you can walk right in with the fullest assurance that you are going to see two rich reels of adventurous romance and palpitating thrills, and we prophesy that you will find your first experience of this fascinating story so keenly enjoyable that you will go regularly every week until the story ends.

"The Broken Coin" is the title of The Trans-Atlantic's fifth serial photo-play.

THE first instalment was "released" on November 29th. There are twenty-two weekly episodes. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, of "Lucille Love" fame, are the stars of the production, and in every episode you can see Eddie Polo, the man who fights like a demon to protect Lucille Love from her enemies and incidentally provides you with some gorgeous thrills. Find out where it is being shown and see every single chapter of "The Broken Coin" serial picture story.

TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., LTD., Universal House, 37-39, Oxford St., LONDON, W.



This is a reduced version of one of the portraits. The original measures 10 x 8 ins.

Special Offer to 'Pictures' Readers

12 LARGE PHOTOGRAPHURE
PORTRAITS OF LEADING
CINEMA STARS FOR **1/-** POST
FREE

WE are able to make the very special announcement this week that readers of "Pictures and The Picturegoer" can obtain from The Trans-Atlantic Film Co. a set of exquisite photogravure portraits, size 10 in. deep by 8 in. wide, for the small sum of 1s. post-free.

The names of your picture favourites included in the set are:—Lois Weber, Phillips Smalley, Ben Wilson, Dorothy Phillips, King Baggot, Jane Gail, Violet Mersereau, Edna Maison, Sydney Ayres, Warren Kerrigan, Murdock Macquarrie and Mary Fuller.

This is a unique opportunity. Don't let it slip by. Send your shilling to-day. The supply is limited and we don't want to disappoint you.

Address your application to

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., LTD.,
Publicity Dept., Universal House, 37-39, Oxford Street, London, W.

Christmas in Film-land

(Continued from page 236.)

said times, a thousand times they prayed for death, and a like number of times the mate's boat made them forget everything but the urgent need for putting a jerk into it. Then one day the dark clouds drew apart and the sun shone again. It happened in this way: Charlie was working, *working* in the hold, when he saw a radiant vision coming towards him. At first he doubted the evidence of his senses, but, as the ruby lips parted showing the dazzling rows of pearly teeth, he leapt forward.

"My angel!" he gasped as he crashed her to him.

"My own sweet Charles!" she murmured, nestling.

"But my own," the ship lurched, covering their loving hearts, and it was some seconds before they succeeded in coming to clutches again. What brings you here? The maiden blushed. "You remember that night when you told papa that we were lovers, and his answer?" Charlie did remember both the night and papa's answer, and the memory chilled him into silence. "Well, after he had kicked you out—I mean, after you had left the house, we had an awful scene,—I told him that you were all in all to me." Charlie began to thaw, "and that nothing should part us. Of course, pa locked me in my room; I escaped, followed you, stowed



CHARLIE IS CARRIED ABOARD.

away and here we are, beloved!"

Once more the waves waged war upon their love, and once more virtue picked itself up triumphantly. "My own," Charlie spluttered, gazing rapturously at her jewelled finger, "and here we must remain hiding.—S'sh, listen, they are sitting on some plot; soon it will be hatched, until then we must watch and wait, but—" he hurt his off-side foot in adding force to his

statement "we will never be parted again."

In his stately mansion the great ship-owner sat trembling as he gazed at the slip of scented notepaper in his hands. "Father," the words danced before his eyes, "you have torn two hearts apart."

"He has sailed on the *Laguna*, and I shall follow him to the world's end. . . . Yes, no more. "Birdie the *Laguna*," he gasped, "the ship which is already doomed, the boat which my hiredling master and mate will send to the bottom for the sake of lucre. . . . No, it shall not be!"

Lighting a guinea cigar he gave a few hasty telephone instructions, and before the first signs of a new day touched the heavens his paternal yacht crept out of harbour on a long stern chase.

"It is time!"

With almost a shudder the master of the *Laguna* replaced his finger-ring and followed by the mate, crept into the icy wind that swept the ship's decks.

"S'sh!" For a moment they cowered down, then pressed on. Furtively they opened the hatch of the main hold and crept noiselessly over cases of priceless merchandise until they stopped.

"It is here!" the master hissed; "enough dynamite rests in this hold to wreck St. Paul's. Quick, light the fuse! Now to escape!"

All unconscious of the lovers who

(Continued on page 241.)

IS THERE ANYTHING BETTER THAN ONE OF OUR WELL-KNOWN DRAMAS FOR DRAWING & PLEASING THE PUBLIC?

WELL
KNOWN
THROUGHOUT THE
KINGDOM

ALEXANDER DUMAS'
FAMOUS STORY

WELL
KNOWN
THROUGHOUT THE
KINGDOM

THE

CORSICAN BROTHERS

IS ONE OF THE FINEST PRODUCTIONS TO-DAY.

:: Featuring ::

KING BAGGOT (in the dual role of the Brothers), supported by **MISS JANE GAIL**

And contains some Marvellous Double and Triple Photography.

LET US HEAR FROM YOU TO-DAY

J. T. R. CINEMA TRADING SYNDICATE, 5, Gt. Newport St. (Reynolds House), London, W.C.

A Grand "Beauty" Production for Christmas



NEVA GERBER

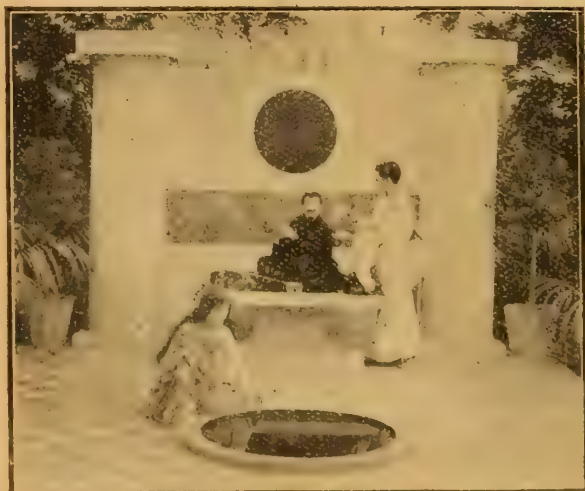
This is a delightful story, just fitted for the festive season, quite original in theme, and right away from the pantomime plot. Go to your favourite theatre and ask the manager to be sure and include it in his programme for December 23rd.

ISSUED DECEMBER 23rd.

Don't forget the date! When you have seen "Everyheart" write and tell us what you think of it.

"EVERYHEART"

Presented by The American Company (London), Ltd., 193, Wardour Street, W.



In this scene the Spirit of Kindness dips into the Well of Truth, while Satan trades in "Power" and "Selfishness."

"Everyheart" was sent into the world with such priceless gifts as 'Kindness,' 'Protection' and 'Love,' but he traded them for 'Power,' 'Selfishness' and 'Wealth.' He wedded the 'Spirit of Kindness,' but his worldly actions killed her. In desperation he sought the 'Spirit of Love' and by her aid his wife was restored to him.



"Beauty" Films.



WEBSTER CAMPBELL

Christmas in Filmland

(Continued from page 239)

watched from behind a case of Eno's Fruit Salt, they scurried away.

"Hustle!" Charlie cried, "I am to save the *Laguna* and our lives!"

He seized the bomb and rushed on deck. The miscreants saw him, and howled for mercy; but, with a jarring laugh, the dauntless hero hurled his missile. A flash, a deafening report; then, when the smoke cleared, they saw that Nemesis had indeed fallen well and truly upon villainy.

"So much for their infamy," Charlie said, sternly; then his eyes softened as they searched the sea, "and see, my Birdie, yonder come our rescuers!"

Half an hour later they stood before the white-faced shipowner. With the gesture of one accustomed to be obeyed, Charlie motioned his sweet-heart aside.

"Papa and I have a little business to discuss, my darling," he said, gravely; then he turned to the man whose feet had spurned him. "Now, what about it?" he demanded, grimly.

"She is yours, my boy. I was mistaken. . . . I did not know your worth."

As you must have guessed, Chaplin is the other name of Charlie in the above screening lineup at Comedy to be released at Christmas-time by Essanay.



JOSEPH AND MARY WITH THE INFANT JESUS.

A scene from the Edison Sacred film.

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THIS beautiful Edison picture is of course more appropriate than any other subject for the festive season for it deals with the first Christmas. It has been handled reverently, and in its way, a little masterpiece.

In the *role* of the Virgin, Gertrude McCoy is the personification of innocence, love, and purity. The scenario has been carefully prepared by the Rev. de Witt Pelton, who was most careful to see that every detail was perfect and the sacred atmosphere all that could be desired. The film version followed closely the magnificent Biblical story.

"THE VAMPIRE."

THE two men looked at each other keenly, then the elder man bent over their beautiful companion.

"You hate the world; is it not so?" Mlle. Jeanne Lanzone laughed harshly. "Hate it, yes, and everything in it. A few years ago," she continued, "I was a girl, pure, innocent, and the world was very good."

Then one day my guardians were killed in a motor accident, while I was injured. . . . Taken to a hotel, I was attended to by a surgeon who was staying there. . . . Soon my gratitude turned to love. . . . He saw that which I could not have concealed, even had I wanted to, and the knowledge fed the passion that burned in him. . . . Unreservedly and without question I gave myself to him. I was his, body and soul. Then, on the

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

"THE LAST ONE!"

Daddy's been eating them!"

EVEN "grown-ups" never grow out of a liking for the footsome Mackintosh's. And as for the kiddies—well, give them some coppers and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.

Toffee-de-Luxe.

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."

Nothing could be more pure and wholesome than this sweet treat—which never satiates nor palls on the palate.



Mint-de-Luxe.

offee-de-Luxe cunningly with real English Mitcham Peppermint.

1 lb. Tin, 5/-; 1/4 lb. loose, from all Confectioners. Sold also in 1/- Tins. Loll

Xmas Parcel

Yes, and of course a pipe in it. . . . It is certain to be the

Last Word

THE UPSIDE-DOWN PIPE.

when you realise how much more it is appreciated by friends in the trenches or the Navy than an ordinary pipe. Because the Last-Word Pipe is absolutely weatherproof: rain and wind cannot put it out. Therefore, "he" can smoke enjoyably in all weathers. Think what a boon this is, especially when matches are so scarce. It also saves tobacco. At night, on duty, "he" can smoke a Last-Word Pipe, for it shows no glow of light to make him a mark for German snipers.

PLUS for CLEANING PURPOSES



1 Stretcher-Bedder's

As well as its ordinary advantages, it complies with Army regulations, that no light of any kind should be visible on the battlefield at night."

H. A. WILSON, R.A.M.C. B.E.F.

THE
UPSIDE-DOWN
PIPE

FILE AND LIGHT HERE FOR ORDER INSTRUCTIONS AND PRICE LIST

The Last-Word, the inside-down pipe, is the best Christmas present to send to you, friends at the Front or in the Navy, and no pipe has a competitor without one. The best for this purpose costs 3/9, and is silver-mounted. Other prices are—1/9, 4/6 and 6/6. All London made from finest French brar, and P.O. to try. Remember, "he" is waiting and watching for "his" Last-Word Pipe.

P. D. WYSE, 6 GERRARD MANSIONS, GERRARD STREET, LONDON, W.

Who will be **first** in your District to show

"AS FATE ORDAINED"

(Majestic, 4 Parts) ?



LILIAN GISH,

The Popular Majestic Star,
heads a Powerful Cast.

Produced under the direct
supervision of

D. W. GRIFFITH,
the Master Mind in the
Cinematograph World.

The general opinion is:
"Better even than the
Outcast."

For the full story of this
masterpiece see "Pictures
and The Picturegoer," issue
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Gorgeous Posters in Full Colours
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WORTH NOTING.—Our next 4-Reel exclusive, "**BRED IN THE BONE**,"
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A PICTUREGOER'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT'S DREAM.

**"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
HURRAH! HURRAH!!**

Can STOMACH & BOWEL INDIGESTION BE CURED?

YES, THERE IS ONE CURE.
Then Why Do People Continue to Suffer for Years.
BECAUSE THEY DO NOT KNOW

Most persons suffer from Indigestion because they do not know that three-quarters of all the food they eat is digested in the Bowel and only a quarter in the Stomach. They try to cure themselves by taking Purgatives.—Pepsine, Magnesia, and Soda Mixtures—or starving themselves.

WHY PURGATIVES FAIL.
—Purgatives give temporary relief only to increase the trouble, especially Flatulence, afterwards. Purgatives do not digest food, they simply expel it, and the Bowel depends more and more upon artificial assistance.

WHY PEPSINE AND SODA MIXTURES FAIL. Pepsine digests Albuminous food in the stomach, but does not digest Starchy food in the Bowel, and as three-quarters of the food is digested in the Bowel, Pepsine must fail.

Soda does not digest food, and too often neutralises, and so destroys the digestive material in the Stomach.

WHY STARVATION IS USELESS.—When the digestive glands are so weak that they do not produce the necessary digestive fluid, starving them only makes them weaker. What they require is strengthening nourishment, and to get that you must eat food and also take the necessary remedy to digest it, so that the nourishment is extracted and carried to those weak glands. Then, as they grow stronger from day to day, they help more and more to digest the food.

WHY MAGNESIA FAILS.—Magnesia is an Alkali, and therefore too often counteracts the Gastric Juice which is an Acid. Consequently, it often gives a feeling of relief for the moment, but it does not digest one atom of food; it counteracts and neutralises and destroys the Gastric Juice, so that you can see how harmful its use, and particularly repeated use, must be.

WHAT MUST BE DONE TO CURE INDIGESTION.—You can see that the only cure must be a Digestive formed of Digestive Ferments. No nourishment can be extracted from the food until it is digested, and digestion must begin in the Stomach (there is a little digestion in the mouth from the Saliva). Then the process is continued away down the Bowel. If such Digestive Ferments as Nature must have are supplied in the Stomach and at the different points down the Bowel, and if the Bile Circulation which is so important, is correct, the food will be gradually digested and the nourishment thus extracted inch by inch, so that only refuse will finally remain; the Liver ac-

tion will be natural, Heartburn will disappear, there will be no more Acidity or Flatulence, the blood will become purer and richer, and Constipation will be gradually cured. By taking Cicfa you can very soon eat what you like, you will get all the nourishment, and you are cured of Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel as well as of Flatulence and Constipation.

As digestion in the Stomach and in the Bowel improves, the dose of Cicfa can be reduced, and soon it will not be required.

No other remedy can cure Stomach and Bowel Indigestion, for Cicfa alone contains the natural Digestive Ferments which Nature must have.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you think. You know how worry of an affected Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety or a fright. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?), your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Distilling with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking Cicfa to assist digestion, because Cicfa is the only remedy which contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible, and make Digestion perfect and certain.

WARNING. Let no person in posing upon you by selling you one of the worthless imitations of Cicfa (at 6d. or 7d.) now on the market.

AT XMAS OR ANY OTHER TIME travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes constipation. That is not the Liver it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa is the only cure.

Price 1s. 11d., plus 1d. War Tax and 2s. 9d., plus 3d. War Tax.

GET CICFA NOW OR TEST IT

—ABSOLUTELY FREE—

Send your Name and Address, with this Coupon, and **one penny stamp for postage**, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one Sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



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P. & PICTUREGOER, 11 12 15.

The Four Feathers.

By A. E. W. MASON

SINCE the days when the Pharaohs piled up those massive structures the Pyramids, Egypt has been a land of mystery much loved by the dramatist of every age. Here Mr. A. E. W. MASON arranges the most thrilling episodes in his famous play, "THE FOUR FEATHERS." This has been filmed by POPULAR FILMS, and is to be released in a few weeks. The story is of a young officer haunted by the dread thought that in the hour of difficulty he might play the coward and betray his good name and that of his ancestry. How when he was ordered to Egypt he resigned, and was sent three white feathers by his chums and brother officers, his fiancée giving him the fourth, and breaking their engagement. Going to Egypt, he was successful in winning back his name and also his loved one. The story of his battle as a native in Egypt to gain this end is of thrilling interest; the setting and scenario arrangements are really fine. "The Four Feathers" will be talked about. Don't forget to see it.

Salomy Jane

is a Californian story by Bret Harte of true Western excitement. Laid in the mountains of California during the days of the great gold rush of '49. It is a thrill, with the romantic interest of a young society shaping the first semblance of law and order out of chaotic lawlessness. This will be released about the middle of January. Make a note of the date. APPLY FOR SYNOPSIS.

CONTROLLED BY

LUCOQUE Ltd.,
Film Renters,

93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

to starve, or seek luxury on the broad path of infamy? Richard Sterling, tell your son, yes, if you have a spark of manhood left, tell your son the truth!"

Slowly, falteringly, the man obeyed; but Richard's eyes never left the face of the woman that beautiful face that seemed to regain its girlish purity as the confession of wrong drew to a close.

"Good!" he said, gravely, when the end was reached; "I am glad that I know the truth, and I thank Heaven that the son may in some part atone for the father's crime. Jeanne, in all faith, once more I ask you to become my wife!"

Her eyes were full of scalding tears. "No; it cannot be; his sin would always stand between you and perfect happiness. Marry her, dear. I have seen her, and she is good, true, pure; she will teach you to forget. Good-bye, my beloved; I shall always pray for you."

Without another word she passed slowly out into the unknown world, the gateway to which is night.

"The Vampire" will be making short work of the Christmas season. It is assuredly another success for "Metro." Olga Petrova, the Russian actress, has made a great hit in the stage part.

"THE ONLY MAN."

"MISS PYXNE forward! Laces, please!" yelled the immaculately dressed Billy Whattle, shop-walker and superintendent-in-chief of the bargain basement of Whitebridges. Miss Pyxne "forwarded," and Billy, wheeling round, raised his ogling orbs



BILLY AMONG THE GIRLS.
A scene from "The Only Man."

ceilingwards until they rested on the beautiful form of "Tiny," the companion, charming cashier. As Tiny was throwing the glad eye to Bassett, his hated rival, Billy attempted to "go off" with the lady who was purchasing a pair of silk socks for her husband.

The governor suddenly appeared and Billy accepted a fortnight's "holiday," and on Bassett's advice hid him down to a boarding-house at Shrimpton on the Mud, where, he was assured, there were no females. He arrived to find that he was the only man in the village.

When Billy, on the following morning, in his scanty sea suit, made a dash for the water it seemed as if the whole village population was after him. Plunging into the waves, Billy disappeared, and imagining him to be dead, the girls went their way back to the boarding-house.

But Billy was not dead. He emerged, and, assuaging the pangs of hunger by means of a banana borrowed from a baby, he pondered.

Entering a tent, he discovered female attire, and returned to the boarding-house as a beautiful belle, his appearance causing flutters among the flappers.

After an adventurous night for Billy (see screen), Bassett and Tiny arrived on the scene. Tiny once more refused Billy. The girls came to the rescue, and at once recognised the impostor, who, sick of life, decided to end his sorrows. Then Tiny embraced him. For her Billy was "The Only Man."

Billy Merson is great in this his third film to be released after Christmas.

"War Nerves" and Sleeplessness.

Terrible Neurasthenia Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Cox, 3, Usher Road, Roman Road, Bow, London, E., says: "I had suffered with my nerves and sleeplessness for years more or less, but about the beginning of the war I got into a terrible state of nervous depression. I could not sleep, could not sit still, and I suffered from frightful headaches and windy spasms. I cannot describe how depressed I felt; I used to cry for no cause. But the sleeplessness was worst of all. This got so bad that I had to get up in the night and walk about."

"Still I grew worse; I could not remain indoors, but had to go out and walk through the streets. I felt better when moving. Doctors said I was neurasthenic and that my blood was full of uric acid; but they didn't cure me. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and have improved ever since. Now I am in really good health."



Mrs. Cox, London.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young.

They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown
Nerve Paralysis
Spinal Paralysis
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Neurasthenia
Nervous Debility
Sleeplessness
Anæmia

Kidney Disease
Indigestion
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Wasting Diseases
Palpitation
Brain Fog
Premature Decay

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by chemists and stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, &c., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box B.D. 17, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.



The Christmas Spirit in the Home

The Christmas Spirit is the Home Spirit. This was the thought the Edison Company had in mind when producing the four fine Christmassy Picture Plays described below.

Now, as never before, every home needs the particular kind of peace and happiness that is contained in the "Spirit of Christmas," and which is revealed in **EDISON CHRISTMAS PLAYS**

Now, as never before, everybody—young and old—needs to see the Edison Christmas Picture Plays.

The acting is so life-like and so human, one cannot help being fascinated as the stories are unfolded by **EDISON PLAYERS**. The plots are real old Yuletide plots, while the settings of each play breathe forth the genuine Christmas atmosphere.

TO BE SEEN AT ALL THE BEST CINEMAS.



THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR

Nothing finer, more beautiful, or more appropriate for the season has ever been produced. Parents should certainly take their children to see it.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WRONG SANTA CLAUS

A Christmas Detective Story in semi-numorous vein. Shows how the children's presents were stolen.

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A wonderfully charming Christmas Fantasy, told as only the talented **EDISON PLAYERS** know how to tell a story of this description.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

A Christmas Society Drama of unusual interest and power.

EDISON PLAYERS

Tell these Christmas Stories in a wonderfully fascinating manner. Indeed, when watching them you lose all sense of time or place; you are back again in the realms of pleasant dreams, with Christmas as a great event in your life.


FREE! We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite **EDISON PLAYERS** on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

FOR 6d.

We will send you post-free a set of Photographs showing scenes from **EDISON Plays**. These Photos are full plate size. Please mention what Plays you are most interested in.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour Street, London, W.






"PICTURES"

GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later



THE OFFENDING KISS.—Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Myrtle Gonzalez and George Stanley. Love and thrilling spectacle.

A CHILD'S DREAM. Cines drama. One reel. Mlle. Cinésino. A pretty drama, in which a child's faith is substantiated by events.

QUICKSANDS OF LIFE. Victory drama (British make). Three reels. Dramatic results through the resemblance between twin brothers.
General Film Hire Service.

ADVENTURES OF DEADWOOD DICK. Samuelson drama. Released weekly for six weeks. Two reels each part. Fred Paul as the popular British hero.
Ideal Film Renting Co.

HUGAN, THE PORTER. Keystone comedy. One reel. Charles Murray. A perfect scream, and quite up to the average Keystone.
Western Export Co., Ltd.

THE GIRL OF THE SEA. Thanhouser drama. One reel. Mignon Anderson and Harry Benham. A story of the sea and a shipwrecked girl's fortune. Marvellous settings and scenery.

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NOT WANTED.—Edison drama. One reel. Herbert Prior, Sallie Crute, Richard Peer. A pathetic but pretty child story that will penetrate the hardest heart because it is true to life. Story in No. 93, November 27th issue.

THE ETERNAL CITY.—Famous Players drama. Five reels. Pauline Frederick as "Roma" (see cover last week's issue). Magnificent picturisation of Hall Caine's world-famous novel.
J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.

THE HOUSEMAID.—Reliance drama. One reel. Marguerite Loveridge, Frank Bennett, Wilbur Higby, and Mae Gaston. A rich man's son loves a servant girl, and finds that she is worth loving.
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FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED. NO. 18: "Temper." (Essanay Drama.)



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*A
Spanish
Love
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*The
Man
in
Possession*

*The
Only
Man*

BILLY MERSON, that most versatile of British Comedians, has by his efforts in "A Spanish Love Spasm," "The Man in Possession," and "The Only Man" placed himself high in the front rank of film actors. If you have not seen either of the two first-named films, make a note to see both, or you will miss something good. "The Only Man" will be released at an early date, and, as this is one of Merson's finest efforts, don't miss it.

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A scene from *Doc Yak and Santa Claus*, a funny Selig film.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS

Although this number is devoted to Christmas, it is too soon to wish you a merry one, because I hope to be writing to you again before the great day arrives. I had told myself that the only subject to write about in the Christmas Number of a popular film paper was Christmas films, but your Mr. Editor has informed me that they are dealt with on other pages. Now after films what is it you like to read best in a Christmas number? I have it—a ghost story; and I have the story, too, because it happens to be an experience of your Uncle Tim's. "Oh! do tell us, please Uncle," I can hear a thousand voices exclaim; so here and now I will set it down in writing for the first time.

Many years ago I was invited to spend Christmas with a married friend of mine, who lived in an outlying London district, about two miles from the railway station. Business kept me late in town, and it was nearly twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve when I left the train and started to walk to my friend's house. It had been snowing during the day, and was a cold, frosty night, the frozen snow making it rather difficult to keep on one's feet.

I knew the walk from the station quite well. It was a very lonely one, away from any houses, and some part of it took me through a public footpath which divided a large cemetery, tall iron railings on either side separating the public from the graveyard itself.

As I have stated, it was Christmas Eve, and, feeling in the joliest of moods, I lit up a cigar and trotted along humming the chorus of a comic song which I intended to inflict on my host on the morrow.

The cold wind began to cut my face, and I noticed that the moon was half obscured by heavy-moving clouds, which looked like more snow to come. I did not meet a living soul, and as I approached the path through the cemetery the chilly loneliness of the scene impressed itself upon me, and, shivering, I turned up my coat-collar and put on more speed. The church clock struck midnight. I had just finished counting the chimneys, and was looking towards the belfry from whence the sounds came when something brought me to a dead stop.

From behind a gravestone on my right, some distance ahead of me, there rose up slowly a long, white object. I was so astonished that I became simply rooted to the spot where I had stopped, and could not move. But the ghost moved. It rose up over the tombstone, and, without touching the ground, advanced—yes, advanced a few yards towards me. Then it stopped. The moonlight was very hazy because of the clouds, and I could not see more than that the shape of the ghost was tall and white and vapoury, but what amazed me most was that it moved off the ground and over the tops of the tombstones without any jumping. The sight seemed to freeze every drop of blood in my veins.

I had never believed in ghosts, but here was one I argued with chattering teeth, if ever there was, for how could an apparition be anything but a ghost when it chose to appear among the graves? "T-T-Thank heaven," I stuttered, "the

railings are between us" and, with grim determination I took to my heels and ran the whole length of the path. At the other end I looked back, and, horror of horrors, the white ghost was coming after me! Frightened as I was, the thing so fascinated me that I had to look. It was quite two yards from the earth now. It passed quickly over several tombstones, and with staring eyes I watched it actually float over the top of the iron railings which shut in the cemetery. Then it appeared to be making for me, in a straight line, and I gasped for breath and fled. A stretch of common dotted with clumps of furze bushes lay between me and my friend's house, and I never stopped running or looked back again until I had gained his doorstep. Never was cheery dining room more welcome. I rushed in and implored my startled host to give me a strong brandy and soda. Without a word he gave it to me, and I swallowed it in one gulp. Then when I had come back to myself in the warmth and the gaslight I told my friends what I had seen.

Of course, both my friend and his wife flatly refused to believe the story, and soon afterwards we all packed off to bed.

The next morning, Christmas morning, the "ghost" was being again discussed at breakfast when my friend's only son, a little boy of ten, burst into the dining-room. "Look what I've found on the common, dad," he shouted in high glee.

And what do you think it was? A large white fire balloon, similar to those that used to go up at the Crystal Palace on firework nights. "It was caught in the bushes," explained the boy. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes," said his dad, laughing heartily, and turning to me he chuckled. "Jackie has caught your ghost, Uncle Tim."

Alas! my space is gone and I have not given you the result of the "Riddle" competition. Never mind, I will publish that, together with the result of the competition which follows it, in next week's issue. For this week I will give you a story competition. Write a short story round the quaint little Santa Claus in the picture on this page. He has just paid a visit to the doctor's house. Address the post-card to "Santa Claus" PICTURES, Offices, 51, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, December 13th. Four nice Christmas books for the senders of the best stories are now with

UNCLE TIM.



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INSIST on your local cinema manager booking this great Nordisk detective drama and you'll be glad you took the trouble. :: ::

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No. 2. The Mystery of the Midnight Express

Full of thrilling, exciting, absorbing interest that will fill you with delight! You must see this great picture!



? When is your Local Manager showing "THE WOMAN WHO DID"?

ASK HIM!



"THE WOMAN WHO DID."

: : By GRANT ALLEN : :
Produced by WALTER WEST,
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Scenario by AUBREY FITZMAURICE.

EVA BALFOUR as "The Woman Who Did."

YOU MUST NOT MISS SEEING IT

Write for postcards of Miss Balfour to the
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SET MY HEART A-FLAME. OF ALL THE GIRLS YOU'RE THE SWEET-EST I'VE BEEN.
AL WAYS TO ME AS SWEET AS SWEET SIX-TEEN. I DREAM OF YOU
ALL THROUGH THE LIVE-LONG DAY. AND THEN WHEN I SEE YOU, YOU FADE A-
WAY. E-LAINE, E-LAINE, PLEASE COME DOWN FROM THE SCREEN. ANQ
(REPEAT.)
EE MY MOV-ING PIC-TURE QUEEN

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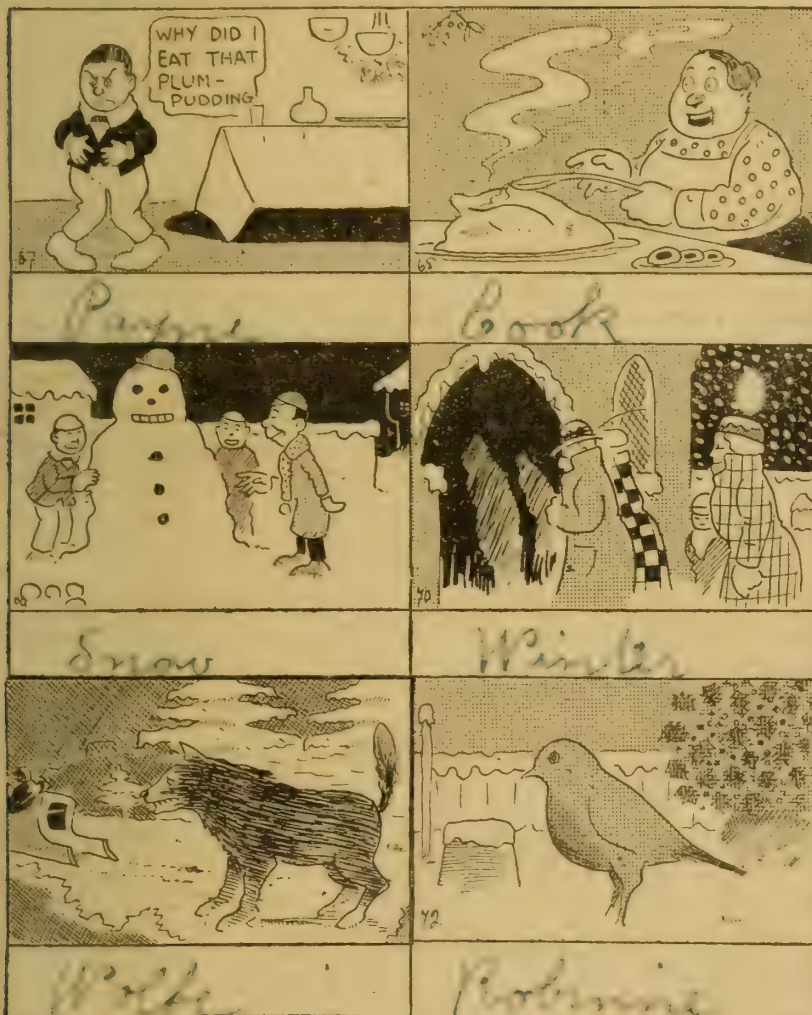
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SCREENED STARS

OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the twelfth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition - Screened Stars. The Competition is quite simple and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus - take picture No. 1 in the first set - a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player - Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now - keep each set till the final set has appeared. A **£10** note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, **£5** to the next, and **10s** each to the next ten, and **20** Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the twelfth set now and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the **£10** - and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign Players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous sets may be had from our Publishers.



EDITORIAL GOSSIP

It is finished. After being glued to the editorial chair for a week, with short, dark intervals for sleeping purposes, I am now with this final page putting the Christmas Number of PICTURES "to bed." That it will awake fresh and bright to entertain our quarter of a million readers I have little doubt. It is not so full of snowballs and clanking chains and "waits" and all the other features of bygone Christmases dear to memory as I should have liked, but, then, you must remember that, Time having changed the seasons, good old-fashioned Christmas winters have passed into oblivion. In spite of the sad fact, however, that we are still in the throes of the world's greatest war, the film industry is still, happily, so healthy that I have been justified in making this Christmas issue of PICTURES as bright and as sasonable as possible. To all who can make it so I say, Let your Christmas of 1915 be merry. To the many to whom the absence of dear ones will be hard to bear I will repeat the words of Elisabeth Risdon, printed on another page: "If we can't have a very merry Christmas, we will have a brave one."

'Xtra Copies for Xmas.

Do you want extra copies of this issue? Your friends at home and abroad will appreciate it. If you have any difficulty in procuring copies at your cinema or newsagents (the latter *can* supply you if you order it) send direct to us with two pence for each copy, and extra for postage, which is a halfpenny for six ounces and double the rate for abroad. At your request we will gladly post copies direct to your khaki-clad friends or relations wherever they may be. Important: orders for copies of this issue will be executed whilst the supply lasts, but beware of disappointment.

Our Art Supplement.

The beautiful portrait of Florence Turner which is presented free with this issue is sure to win admiration from countless readers, and, if I may make the suggestion, the portrait will look very handsome in a neat, dark frame. Miss Turner has been scoring in quite a number of great Turner productions lately, and one of her finest roles is her share in the new picture adapted from Thomas Hardy's immortal novel, *Far From The Madding Crowd*, which the Ideal Company inform me they have purchased. Then, too I am told, she is superb in *A Welsh Singer*, which I hope to see during the week.

The "Pictures" Intermezzo.

Another feature of this issue is the dance-music specially composed, for those of you who love music, by one of our cartoonists, Fred Adlington. It was "tried" for my ben fit; the other day at the West End Cinema, and found to be so dainty and alluring that the pianist played it three times. It is interesting to note that Mr. Adlington,

ENTRY
FORM.

NAME
ADDRESS

12th
Ser.



A CHRISTMAS STORY:
"TELLING IT TO THE MARINES."

Copyright, 1905, by H. C. Payne. The Story of the Christmas Eve in the Marines. (H. C. Payne, Story.)
Illustrated by H. C. Payne.

Besides being clever on black and white work and himself a brilliant pianist, is a composer of no mean order. Already he has over two hundred published pieces to his credit.

A Perfect Pipe and Present.

How to make hard work a pleasure, the law, in my case being the production of this number. I am an inveterate pipe-smoker, and hearing of the "Last-Word" pipe I had sense enough to invest in one. It is upside down, the tobacco burning from the bottom *upwards* the proper way for a pipe to burn. No, you do not stand on your head to smoke it, and to all appearances it is an ordinary and very nice affair, but in place of waste and a wet plug you have economy and more tobacco. "Tommy" at the Front can smoke this pipe when ordinary pipes are forbidden, because no glow comes from it. To all my lady readers I would say, Buy your favourite boy a "Last-Word" pipe (see advertisement on another page) as a Christmas present. Pipe-smokers who have no girls to remember them should buy and smoke the pipe themselves.

Players' Portraits for Postage.

Have you noticed in our pages the Edison Company's free offer of three photos of their players for twopence to cover postage? If you collect your favourites, this is a chance that should not be overlooked. Mention PICTURES when you write for them. Do not forget that if picture postcards of film



HENRY AINLEY IN "SWEET LAVENDER."

As Dick Phenyl in this Hepworth production, Mr. Ainley is the lovable, "tipping" barrister of Pinero's play to the life.

favourites are published, we have them. A list may be had free from this office.

A Great Triple Capture.

In addition to *Four from the Mistletoe* and *Grand* already mentioned the Ideal Company have secured from the Hepworth Company Pinero's brilliant play *Love* (which I told you about in a previous issue) and another Turner film, *The Great Adventure*, which ran for two years at the Kingsway Theatre, London. This last named film was produced by Larry Trimble, and in it Henry Ainley resumes his original part.

A New Brand in "Pall Mall."

Harold Weston, of the B. and C. Company, informs me that he has just produced *Motherhood*, written by himself and starring Lillian Braithwaite Fay Temple, and A. V. Bramble. This strong story is the first of a new series to be produced by Mr. Weston for B. and C., and to be called "Pall Mall" Films. Good luck to him and them!

The Man for British Films.

Davidson, the British agent, is handling many of them at any rate. Besides the "Pall-Mall" series, he tells me he has secured the "Union Jack" Films, the first being *Harlequinade*, a short, bright picture for Christmastide. Among others, he also has *A Soldier and a Maid* (B. and C.) and *Her Lot in London*, a "Martin" money-maker Great Santa Claus! my space is gone. P. D.

SWEET LAVENDER

Produced by Mr. Cecil Hepworth.

By Sir A. Pinero.

This charming story, which is the most celebrated of all English plays, has lost nothing in the film version. The acting of Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor is responsible for the fact that this film is classed by the critics as one of the foremost British productions.

It will soon be shown all over Britain. Those who desire to renew their acquaintance with the masterpiece, and those who have not had this good fortune, should certainly arrange to see it when shown in their district.

BY THE SHORTEST OF HEADS

Everybody loves a stable story, Horses, Racing, Love and Bribery are the ingredients of some of the very finest of films and plays. There is an excellent blend of all in this great film.

If you like good stable stories, here is one of the best ever filmed. Make a note of the name, and don't miss it.

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With all good wishes for a Happy Christmas
to our friends and readers.

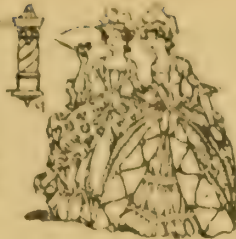
The Turner Films, Ltd.

Xmas. 1913.



REPLIES

Name and address and our publication must be stated when writing. We cannot keep things in the past. Letters are held only in limbo. Address: THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



ALMA (Dover).—Address Anna Stewart and Elham Walker, c/o Varsity Club, Ltd., East 14th Street, and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.; Margaret Clark, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd Street, New York, U.S.A.; and Charlie Chaplin, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. Pleased to hear you.

OLIVE (Brighton).—Have put the actor's name on our "waiting list" for an interview. Hope soon to have postcards of him.

CLARA (Bury St. Edmunds).—In "The Girl of Mystery" (Lionel Love series) Grace Currid and Frances Ford played leads. Write to Waltham Film Co., 46, Gerrard St., London, W., and tell them what you want. They supply any thing cinematic, and you might watch the advertisements in the trade papers. We are always getting new picture postcards but not of the players since the war began.

M. B. (Dingle).—Address Rita Jolivet and House Peters, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd Street, New York, U.S.A. We published a photo of H. P. in Nov. 13 issue. Most likely you would get replies. Twenty new readers! A wonderful achievement indeed, and we thank you most sincerely.

LOVER OF PICTURES (Mid Hesse).—Please read rules and send name and address next time. Address Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. We have picture postcards of both.

NEW FRIEND (Lancashire).—(As time goes on we shall hope to call you Old Friend.) Most likely Ed Coxen would reply to your letter. Address Ida c/o American Film Mfg. Co., 627, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. Margaret Fischer now plays for the Equitable Co.

DORIS (Hawwell).—It is not so easy, Doris, to go in for film acting as it may seem. Even if you got an engagement you could not at first rely upon making a livelihood at it. You might write or see the producers of the film companies near you. The London Film Co., St. Margaret's-on-Thames, and The Samuelson Co., Weyton Hall, Isleworth.

MISS W. (Charlton).—Address Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd St., New York, U.S.A.

LOT FLAPPERIN (Newcastle).—"The Bachelor's Romance" (F.P.) "David Holmes," John Emerson, "Sylvia," Lorraine Huling, "Harry," Geo. McGuire, "Gerald," Robert Cain, "Helen," Sylvia Pope, "Aunt Clem," Maggie Fisher, "Savage," Philip Hahn, "William," Thos. McGrath, "Martin," J. Findlay. Write any of these players, c/o Famous Players Co., whose address is given to "Miss W." above. We are sure that Chrissie White (c/o Hepworth Film Studios, Walton-on-Thames) would reply to a letter from such a staunch supporter as yourself. The once boys have followed "The Minstrel Boy's" example and "to the wars have gone."

J. B. H. (Putney).—The Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. London Office: 22, Soho Square, W. and Keystone Film Co., Long Acre Building, New York City, U.S.A. London Agents: Western Imports, Ltd., 4, Gerrard St., London, W.

RUNNING NUMBERS (Gateshead).—See reply to "Miss W." above.

INQUIRER (Bolton).—Address Mabel Normand, c/o Keystone Co., Long Acre Building, New York City, U.S.A. Thanks for compliments.

PRIMROSE FLOWER (Lewes).—Under the heading "Just About Myself," in Dec. 29, 1914 number, we published an interview with G. M. Anderson. Elisabeth Risdon played lead in "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" (B. and C.). The other casts you ask for were not given. The matrimonial questions you ask we give up. Do tell us the answers. Thanks ever so for all the nice things you say about us. Even our hair is pink.

HARRY (High Wycombe).—See reply to "Miss W." above.

FLORIE (Holloway Road, N.).—Your previous letter was answered in last week's number. Florie, address Helen Holmes, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, New York, U.S.A.

CARMEN (Birmingham).—Address Henry Ainley, c/o Hepworth Mfg. Co., 2, Danman Street, Piccadilly, c/o us, London, W. We hope soon to have some postcards of him. It is quite likely the players spoke French in the film you mention. I ceased to hear from you, Carmen. The exact date of Charlie Chaplin's birthday is April 16th, 1894.

LOUISE (Wolverhampton).—Crick and Martin's studios are in Vandon New Road, Croydon. Sister Rustie, Hero (Nestor), "The Boy," Edith Lyons, "The Girl," Victoria Forde, "The Father," Geo. French. Keystone do not publish their casts, but Roscoe Arbuckle played "The Actor," in "When Love Took Wings." In "When Hubby Got Jealous" King-Ly Benedict played "Hubby," Billie Rhodes "Wife," and Ned Burns "Doctor." The rest of your questions being written in pencil have gone to "bye-bye."

MABEL (Bromley).—So sorry dear, you did not win a prize in our Foreign Film Players Contest—better luck next time.

P. A. E. (East Ham).—Sorry, dear boy, the casts you want were not given. "The Haunting Fear" appeared here a week or two ago.

VI (Hammersmith).—Flora Finch was not John Bunny's wife. Mrs. Bunny did not play for the pictures. "Esmeralda" (Famous Players) was released Nov. 17th.

PICTUREGOER (Plymouth).—Quite a run on Mary Pickford's address this week. See reply "Miss W."

PADDOY (Peterborough).—Write to our publishers (Odham's, Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.) for back numbers. Glad to hear PICTURES helps your sailor brother to pass many a pleasant hour. The best of luck to him from all of us.

A. W. S. (Clapham). wishes to thank "B. M. F." of Waltham, for reply to letter published in "Our Letter Bag." "Five Nights" was filmed by Barkers. The other information was not given.

DAWN (Gymmer).—We have no photo buttons of Hazel Dawn, and the personal and matrimonial questions we cannot answer.

FTO (Burnley).—The addresses you want are given in replies to "Ida" and "Miss W." Thank you.



EDNA FLUGRATH the "London" player.
This is one of our latest postcards.

IDA (Hampstead).—Address The Picturegoer, c/o London Film Co., St. Margaret's, Twickenham, or Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 507, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. and Kathleen W. (c/o Studio City, Los Angeles, Cal., 24, East Randolph St., Chicago). The picture names are set down in the front year book of "H.P." Each address number you may find in our readers' list.

FRANK (Eastham).—We have postcards of Marguerite Clayton, but not the name as the picture in Nov. 27. Arthur Ashley is still with Varsity Club. In "Camelot" J. G. Riley, Clara, Lillian, Boyd Marshall, and Marion Anderson played leads. The others are not available. No postcards of Lillian Drew. How could we forget you, Frank?

PAT (West Ealing).—Florence La Badie, we believe, played the part in "The Zouave Mystery" (Clarendon). Address her c/o Thelma or Film Co., Main St., Echo Avenue, No. 1, Rochdale, New York, U.S.A. Most likely you would get a reply. Have sent your love to Miss Turner and Mabel Normand. Your signature is sweet, Pat.

ALAN (Gainsborough).—Address Mabel Leonard, c/o Keystone Film Co., Long Acre Bldg., New York City, U.S.A.

SWEET SEVENTEEN (Sheffield).—The Solig address is given in reply to "Ida" and "Esmeralda" appears on our "J. B. H." Address W. Lawson Butt, c/o Kalam Co., 245-249, West 23rd St., New York City, U.S.A.; Thos. A. Edison Co., Poser and Oliver St., Bala, New York City, U.S.A. You may get replies. So you are Sweet Seventeen? What about the rest of the remark usually associated with those two words? Love distributed to everyone.

E. (West Ham).—With your talents it is very dis-appointing that you cannot get a chance at film acting. Have you written or phoned to B. and C. Co., Hoe St., Walthamstow?—which is in your part of London. If you can get personal introductions to any producers, you would at least get a hearing. As to investing money in a cinema, the time passes, and sometimes the *money* *vanishes* have advertisements of shares or partnerships open; but we advise the utmost caution before parting with your money.

—(Plymouth). Uncle Tim has handed the Answers Man your letter, little one, and you will find your answer under the reply to "Miss W." So glad you like PICTURES.

L. J. (Dublin). Send your film plot with a letter offering same to any of the following companies: B. and C. Co., Hoe St., Walthamstow; London Film Co., St. Margaret's, Twickenham; or Cricks and Morris, Waddon New Rd., Croydon. We wish you luck.

NELLIE (Battersea Rise).—"A Double Exposure" "Mrs. King," Carey Hastings; "Hazel," Reggy Burke; "Jack Carter," Arthur Ashley; "Arnold Smiter," Morgan Jones. Owen Moore played opposite Virginia Pearson in "The Aftermath." We have no postcards of him yet.

G. E. P. (Cardiff).—Address Charlie Chaplin, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. Several of our readers have had replies from him so you may be a lucky one too. Thanks for getting us new readers. May your power never grow less!

VIOLET (Brighton).—See reply to "Carmen," who, curiously enough, also writes for the same information from the same town. As you are writing you can send him your love. It might get increased if we sent it, Violet.

MIKE (Harrigate).—Many thanks for your letter, which we inserted in "Our Letter Bag" a week or so ago, and to which we inserted a footnote.

CHARLIE (Notting Hill Gate).—Marguerite Clark is 28 years old, we do not know if she is married.

ELLEN (Walthamstow).—Have sent your love to Jane Gail. Thank you Ellen.

ETHEL W. (Clapham).—So glad you are pleased with your prize. You are indeed fortunate in having your album signed by Joan Rita, and we wish you may succeed with the other players you mention. The Editor will be pleased to add inscriptions to such a distinguished group. We have postcards of Ruth Stonehouse. Thanks for all kind wishes. No need to apologise for typeset letter—we prefer that kind.

GLADYS (Kentish Town).—Clara Maddison still plays for the pictures; perhaps she is resting for a bit. They all want a holiday sometimes. There are plenty of hope in this world whose motto is "It's your money we want," and there are sharks among the cinema schools as elsewhere. Have sent your love to Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle a double portion. Of course, Gladys, we will accept "These x x x for our trouble."

PATRICIA (Leeds).—Rita Jolivet played lead in "Un-afraid" (Lasky). See also reply to "M. B." We have postcards of Edna Henley. All new additions to our stock are announced in PICTURES.

Owing to pressure on our space we have had to give up one of our customary pages.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

Under the Mistletoe.

SUE: "I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you?"

HE: "That has been my custom."

Days-ing Granny!

GRANNY (to small boy at a Christmas party): "Why don't you want any dates, darling?"

"Cos I don't want to be a Normanek."

An Xmas Brain-wave.

"Waiter, this knife wouldn't cut butter, and the turkey's as tough as leather."

"A good idea, sir. Strop yer knife on yer turkey, sir."

A Surprise for Papa.

"What present would you like on Christmas morning?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I should like a present of a nice new little baby brother, but papa isn't to know anything about it."

A Doubtful Compliment.

LABOURER (to elderly lady laden with presents as she enters crowded tramcar on Christmas Eve): "Ere take my seat, mum. Some coves never stand up for a woman unless she's young and pretty, but I ain't particular, I ain't."

Christmas Turkeys in Camp.

ME'S COOK: "Bill, next time you send along a crate of live turkeys just you see that the devils can't get loose. I've been scouring the neighbourhood for 'em and can only find fifteen."

ORDERLY: "Ush, Joe! Ush, I only sent yer ten."

A Christmas Box.

A little girl lost her pet canary on Christmas morning, and was inconsolable. She was somewhat comforted when her father gave her an empty cigar-box to bury it in. After the ceremony in the garden she grew more cheerful, and said, "Mother, won't the gardener get an awful sell to-morrow when he finds it's a dead canary, and not cigars!"



[Judge.

The Editor's Christmas after the exertion of preparing this number.

Dressing Room Dialogues.

VIOLET: "Do you think she will ever marry anybody?"

PHYLLIS: "Anybody."

GRACE: "The man I marry must have common sense."

ELAINE: "He won't."

FIRST SUPER: "Belle always looks under the bed to see if a man's there."

SECOND SUPER: "Yes, after first looking at herself in the mirror."

Charity Begins at Home.

WILLIE (pulling a face): "No turkey! only beef!"

FATHER (sternly): "When I was a little boy I was glad to eat dry bread."

WILLIE: "You're having a much better time now you're living with us, aren't you, dad?"

Editorial matters should be addressed

THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"

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MISS MURIEL MARTIN-HARVEY.
Broadwest Films New Leading Lady.

BROADWEST FILMS

have secured as Leading Lady

Miss Muriel Martin-Harvey,

Daughter of the Famous Actor.

The Broadwest Company is now busy on a big production, in which the following "Stars" appear:—Miss Martin-Harvey, Lily Saxby, Thos. H. Macdonald, George Ballamy, and J. R. Tozer.

"BURNT WINGS"

will be ready before this issue appears.

11, DENMAN STREET, LONDON, W.,
And Esher, Surrey.

ALL-BRITISH PHOTO-PLAY

To be seen very shortly at the leading
Cinema Theatres throughout the country.

THE WHITE HOPE

(HEPWORTH FILM).

BASED ON THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL BY
W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE.

ADAPTED BY VICTOR MONTEFIORE
and PRODUCED BY FRANK WILSON.

The Complete Story of the Film will appear in
next week's issue of 'Pictures and The Picturegoer.'

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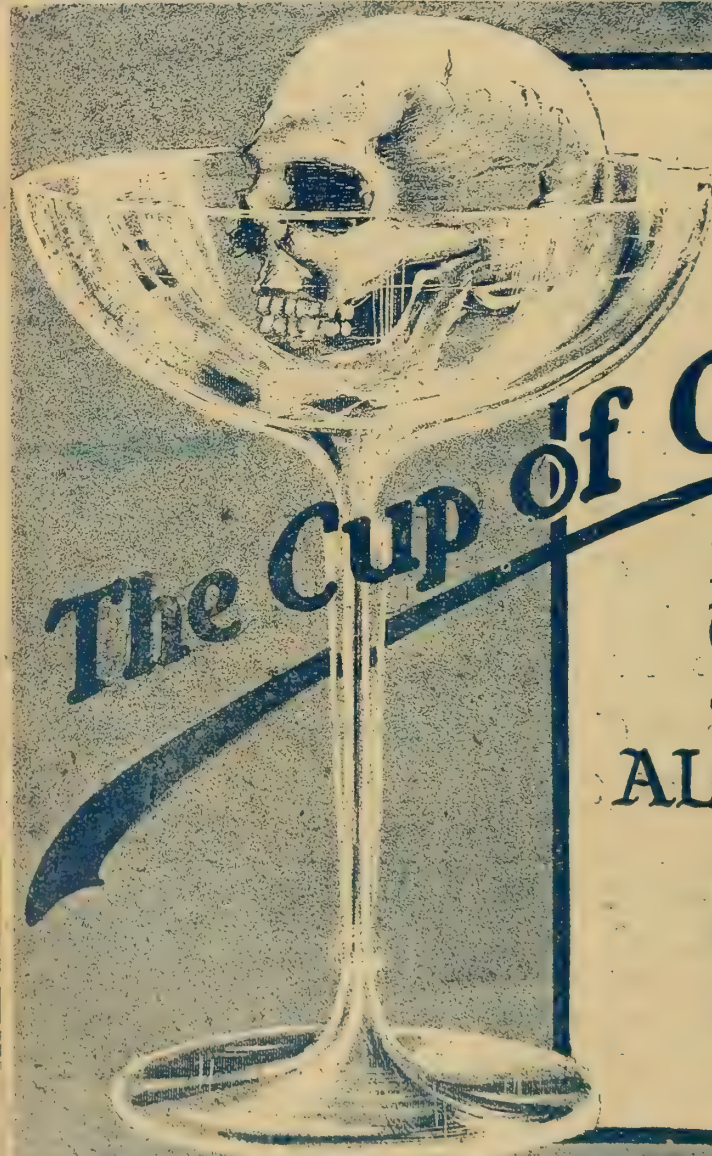
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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER **2^D.**

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.



The Cup of Chance

A Three Reel
Drama of Love
Wine, Passion
and Poison.

ALICE BRADY
as the **STAR**

Released on
February 28th 1916

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE.

PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



JESSE L. LASKY

presents

Youthful and Beautiful

INA CLAIRE

in

A Dramatic Romance

**"THE
PUPPET
CROWN"**

In Four Acts.

Released DECEMBER 20.

Produced by

JESSE L. LASKY

Feature Play Co.,

166-170, Wardour St., W.

THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and J. D. Walters may be obtained by the post for an annual subscription of 3/- post-free.



HELEN HOLMES

Of 'Hazards of Helen' fame, who will figure in the serial to follow
The Bookers' Game. (See also page 258.)



"The Sign
of
Success."

1916



"The Sign
of
Reliability."

SELIG FILMS WILL
BE BETTER THAN
EVER NEXT YEAR.
:: :: INSIST ON :: ::

SELIG'S

SOME "IDEAL" WINNERS

The following is the record—**GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY CORRECT**—
of the bookings on a few "Ideal" Exclusives to Tuesday, Nov. 30.

FILM.	RELEASED.	LENTH. Feet.	BOOKED TO THEATRES.	FILM.	RELEASED.	LENTH. Feet.	BOOKED TO THEATRES.
"MYSTERY OF A HANSON CAB" (B.&C.)	Dec. 6	5,500	...	"ALONE IN LONDON"	Aug. 9	4,500	512
"ADVENTURES OF DEADWOOD DICK"	Nov. 29	2,000	104	Featuring Florence Turner.			
In Six Parts (one weekly).				"11.59 A.M."	Aug. 2	3,500	314
"CONSCIENCE"	Nov. 15	4,000	105	Featuring Mabel Talliaferro.			
"LOST AND WON"	Nov. 8	4,000	206	"THE PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE MAN"	July 19	3,600	200
Featuring Florence Turner.				"THE ENEMIES"	July 12	3,500	354
"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD"	Nov. 1	4,500	176	"THE BOTTLE"	June 7	3,200	437
Featuring Tom Terriss. Dickens's Most Dramatic Story.				Featuring Albert Chevalier.			
"THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND"	Oct. 18	4,000	202	"HER NAMELESS (?) CHILD"	May 24	3,500	421
The book that was the talk of three Continents.				Featuring Elisabeth Risdon.			
"THE EVIL EYE"	Oct. 4	4,000	229	"THE WORLD'S DESIRE"	May 10	3,300	420
Featuring Robt. Leonard and Ella Hall. Of the Trilby Type.				Featuring Lillian Braithwaite.			
"MY OLD DUTCH"	Aug. 23	5,600	745	"FROM SHOPGIRL TO DUCHESS"	April 19	3,600	411
Featuring Albert Chevalier and Florence Turner.				Featuring Elisabeth Risdon.			
No Bookings after March, 1916.				"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE"	Mar. 22	3,700	531
"MIGNON"	Aug. 16	4,700	286	Featuring Elisabeth Risdon.			
Featuring Beatriz Michelena							

Films to be Released Shortly.

FILM.	RELEASED.	LENTH. Feet.	FILM.	RELEASED.	LENTH. Feet.
"LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER"	Jan. 31	4,000	"JIM—JUST JIM" (Trans-Atlantic)	Jan. 10	4,000
(Trans-Atlantic)			"CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK"	Dec. 27	1,000

Other "Ideal" Sensational All-British Releases in 1916.

FILM.	RELEASED.	FILM.	RELEASED.
"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP," by Tom Taylor	April 10	"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," by Thomas Hardy	Feb. 28
Featuring Lady Tree.		(Turner Films) Florence Turner.	
"THE GREAT ADVENTURE," by Arnold Bennett	Mar. 27	"WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN," the "Ideal" Prize Story	Feb. 7
Featuring Henry Ainley. (Turner)		Featuring Hilda Moore and Milton Rosmer.	
"IRIS" by Arthur Pinero (Hepworth)	Mar. 13	"CASTE," by T. W. Robertson (Turner)	Jan. 24
Featuring Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor.		With Sir John Hare as Eccles.	

PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1915.

New Series, No. 96



A FASCINATING FUN-MAKER: BEATRICE VAN.
The Popular "Beauty" Comedy Star. Her very latest appearance is in *Uncle Hank*. (See page 273.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

YOU must not miss our Christmas Number. If you have it not, get it to-day. Twopenny and worth it!

Next week's PICTURES, the one dated December 25th, will be quite Christmassy in character, although of the usual size and price. Please note.

In spite of the fact that she has had offers from other companies, there is no truth in the rumour that Blanche Sweet is leaving Lasky. She isn't.

An actual conversation: "There's a lot of money in pictures," said a promoter, warmly. "Yes," said his listener, sadly, "there's a lot—of mine."

But, given a good plot, a good producer, and the right players, the speculator should be able to make the same reply, wearing a smile.

An American picture-house recently offered a free ticket to every applicant who had never seen a motion-picture. Two hundred tickets were distributed.

Dr. Macnamara thinks that "even the smallest plots should be cultivated." But we respectfully take exception to the cultivation of even the smallest of silly film plots.

A carpenter has presented a cinema manager in Sussex with the following bill: "To cutting and hanging two doors myself and one assistant, seven and sixpence." Were they cine-martyrs?

Prison "Pictures."

The Minnesota State Prison, said to be the largest and finest prison of its kind in the world, is verily an up-to-date institution. Every week they show pictures to the "inhabitants." If it happened in our prisons "six months" would lose some of its hardness.

Pretty Girl as "Ugly Duckling."

AT the Balboa studio a picture entitled *The Ugliest Girl in the World* is being made, and in this Jackie Saunders will be featured in the name part. We all know that it will be necessary for Miss Saunders to disguise herself for this part, but in the end her make-up may be removed as the duckling becomes the most beautiful bird.

Beverly Bayne, Newspaperwoman.

BEVERLY BAYNE, the Metro star, is one of the few women in New York City who has a police card, usually given only to newspaper reporters, which entitles her to pass through police lines at fires, accidents, or similar happenings. It has just been given to her by the Commissioner of Police, for Miss Bayne has qualified as a newspaper writer, in addition to her work in motion-pictures. Hundreds of newspapers throughout the country use her special articles on women's fashions.

A Recipe for Reels.

THE Selig *Pastepot* recommends these ingredients, mixed thoroughly:—The papers. One mortgage on the old farm. One child. One railroad track. One old mill. One villain from New York. One heroine. One adventure. One grey-haired father. One grey-haired mother. One honest young harvest hand. Two revolvers. One drummer with all the realistic effects.

The Amazing Camera.

Blowing dust off the face of a 4,000-year old mummy! What next! you gasp? But it actually happened—for a coming Trans-Atlantic interest film which was made near the great Pyramid, where excavations are going on to "unearth" a buried city. For the first time in the history of the world the actual digging and discovery of a mummy is shown in a moving-picture, and you will see natives calmly blowing away the dust in order not to destroy the crumbling bones.



THE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY. No. 7.
Henry Ainley as Ford Sterling.

Our Cover Portrait.

HELEN HOLMES, whose breath-taking adventures have already made her world-famous, has accomplished further deeds of daring in *The Mistle of Jerry McGrain*, a Trans-Atlantic drama coming in January. In this film her baby starts a railway engine, and in order to rescue the child, Helen makes a flying leap from a motor-car on to a moving truck, and whilst the train is rushing along she climbs up and over a series of trucks until she reaches the engine and stops it. Truly wonderful!

Our Film Stories.

IN reply to many readers, full stories of the following films have appeared in the following issues during October and November:—October 2nd—*The Birth of a Nation*; *A Woman with a Past*. October 9th—*The Woman Who Did*; *No Greater Love*. October 16th—*Rags*. October 23rd—*After the Storm*; *Temper*. October 30th—*Lost and Won*; *High Treason*. November 6th—*The Secret Orchard*. November 13th—*The Outrage*; *The Struggle Upward*. November 20th—*The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*; *Jim the Penman*. November 27th—*Sins of Great Cities*; *The Face in the Mirror*.

British Comedians the Best.

WHENEVER America needs a really first-class comedian for the screen she has to come to "The Old Country." Charlie Chaplin, Billy Ritchie, Billy Reeves, Syd Chaplin are all British, and, moreover, are chiefly supported by Britishers. Indeed all the male members of Chaplin's Company—viz., Billy Armstrong, Leo White, Laurence Bowes, Harold Holland, George Cleethorpe, and Fred Goodwins are British to the backbone.

Rival "Carm ns."

KEEN rivalry was created recently in an Indiana city where both the Fox and the Lasky productions of *Carmen* were being shown the same week. War was waged between the rival theatres. Every available hoarding blazed with posters of the Fox *Carmen*. So the Lasky house put a car on the streets bearing a band and banners. Then the Fox house retaliated with a larger car with a sign reading, "The William Fox *Carmen* beats the band." This led the Lasky car to change its sign to "We lead, others follow," and "We can afford a band;" and the Fox car replied with, "Ours don't need a band." Both houses were packed.

The young son of William Lampe, the Balboa player, has the earmarks of a prospective financier. A recent visitor at the Lampe home gave the lad a shilling.

"I'd rather have a penny," said the four-year-old, handing back the silver piece.

"Why?" queried the amazed benefactor.

"Because grandma can't put that in the gas meter," replied the youth.



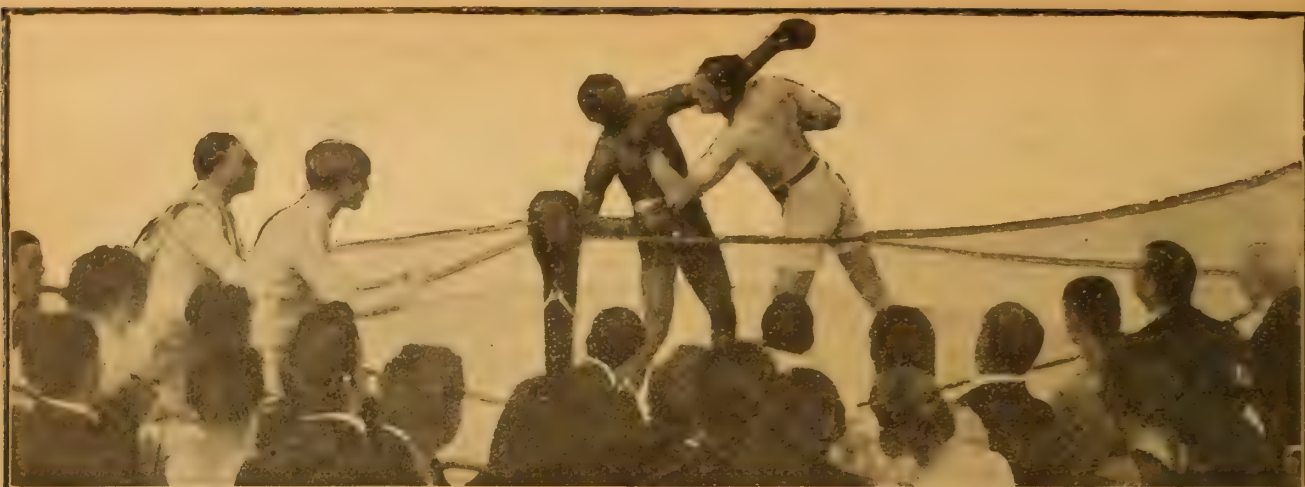
"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
HURRAH! HURRAH!!

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **UNDESIRABLE ALIENS:** Tod Sloan, the ex-jockey, and Mdlle d'Herlys, who have been deported. 2. **RE-WON FOR FRANCE:** the French President visits area in Alsace from which the hated Boches have recently been driven out. 3. A smart, sailor-shaped, plush hat, its only trimming being one magnificent ostrich plume. 4. One of the chic turban-shaped "chapeaux" so much worn at the moment. It is composed of a gathered velvet crown and brim, from which rises a small frill of pleated velvet, which is joined to the crown by a band of floral design or a band of expensive fur, preferably ermine. 5. **THE FRIEND OF MAN:** Red Cross dogs at work in the mountainous districts of the Hartmannsweller. 6. **A GAS ATTACK:** Training recruits for the "real thing" in Flanders. 7. **HEROES OF MESSINES:** The London Scottish have an "al fresco" lunch whilst on a route march.



THE WHITE HOPE

Adapted from the Hepworth Picture-play of the Novel by W. R. H. Trowbridge.

By M. OWSTON-BOOTH.

"THAT," said Claudia Carisbrooke, raising herself in the car, "is where my brother's pugilist is training."

Her companion, glancing in the direction indicated caught sight of a pretty cottage, flower-grown, and walled about by the great shady green trees for which the Asbury Estate was famed through the whole of verdant Surrey.

"The pugilist?" she questioned, with an expression of frank surprise.

"Oh, haven't you heard about him?" There was a touch of boredom in her tones. "He is Durward's latest 'hobby'—they met on the voyage home from Colombo. An American, I believe, and the hero of over two hundred battles. It seems he has lately won the middle-weight championship of Australia, and is now matched to meet Sam—what is it now Crow-something—the middle-weight champion of the world."

"Sam Crowfoot," prompted Mrs. Appleby, as they alighted from the car at the wide steps of Asbury Court. "I have heard the name, but I'm sure I don't know where."

"From Durward, I expect! He thinks and talks of nothing but boxing now. He is quite infatuated with this American fellow, and has lent him Park Cottage as a quiet, healthy place in which to train for the coming fight."

The two girls sauntered across the wide terrace of Asbury Court.

"And, of course, you are annoyed? It was inconsiderate of your brother to install a pugilist—and his training staff, I suppose—within a stone's throw from the ancestral home!"

"Oh, it's quite immaterial to me," Claudia assured her. "I sometimes wish I could feel thoroughly annoyed. It is lack of work and an insufficiency of interest, I suppose."

An empty round of social functions and successes had filled her with an ennui that blunted her senses and cankered her whole existence. Her lack of interest in the prizefighter was so genuine and unaffected that when a

few days later his presence and request to see her were announced Claudia had forgotten the existence of her brother's protégé.

A few words of explanation from the butler brought back to her the incident of his installation in Park Cottage, and rising from her garden-chair she began to ponder as to the reason of the pugilist's visit to Asbury Court.

"Invite him into the garden, Claudia!" cried her friend, Mrs. Appleby, as the former made her way into the house. "I'd simply love to meet the real, live thing in prizefighters!"

But Claudia shook her head. "Perhaps I will invite him to have tea with us one day—if he is presentable enough!"

In the great hall she found the pugilist deep in the contemplation of a portrait above the fireplace. She waited a moment, half-amused, the smile in her eyes completing the likeness she bore to her ancestress with whom her visitor was evidently impressed.

At the sound of her voice he turned and stared a moment in wonderment as though half believing that the belle of past generations had actually stepped out of the canvas.

"You asked, I believe, to see Mr. Carisbrooke's sister—I am she!"

With a look of apology he stepped forward, and it was then her turn to show surprise, as she noted his grace of movement, the refinement of his face, with its strong, sensitive, clear-cut features, and the intellect which both eyes and brow revealed.

"A pugilist!" she marvelled, "and I had pictured a brute!"

"I am afraid you are just too late to see my brother," she said aloud, in the hope perhaps of diverting his gaze, which, though ardent and admiring, was positively disconcerting to Claudia. "A friend suggested a cruise in his new yacht," she continued, "and my brother went."

"I am sorry; his friendship meant a good bit to me," said the pugilist simply.

She liked the faint drawl in the voice no less than the personality of this unusual man, and was pleased to sit there chatting with him about his profession and pursuits long after an ordinary visitor would have been encouraged to take his leave.

At length the pugilist rose from his chair. A faint flush spread over his cheeks as she stretched out her soft white hand, thus compelling him to show his own, discoloured with hard usage, though by no means coarse or ugly.

"I wonder," he said, a little diffidently, "if you would care to see how a pugilist trains for a fight?"

"Oh, that would be splendid," she replied. "May I come to-morrow afternoon?"

He assented with alacrity, and went his way, intoxicated with excitement, to break the news to his "staff," a body of conscientious men consisting of a trainer, a sparring partner, and two seconds, all united in the grim determination to fit Jack Delane for the middle-weight championship of the world.

The announcement that Miss Carisbrooke had promised to visit the cottage was received by them in stony silence; in the private opinion of each she was a "blithering nuisance." All the same, however, when Claudia arrived at Park Cottage in the company of the Asbury Court visitor, Mrs. Appleby, she was given a distinctly entertaining afternoon in the pugilist's gymnasium, which in her honour had been gaily adorned with flowers from the garden.

After this visit the pugilist called quite frequently at Asbury Court, and was invariably received with the graciousness that Claudia had extended from the very first to this "Greek survival" as her friend had called the athlete. A strong friendship had grown up between the pair, when, upon arrival

at the gates of Asbury Court one afternoon, he encountered Claudia in the act of entering her car. He had brought back a copy of *Riding Stone*, lent him a few days before, and began to chat unreservedly about the book and kindred matters.

But, to his amazement, Claudia received his remarks with a hauteur of manner that seemed quite foreign to the woman he knew and loved.

"I am going to London on important business," she informed him; "but I can spare you a few moments if you will come into the house."

Descending from the car, she led the way up the steps and into the library. No sooner was the door closed behind them than she broke into a veritable passion of anger.

"How dare you humiliate me before the servants? Have you no sense of decency—no respect for me and for my position?"

Claudia had seen an ill-concealed expression of amusement upon the face of her chauffeur as the pugilist chatted to her at the gates; and this, following upon the hours of anxiety she had spent in battling with her regard for Delane and the suspense when she had awaited his coming, so long postponed, that she might tactfully and wisely break off the attachment before she left for London, had played tricks with her nerves and temper.

Unstrung by the gust of feeling to which she had succumbed, the girl sank exhausted upon a cushioned divan and burst into tears. The sight of them was more than Delane could bear; he fell upon his knees beside her.

"Claudia, what has happened? I love you—let me help you."

And in that moment Claudia knew that she had awakened to feeling at last, but common sense told her that she was mad. A pugilist! She struggled to control herself, and raised her face to his almost in defiance. But the love in his eyes broke down her pride, and she whispered words that filled him with an ecstasy before unimagined.

He slipped his strong arm tenderly around her, and their lips met.

"I sent for you," said Lady Marion, "because I felt that it was time I took things into my own hands. This folly, if persisted in, will ruin my granddaughter's life. Do you know that at the Reception at the American Embassy the other night she refused the hand of the Duke of Dorking, who is nothing less than a millionaire?"

Jack Delane replied in the affirmative. "It was the evening of our betrothal," he added quietly. "But had Claudia wished to give his Grace a different answer she must have known that I would release her—and willingly, if it were for her good."

"Then release her, for you cannot imagine that this engagement is to be taken seriously. Think of Claudia's future. What can you offer her in place of all the pleasures and comforts that fortune has lavished upon her from birth?"

"A life of love and service," replied the other.

"It is only the novelty of your love

that attracts her now. Claudia is impulsive and foolish. I strongly suspect that she has seen her folly already."

In vain Delane reasoned with the shallow, unsympathetic old lady. He explained the changes the ring had undergone since the days when contests took place in a scene of booths and skittle alleys, swings and coconut shies, acrobats and tipsters, musicians and hawkers; he told her that pugilism had been reduced to a science—that it was nowadays considered an honourable profession by all save those whose judgment was warped by Victorian prejudice and conventionality. He even tried to make her understand how his profession



"CLAUDIA, WHAT HAS HAPPENED? I LOVE YOU—LET ME HELP YOU."

could prove uplifting in its influence upon a man; teaching him to despise cowardice, to respect honour and fairness in every deal, to forgive defeat, and to look up to his defeaters.

But Lady Marion was obdurate. Cleverly she changed her tactics, and with friendliness begged him to break off the betrothal for her "darling Claudia's sake." She worked upon his feelings with such diplomacy that when the boxer took his departure there was no doubt in his mind as to the course it was his duty as a gentleman to take.

In a brief note to Claudia he gave her back her freedom.

"I have been thinking things over," he wrote, "and have come to the conclusion that we have made a big mistake. The difference in our stations is too great. Under the circumstances we had better not meet again."

During the days that followed the despatch of this letter the pugilist as nearly broke down in health as was

possible to one of his constitution and fitness. He became moody and irritable; he began to lose interest in his training in himself, and to lack the confidence which his trainers partly relied upon to bring him through the coming contest with a great victory to his credit.

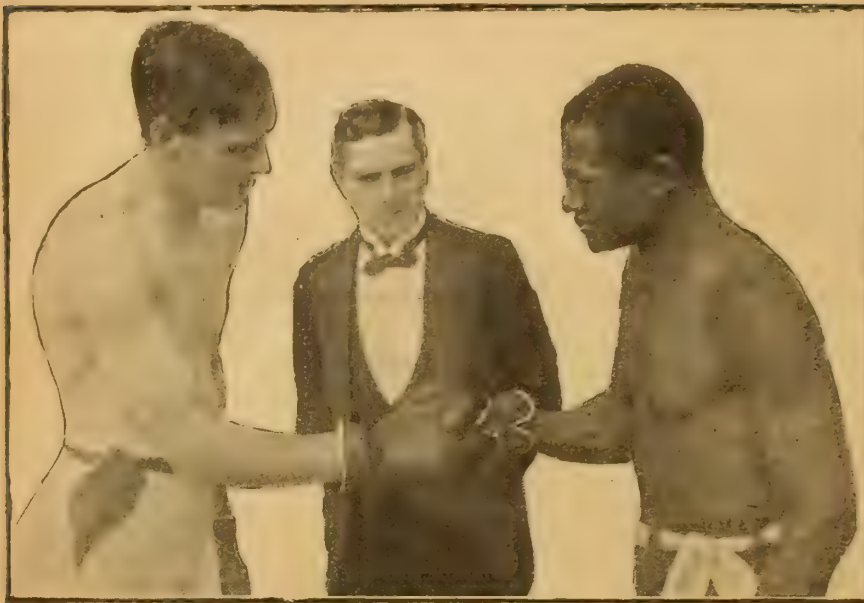
Worried and anxious, the men discussed the matter the day before the date fixed for the match in the privacy of the Highgate "Greyhound," to which Delane and they had removed after the breaking off of the engagement, and decided that the only thing which could possibly bring their man through the fray with honours was the presence of the woman he loved. Accordingly, the pugilist's sparring partner took a pen in his unpractised hand and succeeded in producing a letter to Claudia.

"Dear Madam (it runs, maybe you don't know as Jack Delane was put up to jilt you by your grandmother the day after you left Asbury Court. She got at him to give you up for your good and now he's breaking his heart. He's that down he don't stand much chance of winning his fight, but he says if he knew you was watching him he'd back up. The fight's tomorrow night, and I be a fine one if you'll only oblige and come. Two tickets, with the respects of Dad Royce, the trainer, enclosed. Yours truly, Joe Shannon, sparring partner."

The hours passed, but no reply came, and there was despondency in the minds of the pugilist's faithful "staff." At the last moment, however, Durdward Carisbrooke, who had returned from his yachting cruise to "see our White Hope knock out that negro fellow," put in his appearance at the "Greyhound," and, hearing from the trainers how events had shaped themselves, departed in haste for his sister, whom he found in tears because she had no one to take her to the fight.

Whilst Delane was awaiting the great event in the quietude of his dressing-room a telegram was handed in. It was a message from Claudia—a few brief words announcing her intention to be present at the match. But for the pugilist it worked wonders, and when he stepped into the centre of the ring to meet the middle-weight champion of the world—a full-blooded negro with a skin as black as ebony and as shiny as satin—he was filled with an exhilaration that trebled his determination to beat the negro champion and redeem the honour of his race. Being a native of America, where the colour question is always a real live problem, his anxiety to assert the superiority of the white man was more intense than the majority of Englishmen could possibly understand, though, in spite of the fact that a large percentage of the spectators had backed the champion, there were great waves of racial feeling through the audience that helped to spur on the White Hope.

Every one had anticipated that the negro would rush the white man and overpower him with those tremendous punches that had overwhelmed so many of his previous opponents, but contrary to expectation the huge man started warily, following the other cunningly like a panther on the spring. It was



STEWART ROME (ON LEFT) AND GEORGE GUNTHER BEFORE THE GREAT FIGHT,

obvious to all, however, that he regarded the coming fray as a mere "walk-over." There was a look of scorn upon his face that became an ugly grin when suddenly both changed their tactics and fought at a great pace, raining blows upon one another in such quick succession that their arms had the appearance of some piece of intricate white and black mechanism the movements of which it was almost impossible to follow. At the end of the round each man went back to his place unscathed.

The second round ended in pretty much the same way; but the third was decidedly in favour of the champion, who reached face and body again and again; one tremendous right smash on the neck sent the White Hope staggering like a drunken man against the ropes, bringing cheers for the negro and groans and curses from those who had backed Delane.

"White Hope be damned!" and "White Fool more like!" came the cries from the disappointed throng.

Claudia and her brother were motionless with fear; the former could scarcely breathe. Her hands were stiffly intertwined, like cold, hard sticks of white.

A second later the gong sounded, and whilst Jack Delane slipped quietly into his corner the black man grinned and chatted with his seconds.

In the fourth round Delane gave fresh hope to his backers. The champion went for his man savagely, swinging his right again and again, but Delane dodged the blows and made strong counter-strokes, and the whole three minutes was intensely exciting.

And so the fight progressed through the succeeding rounds. Both fought at a tremendous pace, and both were at their highest tension, as indeed were all the spectators, some actually weeping, and others crying out meaningless things as though in wild delirium.

The White Hope's agility and wonderful recuperative power had stood him in good stead against the bulky strength

of his opponent, and when he came up for the fifteenth round he was still fresh.

But Sam Crowfoot dragged himself wearily up when the gong sounded, and as Delane sprang at him, driving blow after blow into his face, he retaliated with weak strokes that proclaimed his defeat. Again came a pitiless shower of blows, and the laboured breathing of the wearied giant could be heard far from the ring. Suddenly, in an endeavour to put in one of his famous right-hand swings, the negro lurched forward—a left hook to the jaw, and it was finished. Down sank the man whose name had so long been supreme in the ring, but whose reputation as a bully and foul fighter seemed to justify his defeat. The referee stood over him, shouting the seconds into his ear, but Sam Crowfoot was as motionless as a lump of lead, and fully ten minutes passed before he could be brought back to consciousness and the realisation of his defeat.

For the White Hope there was a wild, deafening roar of applause. Hats and handkerchiefs were waving and tossing in the air, but the only thing he saw was the face of the woman he loved. There were tears in her eyes, and her lips were perceptibly trembling like rose-leaves in a faint breeze, and he knew then the full depth of her love for him.

A smile, full of meaning, passed between them as the crowd swarmed about their hero; and Durward Carisbrooke, intercepting the look, put his arm through that of his sister.

"Come," he said, "I will put you into a taxi, and then bring our White Hope down to Asbury myself."

One bright evening a short while later, whilst newsboys in the London streets were yelling—"Society's Greatest Catch Weds Famous Boxer!" and Lady Marion was airing her disapproval in the strongest of terms to the more or less approving Mrs. Appleby—for had she

not admired the White Hope herself?—Claudia and Jack Delane were building plans for the future, quite impervious to the sensation their wedding had caused, from high social circles to the hero-worshipping, idealistic East-end.

They had been standing for some minutes motionless and silent upon the wide, lichen-grown terrace of Asbury Court, when Jack said, with no hint of the self-sacrifice he was making—

"Of course, I shall resign my title of Champion, and retire from the ring."

But Claudia shook her head.

"No," she said firmly. "It shall be the work of your life and mine—to redeem the honour and grandeur of the ring. The example of your character and career shall raise pugilism to the level of all the purest, cleanest, and finest arts in the world. You shall be the White Hope of your profession in the highest, noblest sense."

Claudia's beautiful face glowed with enthusiasm, and her husband's gratitude was immense.

"But will you not some day regret?" he began, willing to forfeit ambition for the sake of the woman he loved.

"Never!" she cried, as she kissed away all doubt in his handsome face.

The White Hope was a great success as a novel, and the author, W. R. H. Trowbridge, offered the film rights to the Hepworth Company, with the understanding that Frank Wilson, the Hepworth producer responsible for *The Called Him Coward*, would handle *The White Hope*. A scenario was prepared by Victor Montefiore, and the cast was chosen.

Stewart Rome, Hepworth star and winner in the great PICTURES popularity contest, had been the central figure in the earlier boxing picture. He was, of course, made star in *The White Hope*. Violet Hopson, another of the six great Hepworth stars, plays the important part of "Claudia" with Lionelle Howard (also a Hepworth star) as the "Earl," her brother.

Boxing pictures are a success to-day, because the fighting spirit of the entire nation is aroused. There exists an unavoidable sympathy with, and admiration for, brave fighters. And if the grand old English game of boxing is presented effectively—as in this case—with all its good points, and together with a strong story of love and other interests, a success such as that now guaranteed for *The White Hope* is practically assured. Moss Empires, Ltd., who hold the exclusive rights of the film, are to be congratulated.

EVERY PLAY-WRITER SHOULD READ
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By VICTOR MONTEFIORE

Scenario Editor of the Hepworth Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



HARRY POLLARD, who appears with his wife, Margarita Fischer, in the "Flying A" Exclusive, *Infatuation*. We shall publish this story early in the New Year.



BESSIE BARRISCALE, the new leading woman in the New York Motion-picture Studios. In *The Golden Claw* she had a particularly fine emotional part.



NORMA TALMADGE, now playing for National Film Co. She will be seen in *Captivating Mary Cavetere*.



EDWARD EARLE, a popular player, now leading in Edison films. He has a fine part in *The Bedouin's Sacrifice*, now showing.

STOLEN GOODS

JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION.
Contracted by J. D. Walker & World's Films, Ltd.
Adapted from the Film by PAT RICK GLYNN.

MARGERY HUNTLEY was one of those humble individuals a dress-maker's assistant. She had to smile at the customer and say, "What can I do for you, Madame?" even when her head was splitting and her feet were like iron weights after hours of rushing from one department to the other. Margery put up with a good deal from the customers in the big department store, and considered herself lucky that she was able to keep her place for several years without earning the "sack." But one day her luck deserted her, and a kleptomaniac was the cause of it.

There are two classes of kleptomaniac. There is the rich one who, caught at the game, can plead "shattered nerves," and whose relatives smooth it over by sending a cheque to cover the amount of the theft, and perhaps a bit more to soothe the ruffled feelings of the show-owner, and there is the poor kleptomaniac, whose nerves have nothing to do with it. Being poor, she is simply a "thief," and in the solitude of her cell can ruminate on the curious distinctions between kleptomaniacs and thieves.

Helen North belonged to the first of these classes. She feasted her eyes on a pretty article near Margery's counter, and a second later had slipped it into her bag. Quick as had been her act, the article was missed, and the shop detective's aid was called in. Helen North saw trouble ahead. She, with other customers, did not wish to be searched, and, abstracting the article again from her bag, she slipped it into the pocket of a jacket which was hanging from a stand.

The jacket happened to belong to Margery.

Poor innocent Margery spent the next twelve months in prison. When she came out it was with bitter thoughts of the rich Helen North, for she had good reason to suspect her as the conscienceless individual who had made her (Margery) the scapegoat. After a great deal of difficulty, Margery obtained another situation, but a few weeks later, being recognised as a "goal-bird," she was politely but firmly told to get outside the door.

Through the efforts of a charitable lady Margery got herself trained as a hospital nurse, and the change from a "counter hand" was a welcome one to a girl of her temperament.

A few months later Margery took up an appointment on the nursing staff of a hospital. Ill-luck again dogged her steps; her gaol record leaked out somehow, and she was told that hospitals were no places for "crooks."

Then the great European War burst on a startled world.

"I shall go to Belgium and nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. They won't ask me for a certificate of character."

Thus Margery reasoned with herself.

Her instinct aided her rightly on this occasion. Trained nurses were at a premium at the beginning of the war, and when Margery arrived in Belgium her services were eagerly accepted. Wounded Belgian soldiers poured into the village where Margery was stationed, the hospital in this case being a large barn with a Red Cross flag floating from the roof. The sights she witnessed were pitiable in the extreme, and made her own recent trouble look small in the ocean of trouble that surrounded her. Her deft hands made bandages till every limb ached. Occasionally the barn shook with the thunder of the German guns, which grew louder with every passing day. The number of refugees increased. Old women and children, with wan and suffering faces, trooped drearily across the border into France, their belongings on their shoulders and the fear of a dreadful fate behind them. Uhlans were seen now and again, and small battles were fought round the barn between them and the British and French cavalry patrols. Cries of "When are the English coming?" were heard from the refugees, but their deliverance was not yet. And one day, as if to tax the strength of the nursing staff to breaking-point, the Zeppelins came, and bravely dropped bombs on the refugees, not forgetting the barn with the Red Cross above it.

Margery's first impression of these sinister invaders was a glimpse of shining aluminium in a dark sky, a violent explosion, and a cloud of dust and flying debris. For several seconds she

remained in a stunned condition. Cries of agony resounded on all sides. Part of the "hospital" had been blown in, and the wounded were scattered about the floor. Her nursing instinct reasserted itself. With the help of the uninjured members of the staff, the wounded were tended afresh, and those outside in the village who had been injured were next brought in. One of the victims was a young woman whose face seemed familiar to Margery. She looked closer, and mild surprise changed to amazement. By some freak of Fate, on the bed before her, and probably dead, lay the young woman who had brought such bitter sorrow into Margery's life—Helen North.

Margery felt the young woman's pulse. It seemed lifeless, and, in accordance with custom, the nurse turned out the other's papers and valuables with the object of sending them to the next-of-kin. A letter lay in an open envelope addressed to a friend of Helen North's dead father. The letter recommended Helen to the care of his old friend. As she read it a daring scheme entered Margery's head.

She would personate Helen North, go to California, and claim a home in the name of the other woman.

"You robbed me of my good name," said Margery; "I'll take yours."

"What does it matter?" she reasoned with an accusing conscience; "she made me suffer in her place, and now that she is dead I am entitled to some compensation. I shall be Helen North and Helen North will be Margery Huntley, a nurse killed by Zeppelins."

Steeling herself for the ordeal, she undressed the other and then herself. A few minutes enabled her to change the clothes, and when the task was completed, Helen North lay in the costume of a nurse, whilst Margery, in Helen's



"YOU ROBBED ME OF MY GOOD NAME," SAID MARGERY, "I'LL TAKE YOURS."

A Ministering Angel 'midst the Horrors of War



Blanche Sweet as "Margery" in *Stolen Goods*. Bottom picture shows refugees flying from the war-stricken Belgian village.

clothes and with her credentials and letters, followed the route of the refugees, and passed into France.

The next day she sailed for America.

"Name, please," asked the servant when a young lady presented herself for an interview with Mrs. Rogers.

"Miss Helen North," replied Margery.

An elderly lady, with a full, pleasant face, entered the room, and kissed the youthful visitor affectionately.

"Welcome, my dear," said Mrs. Rogers. "This is the first time I have ever seen you. Your dear father was a very old friend of mine, and I felt it a great privilege when he recommended you to my care." The elder lady blushed a little, and Margery wondered if Mrs. Rogers had been a sweetheart of North's in the dim past.

Margery pulled out her credentials, but Mrs. Rogers waived them aside.

"You must be tired after your long journey. You don't look very well. I suppose the dreadful sights you witnessed in Belgium have pulled you down. Make yourself at home, my dear."

Amongst the visitors at the Rogers's homestead was Dr. Carlton, an American surgeon who had followed the German armies in their invasion, and, being wounded, had gone back to America to recuperate his health. He had made Margery's acquaintance after both had emerged on the French frontier, and, finding her a compatriot, had struck up an acquaintance with the girl, who was now Helen North to all the world. His pleasure at again meeting her was visible in his face, and Margery blushed a little at his warm handshake.

"I knew you would arrive here very shortly, so I made it my business to become acquainted with Mrs. Rogers for the purpose of meeting you again."

"Oh!" ejaculated the girl, guiltily. She took a glance at the Doctor, who certainly looked stronger than he had on that terrible journey from Belgium in railway carriages choked with wounded and dying on their journey to the base hospitals.

"Will you return to Belgium, Doctor?" asked the girl, in an attempt to keep the conversation going.

Dr. Carlton looked at the girl with an unmistakable air of proprietorship. "Not just yet," he remarked, significantly. Margery reddened again.

The next few months were passed in an atmosphere of happiness that Margery had never previously known. Dr. Carlton's regard for her was now patent to everybody, and Mrs. Rogers slyly remarked that she hardly thought she would be Helen's guardian much longer. Margery occasionally thought of the dead Helen North, whose place she occupied in the care and regard of Mrs. Rogers, but she asked herself, What did it matter? Helen North was dead, and the dead woman owed her reparation for the terrible wrong that had been

done her in the past. The wrong on each side was now wiped out.

Three months later Margery, walking down the garden path picking some flowers for the dining-room table, encountered a young woman whose eyes were fixed with a sardonic gaze on Margery. The girl turned pale, and then every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush to her head. The intruder smiled at these signs of emotion, and remarked with studied carelessness:

"Good morning, Miss Helen North," with ironic emphasis on the name.



DR. CARLTON OFFERS HIS LOVE TO MARGERY.

"I thought you were dead," replied Margery, with pale lips.

"I was as near death as it was possible to be," replied the real Helen North with a sudden burst of bitterness. "I was unconscious for days, and when I began to get better I had a great deal of trouble to persuade every one that I was not Margery Huntley, a Red Cross nurse. When I found all my letters of identification and my passport gone, I suspected what was going to happen. My suspicions were correct. Now, you impostor, what have you to say?"

The last sentence brought back all Margery's fighting blood.

"You call me an impostor," retorted Margery fiercely; "but what of yourself? Do you know who I am?" The girl came nearer to Helen North, and placed her hands threateningly on her shoulders. "I am not only Margery Huntley, the Red Cross nurse, but Margery Huntley, the counter-hand who was sent to prison for your theft. I am Margery Huntley, the gaol-bird, when the real gaol-bird should be Helen North. Do you understand now, you thief and coward?"

Helen North fell back in amazement. Never for a moment had she suspected that here was the girl who had been made the scapegoat for her kleptomania, and the revelation, coming at such a moment, almost unnerved her. There was no denying the accusation. Bad as had been Margery's conduct, her own had been far worse. It was a case of "stolen goods" on both sides.

Helen North's conscience did not trouble her very long. She had come to California with schemes of vengeance in her brain, and meant to carry them out. After the effect of the first surprise had died away she said:

"Who will believe that story? Not Mrs. Rogers. Fortunately I have other evidence of my identity than those you stole, and I am going to inform Mrs. Rogers that she has been harbouring an impostor—and interloper."

"Very good," replied Margery, with despair in her heart. "Do your worst. That will be nothing new."

Helen North continued her journey to the house which had apparently been interrupted by the encounter with Margery. The latter went to her room and laid her throbbing head on the pillow. Her life was over, for she could not go out again into the world, not only with her old character raked up, but this fresh disgrace to cut away her last hope of a happy career. She wondered what Dr. Carlton would say. He would also cast her from him after the terrible revelation of her conduct. Helen North was right. Who would believe that she had been unjustly punished for another's crime? The usual gaol-bird's excuse.

An hour later she came downstairs again, pale but calm. She heard her name called, and, on going to the drawing-room, encountered Dr. Carlton, who came towards her with a smiling face. Apparently nothing was known yet, and Margery breathed freely. The door opened again, and Mrs. Rogers came into the room followed by Helen North, and Margery braced herself for the coming struggle.

Mrs. Rogers looked puzzled and distressed, and on seeing Margery quickly went over towards her.

"I have just been told an extraordinary story. Our visitor here tells me that you have done her a grievous wrong by impersonating her, and coming to me as Helen North. Is this true?"

Margery hesitated, for she felt the gaze of Dr. Carlton had become fixed upon her in petrified amazement. She had come to the deciding point at last, and resolved to meet it bravely.

"It is true," replied Margery.

There was a dead silence for several



"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
HURRAH! HURRAH!!

moments, then Mrs. Rogers spoke: "Why did you do this wicked thing?"

Margery turned her gaze on Helen North, who looked around mockingly.

"I'll tell you the story from the beginning," commenced Margery, looking appealingly at Dr. Carlton, whose own face had grown white and stern. "A few years ago I was a counter-hand at a store, and this Helen North, who is known as a kleptomaniac, stole an article from the counter, and, seeing that it was missed and she was likely to be searched, put it into the pocket of my jacket. Of course, it was found there, and, in spite of my denials that I had taken it, I was prosecuted and sent to prison for twelve months."

"A fairy-tale," interrupted Helen.

"You know it is true," replied Margery passionately.

"After my release," she continued, "I obtained employment, only to be dismissed on account of my prison record. Eventually I went to Belgium as a nurse, and one night after a raid I found Helen North lying unconscious and, as I thought, dead. I decided to change places with her, as she owed me reparation for the wrong done me, and I came to Mrs. Rogers. Helen North claims that I have wronged her. I leave it to you all to decide which of us has committed the real wrong."

Dr. Carlton looked at the girl with a new light in his eyes—the light of sympathy. He was beginning to understand.

"I believe you, Margery," he said, going over to the girl, and placing his arms around her with a protecting gesture that thrilled the girl with a sudden flow of happiness. "You have done a wrong thing, but I recognise the strength of your temptation. Few of us would have done less than you in—"

"You would protect, and perhaps love, a gaol-bird?" sneered Helen North.

"I will do more than that," retorted the Doctor, turning on the other with scornful emphasis. "I will marry the gaol-bird. Come, Margery."

The film is a splendid picturization of Margaret Turnbull's emotional drama. It is in four acts, and will be released on January 3rd.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

"Rags."

"I knocked-out a chap on Wednesday, who asked me what 'rag' I was reading. His face was a sight when I finished with him, so was mine, but he was half dead, and I tore the cover of PICTURES off and left it pinned on his coat." JOCKIE (Sydenham).

Appreciation.

"I am awfully delighted. I have just seen Clara K. Young in *Lola*. I have never seen such fine acting in my life, and I have been to cinemas for the last six years. I know good acting when I see it."

E. D. (Forest Hill).

The One in Ten.

"I do not want to be a picture actress. I like to see the pictures, but I shouldn't fancy having eggs shied at me or having to fall into sea, &c. I am a clerk in an insurance office, taking the place of a man, and think it much better than playing for pictures." M. J. (Bristol).



Annette Confesses Her Crime.

The above is one of the many dramatic scenes in

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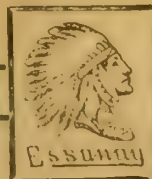
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IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

A Film Fashion Bazaar.

ANNA HELD, the famous French comedienne, has come to Los Angeles to make her motion-picture debut at the studios of the Oliver Morosco Company. Before her departure several newspaper reporters tried to secure a confession of her reported engagement to a Russian prince.

The star cleverly avoided all direct replies to the many questions put to her, and blandly smiled at the determined efforts of her interviewers. The story, which Miss Held neither denied nor affirmed, involves a Russian nobleman

who met the star on board the steamer *St. Louis* during her trip to America several weeks ago, and since her arrival it is stated that the actress and the Russian have been seen together almost every evening at the theatres. The Russian has business with his Government's Consul, and it is confidently expected that an announcement of marriage will be forthcoming when Miss Held reaches Los Angeles.

The famous star did not seem any the worse for her vigorous activities on the battle-front in France since the beginning of the war. That she rendered valuable assistance to her country was demonstrated by the enthusiastic praise which has been accorded her by prominent Government officials and other well-known figures.

Just before boarding her car Miss Held said:—"I have brought over a collection of new gowns which I will wear in motion-pictures, and which represent an outlay of a fortune. Besides my new gowns, I have brought over a new 5,000l. Russian sable coat and a 4,000l. ermine cloak. Besides its other qualities, I think you will find my film a fashion-bazaar, as these clothes which I have brought over with me cannot be duplicated in this country and are just fresh from the modiste."

Fairy Fay in Feature Films.

ON a recent typical December afternoon, when some of us at least were feeling "blue" on account of the cold, fog, mud, and rain without, our office was suddenly bathed in sunshine by the appearance of a young lady daintily clad in furs. In less time than it takes to write it we had recognised our visitor as Fay Temple, who, although having played only seven months for pictures, has already endeared herself to the thousands who have seen her on the screen.

We asked Miss Temple to tell us how it was she came to play for pictures. She said, "It was sheer luck!" Of course I have played a lot in drama, farce, and musical comedy. I was 'Peggy' in *Tom Jones*; I had a ripping part in *Beau Brocade*; I was 'Ki-Ki' in *The Glad Eye*; and 'Zoie' in *Baby Mine* on tour, and I have also appeared at the Apollo in Paris, where I studied French farce. But I would rather not go back to the stage again. I had often thought of trying my hand at pictures, but was always afraid, and then one day I really made up my mind to start. I did not know many companies, but I thought of two—so I tossed up a ha'penny to decide to which I should apply. B. and C. was the one, so off I went to the B. and C. studio. There I saw Mr. Weston, the producer,



FAY TEMPLE a British actress who is making rapid headway in filmland.

who immediately gave me an 'unnice,' but nevertheless, the leading part in *Shadows*. A 'nice' part in *Wild Oats* followed, and after that I joined their stock company for a time, and played a leading part in *Hearts that are Human*, and have just finished playing another strong part with Lilian Braithwaite in *Motherhood*. For Trans-Atlantic, too, I played lead in *The Devil's Bowmen*. So you see I have not been lazy during these few months."

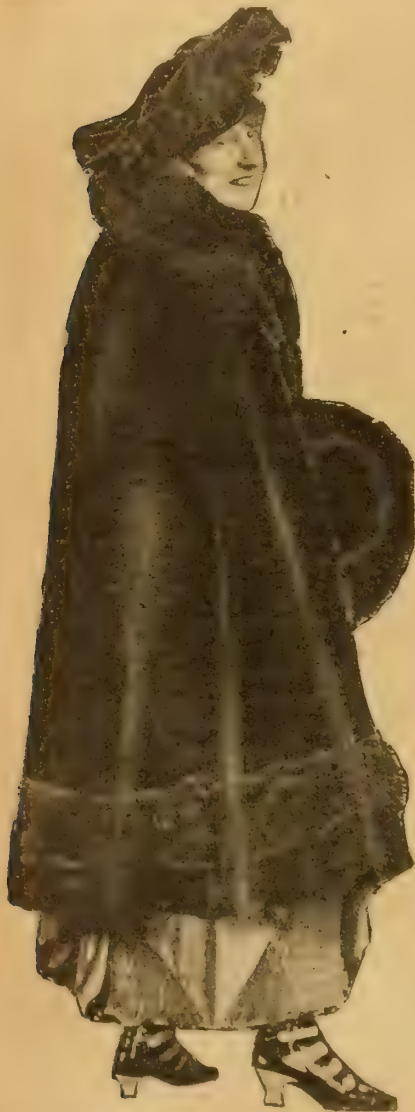
"Didn't you once introduce us to a little sister?" we asked her.

"Oh, yes. Dot, you mean? She is only fourteen and a half now, and will be playing 'Wendy' in *Peter Pan* at the New Theatre at Christmas. She has also appeared in films, but she prefers the stage."

Much to our sorrow, Miss Temple had "to be going," and now we are hunting around for cinemas that are showing the films in which she appears.

"Picture Plays by Picture Players."

THE dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune* is of the opinion that stars of the dramatic stage are not generally fitted for picture work. In an article particularly interesting in face of the fact that the stage and the cinema are now so closely allied, he writes:—"To see Mary Pickford in *A Girl of Yesterday* is to appreciate the fact that there is such a thing as film technique. Picture producers who pro-



CHARMING GRACE CUNARD, attired in one of her many valuable fur coats. It is a dyed musquash, trimmed with very wide bands of skunk, her cap is one of the latest velvet "clam" shaped ones, which are becoming so popular. Her shoes are of the advanced New York fashion, being a moderation of the favourite Tango description.



"The COMMUTERS" IS KUMMIN
HURRAH! HURRAH!!

A DAY WITH NEAL OF THE NAVY

P.J. THE DAY. BALBOA TOOK THE
SWAMP SCENES FOR THE NINTH EPISODE



AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY CHARLES DUDLEY, A MEMBER OF THE BALBOA ACTING FORCE.

fess to find great artistic possibilities in 'movies' belie their own words: we think, by their policy of taking stars from the legitimate stage and putting them into pictures without any preliminary training.

"If Tom, Dick, or Harry from the theatre can make a picture actor at a minute's notice, there is no art in 'movie' making. As a matter of fact, Tom, Dick and Harry are gamblers in the picture world. Now and again an actor - as, for instance, Douglas Fairbanks, in *The Lomb* - makes a big success in his first picture play, but for every Fairbanks there are ten other stars of the theatre who have failed to achieve anything like the best possibilities of the moving picture play.

A good actor, of course, has had some of the training necessary for pictures, but we contend that only in rare instances can he hope to equal the work of the man who has made a business of playing before the camera.

The best comedy work we have ever seen in moving pictures was done by Sidney Drew in a film by Richard Harding Davis called *Playing Dead*. Francis X. Bushman is much better

equipped to play romantic rôles for the screen than any actor of the regular stage, no matter how great his reputation may be; and, in our opinion, no comedienne untrained in picture-work could hope to realise anything like the possibilities which Mary Pickford makes actualities in *A Girl of Yesterday*.

Not a few stars come before the camera with the belief that there is no subtlety in moving-pictures. They play only for big effects. We confess to a belief that shading is even more essential for the screen than the stage. Mary Pickford is able, for instance, to amuse you simply by the way she takes off her hat, because she has devoted herself to a study of the eloquence of gesture. Actors who have relied on the voice for effects can't begin to realise how much can be said with an eye, or an arm, or a

shoulder. For our part, we like picture-plays by picture-people."

Cartoonist and Cinema Player.

BALBOA has a cartoonist who could make his way as a funny man for the newspapers, as well as a screen artist. He is Charles Dudley, whose splendid work in many feature-films put out by the Horkheimer Brothers has made for him an enviable place in film-land. Dudley played the part of Joe Welcher in *Neal of the Navy*. Though it is that of a cad, Dudley's sincere work is always admired. In his spare moments he depicts the lighter side of the players' lives on paper. Dudley's drawings are natural, as he has never studied cartooning. His likenesses are good, and at the Balboa studio his drawings are highly prized. The cartoon reproduced above was sent direct from California for PICTURES readers.



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SIDNEY DREW the Vitagraph comedian. See him at his best in *Back to the Front*, released next week.

A Patriotic Serial.

IN a blaze of glory Balboa finished the filming of *Neal at the Navy*, which is to be released in this country by Pathe. It took exactly five months in the making, and consists of fourteen episodes of two reels each.

When Director Harry Harvey threw his hat in the air, on the completion of Scene 1,539, and Cinematographer Joe Brotherton folded up his tripod, the "Neal" cast behaved like a bunch of school-children dismissed for summer vacation. Assistant-Director Macpherson grabbed a drum, and the other players fell in behind him for an impromptu procession. Then the sailor "extra" boys shot up the studio, and a "good time was had."

The members of the cast presented Director Harvey with a handsome token of appreciation; while Lillian Lorraine, the featured player, was deluged with flowers. She has left for San Francisco for a month's vacation. William Courtleigh, junr., who was "Neal," took the first train North with his wife (Ethel Fleming, also of Balboa) for a delayed honeymoon.

"Nurse and Martyr."

IT is always a pleasant duty to pay a tribute to British thoroughness and to British hustle; the pleasure is no less when one adds an offering of praise to British Art. The story of the making of the film *Nurse and Martyr* is in every sense a remarkable one. Edgar Wallace, who enjoys, perhaps, the widest personal following of any descriptive journalist in England, was "going through his newspapers" on Sunday morning, says *Town Topics*, when a paragraph caught his eye to this effect: "The bigger public will, perhaps, never know the full measure of Nurse Cavell's sacrifice." Why should not the bigger public know? Why, for example, should not every woman in England be brought to an understanding of the fact that Nurse Cavell laid down her life that another soldier might be added to the Army of Britain? That is why she died that is why she gave the priceless gift of her life in the chill hours of the night, standing with her back to a prison-wall. "There was only one way that story could be made manifest to the million," said Mr. Wallace, "and that was through the medium of the cinema houses. I got into communication with Mr. Baillie Smith and Mr. Williams, of the Phoenix Film Company, because I knew something of their fine photography, and because I had had an opportunity of seeing Moran, their producer's, work. On Monday morning the rough scenario was in the producer's hands. It was a difficult scenario to write, because I wanted to treat the theme reverently and faithfully. I had the invaluable assistance of knowing a story of Nurse Cavell's peculiar experience a few years ago to assist me, but even here it was necessary to avoid anything which was suggestive of melodrama. The company which Mr. Moran controls entered into the spirit of the story. You might have thought from the earnestness with which the play was produced that it was an Oberammergau production—and in one sense it was, indeed, a passion play dealing with the passing of a saintly and an heroic woman at the bidding of hateful and blood-guilty men. . . . It is not too much to say that every woman in England will want to see *Nurse and Martyr*, which promises to be the most-discussed film of the year."

Mrs. White writes about



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Mrs. P. White, of Peckham, writes: "Dear Sirs, I feel it my duty to tell you of my wonderful cure by using Cicfa. I am sending my photo so you may see how well and strong I look now. Although this photo is a perfect likeness of me as I am now, I was a different looking person before I took Cicfa. In fact, I was as thin as a rake. I had a attack of Appendicitis which left me so that the smallest bit of food gave me such terrible pains in my Stomach that I preferred to starve myself. I grew thinner and weaker, and I was so worried, as my baby boy was only five months old. When I read your advert, telling how Cicfa cured both kinds of Indigestion, I sent for a sample, and by the time I had finished it and before I had bought any tablets, I ate my first real dinner and had no pain after it. Now I can eat everything I wish without any pain. I cannot express my thanks enough, as I owe my present health entirely to Cicfa. Make what use you like of this letter, and I will gladly answer any letters from readers about Cicfa. Thanking you again, I am, faithfully yours, M s. P. WHITE."

No words of ours can be more convincing than Mrs. White's testimony; therefore we will simply tell you what every one should know, viz., that there are two kinds of Indigestion: Stomach Indigestion and Bowel Indigestion; and that neither can be cured by purgatives, effervescent salts, alkalis, &c., because these are all unnatural. They give momentary relief, but the trouble grows steadily worse.

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IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the

Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried (at present who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking Cicfa to assist digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible, and make Digestion perfect and certain.

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Whimsical Walker is seen in the rôle of a merry old gentleman who enjoys a night out, and he puts comic action a-plenty into his rôle. Laugh follows laugh, providing a perfect riot of mirth, in every scene of this quick-action comedy.

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WE HEAR



THAT our General Manager has lately been "sparring" at the Y.M.C.A. with George Gunther, the famous black middle-weight in order to keep fit.

THAT the same George has lately been "starring" in the Hopworth picture, *The White Hope*, the story of which appears in this issue.

THAT Essanay has completed *The Power of the Press*, which depicts all the horrors of consumption and the good work being done to stamp it out.

THAT Gaumonts have lost one of their best artistes in M. Navarre, who, besides playing many leading parts, created the screen rôle of "Fantomas."

THAT M. Navarre has formed a Company which is building large studios near Marseilles, where he will produce films.

THAT Pavlova has made her debut on the screen in the Trans-Atlantic ten-reel production, *The Dumb Girl of Portici*.

THAT this is a picturisation of Auber's opera of the same name, and was adapted for the screen by Lois Weber, whose *Hypocrites* and *Scandal* have already been referred to by us.

THAT *The Dumb Girl of Portici* occupied three months in the making, and cost £50,000.

THAT Nat Gould, having seen and liked *White Star*, has given permission to the Yorkshire Cine Co. to picturise any of his famous racing novels.

THAT Heinemann has just published a handsome shilling edition of "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, on which the great picture *The Birth of a Nation* was founded.

THAT the song "Elaine," dedicated to Pearl White (*Exploits of Elaine*), and published by Ascherberg Hopwood and Crew, is being flashed on many screens nightly.

THAT in many cinemas picturegoers are not slow in picking up the haunting refrain and accompanying the music with vocal and acclamatory efforts. What?

THAT the chorus, being sweet and pretty, like the charming heroine herself, is sure to be the rage at Christmas parties.

THAT Kathlyn Williams and Bessie Eyton were chosen queens in the recent Los Angeles Automobile Show, and attracted admiring comment from many thousands.

THAT Tony Sarg, the artist whose clever poster work is famous around London, is designing posters for the coming Triangle Films of America.

THAT G. H. Chirgwin, the White-eyed Kaffir, everybody's favourite, is likely to be seen in a film (made in England) based on *The Blind Boy*.

THAT Oscar Ashe and Lily Brayton will be seen together again in pictures, the British Empire Films, Ltd., having secured certain works in which they will appear.

**SCALA
THEATRE**

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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later.



CHARLIE THE PERFECT LADY. Essanay comedy. Two reels. Charles Chaplin. Charlie in petticoats. A scream.

DO RE MI BOOM. Keystone comedy. One reel. Syd Chaplin. A funny, farcical film based on the everlasting "Eternal Triangle".
—*Western Import Co.*

WIFFLES IN WAR-TIME. Pathé comedy. One reel. M. Prince. This north-maker is, as usual, the cause of all the trouble.
—*Pathé Frères Film Hire Service.*

THE SPARK AND THE FLAME. Lubin drama. One reel. Telling how a delinquent is reformed by a heartbroken girl.
—*F. H. Brockless, Ltd.*

PUSS AND BOOTS. Martin comedy. One reel. A lover elopes with his sweetheart despite many hindrances.
—*Davison's Film Sales Agency.*

FATHER LOVE. Comic comedy. One reel. A skat on the present-day woman who insists on wearing the trousers. *New Mapleside Co.*

GAR EL-HAMA, PART IV.—Nordisk drama. Four reels. G. Henkel. A mysterious detective-story that will thrill the young and old alike.

POTTED PANTOMIMES. Echo comedy. Two reels. Daisy Dormer and the brothers Egbert. Just the film for Christmas.
—*Garnant Film Hire Service.*

THE CHIMNEY'S SECRET. Victor drama. One reel. Lou Chaney and Gretchen Lederer. A pretty story of love and temptation.
—*Trans-Atlantic Film Co.*

NIOBE. Famous Players comedy. Four reels. Hazel Dawn. Wonderfully artistic film from the well-known stage play.
—*J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*

THE VAMPIRE. Metro drama. Olga Petrova. A wonderful heart-interest film. Story in No. 95, December 11th issue.
—*Ruffell's Exclusives, Ltd.*

WHAT A FIND! Bamforth Comedy. One reel. A delightfully farcical film dealing with the result of the secrets of Egyptian mythology.
—*Yorkshire Cine Co.*

TILL THE BOYS COME HOME. Eclair drama. Two reels. A touching war-story depicting the peculiar social condition which the war has caused.

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.—Edison Sacred. One reel. Gertrude McCoy. A beautiful subject reverently produced. Children especially will love this story.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS. Thanhouser drama. One reel. Loraine Huling and Boyd Marshall. A thrilling picture telling of the war of American Independence.

KEEP IT DARK. Cricks and Martin comedy. One reel. Great consternation caused by an heir being obliged to marry, as stated in the will. A Black, which turns out to be Miss A. Black.
—*Davison's Film Sales Agency.*

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR. Selig drama. Two reels. Stella Razeto. A feature that sustains suspense from title to trade-mark. Full story in No. 93, Nov. 27th issue.

UNCLE HECK.—Beauty comedy. One reel. John Stepping. Beatrice Van. The adventures of Uncle, who flirts unknowingly with his own relatives, are a source of constant delight. See frontispiece for portrait.
—*American Co., Ltd.*

THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB. B. and C. drama. Five reels. Milton Rosmer. Fay Temple. Adapted from the novel by Fergus Hume. *Who was the murderer?* Full story in No. 92, Nov. 20th issue.
—*Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd.*

THE SIREN.—Vitagraph drama. One reel. Margaret Gibson. The country girl, realising that her lover prefers the glare of the city, adopts the modern siren's methods, thereby awakening him to the fact that he loves the country girl as she was.

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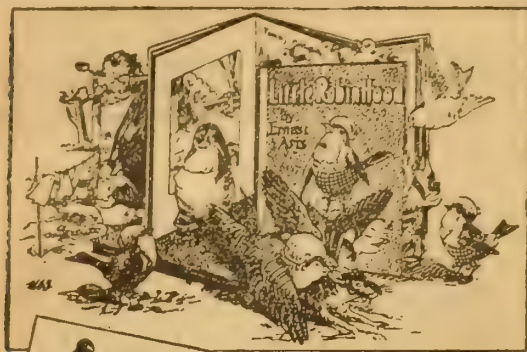
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SCREENED STARS

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We give below the final set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers' Competition "Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames only of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write in the spaces provided the surname you think each picture represents. Thus, take picture No. 1 in the first set or pick and a fool. This represented the surname of the Famous Player, Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next and 10s. each to the next ten and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. Fill in the final set now, and bear in mind even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10 and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

SEND IN YOUR COMPLETE SETS NOW!

Please bring your sets together and post to each of us not later than Friday, December 24th, by send on p. Address envelopes to "Stars," "Pictures" Office, 85-86, Long Acre, London, W.C. You can send in as many sets as you like. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.



ENTRY
FORM.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

13th
Set.

EDITORIAL * GOSSIP *

THE last set of puzzles in our free competition appears in this issue, and there is no time like the present to send in your sets. Even if you do not complete all the sets you may win a prize, the senders of the most correct names being the winners. Any number of sets may be posted in one envelope, but each "set" complete or otherwise must be pinned together. What is our next competition?

Xmas Number Second Edition!

I am writing this on the day before our Christmas number is published, and rejoice to hear that, so far as we are concerned, the whole first edition is already sold out. But as some thousands of extra copies are sure to be required we are printing a small *Second Edition*, and by the time you read these lines the copies will be on sale. There should be no difficulty in procuring the Christmas or any other issue of PICTURES if you order it at your newsagents. P.S. — Don't miss the Xmas Number, with its Portrait Supplement of Florence Turner.

The Best Trade Shows.

So many new films are shown to the Trade every week that obviously it becomes impossible for me to see them all. I should have to turn myself into a film and copy myself in order to be in several theatres at the same time. It generally happens, however, that the new films which I am able to sample belong to the world's best. This week, for instance, were shown among others *The Christian* and *A Welsh Singer*, and, of course, I was present at both, and real proud I am to own it.

The Hall Caine Drama.

I have read *The Christian* as a novel, and I have seen the stage version, and my knowledge of Hall Caine's famous story made an excellent *hors d'œuvre* at the film feast. Let me say at once that the London Film Company has never done a finer thing than their ten-reel production of *The Christian*, and George L. Tucker who adapted and produced it must be mighty pleased with himself. In all the big American productions (which are generally conceded to be the best) I have never seen more red-hot "living" crowds than those featured in *The Christian*. My only criticism is that we had a *hatch* too much of them, but this, no doubt, has been seen to already, the general opinion being that the film suffered in length. I think Mr. Tucker knew that he was giving us something superlative, and he may be perhaps forgiven for what is really an *embarrassment of riches*.

The Author Highly Pleased.

For the players in this great picture-play I have nothing but unstinted praise. Elisabeth Risdon (Glory), Derwent Hall Caine (John Storm), Bert Wynne (Lord Robert), Gerald Ames (Francis Drake) — in fact, all the

A Grand "Beauty" Production for Christmas



NEVA GERBER

This is a delightful story, just fitted for the festive season, quite original in theme, and right away from the pantomime plot. Go to your favourite theatre and ask the manager to be sure and include it in his programme for December 23rd.

ISSUED DECEMBER 23rd.

Don't forget the date! When you have seen "Everyheart" write and tell us what you think of it.

"EVERYHEART"

Presented by The American Company (London), Ltd., 193, Wardour Street, W.



In this scene the Spirit of Kindness dips into the Well of Truth, while Satan trades in "Power" and "Selfishness."

"Everyheart" was sent into the world with such priceless gifts as 'Kindness,' 'Protection' and 'Love,' but he traded them for 'Power,' 'Selfishness' and 'Wealth.' He wedded the 'Spirit of Kindness,' but his worldly actions killed her. In desperation he sought the 'Spirit of Love' and by her aid his wife was restored to him.



WEBSTER CAMPBELL



"Beauty" Films.

members of a long cast have excelled themselves. Hall Caine is highly pleased. He told me so himself after the show. "It is not the spectacle of *The Elgar City*; totally different treatment was essential for *The Christmas*," he explained to me, "and I am well satisfied that Mr. Tucker has done all that was humanly possible for my story. The pictures impressed me very much, and more than once I had a lumpy feeling in my throat." In short, *The Christmas* is a good thing for Jurys who control it, a good thing for exhibitors who show it, and a good thing for picturegoers who see it.

"A Welsh Singer."

Another fine production hails once more from the Turner studios. I refer to *A Welsh Singer*, from the novel by Allen Raine. It is the first Turner production by Henry Edwards, a West-Countryman born in Somerset, and an experienced actor, playwright, and producer. Bravo, Mr. Edwards! You have not only added one more to your list of film triumphs as an actor (he plays the leading role of Ieuan), you have also given us one of the pictures of the year. The circus and theatre scenes alone would take a lot of beating, the grand Welsh scenery pictured in the film is a sheer delight, and Florence Turner as Mifanwy, the little Welsh singer, is just lovely. Personally, I am looking forward with keen anticipation to Mr. Edwards's next production.



A pretty picture of QUEENIE THOMAS in *White Star*, the drama recently completed by Holmfirth British productions.

A Feast of Exclusives.

Never before in their history has the Essanay Company had so many powerful

films "on the road" as at the present time. Take, for example, the wonderful lunch named in their two-page portrait gallery in our last week's Christmas Number. *The Fortes*, with Warda Howard and Henry B. Walthall, we shall publish the story in a later issue, and *Temper*, *The Woman Hunter*, *The Circular Path*, and *The Outer Edge*, all featuring Mr. Walthall, are some of the strongest emotional dramas ever seen on the screen in any part of the world. Then, too, there are *His Cradle*, *The Return of Richard Neal*, *The General*, all with Nell Craig; *Love Justice*, *A Man Ahead*, *The Power of the Wheel*, and *Emperors*, all with Richard Travers; *The Battle of Love*, *Love's Law*, and *When My Lady Smiles*, all with Ruth Stonehouse; *Friends*, *The Little Street*, *Wife Caught*, and *The Seapig*, all with Bryant Washburn; and *The Greater Courage*, *The Little Devicer*, and *The Lady of the Snows*, with Edna Mayo. A gigantic feast indeed! Picturegoers will increase their enjoyment by seeing all or any one of these masterpieces.

The Hepworth P.P.P.

I am advised that the Hepworth Company are intending to produce monthly a little picture-play paper of their own. It will contain much concerning their plays and players that will fascinate you and cost you nothing. Write to the Hepworth Publicity, 2, Denman Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., and ask for a first copy, and tell them I told you to do so. F. D.



Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

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THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS -

My ghost story in last week's Christmas number (I hope you have had your copy) robbed the space I should have used for the Riddle Competition result, and before going any further I will give it now. "What is the difference," I asked, "between a film and a convicted felon?" Some of the replies were quite clever. Here are a few:

One is caught; the other released. One is waiting to be judged; the other has been judged. The film is released; the felon is not. One charms us; the other harms us. One is seen on the screen; the other is screened from the scene. One is released and screened for the public; the other is caught and screened from the public. Prizes are going off to: Alice Dawson, Llanberis, London Road, Leigh-on-Sea; G. Nash, 22, Somerset Place, Cathay, Redcliffe; William Smith, Ham Wharf, Brentford; Violet Burgess, Lillie Cottage, Southfleet Road, Swanscombe.

AWARD OF MERIT: Ivy Neal (Watford), Marion Bridger (Brighton), Nellie Bush (Thornton Heath), Betty Jones (Nantwich), Arthur Coe (Desborough), Lily Wiseman (Commercial Road). Special Prizes: J. Coral (London), M. Bridger (Brighton).

Talking of prizes, do you know that the youngest winner (Irene Leete) of one of the big prizes in the contest

is under fifteen years of age? She has received her graphophone and records, and has sent us a most delightful letter of thanks. Age does not count in our big competitions. All may compete. But *my* competitions are intended for children only, and, as I have often stated, fifteen is the age limit, and age must be stated when competing.

Make a note, boys and girls, to see this pretty Christmas film to be re-



UNCLE TIM'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

Drawn by Gladys Turner.

leased by Trans-Atlantic on Boxing Day. Here is the story:

A Box of Bandits.

"I must see what is inside!" Violet was alone in the attic, and in front of her lay the old trunk that her Uncle Jim had brought from Italy goodness only knows how many years ago. Ever since she could remember she had longed to see what was hidden under the lid, and now that it was Christmas Eve, and all the grown-up members of the family had gone to a party at the vicarage, she had determined to satisfy her curiosity.

"Now!" With a great effort she raised the lid, then sprang back, as a black-whiskered little bandit jumped out. He was followed by two others, and before her astonished eyes they grew, and grew until at last they were full-sized men, and their whiskers bristled more fiercely than ever.

"Oh!" cried Violet, and the bandits laughed in hideous delight.

"Seize her, comrades!" their leader cried in terrifying tones, "and if the house does not yield the spoil we want then she must be held for ransom;" and, in spite of her struggles, she was dragged out of the attic and down the stairs by the grinning banditti.

With many ejaculations of delight, they proceeded to ransack the house; then, when their arms were full of the family's valuables, they dragged her back to the attic.

The chief bandit pulled his whiskers. "The spoil does not come up to expecta-

tion," he grinned ferociously. "so — Great Father Christmas! what's that?"

It was a police whistle, and the sound gave Violet new courage.

"The police are after you —"

"The police?" The bandits dropped the stolen property and looked very innocent. "Why whatever for?" they chorused. A bright idea came to Violet. "Never mind that now; but if you do as I tell you I'll save you. Please grow small again." Strange to say, they immediately obeyed her. "Now into the box, and then, don't you see, the policeman won't find you!"

Like a shot they obeyed, and, quicker if anything, Violet locked the trunk and sat upon the lid—crash!

With a start, Violet sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. There was the book of fairy stories she had been reading, and downstairs she could hear her people returning from the party. "Why," she smiled, smuggling down again, "it was only a dream after all!"

Now I come to the Limerick Competition in issue No. 93. The lines ran:—

"Little Billy was fond of the screen,
But his father a film had ne'er seen;
When he cried, 'Come with Bill!'
Pa replied, 'Not until!'"

An enormous number of "last lines" reached me, but generally speaking they were not very clever. Ever so many wrote "Charlie Chaplin appears on the scene," but here are a few of the best which did *not* mention Charlie:—

"Your face is scrupulously clean."
"I've permission from dear Josephine."
"The picture comes called *Goat and Green*."
"The 'no-treating' order's gone clean."
"You promise it's really serene."
"Back in Belgium are both King and Queen."
"Your angelic mamma has been."

Prizes are being sent to Mabel White, 8, Simpson's Road, Bromley; Betty Jones, 4, Park Street, Nantmoel; Alfred Crick, Station Road, Desborough; Sybil Swift, 55, Poplar Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.

Award of Merit.—Ivy Neal (Wattford), Alan Wood (Halifax), Ethel Gallehawk (Pockham), F. Baxter (Leeds), W. White (Blackheath).

This week I ask you to write a *funny* story round the drawing "Uncle Tim's Dream," which was sent to me by Gladys Turner, who is now above the age limit and has been nice enough to write and tell me so. Write your *short* story on a post-card, address it "Dream" Pictures, 85, Long Acre, W.C., and post to reach me by Monday, December 20th. Four prizes of Christmas books for the senders of the funniest "Dreams" will be sent in time for Christmas.

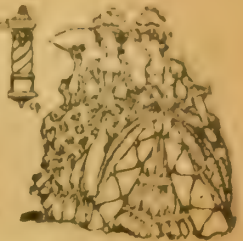
Next week I shall refer again to the "Young Picturegoers League," and there is one thing more I want to mention this week. That great British film actress Elisabeth Risdon, has kindly promised to present two beautiful prizes to a lucky "nephew" and "niece" of Uncle Tim's. One of these prizes will be a lovely doll, *dressed by Miss Risdon herself*. For particulars of the competition in which these prizes will be given, watch the article written weekly by your thoughtful, busy, but not so very old

UNCLE TIM



REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. Address THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



No. 505 BOMBARDIER S. D. (somewhere in France).—Delighted to hear from you. We quoted your letter a week or two ago. May you return safe and sound to "the girl you left behind you!"

FLORENCE FLANNELLE and NANCY TREADWELL.—We have no postcards of Signor Amleto Novelli, but have so ne very nice photographs of him suitable for framing, price 7d. each, post free. How ever do you think of such a gift?

TRANSATLANTIC (Newington).—Edna May has joined Vitagraph, Helen Holmes, late of Kalein, is now with Universal, and Zena Keefe is still with Vitagraph. We do not think the players you mention are related. Our best thanks for your efforts to obtain new readers.

GLADYS (Blackheath).—Douglas Payne was playing for N. P. and Co., and is to be seen in many of their films. We have no postcards of him. We believe he is married. The Answers Man is quite "rosy" with all your compliments.

PEARL AND RUBY (Ludlow).—Address Herbert Rowlinson, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. The other player has left the company he was with and has not yet joined another. We published an interview with Earle Williams in No. 89. He is American.

LUCE (Lytham).—Your letters always interest us immensely, and the one before us is not the least entertaining. After all you have said about photographs, we really think you ought to send us yours. No postcards of Frankie Mann.

BILLY (Maida Vale).—Write Hepworth Mfg. Co., 2, Denmin Street, London, W., and ask them when and where "Sweet Lavender" will be shown in your district. Shall always be glad to hear from you. Remember us to Maggie.

ERNEST (Derby).—To help you in writing a photograph, *Play Writing for the Cinema*, by E. A. Donch, price 1s. 2d., from this office, is the very thing. Be sure and typewrite your play before submitting it to the producers.



FRANCIS FORD, who, besides helping to produce *The Broken Coin*, played lead in it. This photo is one of our postcards of him.

JIMMY (Shipton).—An ideal Christmas present for your friend would be one of our "Grand Volume" (No. VIII.) of PICTURES, price 3s. 6d., post free. We can supply you with postcards of Edna Flugrath, Gerald A. S., Charles Rock, Billie Merson, and Billy Haines, and we have seen different of Charlie Chaplin, all one penny each. Thanks for congratulations.

JOHN DORY (Swansea). All your questions are answered in our dainty advent booklet, *The Film Life of Mary Pickford*, price 2d., post-free from PICTURES, and *Bringing Up Baby* so yours is the same price. Thanks for advising your mates to read "the best pennyworth going," as you describe us.

BOY (Hyde Park).—Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clarke, Norma Talmadge, Rita Jolivet, and Blanche Sweet are all with Famous Players, whose address was given last week in the reply page. Anita Stewart is c/o. Vitagraph Co., East 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York City, U.S.A.; Elisabeth Risdon, c/o. London Film Co. St. Margaret's, Twickenham; Florence Turner c/o. Turner Films, Ltd., Watton-on-Thames; Chas. Chaplin with Essanay (see reply to "G. E. P." last week), and Harold Lockwood, c/o. American Film Mfg. Co., 6227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. You can obtain a return stamp voucher from any post-office, and this you can enclose in each letter you write.

PIPPIN (Croydon).—Thanks for your nice long letter—and "best wishes, &c." Glad you still "keep smiling" in spite of your terrifying experience. Mary Pickford's address was given to "Miss W." in last week's number.

RUBY (Lurgan).—Address Earle Williams, c/o. Vitagraph Co., East 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. We have photographs of him, 1d. each, postage extra.

FRED (Swansea).—You are indeed fortunate in having so many autographs of your favourite players. "Out of the Air" (Majestic); "Engines" (Fred Turner); "Aviator" (Capt. Holness); "Girl" (Miss Adler); "Fireman" (Charles Gorman); Address Reliance Film Co., 557, Riverside Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A.; and Majestic Motion Picture Co., 4500, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. Much obliged for new readers.

WILLIAM J. J. (Poplar).—We thank you very much for the little article on Charlie, but cannot publish it as we have said all these things about the "one and only" before.

EMMIE (Cardiff).—Our interview with Earle Williams appeared in the October 30th issue, which answers all your questions. His address is given to "Ruby" above. As you are writing, you can send him the sweet messages, Emmie.

A PICKFORDIAN (West Bromwich).—You are quite right about Mary Pickford. George Larkin and Cleo Madison played in "An Arrangement with Fate" and "Pawns in the Game of Life." "Brewster's Millions" is a Famous Players production. Always pleased to receive your letters.

B. E. B. (Waltham).—Address Robert Warwick, c/o World Film Corporation, 132 West 40th St., New York City, U.S.A. No postcards of him. Hope you will write again.

L. C. M. (St. Heliers).—We hope soon to have postcards of the player you mention. Glad you'll make sure of getting PICTURES by having a standing order with your newsagent. Thanks for getting us new readers.

(Continued on next page.)

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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IVY (Waltham).—Glad you like your prize. We cannot tell you what the hieroglyphics mean on the red and blue badges. Thanks ever so for getting us new readers. "Miss Jimmy Valentine" is a World Film Corporation production, which is handled by the Canon Co. in this country. The card was not published. Thank you, Ivy.

SIX SISTERS (Creditt).—The player you name has not sent us any wedding cards, perhaps he is shy.

GIVEN EYES (Duckington).—Our "cutty" little Souvenir War Albums would make charming gifts for your Christmas tree. They cost 1s. each from this office and you can have six for five shillings. The Film life of Mary Pickford is 2s. post free, and *Bertha* Rudge also.

DASHING (Manchester).—Cannot trace the film you mention. Have sent your love to Warren Kerrigan, Harold Lockwood, Mary Pickford, and Marguerite Clark. Thank you so much.

G. M. J. (Hamwell).—To be a winner of a consolation prize in our Foreign Artists Film Contest it was necessary to have the first three in their correct order, or the first two and last one in their proper position with Kathlyn Williams (the third highest female player) in the third place, so you see that, although very near, you did not quite succeed. Better luck next time.

CRISP (Ross).—Have dispatched your love to all the players you mention. Thanks, staff are all.

JEW'S HARP (Wandsworth).—Address Charles Chaplin, 1335, Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. You can obtain from the post-office, a return stamp voucher which should be enclosed for a reply. Many of our readers have received a reply from this popular idol, so you might be a lucky one.

L. W. (Metley).—Glad you like your prize. Go on and win others, L. W. Many thanks for recommending PICTURES.

MARGOTIE (Walton).—Most likely Mary Pickford would reply to a letter from you. We gave her address on this page to "Miss W." last week. Have sent you a postcard list. Thanks for kind wishes, Marjorie.

LOLA (Wandsworth).—The Postcard Manager has postcards of Jas. Morrison and Geo. Cooper. Have had no wedding-cards from either.

J. JORNEE (Harborne).—Address Herbert Rawlinson, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., and Eric Desmond, c/o. Hepworth Mfg. Co., Walton-on-Thames.

PRIVATE F. H. (Penrith).—Syd Chaplin—Charlie's brother—plays for Keystone, so you have won your bet. Hope your right arm will soon be as good as your left.

DON'T ARGUE (Preston).—If you had a letter from Mary Pickford we should quite think she wrote it herself. Hope you will soon win a prize in one of our other competitions.

DOLLY H. (Southgate).—How did you come to think that the Editor was in America? No, Dolly, he has been glued to his editorial desk for months and months and months. Harold Lockwood, c/o. American Film Mfg. Co., 6,227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. Thanks for kisses.

DERBERT (Workshop).—Address Lillian Walker, c/o. Vitagraph Co., Ltd., East 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.

SOME K'NET (Fairweather Green).—As you liked your prize, you must try to win some more. Thanks for getting us new readers; you will earn our gratitude—and theirs.

SALLY EVE (Penzance).—Playwriting for the Cinema, by E. A. Deuch, price 1s. 2d., from this office (85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C.), would help you a good deal. Typewrite your play.

IRBY (Gorton).—In "The Lost Paradise" (Famous Players), H. B. Warner played lead. The other information was not given.

ODD EYES (Morecambe).—In our Screened Stars Competition no player will be pictured twice if he is known under two names. Only one name may appear under each picture. Sydney Ayres now plays for Trans Atlantic. Many thanks for all you have done to circulate PICTURES.

ALICE (Finsbury Park).—Glad to hear from you again, and hope you will be as happy as you were before.

ALICE (Bechnal Green).—Mary Pickford's address was given to "Miss W." on this page last week. We have sent you a postcard list. Pleased to welcome you, new reader.

GIMMER (Lower Clapton).—Mrs. Sydney Drew's maiden name was Jane Morrow. You were fortunate in getting such an early reply from your favourite player.

TRANS ATLANTIC (Nowington Butts).—Beatrice Van, now of the Lenny Films, used to play for Powers, one of the Trans-Atlantic brands. The author you mention is no relation of

our Editor's. The Famous Players Review is published monthly. Yes, one of the victims of the torpedoed *Ancora* was a brother of the Marquis Serra, of the Cines Co. We cannot trace the film you ask about.

GRACE (Pontypool).—In "Young Mrs. Winter" (Edison) Mabel Trunelle played lead, and Lillian Walker in "A Lily in Bohemia" (Vitagraph). Have sent your love to Chrissie White and Henry Ainley, and kept the kisses for ourselves.

BERT (Manchester).—Ben Webster played Bothes in "Booth's Baby" and Gerald Ames was "Rupert of Hentzau" in "Prisoner of Zenda."

D. M. R. (Liverpool).—Write to the Essanay Co., 22, Soho Square, London, W.C., and ask them when and where Charlie Chaplin films can be seen in your neighbourhood. Your typewritten letter most acceptable.

A. J. E. (Liverpool).—Keystone casts not given; regret we cannot help you. We do not reply by post.

MURON (Rishon).—"The Gangsters and the Girl" (Reliance).—"Molly," Elisabeth Burbridge; "Jim," Arthur Jarrett; "John Stone," Chas. Ray; "Pickpocket," Margaret Thomson. Address: Reliance Film Co., 537, Riverdale Avenue, Yonkers, New York City, U.S.A. Don't know if the only you mention is married; as you are writing, ask her. Thanks for kind wishes.

A SURE READER (Wolverton).—Glad to hear your Canadian brother now in the trenches appreciates PICTURES so much!

E. S. D. (Forest Hill).—Edna Purviance played the part of "Charlie's Fiancee" in "Charlie's Elopement." Address the Lasky Film Co., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. No trouble, dear.

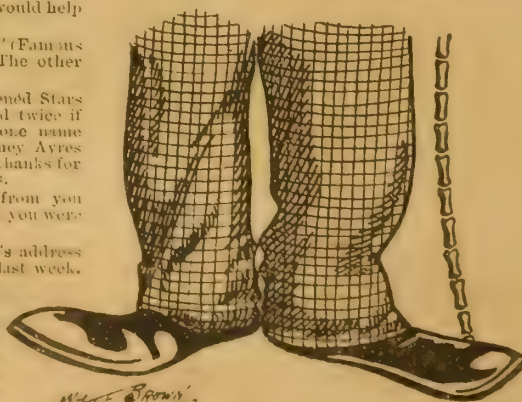
TRANS-ATLANTIC (Cheltenham).—Address Keystone Film Co., Long Acre Building, New York City, U.S.A. They do not publish their casts.

NIAS (Lydney).—Several of our readers have been lucky enough to get replies to their letters from Charlie Chaplin. His address is given to "Jews Harp" on this page. "A London Film Mystery"—"Rob Pritchard," Reginald Stevens; "Leo Scott," Andrew Jackson; "Detective Inspector," H. Croise; "Will Hooper," Richard Norton; "Mr. Beatty," Geo. Foley; "Mrs. Hooper," Connie Backner; "Margaret Foster," Vera Cornish; "Manservant," W. Branton. Picture postcards of the Editor and Postcard Manager autographed if desired—can be had from this office, price 2d. each, postage extra.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone—Gerrard 2595.

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WHOSE FEET ARE THESE?
A banana is offered as first prize.

SMILES

AN actress may despise a "made-up" frock, but she can't do without a made-up face.

The Henpecked One.

WIFE: "Do you know you talk in your sleep, John?"

HUSBY: "And do you begrudge me even those few words?"

Something about Nothing.

SHE: "Oh, George, I've got a lot of things to talk to you about."

HE: "So glad. You usually talk about the things you haven't got."

His Hats.

FROST: "Where do you get your hats, old man?"

SNOW: "At restaurants usually. But once or twice I've been lucky enough to exchange at a cinema."

Damping her Ardour.

STAGESTRUCK MAIDEN (after trying her voice): "Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?"

STAGE MANAGER: "Well, it may come in handy in case of fire."

Putting the Lid On.

SISTER: "You need not be so heart-broken because a pretty film-actress has jilted you."

BROTHER: "It isn't the jilting I mind, but she returned the ring in a parcel marked 'Glass—with care.'"

Rival Actresses.

DOLLY: "My mother thinks I look prettier every day."

MOLLY: "Really. I didn't think you could have a mother alive."

DOLLY: "Yes, my dear, and she doesn't look a day older than you."

The Christmas Party.

"My wife's a confirmed invalid, you know," he began.

"I don't wonder," she replied, as she toyed with her fan carelessly. "you make me sick, too."

Then the conversation languished.

A Great Artist.

"Gracious me!" said an elderly lady as she glanced over a brief biography in PICTURES when the film-star made his appearance on the screen. "What an enormous repertoire he's got!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, my dear," replied her friend critically, as she gazed at the actor, "but he is stout. I'll own!"

The Limit.

"Talk about coolness under fire! Why one of our chaps actually made and cooked a meat-pie with a hail of shells all round him."

"That was a brave act."

"Yes, but brave as he was, there were some among his comrades braver still."

"I suppose some of them ate the pie!" replied the other.

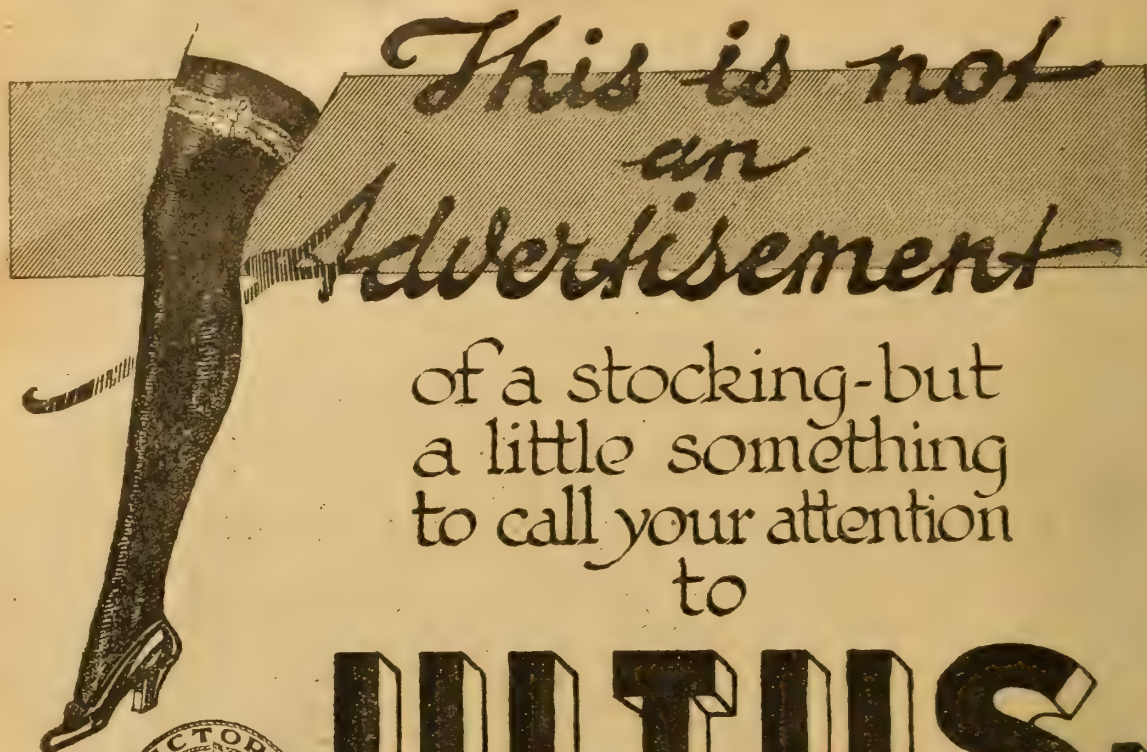
And the man in khaki discreetly stopped boasting.

The Hepworth Page

Under this heading, and in this position in "Pictures and The Picturegoer," the Hepworth Manufacturing Company Limited will give you each week the latest news about their picture-plays, the latest statements from their stars, and the most interesting answers to your questions about Hepworth affairs.



this is the page you read first



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an
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of a stocking-but
a little something
to call your attention
to



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The AND PICTUREGOER

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LADY TREE

[Lassa o.]

Who makes her first appearance on the screen in the forthcoming "Ideal" picture play, *Still Waters Run Deep*, Tom Taylor's ever-popular Comedy. (See also p. 282.)

Selig

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER TO THE PUBLIC.

A magnificent four-coloured autographed portrait of Miss Kathlyn Williams, 11 by 9 inches, will be sent to any address in U.K., post free, 4½d. The portrait is handsomely mounted on thick art card with silk ribbon bow. Only a limited number of these portraits are available.

Send now and avoid disappointment.

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LOOK OUT
FOR

THE IDEAL'S 1916 SENSATIONAL ALL-BRITISH RELEASES

- STILL WATERS RUN DEEP**, by Tom Taylor. Caste includes Lady Tree. [Released April 10th.]
- THE GREAT ADVENTURE**, by Arnold Bennett (Turner Films). Featuring Henry Ainley. [Released March 27th.]
- IRIS**, by Sir Arthur Pinero (Hepworth). Featuring Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor. [Released March 13th.]
- FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD**, by Thomas Hardy (Turner Films). Florence Turner as Bathsheba. [Released Feb. 28th.]
- WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN**, the "Ideal" Prize Story. Featuring Hilda Moore and Milton Rosmer. [Released Feb. 7th.]
- CASTE**, by T. W. Robertson (Turner Films). With Sir JOHN HARE as Eccles. [Released Jan. 24th.]

OTHER MASTERPIECES FOR 1916 INCLUDE:

- | | |
|---|---|
| SIR JOHN HARE as DR. PRIMROSE in "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD." | MISS LENA ASHWELL in OSCAR WILDE'S "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN." |
| SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER in "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY." | OSCAR WILDE'S "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST." |
| SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER and IRENE VANBRUGH in "THE GAY LORD QUEX." | "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY," with HILDA TREVELYAN. |
| ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S "BACHELORS' CLUB" and "OLD MAIDS' CLUB." | "PROFIT AND LOSS," by F. W. MALTBY. |
| | "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME." |
| | "JUSTICE," by JOHN GALSWORTHY. |

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1915.

New Series, No. 97.



A LIFE-LIKE NEW PORTRAIT OF MAE MARSH.

See page 299 for special offer of this and other autographed portraits to be sold on behalf of the Cinema Trade Ambulance Fund.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

THE "picture" of health is usually in a good frame of mind.

A joy for the living—*The Miracle of Life*, an American Distinctive Creation and a great picture featuring Margarita Fischer. Look out for it!

Another joy for the living—*Utter: the Man from the Dead*, a Gaumont production which we shall deal with fully later.

"God bless the picture-palaces, and let the people enjoy them," said the Rev. W. Barnsley, speaking on "Picture Palaces and Temperance."

Hooray! the six policemen who guard the hero in *The Great Adventure* are real policemen; no baggy trousers or lig helmets in this film.

Lena Ashwell will be seen in Oscar Wilde's famous play *Lady Windermere's Fan*. It means, of course, another triumph for the Ideal Company, whose magnetic orl it has already attracted so many of our footlight favourites.

"Can you recommend a real good robber for my next picture?" asked a friend of George Holt, of the Vitagraph Company. "Borrow the head waiter at the — Hotel," replied George, who evidently knows something.

Antique Moving Pictures.

THE cinema, which is playing its part in this war as a means of propaganda, is older than we think. As early as 1833 a rough form of moving picture made its appearance, but this and its successors remained only scientific toys until the invention of the celluloid roll film in 1890.

"To See Ourselves as Others—"

A PRIVATE exhibition of Hepworth picture-plays is given every other Monday night at the Hepworth studio projection-room. All who have had any share in making the pictures—and this includes all Hepworth employees, whatever work they do—are there, and have the opportunity of seeing what they have accomplished. And very nice too!

Eyebrow Language.

"WHAT distinguishes him most" (we quote a letter from a reader in praise of Henry Ainley) "is the language of his eyebrows. He expresses so well what he feels when playing strong parts, and I was able to understand perfectly by watching the movements of his eyebrows." We have never seen, but heard of hair standing up with fright, but "eyebrow" language is new even so far as our ears are concerned.

Charlie the K'nut.

IN a coming Essanay film, *Charlie the Shon*, the one and only appears in a well-cut evening dress suit throughout most of his performance instead of his well-known grotesque garb. This is a most elaborate production (the film we mean), most of the action taking place in the auditorium of a theatre. Stalls, boxes, stage, orchestra, gallery—all are shown, and several hundred people enact the parts of the audience. Some scene, believe us!



Particularly pictures in picture pianist playfully performing pretty pieces, probably portraying prominent picture-player's perfect posing. Perhaps — (Printer painfully protests.)

The Play with a Great Name.

TOM TAYLOR's popular comedy, *Still Waters Run Deep*, is being produced by Fred Paul for the Ideal Film Company. The play is great enough in all conscience (who has not seen or heard of it?); and this film version of the play bears a great name. Lady Tree, whose portrait we reproduce on our front cover, is making her first screen appearance in it. The cast will also include Rutland Barrington (isn't this his first appearance in films?), Milton Rosmer, and Hilda Bruce-Potter.

Arnold Bennett's Appreciation.

THE following letter from Arnold Bennett regarding the film version of his play *The Great Adventure*

was recently received by the Ideal Film Company: "I am not experienced in film work, and the performance of *The Great Adventure* yesterday opened my eyes to the possibilities of it. The gentlemen responsible for the adaptation and production have rendered not only the book and the play, but the spirit of both, with a skill and ingenuity which astonish me. As regards certain of their original comic effects in illustration of my leading ideas, I wish that I had thought of them myself, for if I had thought of them I should assuredly have used them. The cast was very well chosen. The ninety minutes of the performance seemed to me to pass in about a quarter of an hour. But, of course, I am not an unprejudiced judge of the interests of the story!—Yours faithfully, Arnold Bennett."

A Film Star's Advice.

WHATEVER your gifts, whoe'er you be.

Just take this little tip from me,
And do not be an actor.
Your talent may be small or great,
But learn this fact ere it's too late,
Influence is the factor.

You see great artistes achieve fame:
And think, "Ah, film-acting's the game,"
Don't let that mislead you, Sir.
For although now I'm known to most,
I could not of this honour boast—
But I knew the producer!

HAROLD B. ABBOTT.

Diving Venuses for a Great Picture.

SPLENDID progress is being made in Jamaica with the picture starring Annette Kellermann, directed by Herbert Brenon for William Fox. The activities of the company cover every inch of the island. At Fort Augusta, an ancient and historic fortification, ten acres of imposing buildings have been erected, including a huge slave-market, a minaretted palace, mazes of streets, bazaars and shops, revolving stages upon which 2,500 artistes will work, battlements, fortifications and coliseums, where battles will be waged by hundreds of natives. At St. Ann's Bay all the mermaid scenes have been taken, for which one hundred diving Venuses have come to the island. Here also Mr. Brenon has "commandeered" the whole of the Osborn Hotel. The Army and Navy stationed at Jamaica are in keen rivalry over the entertainment of Annette and her supporters, and a variety performance has been held in aid of the War Aeroplane Fund, for which every seat was sold a month before the date fixed for the performance. Truly Annette is alluring.



Get in line
with "The Commuters!"

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. "FLOREAT ETONA": Despite the War, the famous Wall Game was played at Eton College. 2. STILL SMILING: Although bereft of a limb, the plucky patients at Rushampton Military Hospital are cheerfully learning the use of an artificial leg. 3. QUEEN MARY is an interested visitor in the Ambulance Section. 4. KING ALPHONSO and the Queen of Spain present Colours to Cadets of the Military Academy. 5. FROM DOWN UNDER: Feats with the Stock Whip by Men of the Australian Contingent. 6. "TICKLERS" ARTILLERY: Preparing Jam-Pot Bombs in the Trenches.



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES & GREETINGS

FROM PLAYERS ACROSS THE SEA TO "PICTURES" READERS

The following arrived too late for inclusion in our Xmas Number.

IT'S a good long sleep for me this Christmas. After working at a serial the best part of six months, up night after night getting night scenes, I reckon Christmas has done me a very good turn. Many happy returns to good old Christmas is my message to all my friends who act for the pictures, and to those who read PICTURES.

Lucas Ford

CHRISTMAS is peace time, so I have arranged a truce with Mr. Ford, and we shall not do any fightin' during Christmas. I hope PICTURES readers won't mind.

Eddie Polo

YOU must be getting tired of receiving my annual greetings year after year, but I can assure you all that every new Christmas seems to bring me closer and closer to my picture "pals."

Mary Fuller

ANY old time is "merry" with me, and by Christmas-time I am usually so fagged, tearing around trying to make people laugh, that what I do is to lie in bed and let other folks do the merry-making.

Loadie Lyons

IT is awfully good of you to ask me to send a message to your readers, and I know of nothing more sincere than the old, old wish—A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Elio. Madison

HULLO! my friends! Christmas again! May there be plenty of snow, ice, fun, nuts, wine, holly, mistletoe, plum-pudding and turkey, so that you and I and everybody can have a rattling, roaring, merry old time.

Bob Leonard

ALTHOUGH we have never met, I cannot help but feel that the readers of PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER are my personal friends. And so I send them this personal message:—"Good luck and good cheer. May Christmas bring you days of happiness, may the New Year hold a future of health and contentment for you all. With all my heart I echo this wish."

Ella Hall

I WARNED you in my last's year's Christmas message that if you saw two of me in one picture you had been having a merry time, but don't start pinching yourself if you see two of me in *The Corsican Brothers*, as there really are two of me.

King Rogers

"JUST MOTHER AND I."

THE nicest Christmas I ever spent was when my mother joined me at Santa Barbara. I had been away from her for over three years. She could not leave the East, and I was working my way up on the stage, and was never in one place for long. We are great companions, and she came close to me one Christmas Day, and I have held her close ever since.

A Christmas dinner without some member of one's family is no Christmas dinner at all to my way of thinking. We had a simple dinner, and spent most of the day talking, and it stands out as the happiest Christmas I ever spent.

Oh! how I hope this horrid old war will be over, so that your readers may spend as happy a Christmas as I hope to spend this year.

Vivian Rich

MY "BEST" CHRISTMAS.

YOU have set me a hard task. I have had so many good ones which I remember well. Perhaps it was the time when we had a reunion at home on our cotton plantation in Alabama. As a family we had spread, but on this particular Christmas Day we all met at home. We were just a lot of children, and the old-time darkies and the newer generation of darkies

were all looked after, and there were all sorts of junketings on the plantation. After dinner we attended the darkies' quarters and witnessed a big cake-walk, and it certainly brought back memories. I have had many nice celebrations since then, but none which could take the place of that family reunion.

Harry Walthall

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

I CANNOT remember a really unhappy Christmas. I have spent Christmas "on the road" with a travelling company, but always managed to extract enjoyment on the occasion some way or another.

My last Christmas was a quiet one. I got up early and prepared the usual presents for my mother, who is my constant companion. Then I went into the garden and gathered a posy of roses and geraniums to add to the mountain holly I had picked some days before.

After breakfast we autoed to call on some of the boys and girls and to bid them "Merry Christmas," and three of them who had no relatives with them joined us at dinner, and we had a good time, and we sat on the porch in the sun afterwards.

To me a sunny, warm Christmas is ideal, although I can understand how Christmas and snow naturally go together with my English cousins.

A Happy Christmas to everybody!

Anna Little

JUST a wee corner of your dear little paper, please Mr. Editor, to wish all your readers as happy a Christmas as possible. Let us hope that the New Year may bring peace and quietness to all nations, and that our next year's Christmas will be really a jolly one.

Margaret Fischer

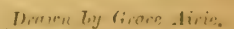
CHRISTMAS ON THE SANDS.

THE best Christmas I ever spent was last year. We had a picnic on the sands, and some of us had a dip in the ocean. It was not so very cold either—that is, after the first gasp or two!

This was at Santa Monica, near Los Angeles, when several actors and actresses who were away from home and



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THE COMMUTERS COMMUTE?



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JUST ABOUT MYSELF

By J. WARREN KERRIGAN



I WAS born in the town of Louisville, Kentucky. To the best of my recollection that peaceful settlement took my advent as a matter of course. I find comfort in the reflection that I had been preceded by seven boys and a girl, for I afterwards learned I had arrived in pairs—the remaining half of the episode being a male! It was shortly after our arrival that the various members of our family commenced to concern themselves with our future. On this point their tastes were at variance. It was my mother's fond hope that I should some day grace the ministry. My father, who occupied a lucrative position in a large warehouse, resolved that I should follow in his footsteps.

During my early childhood we removed from Louisville to New Albany, a small town where my twin brother, Wallace, and myself attended school for the first time. Because we were the youngest we were, the most tenderly cared for. In more ways than one I have cause to be thankful for this, for our home lives were closely united. The stage, by which I mean both the legitimate drama and pictures, is the most exacting of all professions, and the one in which the price of dissipation is the inevitable ruination of a man or woman.

My first stage experience was under the direction of Clay Clement, my brother-in-law. The play was *Sam Houston*, in which I was given the juvenile lead. Being under the protecting wing of Kathleen, my sister (for I was hardly

eighteen) who played lead in the performance, I began to show signs of intelligence in the work. The season after this successful run I played in the Spooner Stock Company in New York, and later juvenile lead in *Brown of Harvard*, Brady's production of *The Master Key*, and featured in Shubert's success, *The Road to Yesterday*.

How I came into Pictures.

When we were playing in the last-named piece there came to me the first intimation that I would some day leave the stage for pictures. A member of the Essanay Company had seen my performance and after speaking of the matter to my manager, he made me a flattering offer to join his company. I visited the studio next day, and before leaving signed a contract for two years. The principal inducement was that I could then look after my dear mother, who at that time was in poor health.

Long before I became identified with them my interest in motion-pictures

amounted almost to fascination. I took to the work like a duck to water. I started out by drawing a big salary, and it has increased from time to time.

Upon the organization of the American Company, I was the first member to be engaged and at a salary I could not refuse. For a period of three years I played lead in every picture—at the rate of two a week, which that company produced. I was drawn to the Universal Company on account of bigger inducements in every direction. The Universal offers a broad field for an actor. The production of *Samson and Delilah*, in which I was favoured with the role of Samson, is one of the largest and most spectacular pictures ever produced. Such pictures as *The Magic Skin*, *Dead Inheritance*, *The Restless Spirit*, and *Reign of the Bogs* have furnished opportunities for original and effective work.

Motion-picture work requires a certain number of natural qualifications that all people do not possess. It requires a strong physique, for there is no calling that taxes physical endurance so much as the moving-picture camera. One day you may be called to jump a half-tamed broncho over a 40-ft. cliff, and the next you may be ordered to swim through howling surf to shore from a sinking vessel. One must drive a six-horse mail-coach at gallop speed over a mountain road if the scenario calls for it, and if one doesn't happen to know how to drive six horses one can take a day off to learn.

We depend upon the sunshine for taking pictures in California, and as long as the sun is shining I am working. I have the rainy days to myself, and those days I spend at home—I dare say as happy a home as you'll find in Hollywood, because my mother, my sister Kathleen, my brother Wallace, and myself, all of us bosom pals, live together in our bungalow.

The Letters I receive.

Now about my mail-bag. For the past four or five years I have received from forty to seventy-five letters a day, and I answer as many as my limited leisure permits. A correspondence which I have prized the most highly of all and which has embodied a world of pathos culminated with the following words. I have never heard from the writer since and am forced to believe that she is dead:

"Dear Mr. Kerrigan—I hope you will excuse me for taking the liberty of writing you again; but I am sending back to you your picture which you sent me last fall. I said I would not take all the money in the state for it, but at



"JACK" W. KERRIGAN WITH HIS HAND ON THE REEL AT TAHOR (CALIFORNIA).
"THE LAKE OF THE SKY."

my death someone would throw the picture away, and would not take as good care of it as I have. So I will send it back to you, and I want you to keep it for me. I have never had the chance of seeing you, but you must be good and meet me in heaven. I am sending you with your picture a self-addressed card. Please mail it back to me, so I will know you received it. I will close. God bless you. This is what I have always had in prayer for you!"

A thirteen-year-old schoolgirl in Texas wrote:

"I am only a schoolgirl of thirteen, and as a hero my heart goes out to you. Please do not laugh at my honest admiration. I'd love to be the girl in your arms, but I'm only an awkward being."

A dear old lady in Kentucky, who was too feeble to attend picture-theatres, but on rare occasions, wrote this:

"Excuse me for writing, as I am a stranger to you; but I feel that I have known you all my life. I would like you to do me a favour and send me some of the names of the pictures that you are in, as I am too old and feeble to go down town to find out where you will be. If I knew the names of the pictures I could find them in the paper every morning. The reason I take an interest

in you is that you look so much like my own boy who is gone from me forever. I have seen a great many of your pictures. I saw *Samson* three times.

I want to answer a very important but usual question. I am not married, I have my mother. Then I am a Christian, having been born thus, and up to the present have not considered seriously becoming converted to the Hebrew, Mohamedan, or Pagan faith. I also take pride in rising to acclaim that I have never seen the inside of a gaol. I have never been arrested for horse-stealing or any other misdemeanour, and I am not a bigamist. I am passionately fond of outdoor life, dogs, chickens, horses, green fields, and sunshine. I love them all.

Here, then, ends the little account of my life. If these few lines make our friendship, yours and mine, the more real, then they have served their purpose well. And now let me say that my Christmas is going to be by the fireside, living the past all over again with my dear mother. This is the kind of Happy Christmas I wish every one of my friends may enjoy.

Jack Kerrigan



MR. KERRIGAN AS "SAMSON" in *Samson and Delilah*, one of many parts which he likes best.

Not Even a Kilt!

CHRISTMAS? Well, the rammiest Christmas Eve I ever spent was waiting on the side of a draughty stage (there are no exceptions) five minutes before my appearance was due, without any clothes.

How was it done? Simplest thing in the world. Upon my arrival at the theatre I had been warned to look after all my valuables, as some things had been stolen. The advice I followed implicitly. Disrobing in the usual way, I bundled my clothes into my big theatrical hamper, and shutting down the lid, and incidentally fastening the spring-lock, I sat upon it in order to make some further changes.

Upon looking round for my dress-clothes I found they were not on their customary peg. An icy chill swept over me (I was undressed, remember) as I realised that I had locked them up in the hamper, with my street clothes and keys.

Some terrible moments followed, and it was only owing to the generosity of a stout friend in need, who obliged with his own dress-suit (many sizes too big), that the freezing and awkward situation was eventually saved.

Finally a locksmith put the matter right and so prevented me making my *début* as a fairy.

Norman Howard



THE VERY LATEST PORTRAIT OF J. WARREN KERRIGAN.

AS FATE ORDAINED

Adapted from the Majestic Masterpiece produced by Griffith

By MARGIE MACKAY.

HIS bright curls glistening in the sunshine, brighter even than the cloud of dry, golden sand that rose and fell behind his tiny form, Walter hastened along by the edge of the red-brown rocks, on which the snow-white gulls hovered and wheeled, rose and fell.

"Let me play with you!" he cried, when, breathless and flushed, he reached a tiny cave resounding with the merry voices of the boy and girl to whom of all the children in that quaint old fishing village he was most bound by the subtle, mysterious laws of childish comradeship, sympathy, and goodwill.

But whilst Agnes welcomed the newcomer to their play, her partner in the game of "keeping house" pouted his rosy lips and frowned at Walter.

"This is my house!" he said, "and this my little wife."

"Mine too!" said Walter; "turn and turn about."

But for once in the annals of their friendship John would not agree to the compromise that had so long barred the door of that little cave house against Jealousy and his attendant fiends.

He shrugged his square little shoulders and stared defiance into Walter's eyes, already flooded with the helpless wrath of tears.

"I don't want you in our game," he grumbled.

"Then I'll fight you for the house!" the other challenged, regardless of John's superior size and strength and Agnes's entreaties to be friends.

For a few minutes four little pink fists darted to and fro, in and out, glowing warmly in the bright morning light; then, flushed and bruised and defeated, Walter dropped down upon the relics of a castle, moated and seaweed-strewn.

"I hate you John!" he cried, with a little gasp for breath between each word.

But Agnes, weeping her dismay, smiling her friendship for them both, gave a hand to each.

"Oh, please don't quarrel any more!" she cried. "For my sake make it up, and I will be little wife to both."

With fresh impulse, as generous as the first was selfish, John stretched out the same sun-browned fist that had precipitated Walter through the Norman castle roof. Walter took it, and they smiled, and Agnes, as she skipped about for joy, digging her bare toes into the soft, warm, yielding sand, repeated—

"I will be little wife to both!"

And "little wife" to both she was through all those golden years of childhood. Though other children were often admitted to their merry pastimes,

there was a bond of understanding, a secret attraction that kept the three together and apart from other companions. And slowly as the years passed by and childhood's happy days were left behind, friendship ripened and matured, and love was born—the love of John and Walter for the merry-hearted girl, whose beauty of face and form and mind had inspired them both with ambitions rare to inhabitants of that old-world fishing port.

Which of the two straight-limbed, broad-chested young men did Agnes love—strong, weather-beaten, open-hearted John, or quieter, shyer Walter, the miller's son?

Perhaps she herself scarcely knew until one autumn evening, when, to—

But only for a moment—John, too, was swift of foot.

And when, short while later, Walter just freed from the bedside of his sick father, climbed the hill to join the nutting party, he found the pair sitting hand in hand, enrapt, enchanted with their love. He looked, and in their faces read his doom, and crept silently away into the heart of the little wood, there, while the rest were loud in merrymaking, to wrestle with the pain and hunger in his heart.

Such love was not for Walter. Yet in his soul love triumphed over all and his last prayer in that tortured seclusion was that he might justify his regard for Agnes in serving her—and John!

For seven happy years things prospered with the pair. Two children blessed their union—a girl and then a boy—happy, healthy little things, as needs must be the children of the luckiest, boldest fisherman that could be found for leagues along that breaker-beaten coast.

The father's heart was full of love for his little ones, and when at length, in spite of his vows to consecrate his life to their upbringing and education, he began to see them suffering as a result of the ill-fortune that had suddenly come upon him, he was filled for the first time with anxiety and doubts.

Whilst recovering from the effects of an accident others had snatched his trade, and there seemed all at once to be no room for him in the village where he had toiled so long and so happily to give his wife and children home and comfort, happiness and health. But at length, after many anxious weeks, there came an offer of a berth upon a China-bound ship. John accepted it, rejoicing at this answer to his prayers.

"Why, your eyes are quite bright! And there are no worried lines on your face!" cried Agnes, half-questioningly, as he entered the cosy little parlour that night.

"Dear little woman," he replied, "our troubles are at an end! No longer shall you and the children feel the pinch of poverty." He put his arm about her. "But I must go away," he added, reluctantly, anticipating her dismay.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "John, you must not go. Only evil could ever come of that. If you care for me and for our dear children you must stay. Stay! Dear John, I could not let you go!"

And, caressing him with her soft warm hand, Agnes wrestled with his will, sobbing as she coaxed and entreated him to stay.

"But it is my duty to you and the



LILLIAN GISH AS "AGNES."

gether with all the young people of the village, she and John went nutting in a wooded hollow on the rugged cliffs. As they bowed down the hazel branches and filled their baskets with the golden harvest, the young fisherman talked to Agnes of his life and work, and how he had purchased his own boat and meant to do big things.

"And all because of you!" he blurted out at length, and fondled unrepentantly the pretty, fair tresses that trembled in the breeze.

Agnes turned to him, a little flushed, with open, wondering eyes.

"For me?" she said; and then, like a creature of the woods suddenly alarmed, save for the roguish laughter in her eyes, she darted from his side through the trees, and was quickly lost to view.

little ones to go," he assured her, though hating to cause her pain. "How can I let you starve?"

"Something tells me that you must not leave us," she persisted; "that if we keep together nothing can hurt us very much. Supposing you should never return?" And, with a shudder of horror and dread, Agnes buried her face in his sleeve.

But John endeavoured to laugh away her fears.

"I cannot doubt that it is best for me to go, little woman. What danger can there be? Think of the hundreds and thousands of men who come and go safely on the high seas. These fears of yours are nothing to me, except that they are your fears and cause you pain!"

And so at length the day came for him to go. Agnes, then all outward courage and smiles, clung to him for the last time, and let him go, but stood a long while on the sandy shore waving, and watching the last dip of the vanishing sail—and went home weeping for him.

The weeks passed by and there came no news of John.

"Surely I may see her now—may be of comfort to her," argued Walter, to whom John had entrusted his dear ones during his absence.

He knocked at the door of the little house nestling half way up the narrow street that clambered to the mill, and, receiving no reply, entered the room where Agnes sat, desolate and in tears.

"Agnes, I came to ask you a favour."

"A favour," she responded, "from one so sad and forlorn as I am?"

"I came," he said, seating himself by her side, "to speak to you of what John wished. You chose the best among us—a strong man who, 'having put his hand to the plough, never looked back.' And why did he go this weary way and leave you lonely? Not for pleasure or to see the world, but for the wherewithal to give his children a better bringing-up than had either you or he. And it would vex him in his grave to know his little ones were running wild like colts upon the waste. So, Agnes—have we not known each other all our lives?—let me put your boy and girl to school, and when John returns he shall pay me if you wish; but the mill is working well and I am rich."

Agnes turned and let her tearful eyes rest with gratitude upon this friend in need.

"I seem so foolish and so broken down," she said. "Your kindness seems too much! But John lives; I am quite sure of that. He will repay you; money can be repaid—but never all your goodness and your trouble."

"Then you will let me, Agnes?"

She smiled and nodded her assent. And Walter put the boy and girl to school, bought them needful books, and did his best to fill the place of father in

their lives. But, fearing the lazy gossip of the port, he seldom indulged his heart's dearest wish—a sight of Agnes, but instead sent gifts by the children, fruit and roses from his garden, and with some pretext of fineness in the meal, an offering of flour sometimes from his own mill.

And so the time went by; days, weeks, months, and even years rolled along. But not a word from John. Ship after ship entered the little harbour, but not one scrap of news could Agnes gather of her husband, until vague rumours reached her that wreckage had been seen in the distant Pacific bearing the name of John's ship. All the village mourned him then as dead; but Agnes in her heart never gave up hope.

She waited ten long, long years, ever hoping for his return.

Her two children had long since looked upon Walter as their second father. He joined in their sports, looked after their

island for water from the clear running streams that had been seen from afar glittering in the sun.

At first incredulous and amazed, these men listened to his tale—how he had been wrecked in mid-Pacific, he and two others—cast Crusoe-like upon the shore of the tiny island; first one, then the other, of his companions died, and he was left alone, alone thousands of miles from home and all he loved—then, full of pity, they took him with them to their ship, gave him clothes, and the kindly companionship that alone could shake his isolation from him.

The voyage was a tedious one, with long delays; but in fancy he was back again in that fishing haven, with Agnes and the children in that little home on the climbing street, long before the ship reached port, landing him, to his delight, in his native county, within a few hours' walk from those he loved and so much longed to see.



THE GLOW OF THE FIRESIDE SHONE AND REFLECTED THE HAPPINESS IN THAT LITTLE HOME

education and wants, and at last, convinced that John was dead, pleaded his love with such earnestness that Agnes was touched with his years of constant devotion. And they were wed. The bells rang merrily in that sunny little port, but in the woman's heart there was no merriment, only grief and care.

"A sail! A sail! Saved at last!"

A strangely-clad man, long-bearded and tanned with many a summer's sun, ran down the wooded mountain slope, and, muttering almost idiot-like to himself, awaited with feverish impatience the ship's crew sent to the unknown

But Agnes and children were gone! The little house stood empty and cold.

Driven forward by instinct or intuition, he came to Walter's home by the mill, and, peering through the window in the dusk of evening time, saw Annie and Walter, and—yes, they were his children—his own little girl, so like her mother used to be; his own son—what a fine, straight-limbed youth! in a happy group about the little one whose arrival in their midst had swept all the shadow from its mother's heart and made Walter her all-in-all.

The glow of the fireside shone and reflected the happiness resting in that little home, and the stranger drew back, his heart almost breaking. For all that human happiness could give him was centred there, and he trembled lest he shouted and broke the spell, to bring hopeless misery on those he loved. Summoning all his strength, he turned



TAKE YOUR "THE
BEST GIRL TO COMMUTERS"



THE ISLAND HERMIT RETURNS. ALFRED
PAGET AS "JOHN."

away, leaving for evermore wife and children—the sacrifice of a noble man, consummated with heroic fortitude.

In the inn where he at last dragged his weary steps he was recognised by the old woman that kept it, and she told him the history of the past ten years. Then he in turn told of the terrible privations and vicissitudes he had undergone, and the sorrow that seemed now to have broken him in body and soul.

Through days of fevered delirium the old woman nursed him; then came a few lucid moments when her secrecy was asked for and promised to him.

"I die loving and blessing her," he said. Then his face clouded over and the wild, tortured look came back into his eyes. For a long while he lay there, gazing ahead with a kind of hopeless despair as for so many years he had peered out to sea, straining his eyes for the sight of a passing vessel. At last his eyes lit up.

"A ship! A ship!" he cried. And when the old woman lifted him up his face shone with a beauty she scarce could understand.

Artistically this four-reel "picture" is one of the most notable achievements of "the master producer." The familiar love-story has been beautifully interpreted by Lillian Gish, Alfred Paget, and Wallace Reid. The settings are exquisite. The film is controlled by the Dominion Co., of 5, Gerrard Street, W.

How to Capture a Misogynist

FULL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FAIR SEX IN AN ESSAY FILM.

ACCORDING to all accounts, Adam, if not exactly a misogynist, was, at any rate, completely indifferent to woman until he met Eve. Of course, in those days, competition not being brisk, she had a fairly easy task in appropriating him.

But the woman-hater proper is very much more difficult game to snare. For centuries his species has exercised a peculiar attraction over woman, and for just as long she has puzzled her brains as to the best means for his subjugation.

Ordinary men like you and me, dear reader, who think all women charming, are too easily captured to afford much zest in the operation, for woman, as Bernard Shaw proves in *Man and Superman*, is instinctively a "sportsman."

She loves the joy of the chase far more than man, and when man is her quarry she likes, as it were, to have a good run for her money.

The Man with the Froz n Face.

Now, misogynists are of two kinds. There is the cold, silent man with the frozen face and the aggressive personality. The over-confidence of this type is often his undoing. In fancied security, behind his ramparts of reserve and obstinacy, he contemptuously awaits the foe; but she frequently swarms over his fortifications in the most unexpected quarters, and, more often than not, forces him to an abject capitulation.

The second type is much more difficult to catch, because much more unapproachable. Every weapon in the feminine armoury must be used, and with the greatest caution, and, even when apparently overcome, this species of misogynist may contrive to escape at the altar itself if there be any relaxation of care.

The sport of misogynist-capturing has not had the attention it deserves in the

Press, and there has existed a long-felt want for a comprehensive text-book on the subject.

And now comes the glad news that the Essanay Company have earned the eternal gratitude of woman for all time by issuing, under the title of *The Woman-Hater*, a film containing complete and full instructions as to the course to be pursued.

The Technique of the Game.

Novitiates will be surprised at the technique of the game. How, when, and where to be, by turns, determined, coy, aggressive, indifferent, shy, strong, and weak, with the correct type of dress to wear for each mood, and a hundred and one other valuable tips are contained in this unique work.

The whole picture is a lesson, not only to women—who we prophesy will flock to see it in crowds—but also to the weaker sex, for it is so true to life. It shows how an ex-woman-hater (in the person of Henry B. Walthall) a month after marriage wonders how he could have been such a fool as to try and avoid capture; and as charming Edna Mayo plays the part of the triumphant huntress, his regrets for wasted opportunities will be readily understood. And, within a month after marriage, he becomes such an ardent feminist that the only drop of bitterness in his cup of happiness is his regret for his unnecessary self-martyrdom in the past.

Short Story of "The Woman-hater."

Jack Warder hated women like the very devil! Silly ass! Like Bernard Shaw's hero in *Man and Superman*, he believed that woman was the relentless Pursuer and man the Helpless Quarry, and he determined to stave off capture as long as he possibly could. So he gladly accepted the invitation of his



A SCENE FROM THE THREE-ACT ESSAY COMEDY "THE WOMAN HATER."

friend Dick Wainwright to accompany him on a yachting cruise, naturally thinking that on the sea he would be in much less danger of feminine pursuit.

Having got his victim securely aboard, the treacherous Dick went ashore and also invited a bevy of lovely, lively, larky girls. The loveliest, liveliest, and larkiest was Mabel Willing, and Dick challenged her to try and capture Jack. Mabel entered into the spirit of the adventure, and, finding Jack asleep in the cabin, sat by his side and commenced to fan him. He suddenly awoke, and was horrified to find a pretty girl smiling down at him. He rushed up on deck, closely pursued by Mabel, and to get away from his "peril" crawled to a hazardous position on the bowsprit. Later the girl, to find out whether he was a man or a molly-coddle, jumped overboard and called loudly for help. Being a splendid swimmer, she was in no danger. Jack, instead of jumping after her, fished her out in a dishevelled and soaked condition with a boathook, much to her indignation and her friends' amusement.

Months later, on shore, at a meeting of the boards, the two young people met again. Mabel was thrown from her horse and Jack offered his aid. But as her skirt had been torn she affected shyness, and told him she could not possibly permit him to help her in that condition. In a moment of chivalry he proposed to her and was accepted.

The great day arrived, and Jack marched sorrowfully to the altar to meet his doom. When the minister asked him the all-important question, he gasped out a lifeless "No," and then bolted down the aisle and out of the church.

A policeman took him for a notorious thief and arrested him. Mabel came to the prison to see him, and told Jack that, to satisfy her pride, he must go through another ceremony in order to give her the chance of repaying his insult at the altar by saying "No" herself. She persuaded Jack to oblige her; but, to his amazement, the treacherous Mabel, as soon as they were facing the altar said "Yes!"

So there was nothing else to do but to accept his fate, and the young couple departed happily on their honeymoon.



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ON AND OFF THE SCREEN



DOUGLAS PAYNE.

Another Player in Khaki.

OUR readers will be interested
to learn that Douglas Payne,
the popular British character-
actor, has joined the Army Veteri-
nary Corps, and is at the present time
stationed at St. Albans. Previous
to his joining up Mr. Payne had
just finished a film with the Trans-
Atlantic, in which he played the
title-role. The part is of quite an
unusual type, but we are sure that
the producer could not have chosen
a man better fitted for the rôle, in
which both talent and make-up are
shown to the very best advantage.

As we stated in our interview with
him some months ago, Mr. Payne
has had vast experience in the thea-
trical world, and it is interesting to
note that he is one of the few cinema
stars who knows the ropes from
beginning to end. He has travelled
practically all over the world with
various theatrical companies. Many
readers will doubtless never forget
his brilliant rendering of the
"Knight" in the magnificent pro-
duction of *The Miracle* at Olympia.
During the last two years this popu-
lar actor has devoted all his time to
pictures, and two of the latest films

in which he appears are *Fine Feathers*, produced by Maurice
Elvey, and *The Devil's Bondsman*, a Trans-Atlantic all-British
production, to be released in due course by Gaumont.

A Lion Smashes the Camera.

IN filming *Heights of Hazard*, a five-part Vitagraph Blue
Ribbon Feature, picturised by Eugene Mullin from Cyrus
Townsend Brady's novel of the same name, the realism
of an African hunt scene was emphasised by the use of a real
lion. Although Charles Richman and Eleanor Woodruff,
the principals, did not take part in the scene, they were
interested spectators, and occupied a position just back of the
camera. All during the taking of the scene the lion appeared
restless, and, although obeying the commands of his trainer,
gave evidence that something was wrong. The actors were
conscious of the unusual strain on the keeper, but concluded
their work without any mishap. When the scene was finished
the trainer turned his back for an instant. The lion gave
a mighty roar and, heading for the little group of players
around the camera, gave one tremendous spring. The
keeper and camera-man both drew their revolvers, but before
they had a chance to use them the lion had accomplished
what he set out to do. He had demolished the camera. Then,
without paying the slightest attention to the frightened and
cowering actors, he calmly walked over to his cage and waited
for his master to open the door.

Hard Lines on Henley.

HOBART HENLEY is in the hospital at Universal City.
He is suffering from a broken ankle, and the galling
part of it is that he had just completed a day's work
with lots of risky and tremendous business thrown in. He
had gone through a fight with twenty-five men on board
ship, and had jumped from the ship's side, thirty feet into the

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Pimples	Psoriasis	Rashes	Scurf	Blotches	Rosea

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throughout the world.

water. His arms were badly marked from the fight, but he was uninjured. Coming home, his car had to make a sudden turn to avoid running into a girl in a small machine. Henley saw that his car must dash into a telegraph pole, and he jumped from it and so broke his ankle. He was appearing in the lead in the serial story *Gr. H.* and now it looks as though some other actor would have to take his place. It is hard lines on Henley, who has everybody's sympathy.

Vivian in "Viviana."

VIVIAN RICH will be seen in a photoplay written for and around her and very nearly named after her, for it is entitled *Viviana*. It is said to be one of the best vehicles she has had for a long time. Rumour has it that Vivian will soon be seen riding around in a new Limousine car. Miss Rich has just returned from Arizona, where she was feted, and dined. She met Irving Cummings lecturing on his way East.

Where They are Produced.

PRACTICALLY every scene in British Empire films is produced at Whetstone, in the studios or adjoining grounds; the exception being those incidents which from time to time it has been found advantageous to film in London itself—as, for instance, *The Beggar Girl's Wedding* scenes taken on the Embankment, the scenes for *The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning* taken in Leicester Square, and the scenes for *The Girl of My Heart* taken at Waterloo and Vauxhall Stations.

OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. No. 47, "Xmas Boxes."



As Christmas draws near it is really remarkable how energetic some of the members of our staff have become. What does it mean, we wonder?

1. Our office boy six weeks before Xmas.
2. The same office boy this week.
3. Our caretaker six weeks before Xmas.
4. The same gentleman this week.
5. Our head printer six weeks before Xmas.
6. The same gentleman this week.

Even our Cartoonist, Mr. Morley, takes this opportunity of wishing all our readers a bright and happy Christmas.—Ed.

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"I began to think I was never going to get better, for I had tried a lot of things without finding any benefit, but in the end I chanced to hear about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and made up my mind to try them. I did, and it was truly astonishing how soon they did me good. They soothed my nerves almost at once, and rapidly I picked up health and strength again. Now I feel ever so well, my appetite is excellent, and my skin as clear as ever in my life. In fact I am in splendid health."



Mrs. Petersen.

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OUR CHRISTMAS PICTURE PARTY

AFTER THE PUDDING, PA TREATS US TO THE PICTURES.

WE sat around the table, feeling very full and Christmassy,
We'd eaten all the turkey, half the pudding and mince-pies,
And father looked important, for he'd promised us this Christmas he
Would give to all the family a wonderful surprise.

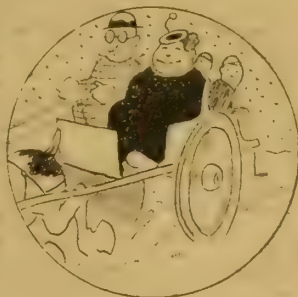


"A Merry Christmas all!" he cried, "and *when* you've done your dinner, Ma, Which everybody else has finished half-an-hour ago, I'll put the pony in the cart and take you to the Cinema: We've never been inside one yet; it's time we saw a show."

We youngsters were delighted, but dear Ma was busy swallowing
A chunk of hot plum-pudding which stuck fast inside her throat;
She indicated to him to get up and we'd be following
As soon as he had safely fastened Fanny in the float.
We lads and lasses thought at first it could not be reality;
Not one in all our family had been to such a treat;
We lived six miles from nowhere in a countryfied locality,
And seldom saw a single soul outside of our own street.

At last we started! Mother's face had not a single frown on it,
Although the wind was icy and the road was hard and rough;
We took it easy going, fearing Fanny might fall down on it,
But after some vicissitudes we got there safe enough.

We took the pony to an inn to leave her for a while or so,
And then inside the Cinema we sat on velvet chairs:
The programme said that "My Old Dutch" in length was just a mile or so,
And mother wondered how they got the dear old thing upstairs!



Well, suddenly the lights went out! It really did take one aback,
Till Dad explained that somebody had done it for a lark!
But mother screamed out "Fire! Murder! Thieves! We want our money back!
How can we be expected to see pictures in the dark?"



Just then the music started,
Oh! you should have heard the piccolo
And all the other instruments, the drum and the bassoon.
Dear Mother sighed and whispered: "Dad! the music seems to tickle—Oh!
I'm sure I'm going to have a fit or fall into a swoon."

But soon she screamed: "Look, children, look! A man of war, I'll bet it is!"
And sure enough we saw a steamer sailing on the waves.
"It's genuine enough," she cried, "the water! look how wet it is!"
Hurrah! Hooray! God save the King! we never shall be slaves!"

"It's wonderful!" said Father, "but I'll tell you what my notion is!
I saw a lot of water in red buckets down below;
They've pumped it up! You bet your whiskers that is what you ocean is,
But where they've got that steamer from I'm dithered if I know!"

And then we saw a murderer attempting to assassinate
A rich and noble lady who was sitting down to sup;
And no one moved to help her, for the villain seemed to fascinate
Us all; but Father hollered: "Murder! Missis! Hey, look up!"



Then Ma got wild because this handsome lady who had taking eyes
Kept looking hard at Father like a frivolous young miss:
But Father only coughed and said if she persisted making eyes
He really couldn't help it—it was her affair! not his.

At last when all was over and the music played to indicate
'Twas time for our departure, dear old Dad looked rather glum.
He said:—"You know, it seems to me the thing's a kind of syndicate
For amateur theatricals for them that's deaf and dumb!"

Then mother bought us lemonade and Eccles cake—a penny one!—
And Father drove us quickly home for supper-time was near;
And, reader, if you'll promise—honour bright!—you won't tell anyone,
Look out for all of us again on Christmas Day this year!

"BRIAN."

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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later

**THE STRUGGLES OF LIFE.**—Gloria drama. Two reels. The story of a woman's life. Charming Bohemian scenes. —G. Serra.**MAY BLOSSOM.**—Famous Players drama. All star cast. A film with the most complete interior settings which have ever been made. —J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.**A WILD NIGHT.**—Crick and Martin comedy. One reel. Describing an eventful night spent at Mrs. Skinner's boarding-house. —Davis's Film Sales Agency.**THE SKY IS THE LIMIT.**—Starlight comedy. One reel. Issy and Mosey. Fast and furious fun, quite up to the usual standard. —Pathé Frères Cinema, Ltd.**LILY'S FIRST-AID TRAGEDY.**—Pyramid comedy. One reel. Unfortunate results of the heroine's first-aid treatment to her gouty father. —Yorkshire Cine Co.**THEIR SOCIAL SPLASH.**—Keystone comedy. Two reels. Mack Sennett. The master mind behind Keystone gives us a touch of his genius. —Western Import Co., Ltd.**THE LITTLE BLONDE IN BLACK.**—Laemmle drama. Two reels. Bob Leonard and Ella Hall. A detective story ending in a romantic marriage. —Trans-Atlantic Film Co.**IN OLD MEXICO.**—Reliance drama. One reel. Sam de Grasse. Walter Long, Ora Carew. A thrilling story of Old Mexico when Spaniards ruled. —The New Majestic Co.**DEADWOOD DICK AND THE MORMONS.**—Samuelson drama. Two reels. Third episode of series of six. Fred Paul. A serial absorbing to young and old. —Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd.**THE ORANG-OUTANG.**—Selig animal drama. One reel. George Larkin. Edith Johnson, and the animal who died through drinking a pint of paint. A novel subject, handled with exceptional skill.**THE NEWER WAY.**—Flying A drama. Two reels. Jack Richardson. Vivian Rich. Louise Lester. Depicting the folly of man in resisting the all-powerful advance of invention, to be finally conquered by it. —American Co., Ltd.**THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.**—Essanay Drama. Two reels. R. C. Travers, C. H. Calvert, Lillian Drew. Telling how a woman's honour is compromised in a business plot, and how her champion brings off a big coup.**THE ADVENTURE OF THE WRONG SANTA CLAUS.**—Edison comedy. One reel. Barry O'Moore, Bliss Milford, Elsie McLeod, and Kathleen Coughlin. A film appealing to every kiddie's heart.**CORRECTION:** In our issue of December 4th we wrongly gave "The Bedouin's Sacrifice" as being an Essanay drama. This was a printer's error, the subject of course being Edison's.In case you have difficulty in
obtaining 'PICTURES' regularly,
hand this order to your newsagentNAME OF
NEWSAGENTPlease deliver "PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER" to
me weekly for the next three months and afterwards
until further notice.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

WE HEAR

THAT the fourth Trans-Atlantic British film, *The Doctor's Wife*, produced by Percy Nash has been acquired by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

THAT George Bellamy ("the Bandman"), Douglas Payne ("the Devil"), Gregory Scott ("the Curate"), Fay Temple ("Peggy"), and Daisy Cordell ("Myra") are the principals in this fine picture play.

THAT Peggy Richards, whose portrait we shall publish next week, has made a hit in *The Tailor at Bond Street*, a four-reel comedy drama coming from the house of "Gerrard."

THAT as this film features Augustus Yorke, the original "Potash," and Robert Leonard, the original "Perlmutter," there should be something to laugh at.

THAT out of 8,000 actors, 1,500 have gone to the Front, and almost every actor of military age is now serving his country in one capacity or another.

THAT new licensing conditions proposed by the L.C.C. are that no films shall be exhibited, except such as have received the certificate of the British Board of Film Censors and local and topical films dealing with current events.

THAT sufficient seats shall be reserved for children unaccompanied by adults, and that no adult shall be permitted to occupy one of the seats reserved for children.

THAT George U. Stevenson, who left Trans-Atlantic publicity in London a few months ago, has been operated upon in a New York hospital, and is making a speedy recovery.

THAT the "Commuters" have commuted the charge against the criminal who communicated the current to the commutator and convulsed the crowd.

THAT *The Evil Eye*, now being screened at many cinemas, never fails to satisfy the "eagle eye" of the critics.

THAT "The Life of Alma Taylor," in seven weekly instalments, has been appearing in a Northern weekly.

THAT the Hepworth Company have received a request from New Zealand for an Alma Taylor post-card written on the back of a cinema poster.

THAT no fewer than four producers are working at the London Film Company's studio, a fact to cause us to look out for "some" films in the near future.

THAT the Cinema Ambulance Fund is well on its way to 35,000/., having well passed 31,000/., on December 14th. Hooray!!

THAT Dora de Winton, sister of the well-known actress Alice de Winton, has made a great hit as "Lady Sybil" in the film of *The Sorrows of Satan*.

THAT beautiful Alice de Winton is herself busy playing in *Sally Bishop*, a Gaumont production.

THAT a Screen Club is to be instituted in London, in order to provide a meeting place and a social *reunions* for members of the Trade.

**What would you do
if 4 White Feathers
were sent to you?**

See the answer in
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full of topical interest,
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The sender of the first envelope opened containing the Correct Solution will receive **A CHEQUE FOR ONE GUINEA**, and **TEN CONSOLATION PRIZES** will be awarded to the senders of the next ten Correct Solutions opened.

THE EDITOR ONLY KNOWS THE CORRECT SOLUTION, AND HIS DECISION MUST BE ACCEPTED AS FINAL.

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FOR RECEIVING SETS OF PICTURES IN OUR
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FREE COMPETITION**
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SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

From Some of our Prize Winners.

"I am writing to tell you of the safe arrival of my Columbia graphophone and records. You can quite imagine that I am longing to try it: but as some of the pieces of the graphophone have to be put on, and as I don't know how to do it, or how to work it, I shall be obliged to ask one of our neighbours to show me.

I. L. (Balham).

"I received the graphophone and records this morning in good condition, and I do not know how to express my thanks to you for the handsome prize you have awarded me. It is a lovely machine, and the records are fine. Whenever my friends see it they say, 'Oh! what a beautiful prize.'"

A. S. (Barnsley).

"The graphophone and records have just arrived, and I am writing to say how delighted I am at receiving such a nice prize. It will give us some very pleasant evenings, and will be just the thing for these dark nights when one is sometimes afraid to venture out, even to the pictures. Now we shall have the PICTURES graphophone to amuse us

at home, and as we listen to it we shall think of PICTURES even more gratefully than usual, which is saying a good deal."

R. N. (Norwich).

Fearfully Haunting.

"Can you please send me a copy of 'Elaine, Elaine'? I have been to two cinemas recently, and have heard the chorus sung by the audience. The melody, I think, is topping, and fearfully haunting, being a weird, minor refrain. That is why I feel I must have a copy."

T. S. (Streatham).

"Little Things" that Matter.

"In a recent production of an English firm I saw a very bad mistake. The scene showed a moonlight effect in India, with the hero and the adventuress. The scene was well acted, and the setting splendid, but what spoilt the lot was the 'little thing.' At the bottom left-hand corner of the screen was the shadow of the camera man turning the handle of his machine."

H. P. (Wandsworth).

From the Trench to the "Theatre."

"It is with great pleasure that I read in PICTURES about the 6th Div. Cinema. I have visited it myself by special pass, and I can truthfully say I never appreciated a show better. The place was full of troops down from the trenches, and we were all like a lot of children at a machine. The antics of 'Charlie' brought the house down. Of course this 'Palace' isn't exactly luxurious, cobbles taking the place of carpets: we haven't to be fastidious out here. The town is regularly shelled by the Germans, which would naturally deter many picture patrons in England, but not the British Tommy. Oh, no! He braves anything for a glimpse of 'Charlie.' I saw one of those cardboard cut-outs stuck up against a telegraph-post, which has been broken in half by a shell, and the field in which it stood was full of shell-holes, but 'Charlie' had come through unscathed. My girl has sent me THE PICTURES from home every week for the last six months, so you have an enthusiastic reader in

"BOMBARDIER S.D." (France).



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commuted with "The Commuters?"*

Cinematograph Trade Ambulance Fund.

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LILLIAN GISH

(See also Pages 281 and 301.)

TO BE SOLD FOR THE ABOVE FUND.

These Portraits are the very latest published, and have been specially sent to us by Misses Marsh and Gish from America to help by their sale to swell the above Fund.

NEW MAJESTIC CO. 5, GERRARD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP



SOME of us will be happier this Christmas than others are able to be. May you all have the very happiest Christmas possible and good health and prosperity in the coming year!

Last Day for Sets.

Do not forget that your sets of pictures in the Screened Stars Competition must reach this office by Friday next, December 24th. This gives you nearly another week to fill in the names of the players and get them off your hands and minds before the day for turkey and plum-pudding arrives. In reply to many inquiries, no alterations are permitted in the names written under the pictures. Your only remedy is to buy extra copies.

Do You Want a Guinea?

A chorus of "Noes" (I don't think). Very well, then. Turn to page 298 and

have a go at our novel Jig-Saw Competition. The first reader who sends in the pieces correctly placed to form a well-known film-manufacturer's name and trade-mark will be a guinea the richer for Christmas. Please note that there are Ten Consolation Prizes for late winners.

Much Appreciated Xmas Number.

An extraordinary number of letters have reached me from readers pleased with our Christmas Double Number. I am so glad; it is really most gratifying. No moving-picture enthusiast should miss it. Any newsagent can get you a copy if you order it; or "tuppence ha'penny" in stamps sent to these offices will bring you a copy post free. Send one to your best boy in khaki.

Help for Wounded Heroes.

The Trade Ambulance Fund has exceeded all expectations. You can help to further swell the big total by purchasing one or more of the autographed portraits of Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh (see offer on page 239), the money for which goes to the Fund. Your half-crowns will help to provide necessary aid for our unfortunate heroes of the war, and in addition will give you beautiful souvenirs of two famous film actresses.

Twin Talents.

When a player can combine histrionic talent with black-and-white artist's work, he or she has something to be proud of. Dolly Tree, like Grace Arie and others I know, is one such. It is interesting to note that the little "greeting" sketch at the top of this page was drawn by Miss Tree with her left hand. Dolly has been very busy for many weeks past, she writes me, at the London Film Studio, appearing in, among other plays, *The Christiana*, *Fine Feathers*, *A Will of Her Own*, *Love is a Wind*, and *Mother Love*.

Fine "London" Films Coming.

Maurice Elvey authorises me to state that all his productions (temporarily called "Diploma" Films) since his departure from the B. and C. Company are to be released as "London" Films. These include, besides those mentioned in the preceding paragraph, *Charity Ann*, *May the Lady*, and the story of *Esther*, from the Bible, all of them featuring Elisabeth Risdon. *Driven* is also being produced by Mr. Elvey, this being a film version of E. Temple Thurston's book *The Evolution of Katherine*.

A Player's Moves.

My genial friend R. Judd Green writes me that after finishing his part in *The Devil's Bondman* and another one in a "London" film he has gone over to the Broadwest Company with his old comrade George Belamy. I fancy I saw Mr. Green's merry face in some of the scenes in *The Christiana* the other day. Well, he is so big and bright that we can't have

NO STICKS —
— NO BRICKS —
— NO KICKS —
BUT CLEAN BRITISH COMEDY.

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BILLY MERSON

and have rapidly placed him at the head of all film comedians.



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Phone: 5900, 2322, 2321, 2320, 2319.

Telegrams: "Bioprosco," TLEW, LONDON.

too much of him, and I look forward with pleasure to his appearance in Broadwest pictures.

Desert Island in British Production.

It is nice to congratulate a British producer who can put out a successful desert-island picture. Plays requiring such a scene might be reasonably shunned because of inability to get the right location. In the Hepworth play *As the Sun Went Down* the hatred of a man for the false friends who leave him when his money is gone is made the basis for a strong "primitive" drama. Disgusted with the world, the man goes to sea and pays the captain to put him off on an island far from the path of vessels. Obviously some good sea scenes were necessary, and Frank Wilson, the Hepworth producer, succeeded in getting them. Hence my congratulations.

Successful Students.

There is generally the exception even with so-called cinema schools. Hearing that some of the students of the Victoria Cinema College had been usefully engaged at studios in London, I paid that institution a visit. I found many ladies and gentlemen being carefully rehearsed in a properly-equipped studio, and read many letters from pleased pupils; and elsewhere I afterwards saw screened two subjects cleverly acted by students of this same college. Having seen these things, I am of opinion that those who wish to acquire at reasonable fees a useful knowledge of cinema acting might do worse than apply to Mr. Edward Godal, the principal, at 36, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W. He will promise you nothing, but tells me that if a pupil shows hopelessness after three lessons, he or she will be promptly told to save further expense.

Kathlyn Williams in "Kolor."

I have before me a fine autographed portrait of Kathlyn Williams beautifully printed in colours on a stiff art-board and absolutely asking to be framed. What amazes me is that the Selig Company, of 93-95, Wardour-street, W., are offering you this ripping work of art for 4½d. post-free. Souvenir hunters and admirers of Kathlyn should on no account miss getting this fine picture whilst the limited supply lasts.

Everybody's Doing It!

The Trans-Atlantic Company, of 37-39, Oxford-street, W., made you a special offer in our Christmas Number—namely, in return for one shilling they will send twelve large photogravure portraits, each measuring 10 by 8 inches, of their star artistes. These, too, would look handsome in frames, and for a small outlay, less than actual cost, will provide you with a whole picture-gallery.

A "Blue Ribbon" Mystery.

I am not referring to the new drinking conditions, but to the latest vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature, *Mortmain*, described as "a mystery drama of extraordinary merit." I did not see the first of the five parts, but what I did see kept me spellbound. The main theme is morbid enough in all conscience, being nothing less than the amputation of a man's hand and the grafting of a murderer's hand on to the stump, but it



LILLIAN GISH, in the charming old-world costume which she wears in *The Birth of a Nation*. This is one of the autographed portraits being sold for the Cinematograph Trade Ambulance Fund. (See page 219.)

undoubtedly fascinates, and one is cheered and relieved by the concluding scene, which shows for the first time that the awful story was "only a dream." Robert Edeson, in the title-rôle, acts magnificently.

"The Winner."

Press-work prevented me from being present at a real big fight—with the gloves in the studio of Cricks and Martin the other day. The scene was one for *The Winner*, a thousand-footer just finished by this enterprising firm, and now being handled by Davison, the British agent. The referee in the drama was Mr. J. Palmer of the *Sporting Life*. He says the fight was splendid, which should mean that the film will live up to its title.

Any N'ight at th' Pictures.

As a more or less constant picturegoer, I have overheard the following:—

- "Isn't he ripping?"
- "His eyes are fine!"
- "Isn't she lovely?"
- "They make up a lot!"
- "That's the kind of frock I want!"
- N.B.—Murmured only by the female sex when the best boy is near.
- "Isn't that natural?"
- "By Jove! what a topping girl!"
- N.B.—Said aloud by the male sex only when the best girl is not near.
- "Wake me up after this one; I want to see Charlie Chaplin."
- "That fellow can't really swim."
- "I'd like to catch my husband doing that!"

F. D.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR COPY?

THE XMAS DOUBLE No. of "PICTURES."

52 pages of seasonable matter and pictures for picturegoers, including a beautiful Art Portrait of Florence Turner.

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Turner Films

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THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS

My Young Picturegoers' League is growing, just as I expected it to do, and within the next few days I shall despatch the little badges to the boys and girls already on the League register. All you need do to get one of these pretty badges is to obtain three new regular readers of PICTURES, and send me their names and addresses, together with your own and your age. When I have a sufficient number I propose to send each member the names and addresses of all the members, so that they may correspond with one another. Thus you will see that the League may become a sort of social club.

A reader asks me to tell her how many instalments there are in *The Exploits of Elaine*. There are thirty-six episodes in this fine serial, each one (containing two parts) being released weekly. I hear that the film is arousing great enthusiasm at all the theatres showing it, and from what I know of the story I feel sure you will all be delighted with it.

If any of you have so far missed our Christmas Number, do not miss it any longer. It is full of pictures and stories that will please you, and if you cannot get it any other way send 2d. in stamps to this office, and a copy will be posted to you direct.

This number, being dated Christmas Day, is also quite seasonable in character, and I should like to take this opportunity of wishing each and every one of my boy and girl readers a really happy Christmas, and hope you will find lots of little things you like in your stockings on Christmas morning.

Talking of Santa Claus, little Billy Jacobs, that wonderful boy picture-actor in America, whom most of you must have seen on the screen, has written so prettily about him that I feel I must print the letter.

He says: "I am just wondering what kind of Christmas the poor little children will have where there is war. I wonder if Santa Claus will bring them presents while their



FILMLAND "WAITS" ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Uncle Tim invites you to paint this delightful picture and try to win a Painting Book. (See opposite page.)

Japs are away fighting. I am glad there is no war here, and we know we will have a merry Christmas.

"Last Christmas Mr. Carl Laemmle gave me a dandy big horse. Mr. Stern, his brother-in-law, said it was the largest that could be bought in Los Angeles. I am very proud of my horse, because Mr. Laemmle is a great man. Mr. Pathé Lehrman gave me a ball-bearing tricycle with a real auto-horn that says honk-honk and makes people get out of the way. I got lots more presents, and have them yet this Christmas.

"I want a real big engine that I can get inside of, with a bell that I can ring by pulling the rope; but Mamma says that costs lots of money, so I guess only millionaires' little boys can have one.

"When you see me in the moving pictures this Christmas with the L-Ko Trans-Atlantic Co., just remember that I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. — BILLY JACOBS."

The Editor has asked me to draw your attention to the jig-saw puzzle on another page, and, knowing what a lot of clever ones there are among you, I should just love to learn that one of you happened to be the lucky winner of the guinea. It would come in nice and handy for Christmas; so try your luck.

This brings me to my own competition concerning the hidden players' names which I set you to puzzle out a week or so ago. The names are:

1. Helen Badgley. 2. Thelma Salter.
3. Audrey Berry. 4. Andy Clarke.
5. Billy Jacobs. 6. Bobby Connelly.

Answers simply poured in on the last day; but why, oh why, did so many competitors omit to state their age? Fifteen is the age-limit on this page, and in fairness to those who do state their age I cannot consider the efforts of those who do not.

The newest bound volume of PICTURES has been sent to the prize-winners: Maurice Marchant, Ben Dhu, Dover Street, Ryde, Isle of Wight (12); Edna Kerr, 15, Shaw Street, Seacombe (14).

Award of Merit (six of which win a special prize): Kitty Webb (Cardiff), Francis Douglas (Fily), Eleanor Duckenfield (Leeds), A. Richardson (Brockley), Lily Barr (Yarmouth), Ivy Neal (Wafford), Irene Greenwood (Leeds), Evelyn Wilson (Belfast), A. Bishop (Hackney), Winifred Gibbs (Croydon), Edith Ralfe (Westminster), Alan Wood (Hali-fax), John Howard (Walton), Irene Hockey (Cardiff), Reggie Coulson (Tunbridge Wells).

Special Prizes: Ivy Neal and Irene Hockey.

I am often asked to run another Painting Competition. Previous prize-winning paintings form some of my most prized possessions.

PAINTING-BOOKS FOR CLEVER PAINTINGS.

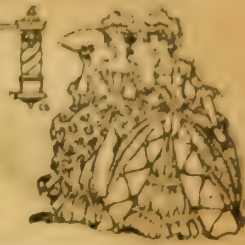
On the opposite page is a pretty sketch of the "Christmas Waits." Cut out and paint the picture and send it on a postcard or in an envelope (stating your age) to "Painting," PICTURES Offices, 85-86, Long Acre, W.C., on or before Tuesday, December 28th. The Award of Merit will go to those who send the nicest paintings; but to the senders of the best, according to age, will go the four charming painting-books now in one of the drawers of the roll-top desk belonging to your

UNCLE TIM.



REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. Address THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



FRED (Manchester).—No postcards of Pearl White yet. Thanks all the staff are "in the pink."

GLADYS (Lewisham).—As you have now grown out of Uncle Tim's competitions we hope you will go in for our other contests, and may you win many prizes. Your drawing is very clever, Gladys.

J. H. (Brighton).—Vol. 6 of PICTURES is out of print, and we have only a few of Vol. 7. Barker's produced "Five Nights." We hope for your sake "The Birth of a Nation" will be shown at Brighton. The player you mention is principally a stage artist, hence the reason of her only appearing occasionally on the film. It is indeed hard luck that the very pictures you want to see are shown on the days you cannot get away to see them. Thanks for newsy letter.

MILLION DOLLAR GIRL (Birmingham).—Lorraine Huling now plays for Famous Players. Gaby Deslys and Henry Piers played in "Her Triumph." Helen Holmes is now at Universal. Bob Lillian Wade plays for Selznick. We have only the one kind of Edna and Alice Nash postcard. Thanks so much for new readers. Your love and kindest regards have been despatched as desired.

ETHELWYN (Huddersworth).—A great many of our readers have had references to Mary Pickford, so you may be one of the favoured ones too. Cabiria is pronounced as it is spelt, like Miriam.

PRIVATE R. T. G. (somewhere in England) would like to correspond with a film enthusiast. We will forward any replies. Shall be delighted to add your photo to our Khaki Gallery, so send it along. The Editor will be pleased to see your collection of players' autographs when you are next in town. Address Clara K. Young, c/o. World Film Corporation, 150, West 46th St., New York City, U.S.A. The Answers Man is a Norfolkian, so knows the county well.

MRS. M. M. (West Hampstead).—"Man's Prerogative" and "My Old Dutch" are, as you say, great films. "The Little Nipper" in "My Old Dutch" was played by Mr. J. A. Cotter's son. Many thanks for interesting cutting. As a reader since May, 1913, you are one of our old friends.

CRECIAN (London, S.E.).—We have asked our publishers to forward you the copies. Your suggestion is receiving our consideration. We are afraid the Answers Man is still a non-starter for the Picture Postcard Stakes.

MAUD (Northfleet).—"Little Pal," was filmed in California. George Anderson is not the same as G. M. Anderson ("Brother Billy"). Thanks for new readers.

LOCKIE (Savoy).—What a "Little Pal" you were to hold up the reputation of PICTURES when another fellow spoke slightly of it. "Retribution," descended upon him with a "Vengeance" when you "kicked" him with "The Pendulum of Justice" by giving him "The Lie." He must have imagined himself "Amid Raging Beasts" in "The Wrong Door," as his face was a "Study in Scarlet" by "The Master Painter" when he engaged thought "The Centre of the Web," he probably thought he had earned "The Right to Die." "War is Hell," isn't it, Lockie?

BERZAK (St. John's Wood).—Is it Romaine Fielding you mean? He plays for Lubin. Glad to hear you intend being a regular subscriber.

ROSE Southampton).—Address Mac Marsh and Roler Harron, c/o. Majestic and Reliance Studios, 4,500, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, U.S.A.

NO. 84 (Enfield). The office boy (who is a girl) is too busy to have any intention of sending messages by the way stamps are stuck on letters. Edna Flurath is an American. If you will give us the name of the company we will do our best.

NELL Wexford).—The Answers Man is a man, really, Nell, and he has been in Ireland, twice at Belfast only, once for five hours and came for three hours, and liked it so much that he wants to go again when this holiday war is over and see more of it. Wexford included Grace Curran plays opposite Francis Ford. Lover you may send more than "a little." Colleen.

S. G. (London, E.).—We have not heard that Charlie Chaplin is engaged to Ethel Purviance.



EVE BALFOUR, the leading lady in *The Woman Who Did*. This is one of our postcards.

(Photo Basil; by permission of Underwood and Underwood).

INQUIRER (Brighton).—You might be able to get the publicity matter, &c., from the companies issuing them. The London address of Trans-Atlantic Film Co. is 37 to 39, Oxford St., London, W. We can still supply Vols. VII. and VIII. of PICTURES, price 3s. 6d. each, post free. In "Court-Martialled" Stewart Rome, Lillie Howard, Alma Taylor played leads, and Carlotta de Felice in "In Life's Whirlpool." We have postcards of Chaplin and Stewart Rome, but not the others you mention.

VIOLET (Manchester).—"The Poet of the Peaks": "Lydia Lovell," Vivian Rich; "Dave Strong," David Lythgoe; "Philip Granger," Harry Von Meter; "Martin Gay," Jack Richardson; "Mrs. Davis," Louise Lester. We know of no Producing Co. in Manchester. The Pyramid Films, Ltd., has a studio in Bradford. We have postcards of Gerald Ames and Alma Taylor, price 1d. each, post free extra. Hope all your plucky relations in khaki will return safe and sound.

J. C. (Dublin).—We left Adam St. nearly three months ago. Note our new address at top of this page. Glad you like your prize, "Charlie the Perfect Lady," "Charlie Shanghai," and "Charlie at the Show" are some recent Essanay releases featuring Charlie Chaplin.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photo Postcards of Yourself, 1s. 3d. Dozen. From any Photo. 12 x 10 Enlargements, 8s. Catalogues and Samples Free.

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D. W. Shoelace—Address: Pearl White, c/o. Bothy, 17th St. West 4th St., New York City, U.S.A. The other name we do not know.

DIMMIES (Near Worthing).—Thos. A. Edison (son of grand old man of three score years and ten, so you see inventing is a healthy life).

A. E. McE. (Dublin).—Address: Edna Parviance, c/o. Essany & Co. Mfg. Co., 1333, Arzyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. Pearl White's is given to "D. W."

H. R. (Bramble).—Read rule at top of name and address. "M. Pinner" played "Willis" in "How Willis Cured the Blues." Other cast not given.

THE FLAPPER (Birmingham).—We sent you postcards of Mary Pickford and Stewart Rome as desired, but as Mary is thousands of miles away and Sewart twenty you will see how impossible it was for us to get them signed for you. Glad to hear from you new reader. Write again.

A. CAVERSHAM GIRL (Caversham).—You are indeed an old friend. So you think "each number of PICTURES" more interesting than the last"—that's how we want it to be.

J. S. (Cleethorpes).—Robert Sterling is now producing for Keystone. Ford Warwick played lead in "The Dollar Mark." We have no postcards of him or Harold Lockwood.

ALFRED (Halifax).—Harry Rattenbury played in "When the Spirits Moved" with Victoria Forde, Eddie Lyons, and Lee Moran, perhaps you mean the first named. Write to the Trans-Atlantic Co. (37 Oxford Street, London, W.) for the book.

PHANTOM OF THE VIOLIN (Margate).—Thanhouser's have not released a new serial since "The Zulu Mystery." Donald McBride played "The Dancing Master" in "Professor's Painless Cure." "The Goose Girl":—"Flavia," Marguerite Clark; "King," Monroe Salisbury; "Princess Maria," Constance Johnson; "Duke of Malavia," J. N. Dunbar; "Prince Regent," Sidney Dean. The others we cannot trace. Having called the Answers Man a darling how can he resist writing in your autograph album.

GERTIE (Battersea Park).—Robert Edison played lead in "The Call of the Northland." Address him c/o. Famous Players Film Co., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. You and your friend were wise to have given your newsagent standing orders for PICTURES. By the way have you any more friends you can induce to subscribe. They will bless you and so will we. Write again, Gertie.

CERROS (Beanwood).—Is Gaby Deslys married? We have not heard that she is.

CINDER (Edgbaston).—We cannot trace the film without name of producing Company. Have sent Anita Stewart your love.

HENRY (Swindon).—Address Bessie Learn, c/o. Thos. A. Edison Co., Decatur and Oliver St., Bronx, New York, U.S.A. Have not heard yet if the other player has joined any other company.

N. F. (Whiteinch).—Any stationer selling theatrical picture postcards could supply you with the card in question.

—(Stoke Newington).—James Cruze, Florence La Badie, Mueli Ostrieche, and Sidney Bracy played in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Address Norma Talmadge, c/o. World Film Corporation, 130, West 46th Street, New York City.

MIRANDA (Tooting).—So glad you like your prize, hope you will win and like many more.

KITTEE (Dulwich).—Sorry, your previous letters never reached us. Addresses you want are:—Marsh H. Nillan, c/o. Famous Players Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd St., New York, U.S.A.; and Harold Lockwood, c/o. American Film Mfg. Co., 6, 227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. The latter used to play for Famous Players but is now with American Co.

MAC (Wakefield).—The Bamforth films are produced at Holmfirth, near Huddersfield. "When Father had the Gout" was filmed in Universal City, America. The story of "The Juggernaut" will be published in PICTURES on January 1st next. Earle Williams plays opposite Anita Stewart in it. Florence Reed was "Faith" in "The Dancing Girl" (Famous Players) and Linda Palmer "The Bride" in "Which shall it be" (Thanhouser). Ask your Cinema Manager when he will be showing the films you want to see, Mac.

ERICA (Sheff. Id.).—Addresses you want are:—Helen Badley, c/o. Thanhouser Film Co., Main Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A.; Alma Taylor, c/o. Hepworth Film Studios, Walton-on-Thames, J. R. Tozer, c/o. Broadwest Film Co., Pavilion Street, Esher, Surrey; and Stella Kaye, c/o. Selig Polyscope Co., 20, East Randolph St., Chicago, U.S.A.

DORRIS (Chaddle).—Address Henry Ainley, c/o. Hepworth Mfg. Co., 2, Denman St., Piccadilly Circus, London, W. We do not reply by post.

JOHN STODOLSON TROTS.—We cannot trace the film you mention. So sorry, Lucy.

AMERICAN DOLLAR.—Pleased to have your newly letter and note that you do not see us lately. Lucky and Famous Players thus are you would like to. A picture of Wally Van as "Coley" appeared in our No. 6 issue and a paragraph about him in a later issue. "The Little Grey Home in the West" is a Trans-Atlantic film. The cast was given to a reader in Dec. 11th issue.

BROOKING HILL (Horsesham).—Address: Lau a Oakley, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,500, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. We have no postcards of her at present.

H. L. (Ashton under-Lyne).—"The Dawn of a Tomorrow" (Famous Players)—"Glad," Mary Pickford; "Dinky," David Powell; "S," Oliver Holt; "Forest Robinson;" "His Nephew," Robert Cain; "Polly," Margaret Seldon; "Bet," Blanche Corriz. The cast of "Rupert of Hentzau" was given in our Oct. 30th issue. Hope your experiment of taking a course of "films" was successful in getting rid of the toothache. O-o-o-h! We have it sometimes.

INQUIRING MAY FLOWER (Limerick).—We have postcards of E. die Lyons and Victoria Forde, but none of Allan Forrest yet. Address Eddie Lyons and Allan Forde t, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,500, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., and Victoria Forde, c/o. Selig Polyscope Co., 20, East Randolph St., Chicago, U.S.A. We do not answer through the post, May Flower. When you write again, please give name and address.

THE DIFFERENCE.



Cartoon by Henry Mayer, the famous cartoonist of "Puck," in the "Universal Animated Weekly."

MAVOREEN (Devonport).—Blanche Sweet and Daphne Wayne are one and the same. Address Maurice Costello, c/o. Vitagraph Co., East 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Mary Pickford played in "The Eagle's Mate." Male! Norman has not played in Drama.

EVELYN and HILDA (No address)—must have it next time, cherries.—We are continually giving names and addresses of films players on this page. You will find several this week if you read these replies.

FRED (Manchester).—Your sketch of "A Pet at the Pictures" has quite an Aubrey Beardsley touch. So the dears will sit in the gallery just above you and drop face powder on your head. What's the matter with your joining the "pets"? "Put me among the Girls."

DOLLY (Dulwich).—(You seem to have quite grown up since we last heard from you, Dolly.) Douglas Payne is now in the army. Our Postcard Manager has sent you a new list of postcards. Have sent your love to Alma Taylor.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
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SMILES

Why He Was Quiet.

"What did he have to say for himself?"

"Nothing. His wife was with him."

The Face that Mattered.

VISITOR: "Your leading lady is as lovely beautiful but for one thing!"

PRODUCER: "What's that?"

VISITOR: "Her face!"

"He" Paid as Usual.

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that easy-chair for your den at Christmas."

"I was touched before she gave it."

The Others Who Do.

IRATE FATHER: "It's astonishing, Richard, how much money you need."

SON: "I don't need it, father; it's the hotel-keepers, the tailors, the picture theatres, and the taxicab men."

Canine Criticism.

SHE: "My little dog knows what's good in the picture-world."

HE: "Why?"

SHE: "He's just swallowed the programme for *The Birth of a Nation*, and is whining for more."

The Fool on the Film.

LITTLE DEAR: "Why are you in that clown's rig-out for the Night Club scene?"

NERVOUS ACTOR: "Because I'm bound to make a fool of myself, and the Producer will think it's good business."

A True Story.

A little child who had been learning about Heaven, on her return home from school asked: "Mummie, when Charlie Chaplin dies will he fly to heaven?" "Yes, dear; we hope so; why?" "Cos, won't he make Dad laugh?"

Methodical Shopping.

"James, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that mouldy cheese to-day?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir."

"And the stale loaf we couldn't sell?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir."

"Where's that rancid butter?"

"Mrs. Brown bought it cheap, sir."

"And the six bad eggs?"

"Mrs. Brown. Are you ill, sir?"

asked James, as the grocer turned green.

"No, no; only I'm going to tea at Brown's to-night," replied the unhappy man as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.

—New York Times.

Legal Literature.

"Miss Flighty made all her money in letters."

"She doesn't look literary."

"She isn't. She won a breach of promise suit with 'em."

Reciprocation.

HE: "There goes the honestest girl in the world."

SHE: "How's that?"

HE: "She won't even take a kiss without returning it."



Cecil M. Hepworth

Producer of Iris (Pinero) and Annie Laurie.

Swiftly moving and tense play
by Lubin. Three-reel Drama
acted with great ability. : :

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY



LILIE LESLIE
AND
ROSETTA BRICE

MONDAY,
JAN. 24, 1916.

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THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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JESSE L. LASKY

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1916.

New Series, No. 98.



PEGGY RICHARDS, THE CHARMING AND CLEVER ACTRESS
who has played the leading female character in *The Tailor of Bond Street*, in which the original "Potash" and "Perlmutter" are featured.



CHEERLESS CHUMPS AT THE CINEMA

Or Mad and Misery for the Manager.

By DUNCAN KEITH.

SCENE: The entrance-hall of the Dimchester Palladium.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: The Resplendent One, the Disgusted Patron, the Irate Individual, and Clement the Knut.

WHATEVER its real attractions, Dimchester did not stand high in reputation as a health resort. If it rained anywhere, it rained in this thriving Midland town. Wags asserted that a small cloud was excuse for a drizzle, and if the sky was overcast it poured "cats and dogs." It was thus one evening in December. Right along the High Street the rain had long been driving in furious gusts, and the only cosy corners other than one's home seemed to be the picture theatres.

Standing in the entrance-hall of the "Palladium" was the Resplendent One. An evening suit of fashionable cut adorned a manly frame; from the centre of a shirt of amazing whiteness glittered a brilliant stud, and a shiny topper of great lustre crowned a handsome head. The owner of all these things was the manager, and he was not in the best of moods. Only a few minutes since he had had a wordy tussle with three youths, who endeavoured to gain free admission upon one bill ticket which they had won from the billposter's boy, and, being new to the position he held, had to parry some nasty observations upon the iniquities of a "manager from London" who did not understand local conditions; since then he had been called to the assistance of an attendant engaged in a squabble with a couple of "flappers" who insisted upon smoking cigarettes and giggling right through the Exclusive.

No, the Resplendent One was not in a pleasant frame of mind, but, glory be, the house was full, and he could contemplate the future with satisfaction. He would gauge local conditions, and then let his rivals tremble. Dimchester would see what real live London experience could effect.

There he stood, his bosom swelling with pride, as the Disgusted Patron came down the carpeted stairs.

Here, maybe, was a cheery old soul with whom he could at least pass the time of day.

"Wretched night, sir," ventured the Resplendent One as a gust of swirling rain followed a belated couple. ("Two sixpennies, please") through the open doors.

"Wretched" is too mild for such a night as this," replied the old gentleman. "I have lived in this neighbourhood for fifty years, and whenever I come into town it pours with rain. I regret that I came out in it, and I still more regret that I have come to this

confounded theatre. I have been cheated by the management."

"Indeed, sir. May I ask in what respect you have been disappointed?"

"I said 'cheated' sir. Deliberately defrauded," grunted the Disgusted Patron.

"Surely not. It appeared to me that the programme was quite up to the average."

"I came to see Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. My daughters speak highly of both. The lady I did not see, and as—"

"But there's no Mary Pickford picture here to-night."

"So I discovered after waiting two hours and a quarter. Let me tell you, sir, if I managed a picture theatre I would know how to keep faith with the public."

"I believe that is the desire of the management, sir. In fact I know it is. The essence of good business, so I have been taught, is to give value for money and to maintain the good opinion of your clients," replied the Resplendent One.

"Clients!" My dear sir, please do not use a professional term for the patrons of a picture theatre. Your business sentiments are, however, sound. Do you, may I ask, often see the programme here?"

"I have not missed a programme for four weeks, and cannot understand your complaint," was the proud reply.

"Then, I put it to you, whom I take to be a man of business as well as a man of the world"—the Resplendent One bowed as the Disgusted Patron loudly blew his nose—"that to advertise the appearance of an artiste on a sheet stretching the full width of the entrance and then to exhibit instead an absurd drama in which people with very ordinary features valiantly endeavour to look intelligent, is fraud, downright fraud, sir, and nothing less. I ask you, is it the correct thing to do?"

"Probably not, but

"But" is not necessary, my good sir. Mary Pickford is across the front of the theatre as large as life."

"Oh yes; I've seen the streamer, but I also saw the words 'Monday next.'"

"Monday next; dear me! Where?"

"Come here, sir. There you are, right in the corner."

"Ah, yes; I see. In letters about three inches high. If I may say so, and you, as an observant man will agree, that is almost a case of obtaining money by false pretences. My shilling was paid because I expected to see Mary Pickford. No, sir; you cannot convince me that it is good business to do as the management of this theatre does."

"But, sir, you can surely see the words 'Monday next.'"

"Scarcely, and to me that is evidence of the false pretence."

"The actress in question," suggested the Resplendent One, "is a great draw."

"Exactly, and that is the fraudulent object of the poster. But it seems to me that you are defending the practice. What is your reason, sir?"

"Ah! here is my car. Probably you are also waiting for yours? No? Then Good-night! I mean to give the management my opinion of its duplicity. I shall write them and . . ."

"Please, sir, you are wanted. One of the thrupennies is a-carrying on some think dreadful."

At the top of the stairs the Irate Individual was shouting as two attendants strove to keep him back. "Get out of it! Who do yer fink you're shoving? I paid to come 'ere, I did, and I ain't going to be pushed about by the likes of you. Where's the blooming manager?"

"Down there, talking to that old gentleman."

"Lorlummy! That flash bloke! I'll give him diamonds."

Pushing the attendants aside, the Irate Individual blundered down the steps and accosted the Resplendent One.

"Look 'ere, mister, are you the boss of this 'ere cinemar?" he shouted.

"I am the manager, my good man," replied the Resplendent One, his breast swelling with importance.

"Dearie me!" gasped the Disgusted Patron to himself; "and I took him to



ANOTHER SWINDLE

FARMER GREEN: "Ain't the public fooled? I've stood 'ere a solid hour an' them blamed pictures ain't moved yet."—Judge.

People We Have Never Met



THE CINEMA STAR WHO NEVER RECEIVES MORE THAN TWO LETTERS A DAY



THE INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS NEVER HEARD OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN BEFORE



THE MANAGER WHO NEVER RECEIVES ANY COMPLAINTS FROM PATRONS



THE SCHOOLBOY WHO DISLIKES PICTURES



THE TRADESMAN WHO DOESN'T EXPECT A FREE PASS FOR DISPLAYING CINEMA BILLS — AND —



— THE MAN WHO HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO SMILE AT A CHAPLIN COMEDY

He a prosperous business man. Well, I gave him a few home thrusts anyway."

"I ain't yer 'good man.' Look here, guv'nor, what I want to know is this. I'm a Britisher, I am. None of your 'Uns about this child. This evening I says to my missus, 'Old gal, let's go to the pictures and see if the fighting pictures 'as arrived.' 'Yus, Bill; let's go,' she says, 'we may see the lads,' she says. And 'ere we are; and now I wants to know what yer mean by showing us a dirty German!'"

"My good man, there are no Germans."

"Now, look 'ere mate, don't put no 'alf-look on me with your 'good man.' I tell yer there is Germans a-showing, and what my missus wants to know is this. Why our two boys should be fightin' the dirty skunks for you (why ain't yer wearing a Derby armet?) and you goes and puts the blighters on the screen?"

"But —"

"You listen to me. My boys are fightin' 'em; pushing in their ugly mugs, and you show 'em fat and laughing. That ain't playing the game, guv'nor. You be fair to us and we'll be fair to you. I says to my missus, I says (the poor old gal was crying like rain), 'I'll see the boss, and if he can't give me a proper excuse I'll punch his 'ead

"Now, now; let me try and understand what your trouble is. In what picture did you see the hated Huns?"

"In that 'ere 'War Scraps.'"

"Those soldiers are not Germans. They are Dutch and Greeks. Neutrals, not enemies."

"Neutrals! Oh! love a duck. Well, look here, mister. I give in; if they aint no Germans, I'm sorry for the row I made, but to my way of thinkin' the others are as bad. What I olds is this, these ere neutrals ain't a bit better than enemies. If hey ain't stoking the fire with us t'ey're stopping the draught. I'll go back to the old woman now. I see's a young feller and his gal a-waiting to see yer. Good-night, guv'nor."

"Good-night," replied the Resplendent One as Clement the Kunt came forward.

"Ah! my dear old chap," drawled the new comer, "you look put out. What's the matter?"

"Nothing much; the usual grumblin'."

"How very annoying but — ahem — I have something in the nature of a complaint to make."

"What? another? What is *your* trouble, young man?"

"Please do not mistake me, my dear Lawson, I have no trouble. Mine is a complaint which arose in this way: Miss

Barrington, my *fiancée*, had seen 'The Fashions of Venus,' and thought I should like to see it. I agreed, frightfully old as it is, and I regret that you are given, my dear old chap, to showing what I may term junk —"

"Nothing over six weeks' old, sir," objected the Resplendent One.

"But even that you are not showing."

"No, sir; this is change day, and the renters sent an educational one-reeler instead."

"Educational, by jove! Who comes to the pictures to be educated? I finished with that at school, old boy. Do, my dear Lawson, try to keep faith with your clients," urged Clement. "I should not like to be forced to transfer my patronage."

"Why hesitate, young man? If the manager of the Orpheum will give you a pass, as I have done, accept it. Your pass here will be cancelled," and the Resplendent One walked across to the pay-box to execute his threat.

Later, as the Resplendent One struggled homewards, he muttered, "Why did I want to try my luck in Dimchester?" and as the rain filled his eyes and mouth and ran down his neck he spluttered, "London should be good enough for me!"



THE VORTEX

Adapted from the Essanay Drama
By IVAN PATRICK GORE.

CHAPTER I.

FOR a moment the man looked at the white, angry face of his wife, then, shrugging his shoulders, he crossed the room.

"You understand what I mean, Agnes," he said quietly, "and I expect you to respect my wishes."

Without another look he left the room, and as she heard his firm steps echoing through the hall Agnes Howard sank on to the richly upholstered settee, her angry mood of a moment before vanishing in a flood of passionate tears.

Swiftly the scenes in the last few years of her life flashed across her mind. Again she saw herself the happy village belle, courted by the wealthy visitor to her father's home, and the envy of all her friends. Again she stood at the Altar and heard his deep tones as he repeated the vows that made them man and wife. Again she lived through the month of honeyed bliss that followed their marriage; then—well, then the brain-pictures took a darker, gloomier form, and she pressed her face down among the cushions as though striving to shut the gates of memory upon them.

Slowly the happy days had waned, until at last they seemed to disappear. Little by little Graham Howard had appeared to tire of his clinging wife, absenting himself from home, and answering her anxious inquiries with the one curt plea of "Business," even refusing to let her share his worries when she pleaded with him to do so. Then, at last, the bitter truth was forced upon her—she was misunderstood, neglected, a stumbling-block in his path of success.

She staggered to her feet and pressed her white, beringed hands to her aching brows. "I will not stand it any longer," she moaned; "I will not. I gave him all I had to give; I was his, all his, and he does not care nobody cares. I might as well be —"

She hesitated, and a faint flush spread over her beautiful face as she remembered the secret letter that lay within the bosom of her dress. "Yes, somebody cares," she whispered, looking round fearfully; "one man puts my love, my happiness above all else in the world—one man would sacrifice everything to bring happiness into my life again."

Slowly the temptation swept over her, beating down, crushing all sense of shame. "I have a right to be loved. I will claim that right." Passionately her red lips pressed the written lines. "Yes, Ingram, since you want me, I will come to you, and the future shall be as you wish."

Swiftly she made the meagre prepara-

tions for her flight. Without another glance at the beautiful room in which her day-dreams had been built, she turned to go; but at the door she shrank back as a man's voice fell upon her ear.

"Then I will wait for Mr. Howard. Mrs. Howard, you say, is in?"

"Amos Howell, my husband's friend she whispered. "If he should see me it would be fatal!"

Stealthily she left the room by another door, and a moment later the servant ushered the visitor in.

"I could have sworn the mistress was here," he said. "Maybe, though, she's gone upstairs. If you will take a seat, sir, I will tell her you are here!"

The old retainer left the room, and Howell commenced to pace the floor.

"It must be so," he muttered, "and although I may lose dear old Graham's friendship, still, by that same friendship and all that it means to me, I feel it my duty to speak. What fools men are," he continued, bitterly, as, halting before a large portrait of his friend's wife, he looked searchingly at the exquisite-pictured face. "Here's my friend—given the love of a beautiful, clever woman, aye, and a good one up to now, I'll swear to that. Yet he must needs gamble with his future—pitting his home happiness against ambition and professional success. I've seen it—watched the inevitable coming—shuddered at the knowledge of his seeming neglect that I have seen creep into her eyes; and, by Gad, before it is too late I will speak. Yes, I'll speak, plead with him, and then"—the expression on his face became black with fury—"I'll settle my own affair, even though the settlement bears the shadow of the gallows!"

Behind him the door opened, and the servant reappeared. "I cannot find Mrs. Howard anywhere," he said, in a troubled voice, "and her maid says she saw her hastily packing a bag. Perhaps she has gone on a sudden visit, sir, and neglected to tell us."

"Perhaps—perhaps—"

The servant left the room again, and Howell stood still in the centre of the room. His sharp eyes fell upon a sheet of paper that gleamed white on the hearthrug, and scarce thinking what he did, he picked it up and glanced at the hastily penned lines—

"My beloved," he read, "I can wait no longer for the realisation of the promise your dear eyes have given me. Leave this man who openly neglects and flaunts you—leave him and come to my arms, and in them find the sinner of your youth again. To-night at eight I shall be waiting, and before a new day is born we can start on a new life together, Ingram Miles!"

With an oath, Howell crumpled the letter in his hands. "Ingram Miles!"

he hissed, his handsome face almost devilish as he struggled with the passion that shook him; "so he has drawn Agnes into the vortex; but, thank God! there is still time to rescue her. *Ingram Miles*—the infamous blackguard, the vile ruiner of homes! First my sister—my poor little Annette; and now my dearest friend's wife! But, although Annette must pay the price, his second victim shall be saved; then—*then* he shall pay—aye, he shall pay a hundred-fold!" And crushing his hat over his eyes he hurried out into the night.

CHAPTER II.

Alone in his web the Spider sat watching the clock upon the mantel, his feelings alternating between hope and fear as the remorseless hands dragged on towards the hour. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, a smile of triumph illuminating his sinister features as soft footsteps sounded on the hall without.

A moment later a maid ushered in the veiled figure of a woman, then discreetly withdrew as her master came forward with arms outstretched.

"Agnes," he whispered, striving to hide the passion that shook his voice, "you have come!"

Wearily the other man's wife threw her veil aside and faced him. "Yes, I have come, Ingram. No," she continued, as he tried to draw her into his embrace, "you must listen to me first. I have come to you in answer to your wish, and because my heart, my very soul, cries aloud for the love you promise—"

"The love that shall be yours, yours only, I swear it," he breathed thickly.

"But I cannot offer you the love that was in my heart before. I learned how callous men could be in the hour of possession. That is dead, buried with my old day-dreams; but I can promise you faithful love. Take me away where perhaps I may forget, and I will be your slave. Will you be satisfied with that?"

His slave! A sardonic smile twisted Ingram Miles' lips as he heard her heartbroken words, but the woman did not see.

"My dear," he whispered, drawing her slowly towards him, "it shall be even as you wish. But you shall never be my slave; instead, I will be yours. My loving care will make you forget his neglect in time, and until that day I will be content to wait for the true love that will be my best reward!"

He held her, dispassionate but unresisting, in his embrace; then as he raised her face to meet his first caress, a footstep fell upon his ears, and he put her almost roughly from him. For a second he listened. Only one person had ever had the right to enter his house

unannounced, and his face paled as he turned to the woman at his side.

"Go into the next room," he whispered, "some one is coming—a matter of business I expect—but I would keep the knowledge of your presence here from prying eyes for as long as I can. Good-night," he added; "go quickly," as she looked up surprised at the harshness of his tone; "go quickly!"

A moment later he stood facing the pale girl whose accusing face he had hoped devoutly to never see again.

"What the devil do you want?" he snarled viciously.

"Justice," the girl answered firmly; "justice and the return of the good name you wrenched from me. Yes, I want to walk about the streets with my head erect; I want to meet the eyes of those who have been my friends since childhood without the fear that those same eyes can read my guilty secret. You promised to make me an honest woman, Ingram, and I demand that you fulfil that promise!"

Ingram Miles laughed. "Promises are made to be—"

"But you must keep this one; you must," she interrupted frantically; "a few weeks, a very few weeks, and the whole town must know—oh, God, do you not understand!" she added, her voice choked by agonised sobs.

Ingram Miles understood well enough, for it was not the first time he had listened to like words. But the knowledge brought no pity to his heart.

"Bah!" he answered with a sneer. "You always were a hysterical little fool, Annette, and now you are fanciful. Besides," he added, brutally, "how the devil do I know I am the only man. You came to my arms easily enough; why should not others receive your favours?"

The poor victim writhed under the sheer brutality of the insult.

"You cur! you cowardly cur!"

"Still, you made me moderately happy until you began to lose your beauty," he smiled, not heeding the danger-signals which began to flare in her haunted eyes, "and I'll provide the money to see you through—"

"Money!"—her voice rose to a scream—"you dare to offer me money. Money to the woman who gave you all—the woman who was pure until you lured her to destruction. Ah! you craven brute."



"YOU PROMISED TO MAKE ME AN HONEST WOMAN, INGRAM."

"Enough of that—I'm tired of your tantrums, and from to-night I've done with them, done with you as well. Take the money, or leave it; it's all the same to me!"

"Never—"

"Then ask your pious brother to help you out. Curse you! Now will you go?"

With a volley of oaths, careless of everything in his sudden rage, heedless that the same strong arm that would protect the little sister from the sneers of a censorious world might also fall in vengeance on her betrayer, he seized the girl's slim form and forced her towards the door. "Will you go, you—," Like a tigress she wrenched herself free, then her hand closed upon the knife which had been hidden within her clothing, and forgetting all but the coarse expression half-spoken on his lips,

she struck. For a moment he stood, reeling dizzily, then without another word he fell. Slowly understanding returned to her but she felt no tears, no pity as she looked upon the pale face of the man whose life he had taken.

Headless of the white face of the other woman peering through the curtain, she flung away the knife and crept softly from the room.

A great thankfulness coupled with a feeling of horror was in Agnes's heart as she stepped forward and without comprehending the truth bent over the body of her would-be betrayer. "Ingram," she whispered tensely, "thank God that poor girl came in time to save me from a worse sin than hers. 'Ingram! Ingram! Merciful Father in heaven!' She shrank back in terror, staring at the dark stain upon her hands, and as her numbed senses assimilated the awful truth, she ran wildly from the room and from the house of tragedy.

On the doorstep she met Howell.

"Mrs. Howard—" he began.

"In there!" she cried, sobbing, as she clung to his arm. "Oh, Father of Mercy—"

"I know," he answered sternly; "but, thank God, Graham does not as yet. . . . If you can go to him as spotless as when you left his house, do so, and tell him all. You are both to blame, but—who knows?—perhaps this may bring understanding. Go at once, and rest assured that Ingram Miles shall be made to answer for his sin in full. Not another word—go, and leave him to me!"

CHAPTER III.

"Great Heaven! but this is too terrible!"

Clutching a morning paper in his hand, Graham Howard strode into the presence of his trembling wife; then, scarce heeding the question that faltered on her lips, he continued angrily, "It is infamous that in these days the police can make so mad an error—"

"Graham—"

"Why, only yesterday," he continued, "I left Amos Howell in the city, and now I learn that he has been arrested on a charge of murder—"

"Arrested on a charge of—of murder!" Agnes faltered.

"Yes—it appears that he called on Ingram Miles last night—I never did like that fellow—the manservant who admitted him says he noticed that



GRAHAM BIDS AGNES, HIS WIFE BE CALM DURING THE ORDEAL OF THE TRIAL.

Howell seemed pale, but raised no objection to his going to the study. Almost at once he heard a cry, and on hastening into the room found poor old Amos standing above the dead body of his master, a knife—the weapon with which the foul deed had been committed—in his hand. The police were immediately sent for, and Amos, who seemed dazed, was arrested.

He paused and wiped his brow. "And —?" Agnes scarcely dared breathe as her lips framed the word.

"Confound it, I can't understand what mad fit could have come over the poor old chap. He refused to say anything, refused even to give any account of himself, and still refuses. Of course he's innocent, and the police are making an infernal mess of things; but if ever a man was doing his best to put a halter round his neck, that man is my life-long friend."

For a moment he was silent, then made for the door; but as he opened it Agnes called him back.

the story of her great temptation, and of her intended sin. Without concealing anything, she narrated the incidents of her life from the moment when Ingram Miles first threw his wiles around her to the moment when, flying from the bleeding body of her would-be seducer, she encountered Amos Howell. "Oh, don't you see?" she sobbed. "Amos found the body—thought that I had committed the deed, and decided to remain silent, to take the blame, the punishment for our sake."

"God! you, Agnes, you! Had our lives together drifted so far apart that you thought of this? And the woman, his victim, who was she?"

"I do not know. I could not see her face. I did not know her voice. Oh, tell me, husband, what are we to do?"

Graham Howard turned his pallid face to hers. "Do," he muttered hoarsely, "you must keep silent for the good of your name, the name he risks all to save, but —"

would have been happier than they had been for years.

"Oh, Graham!" she would often cry, clinging to him, "why cannot I speak now? Tell me, dear!"

"No!" he would answer; but the light in his eyes ever gave the lie to the stern harshness of his voice. "Not yet! If the worst comes you must sacrifice yourself, but there is still hope."

The day of the trial broke drearily, but the great crowd that thronged the court, making holiday of a felon's creature's martyrdom, had eyes only for the man in the dock, the man who answered, "Not guilty!" without hesitation, but who refused, in spite of Judge and counsel, to speak one word to make good his plea.

"I am innocent," he said calmly, in answer to all their questioning; "that is all I can say—all I will say!"

From the first such a defence was hopeless, and at last the Judge summed up—

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said gravely, "you have before you the facts of the case, the facts of the prisoner being found by the dead body of the murdered man with the weapon of destruction in his hand, and the fact that although given every opportunity, he refuses to speak in his own defence, refuses even to fight the shadows that are gathering round him—relying solely on his unsupported statement that he is innocent. Gentlemen of the jury, this is a land of justice, and it is not for me to bias your decision; you have the facts, the undisputed facts, and on these you must base your verdict!"

Slowly the twelve good men and true filed away, slowly they returned; and Agnes Howard shuddered as she read her sentence in their grim-set features.

"Guilty!"

A momentary shudder ran through the crowded court; then, once more, all eyes were turned to watch the prisoner as he faced the Clerk.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say why sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?"

For the first time since his arrest Amos Howell smiled. "Only this, that I am innocent; that although murder was in my heart, mine was not the hand that sent the dead man before the Judge!"

Slowly the Judge assumed the black cap, but before the dread words could leave his lips a woman's piteous cry rang through the Court, drowned instantly by a roar of excitement, as another woman elbowed her way through the throng.

"He is innocent," she cried, "and I can prove it."

"You—and who are you, madam?"

"Annette Howell, the prisoner's unworthy sister. The dead man ruined me, and I murdered him in a fit of heartbroken rage!"

Swiftly her tale was told, and soon Amos Howell staggered from the dock; then, as the last rays of the afternoon sun crept through the old stained-glass windows, bathing the still court in a myriad colours, the woman—the poor victim caught and held in the swirl of the pitiless vortex—heard in her turn the answer of the jury, and, with a smile, faced the grim Judge waiting.



"THE DEAD MAN RUINED ME, AND I MURDERED HIM."

"Graham, where are you going?"

"Going!" he echoed in surprise, "why to see him, of course; to tell him that — Why, what in heaven's name is the matter with you, girl?"

"Listen to me, Graham. You must not go until you have heard me —"

"Not until I have heard you," he cried. "Has the world gone mad? What can you possibly have to say that has any bearing on the matter?"

"I can explain," she faltered.

"Explain—what?"

"That he sacrificed himself on the altar of friendship—that that he kept silence to save my good name!"—then wildly, incoherently, at times, she poured into her husband's amazed ears

"If he is condemned," she breathed.

If all else fails, if we cannot prove his innocence and find the guilty, then, but only then, you must speak. Afterwards, his arms closed round her in the old caressing way she had thought never to feel again, "we will go away—we three—and face a new life together."

As the hour of Amos Howell's trial approached, it seemed indeed that the words he had spoken to Agnes on the fatal night were coming true; for, brought together, linked closely, by their common sorrow and the dread secret in their hearts, much of the old misunderstanding was wiped away; and but for the thought of the man who ate his heart out behind his prison-bars, they



DICK WHITTINGTON

DID NOT KNOW "THE COMMUTERS"

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



VIOLET MERSEREAU: "A new portrait of this delightful "Imp" star of the Trans-Atlantic Company."



ANTONIO MORENO, a talented member of the Vitagraph players. We greatly admired him — recently in *The Island of Regeneration*.



TYRONE POWER, the "Henry Irving" of America. Watch for his great performance in *The Servant in the House*—a coming Selig production.



GRETCHEN HARTMAN, a charming American Biograph player. Some of her recent roles were in *The Wires of Men*; *June Eyre*; and *East Lynne*.

"THOSE CHILDREN"

Clever Kiddies in a "British Oak" Comedy.

MRS. GLYNN, a pretty young widow, gave up her flat in town, and with her little daughter Margery went to live in a small house in a village where also dwelt Mr. Manners, the rich young widower with a baby son. A mutual friendship had sprung up between these two—perhaps more sympathetic than otherwise—and realising that a happy companionship might be founded between the two children, they schemed to throw them together as much as possible. But little Margery did not like little Dick, and one day when the parents had strolled into the garden and the two were alone in the drawing-room where tea had been served, things reached a climax.

"Nurse says your daddie's going to marry mummie," pouted Margery. "That will be horrid, 'cos I don't like you. You're ugly!"

Dick's face went red with rage. He jumped down off the arm of the chair on which he had been perched, and with a mouth full of chocolate-cake, shouted, "Not so ugly as you, anyway!"

"You're uglier than anything," cried Margery, nestling into the corner of the sofa, and hugging her doll tightly.

Then a wicked thought entered Dick's head. Picking up a custard-pie, he aimed it flat against the side of Margery's head, covering her curls and face with a mess of custard and pastry.

"Mummie! mummie!" she shrieked.

Mrs. Glynn and her future husband entered, and saw what had happened.

"Dick, you naughty boy," said his father, sternly, as Young Mischief hung his head, but only for a moment. Whilst Mr. Manners tried to wipe little Margery's hair Dick threw another custard, and made things worse than ever. "Stop here, you young scoundrel," roared his father, shaking his finger, "whilst I go and wash my hands."

"I'll run away," whimpered Dick, as his father left the room. Then the maid entered to clear away, and as she turned with the tray in her hand Master Dick stuck out his leg. With a crash and a shriek the maid, tray, crockery, and pastry lay in a heap on the floor.

As fast as his little legs could carry him Dick fled from the house. Jock, Margery's pet dog, catching sight of the culprit, chased after him. Up hill and down dale the kiddie ran with the dog at his heels until his legs were aching and his little heart beat fast. Then he stopped, and Jock, enjoying the scamper, wondered what would happen next, and sat with his red tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Boohoo hoo boo hoo," came from somewhere near at hand. Jock pricked up his ears and ran towards the sound, and Dick followed. He found a dishevelled, dirty little boy tears were streaming down his cheeks as first one fist and then the other were rubbed into his eyes, turning his face into a

miniature relief-map of two muddy rivers.

"What are you blubbing for?" Dick inquired, sympathetically.

"'Cos I'm ungly," sobbed the little fellow.

"Hungry!" Dick echoed in surprise. It had never occurred to him that all little boys were not "Dick Manners," who could afford to throw custard-pies at little girls. So he set to work to turn out his pockets—pencils, string, two nails, rubber, tape, a curtain-ring, a doll's head, but nothing eatable, not even a piece of sticky toffee.

"Gimme your cose, and I'll sell 'em and buy somefing," suggested the waif. "I'm so 'ungry. Got a big pain 'ere," he wailed, rubbing his tummy.

This so moved Dick's innermost feeling that he threw off his coat.

"Ain't yer goin' to gimme your two-seys?" inquired the tiny child.

"How can I run about without trousers," said Dick.

"Wery well!" and the baby, clutching the coat tightly in his chubby arms, ran away. He had not gone far, however, when he came across a man with a bundle of papers under his arm.

"Me make two-seys out of papers," he cried with glee, and stealthily approaching the man, who was busily engaged in conversation with a friend, he grabbed the papers and ran back to his newly-made companion. Then helping Dick into a pair of paper trousers he hurried away to a nearby shop where resided "Uncle," and tip-toeing, handed the clothes to the man behind the counter.

"You little varmint! You've stolen 'em," cried the pawnbroker.

The accused one did not answer, but seizing a big coat which was hanging near, he scuttled away leaving the old man flabbergasted.

Meanwhile Jock, becoming weary of waiting, had returned home, carrying in his mouth the bow of ribbon which had adorned Dick's collar.

Reaching the house he ran to his mistress, who, now clean again, was taking her tea in the drawing-room.

"Jockie, darling," she cried in great glee; "where have you been? Why you've got Dick's bow——" she gasped.



"SOME FUN": Here you have your old favourites—Will Evans (on left) and "Pimple" on right—as Clown and Pantaloon in this new two-reeler just released. Will Evans is making his fifth annual appearance in Dury Lane pantomime.



"THE COMMUTERS" OUT OF YOUR BACK YARD

Mrs. Glynn rushed into the room. "We can't find Dick!" she cried. "I 'specks he's run away," sobbed Margery; and without another word she crept out of the house with Jack.

Dick was feeling odd, and the waif induced him to crawl into a large barrel which he had rolled from outside a shop. "A nice 'ouse for 'ee," he gurgled; and when Dick had scrambled inside, the little scamp gave the barrel a push. Down the side of the hill it trundled, sending pebbles and stones flying in all directions. At last a tuft of gorse stopped its further progress, and Dick, bruised and crying, wriggled out. The bark of a dog attracted his attention, and to his delight he saw Margery coming to the rescue.

"Poor Dick!" she said sympathetically. "You're not really ugly. But how did you get here?"

"That little 'unp pushed me down," he replied, pointing to a tiny figure on the hill. Margery burst out laughing.

"You've got no trousers on!" she cried. "No, he took 'em!"

The two previously sworn enemies were now sworn friends, and together they stumbled to the hill where sat the waif—his face wreathed in smiles at the thought of his mischievous deed.

"You naughty little boy," panted Margery. "Why did you take his clothes?" "C 's I was 'ungry."

"Well, come home with me, and my mummie 'll give you some food."

"Look at this!" gasped Mrs. Glynn and Mr. Manners together as the truant and their friend appeared.

"Oh, you wicked boy!" said Mr. Manners, shaking the miscreant.

"Margery, dear, why did you run away?" asked her mother, as the waif started to help himself to cake.

Dick and Margery often talk of the escapade which found them a nice little brother, for the waif has been adopted, and is now Jackie Manners.

Those Children is one of the many excellent subjects now being turned out in London as "British Oak" films. It is quite conspicuously good as a children's film, and M. S. Batley, who produced it, is to be congratulated. The waif was played by Baby Joy Beagrie, a wonderful little girl of three, whose portrait appears on "Uncle Tim's" page.

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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later.



"SOME" EVENING. - Martin comedy. One reel. A film with a moral—that in war-time it is unwise to dine too well.

- *Darwin's Film Sales Agency.*

IN THE KING'S SERVICE. Selig drama. Two reels. Tom Santschi. Illicit whisky-distilling in Canada. Terrific hand-to-hand fighting.

FRAUDS. - Essanay Drama. Three reels. Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn. A strong drama, in which these clever players act perfectly.

THE SLAVEY'S TRICK. - Pathé comedy. One reel. An amusing story, the denouement of which is as surprising and mirth-provoking as the rest of the film.

- *Pathé Frères, Ltd.*

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS. Thanhouser comedy. One reel. Harry Benham, Marguerite Snow. Ethel Cooke. How a millionaire was "had" by an American girl.

- *Thanhouser Film Co.*

ON CHRISTMAS EVE. Edison drama. One reel. Bliss Milford, William West, Robert Brower. A film dealing with the wickedness of unnecessary expense and its result.

SWEENEY'S CHRISTMAS BIRD. - Vitagraph comedy. One reel. Kate Price, Hughie Mack, Flora Finch. The tangle of a turkey, a drink, and a pig. Full story in No. 95, Christmas Issue.

THE PUPPET CROWN. - Jesse L. Lasky drama. Four reels. Ina Claire. A wonderful picturisation of Harold McGrath's famous novel, in which some realistic mob scenes are presented.

- *J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*

THE FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT. - World drama. Four reels. Robert Warwick. The period of the play is Napoleon's time; the plot is alternately entwined round the Royalist and Revolutionary factions.

- *Clarion Film Agency.*

THE FLIGHT OF A NIGHT BIRD. - Gold Seal drama. Two reels. Hobart Henley and Cleo Madison. Shows how a young millionaire works as a clerk to win his bride. Full story in No. 94, December 4th issue.

- *Trans-Atlantic Film Co.*

EVERYHEART. Beauty play. One reel. Neva Gerber and Webster Campbell. A charming mythical story of the spirit realms and the use of the gifts of Kindness, Passion, Power, Selfishness, and Protection. Story in No. 95, Christmas Issue.

- *American Co., Ltd.*

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ADDRESS

WE HEAR

THAT the cinema is so popular in the Navy that no fewer than thirty of H.M. ships are known to be running picture shows on board.

THAT Charlie, yes Chaplin, of course, is busy on a travesty of *Carmen*, with himself as Jose, and Edna in the *fillee-eele*.

THAT out of the grave of the old Tivoli in the Strand a fine picture theatre may arise, the management of which may not be unconnected with the Government.

THAT Agnes Glynn, as the heroine in the Samuelson film *The Dog Doctor*, has made a veritable triumph.

THAT Pathé's have a winner in this film version of Richard Leane's famous novel, and that *The Dog Doctor* is the first of their new Gold Rooster series.

THAT Lecocq, Ltd., 93-95, Wardour Street, W.C., will always be pleased to send a synopsis of their films to any PICTURES reader on application.

THAT the synopsis of *The Four Feathers*, and that of *Salomy Jane* are now both ready.

THAT *Doves up*, famous as a one-act music-hall sketch, is the new Turner film just finished, and is a four-reeler.

THAT Turner Films have now started on *Sally in our Alley*, with Hilda Trevelyan as Sal.

THAT Charlie Chaplin, who is an accomplished violinist and pianist, intends publishing his own compositions.

THAT our staff contributor, Ivan Patrick Gore, has just written a four-act drama, *Somebody's Heart is Breaking*, to be produced in February.

THAT, the title being touching and topical, we are not surprised that Mr. Gore is adapting the play for the cinema.

THAT Ruffells are using tube lifts for booming Metro Films, and incidentally stating where they may be seen.

THAT Fred Groves is playing the "Husband" in *Driven* at the London Film Studio, besides appearing in *Who is He?* at the Haymarket.

THAT, to advertise Henry Ainley in *Who is He?* huge posters are being exhibited showing a man's head disguised by a handkerchief covering the lower half of his features.

THAT one of our advertising friends requires Vols. IV., V., and VI. of PICTURES, and hopes that our readers will be able to provide them.

THAT the good, old-fashioned harlequinade is revived in *Some Fun* (in which Will Evans and Pimple appear), handled by Victory Films, Ltd., 29A, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

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screamingly ridiculous picture. It is the weirdest combination of
fun and fearlessness; of lions and laughter; terror and tigers;
giggles and goats; jubilation and jaguars; elation and elephants;
chuckles and camels; guffaws and a gorilla—but you'll have to see
it. Joe Martin is a real, live gorilla out in Universal City. Paul

Bourgeois is in charge of the Universal Zoo. In
this comic scream the gorilla is sent to him as a
present. Mr. Bourgeois is in the character of an old
maid. She goes to a circus, and Joe, following
unseen, unlocks all the animal cages and literally
"turns 'em loose." See it without fail.

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Black Fighter in British Film

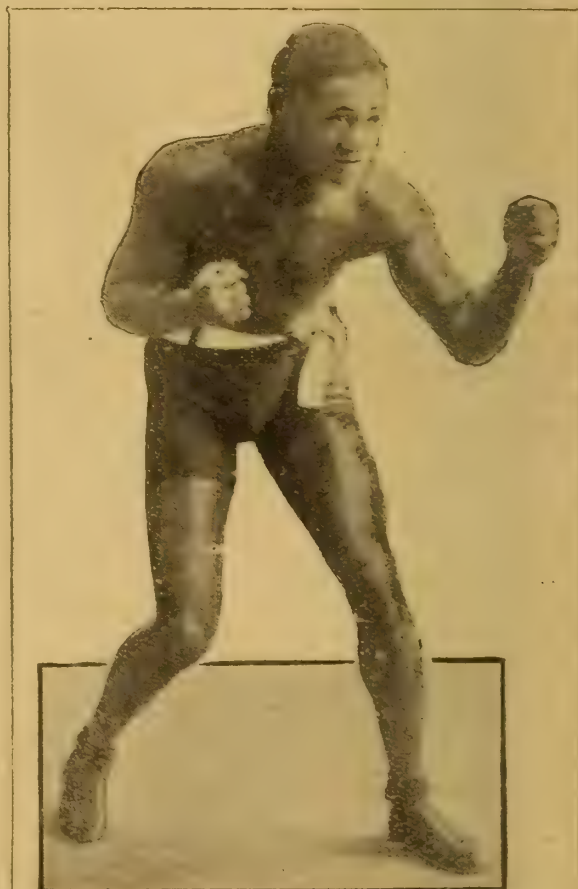
GEORGE GUNTHER PAYS US A VISIT

AS our readers know, the big black boxer in the Hepworth
play, *The White Hope*, is George Gunther, the middle-
weight champion. He visited our offices a few days ago,
and in a long and interesting chat told us something about
himself and those he has trained.

"How did I come to play in *The White Hope*? Why, Mr.
Whitecomb, of Hepworth's, met me at Plymouth where I
happened to be fighting, and engaged me right there.

"Oh, yes, I've been in moving pictures before—in France
and America. In my first picture, ten years ago, I ran some
risk. I went down a waterfall to save a man. The scene took
place on a swiftly running river near the falls. The husband
in the play secured a small boat to a long rope and went
fishing from it. The villain who had gone off with the man's
wife paid an accomplice to cut the rope, so that boat and
husband might be dashed to pieces over the falls. I had to
see the 'rope cutting' from the window of a railway carriage,
and as the train rushed over the bridge I jumped from it into
the river and hung on the boat as it went over the falls. I
saved the man's life really as well as theatrically."

As may be imagined, no man could have tackled such a
scene, no matter how plucky he might be, unless he possessed
herculean strength. And thanks to continuous training, Mr.
Gunther's splendid physique always has been and is now in
perfect condition. He weighs 11 stone 11b, stripped, and
although forty years of age looks much younger. He was
born in Australia. His grandfather hailed from Abyssinia
and his grandmother was French. He has boxed all his life,
and trained others in physical culture for twenty-four years.
He has taken part in 427 fights in America, Australia, France,
Japan, India, and in fact all parts of the world. His only
illness throughout life was an attack of the mumps, during



GEORGE GUNTHER READY FOR THE FAY.

which he fought in an 800/ fight. One of his pupils was the famous French boxer Georges Carpentier.

Have I been in London long? No; and this is my first visit. I lived for eight years in France, and came to England with my wife and two children since the war started.

I'm looking for a nice, large top floor on a hill near a park in Central London, where I can start a gymnasium and physical training school. But it must be under fresh-air conditions. I had such a school in America, and turned out quite a lot of athletes. My treatment is better than any doctor's medicine. The business man with a tired mind and flabby muscles needs stimulating, and physical exercise will do it for him. Mental tiredness slows down the circulation, dulls the nerves, lessens the secretion of the glands, and reduces the power of digestion; but bending and breathing exercises, regular walking, and careful dieting will soon make him fit. The keyed-up man may do two hours' work in one hour, but it can't last. He will need rest, and the right kind of bodily exercise will give it to him and make him fit both mentally and spiritually."

During his stay in our offices a recruiting band stopped outside, and Mr. Gunther, who recognised a sergeant, went into the crowd and made a stirring speech.

At the present time he is attending daily at the Y.M.C.A. in Tottenham Court Road, where he already has several men undergoing a course of physical training, and any reader who wishes to become fit should write to Mr. Gunther at that address.

The White Hope, the film in which the black champion appears, and the story of which was published in our December 18th issue, will not be released until March, but we strongly advise you to watch for this great British boxing picture.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Riddle-me-Ree.

Last week I saw *The Eternal City* six times, and I guess I know it pretty well now. The story starts with David's mother committing suicide and leaving David. His father comes back and learns of his wife's tragic end and enters a monastery; and the sub-title reads, 'Years later becomes Pope Pius XI.' Well, the story goes on, and all this time we are thinking the Pope is David's father, until about the seventh part, when the sub-title reads, 'The Pope is suspicious that David is his unfortunate sister's son.' Is David really the Pope's son, in which case the second sub-title must be wrong, or what? It sounds like a riddle, doesn't it? Well, I should like it solved. I went to see it all those times to try and fathom the mystery, but with no success, and six of my friends did the same."

L. R. (Croydon).

The Versatile Hand.

"I am writing to ask you why it is that the many British (and sometimes some of the foreign) producers allow films to be shown to the public in which the villain's, the heroine's, the hero's, the forger's, and the chameleon's handwriting is all the same? The present-day picture public takes notice of every detail nowadays, so why do they treat it as a chameleon?"

J. B. (Islington).



WHAT IS YOUR TITLE FOR THIS PICTURE?

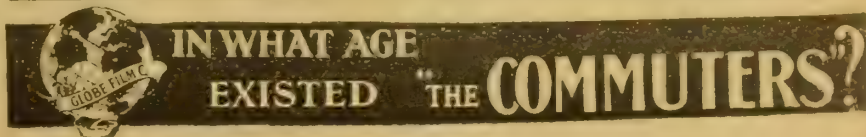
Write your choice on a postcard and address it to "Title," PICTURES Offices, 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, January 3rd.

A CHEQUE FOR ONE GUINEA

will be awarded to the sender of what in the opinion of the Editor is considered the best title sent in.

* * * * *

N.B.—Look out for our new big Free Competition, particulars of which will appear in next week's issue.



IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

The Grand March.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, the famous star of the Metro Pictures, led the grand march at the Fourth Annual Ball of the Motion-picture Exhibitors' League at Philadelphia on December 8th. Pauline Frederick was his partner and the "Who's Who" of the motion-picture world in the East attended the ball, which is one of the biggest events of its kind given for exhibitors and motion-picture artistes.

Appreciation that Pleases.

HENRY B. WALTHALL is receiving a new sort of mail. It is principally from literary men who applaud his work in *The Raven* and thank him for his earnest impersonation of Poe. These letters please Mr. Walthall vastly, for they are evidences of earnest appreciation, and there is no hint of vain praise or requests for photographs in them.

Dogs on the Film.

ROLLIN S. STURGEON, the Vitagraph producer, has a truly wonderful collection of dog teams at Big Bear Lake for use in his feature *God's Country and the Woman*. There is the John Johnson Siberian wolf-dog

team, which has won the Alaskan Derby for the last six years led by the famous Kolma, a blue-eyed dog of prodigious strength and endurance. Then there are Captain Smith's full-bred wolves and several dogs belonging to the Company. Several close-ups of these dogs in the snow make interesting Nature pictures.

Simian Scares School Teacher.

A WELL-DRESSED and very gentlemanly monkey, a member of the sacred Simian family of India, escaped from the Selig Zoo recently, and for a time caused quite a sensation among the residents of Garvanza and Highland Park. Incidentally the Simian gentleman ventured into the gymnasium of the Lincoln High School, and frightened Miss Elizabeth Worthen, the instructor there.

Fortunately there was no class in action, or hysterical rioting might have resulted. As it was, Miss Worthen alone suffered from the shock. Rushing from the building, she frantically called up every zoo in the city. Selig Zoo reported one monkey absent, and when told the missing Simian was seen immediately dispatched seven men to the spot. When they arrived he was gone. Tales from frightened natives about a monstrous ape roving around the streets finally trailed the fugitive and brought about his capture.

The monkey came to the Selig Zoo a month ago in company with another monkey of the same sort from India. They are said to be the only specimens now in the United States.

"Practice" makes Perfect.

JAMES RUSSELL, who for the last twelve months has been playing for the "New Agency" and "British Oak" Film Companies, has again gone into pantomime, playing his old part, "King Malice," in *Goody Two Shoes*. In a chat we had with him recently, he said: "I've been very busy on films this year, and have managed to play quite a number of 'stunts.' We started with *War is Hell*, *Remember Belgium*, and *Red Cross Pluck*. Besides these I have played in *The Dumb Man's Follies*, *Deliver the Goods*, *The Man Who Went West*, *The Brothers*, *Across the Wires*, *The Hour of Twelve*, *The Hottentot*, *Godless Robbery*, *The Cry in the Night*, and *The Day of Reckoning*.

"Yes, it's quite a bunch, isn't it? And I've had some exciting moments. I can tell you. I have been 'shot' and 'strangled' dozens of times, thrown over a balcony to the landing below, thrown from the top of a moving omnibus, dropped off various bridges into the water, smashed on the head with china ornaments, causing several cuts, pitched off a runaway bike, dislocating several fingers, fallen twenty feet down rocks at Purley, fallen off a ladder backwards on to the studio floor. Yes, it has been a nice, quiet time for Jimmy; but let me tell you, old friend, that these are only 'practice' stunts; we are doing real ones next year.

"I am quite glad of the pantomime interval to give my wounds time to recover before starting the New Year, and more films."

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— NO BRICKS —
— NO KICKS —
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EDITORIAL * GOSSIP *

NEW YEAR'S DAY is the date of this issue, and I take great delight in once more expressing the old wish—Happiness to all in the coming year. May we, I wonder, believe that 1916 will close a brighter year than its predecessor? Let us all hope and trust it will. So far as our industry is concerned, the dawn of a New Year gives promise of greater things to come. All the British studios are busy, and we shall have still more and still better British picture-plays. There's a good time coming, boys and girls, and the trials and tribulations that we are passing through now will help to make it all the brighter when it does come.

Have a Banana!

Did you notice that in a recent issue I published a sketch of somebody's feet, and in a merry moment offered a banana to the first reader who correctly guessed the owner of them? Would you believe it? Dozens of replies came to hand. The first letter opened said Billie Ritchie, the second one gave Costello (poor Maurice!), and the third won the banana for giving "Charlie Chaplin, which was correct. All the other replies varied. Isn't it wonderful? A fine fat banana was dispatched to the winner.

The "Brothers" Baggot.

In last week's issue King Baggot warned you as picturegoers not to be alarmed if you see him twice on the screen at one time in *The Corsican Brothers*. Since then I have noticed it myself. He really does appear twice several times in some amazingly clever double exposures in this Trans-Atlantic film of Dumas's famous story. The duel scene alone is superb, and I can honestly say that King Baggot has never done anything better in film-acting than this dual role of the brothers. And that is saying a lot. Jane Gail, too, is lovely, and I am not surprised to learn from the J. T. R. Syndicate, of 5, Gt. Newport Street, W.C., who control it, that the film is scoring everywhere.

Babies, Babies, Everywhere!

The American Company has been responsible for some wonderful productions, but I do not remember a more wonderful or more beautiful picture-play by this or any other company than *The Miracle of Life*, which charmed me and others of the Trade a few days ago. This four-part "American Distinctive Creation" has for subject "The Divinity

of Motherhood," and so carefully and daintily has it been dealt with that a fascinating story, coupled with exquisite pictures, has resulted. For sheer beauty in conception, screened or otherwise, commend me to the "Paradise of Birth," where, amid sheltered pools, cooing babies lay in lily cradles. I hope to publish the story later. Margarita Fischer is featured in this obvious winner which I note is being handled by the Kinematograph Trading Co.

Skulls at a Trade Show.

Mid mud and rain I wended my way with a party of pressmen to Shepherd's



DORA DE WINTON as Lady Sybil in *The Sorrows of Sabina*, a fine film, in which I am told she has a fine part.

Bush and entered Gaumont's great glass British studio. In sepulchral tones our names were announced as we stepped frightfully through a huge coffin, on either side of which were grinning skulls. We found ourselves in a vast vault draped with black, from somewhere in which came groans and awesome utterances. Somebody shook my hand, brought me back to earth, and led me through another door into a bright apartment, in which were snowy white tables bowed down with things that were good to eat and drink. I had my fill, like many others, and then proceeded to visit all parts of this wonderful build-

ing wherein it is intended to present some of the finest films possible in this or any other country. Of this studio and its work I shall have more to say in a later issue. Meanwhile, What those symbols of Death? you ask.

Ultus; the Man from the Dead.

The fact is that the specially invited exhibitors who filled the studio, transformed for the nonce into a handsome theatre, in spite of the black, were gathered to witness the first "Victory" film, the name chosen for Gaumont British productions; and the title of this wonderful five-reeler is *Ultus, the Man from the Dead*. I use the word "wonderful" with reason, for never have I seen so many surprising stunts in five reels of film. To tell you all that happened to "Ultus," a rich man wreaking vengeance on a faithless friend, would require many pages, and will be dealt with at length in a future issue of PICTURES. Enough for the moment to say that the film when you see it will keep you glued to your seats, and send you home wanting more of it. Aurele Sidney, a great favourite in Gaumont French films, and whom I met after the show, played the name-part, and George Pearson produced the play, in addition to writing the scenario. May I offer Mr. T. A. Welsh, the popular general manager of Gaumont's, congratulations for arranging so unique and so successful a trade show?

A Great Topical.

In contrast to drama and comedy is a film which shows us any phase of the war in the air is distinctly novel and interesting. *Fighting the German Air Raiders*, which I have just seen at the invitation of the George Palmer Exclusives, of Gerrard Street, is in many ways a wonderful picture. It includes scenes in the workshops in which England's aerial fleet is made, and unique pictures of English and German aeroplanes actually in the air and under fire. The films concluding portraits of famous French and British airmen, including the late Lieutenant Warneford, VC., are powerful and impressive.

Hazel Dawn Scores Again.

Another world-famous drama has been filmed by Famous Players, and I am glad I have seen it. *The Masqueraders*, the play by Henry Arthur Jones, is an ideal story for the screen, and Hazel Dawn, the heroine, as might have been expected, has scored again in a part demanding great dramatic skill. Here is a picture which, if you love melodrama, you dare not miss. There is no need to say that the crowds and scenic arrangements were perfect; in Famous Players plays they always are.

F. D.

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Because Turner Films have always been the kind of pictures I like to see.



THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Of course all my old young readers have seen our big Christmas Number (December 11th issue)? If any new reader has not done so he or she can get a copy for 2d. through any news-agent, or from this office for 2½d. Anyway, on my—or rather your—page in that issue I asked you to write a story round a "Santa Claus" picture, and oh what a time I had wading through the stories, which came in thicker than the snow in the picture itself! With a wet towel round my head, I managed to select what I thought were the best, and Christmas books, according to promise, have gone to the senders of these:—

Mabel Freeth, 15, St. George's Av., Tufnell Park.

It was Christmas Eve, and the snow was falling fast. Far away in his Northern home Santa Claus was gazing at the piles of toys which that night he would put into the thousands of little socks waiting for them. Suddenly he remembered one small boy who was lying weak and ill, whose parents were too poor to afford a doctor. 'What good will my toys be to him,' thought Santa Claus, 'if he is too ill to play with them?' He jumped up, and, seizing his thick, warm, red coat and cap, was soon plodding through the snow. Soon he came to a group of little houses, and knocking at the door of one he inquired if the doctor was in. Doctor Yak was very clever, he had wonderful medicines, and he was a great friend of Santa Claus. When he heard of the little boy's illness, he exclaimed: 'Ah, I know just what you want,' and he fetched a tiny bottle of liquid, which Santa Claus put in his pocket. An hour later, when Santa Claus came to the little boy's house, he filled his sack and



BABY JOY EUGLEAR

Who, though only three years old, has recently appeared in several films. As the worst imp in *Those Children* (see page 314) she has proved herself to be a born cinema actress,

gave him some of Doctor Yak's medicine. The town clock boomed midnight as Santa Claus filled the last sock. He returned home with an empty sack and a happy heart, for he knew that the invalid would be quite well by the morning, and that the return of his health would be the best gift he had received."

Doris Walter, Brandon Road, Selby:—

How calm and peaceful was the evening as Santa Claus wended his way to the doctor's house! But Santa had no eyes for the scene around him: he was very thoughtful, for he was going to fetch the doctor to a little one who lay at death's door. On reaching the house, Santa's heart failed him. The doctor was at the town twenty miles away. Tears stood in Santa's eyes. Should he fetch the doctor, and so disappoint thousands of little ones who were awaiting his arrival that glorious Christmas Eve, or should he let this little child die? He soon decided. Hastily filling his sack with toys, he started on the errand that would make happy the hearts of thousands. And the sick child—did it die? No! Fate had been kind, and now Santa often tells his story of how the children nearly missed their Christmas toys."

Hilda Walter, Brandon Road, Selby:—

It was Christmas Eve! The earth was covered with a thick carpet of snow, which shone and glittered in the moonlight like tiny diamonds. Never was there a more peaceful scene. The door of a cottage was softly opened, and dear old Santa Claus appeared on the threshold. He was dressed in his familiar red coat trimmed with fur, and as he made his way to the doctor's house he paused several times to admire the glorious scene around him. As he reached his old friend's house he was met with sounds of merriment. On opening the door a joyful scene presented itself. Children were dancing round a large Christmas tree hung with toys and crackers, and every one was happy. As Santa stepped inside he was surrounded by a group of excited little ones, all speaking at once. He

sat down by the cheerful fire at a table which groaned under the weight of good things. But before he ate one mouthful he remembered that the bright, cheerful room was not for him. Stealing softly away from the gay scene he left the house, and was soon in his sledge laden with toys starting on his errand of love that would bring gladness to the hearts of so many little ones.

G. B. Hammond, 601, Forest Rd., Walthamstow, "Ha, ha," laughed Santa Claus, as he left the doctor's house with a sack much lighter than when he entered. "Just one more and then I am finished." So saying he entered the next and last house on his round. Just as he was leaving he saw on the table in the middle of the room a beautiful sketch in blue and white of himself with a group of merry people round him. On the top of the book, written in large white letters, was inscribed "CHRISTMAS NUMBER PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER." "Ah! this is a find I am sure," he laughed, as he slipped it into his now empty sack. Next morning not only the children were happy, but also old Santa, who for some time devoured Christmas Pictures. After that day Santa continued to read the paper, and all Fairyland has become subscribers.

AWARDS OF MERIT. Percy Youmans (Northants), Liam Stanley (Burnley), Betty Jones (Nantymeth), Bessie Hook (Newport), Frank Conlan (Tunbridge Wells), Connie Lewis (Newport), Marionie Fairweather (Nottingham), Winifred Reader (Birmingham), Lillian Burgess (Swancombe), Dorothy Greensmith (Paddock).

ELISABETH RISDON PRIZES.

A lovely Doll for the girl!

A Jigsaw Puzzle for the boy!

I told you the other week that Elisabeth Risdon, the great British film actress, was desirous of presenting two beautiful prizes to a lucky niece and nephew of Uncle Tim. Now she informs me that she has finished dressing the dolly, and leaves it to me to tell you what to do to win it. Please, then, write your very best poem (one or more verses, just as you please) on Miss Risdon, who, as you are all aware, has played the leading character in a great number of British films. Many of these you must have seen, but I will refresh your memories. The films include *The Bulls of Rhinoceros*, *The Seaside Club*, *Black and I Suson*, *The Loss of the "Birkenhead"*, *It's a long, long way to Tipperary*, *The Idol at Paris*, *Her Nameless Child*, *A Home-coming for Three*, *Florence Nightingale*, *Beautiful Jim*, *Her Luck in London*, *Finn Ship Girl to Duchess*, and her recent great "London Film" triumph as Glory Quale in *The Christian*, which you will see at your cinema later. Miss Risdon, too, received the huge total of over 145,000 votes in our great voting contest.

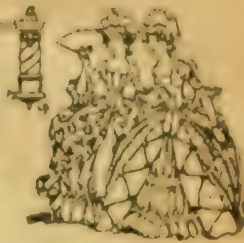
Now write your very best verse about her and to her, and post to Miss Elisabeth Risdon, PICTURES Offices, 85-86, Long Acre, W.C., on or before Tuesday, January 4th.

Remember that on this special occasion Miss Risdon herself will award the prizes, and not your UNCLE TIM.



REPLIES

Name and address (and for postcard reply) must be stated when writing. Write on reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in the next issue. Address THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



BUTTER (Cork).—Address: George Ford, c/o American Film Mag. Co., 627, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. The Editor likes shortly to publish a photo of Floyd Marshall.

ALICE (Reading).—"The Masked Wrestler":—"Louis de lauzen," F. N. Bushman, "Merry Winters," Beryl Bayle, "Her Father," Rapier Holmes, "M. Lefevre," Bryant Washburn, "The Lion," Paul Kras, "Thank you, Alice."

SPOT (Liverpool).—We have not heard that Kenneth Carey has been playing lately, nor do we know where you can write to him. Yes, Spot, we want your name and full address on your letters.

ELLEN (Dublin).—So glad you liked your P.O. prize. Cash is always useful, isn't it? Winifred Greenwood and Ed. Cosen played in "Beppo" with Geo. Field.

OLIVE (Chester).—Norman Yates played "Fritz von Tarlenheim" in "Rupert of Hentzau" (London Film). Please to welcome you, new reader, and thank you for interesting your friends in PICTURES. Yes, we like typewritten letters.

E. M. P. (Clyon).—It is nice to hear from a reader so far away. We sent you the postcards, etc., on December 26th and hope they have arrived safely. Thank you for Christmas greetings, which all the staff heartily recipiate.

JAMES (Liverpool).—"Peggy Lynn, Parlor" ("Fying A"),—"Peggy," Vivian Rich, "Terrell," Joe Galbreath, "Carson," Harry Von Meter, "Granny," Louise Lester, "Big Law," Jack Richardson, "Andy," Harry Fischer, "The Doctor's Brother" (Vitagraph),—"The Senator," Wm. Humphrey, "The Brother," A. Bantoff, "The Wife" and "The Daughter," Leila Baird, "Second Wife," Louise Bantoff. The others were not given.

ALICE AND JENNIE (Stockport).—Names and addresses next time, twins, please. Address: Herbert Rawlinson, c/o Universal Film Co., 1699, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Remittances for postcards should be made by postal orders or stamps (the former preferred). The Editor thanks you for kisses.

ISABEL (Leigh-on-Sea). Elisabeth Risdon played "Flora Flare" in "The Idol of Paris." Percy Winton played lead in "Moths."

BOOTHIE (Beetle).—No other films have been released featuring Hanny Ainley.

HOPKIN (Newport).—Your suggestion that we should publish a list of players containing names of those represented in our Puzzle Pictures would make the competition a "walk-over."

V. R. R. (Myatts Park).—Addresses you want are: Marjorie Snow, c/o Metro Film Co., 1,465, Broadway, New York City; Victoria Forde, c/o Selig Polyscope Co., 29, East Randolph Street, Chicago; Stewart Rome, c/o Hepworth Film Co., Aldon-on-Thames; and Bryant Washburn, c/o Essanay Film Manufacturing Co., 1,444, Argyle Street, Chicago.

W. S. (Westminster). Have sent your congratulations to Mary Pickford. The cast you want was not published. The matrimonial questions are beyond us.

MARY'S BOY (Hford).—You will see we have published your poem. You ask us to issue binding, cases, but most of our readers prefer to buy the bound volumes. Thanks for all your kind wishes.

A READER (Middletown).—You think PICTURES is "a lovely book," and your friends who now get it through your recommendation think the same. Thank you, friend, and many thanks.

LOVER OF PICTURES. Wood or cut.—Refer to the advertisements of Turner and Ideal, as the names of new films featuring Florence Turner, Ee Balfour played in "The Woman Who Did."

AN EXCITING MEIN (Brighton).—The English publishing companies have generally been remarkably the last two years, and a good number of first-class films seen in the papers have been purchased by them, and within the next twelve months you will see a great number of them in our columns. English stars, such as the industry from America, and consequently you see more of the latter. There is a small cinema studio at Brighton, but it is not frequently shown.



BLANCHE SWEET, THE LASKY STAR.

This is one of our new Coloured Postcards.

HAPPY OR LUCKY (Liverpool).—Our little booklet "How to Write a Picture Play" would help you considerably. The price is 2d. post-free.

COSTER (Birmingham).—All letters are answered here in their turn—and that depends on the number we receive—so you see it may take a month or six weeks. Your previous letter was answered a week or so ago. Nestor Film was issued under the Universal banner, and having connection with Keystone, the latter Company publish no casts of their films, but we believe Minta Durfee played in "Leading Lizzie Astray." The Famous Players Film Company is the title of a leading American producing firm.

HEINER (Nottingham).—The Postcard Manager has sent you a list as desired, and he is now waiting for your order, Bertie.

D. A. (Surrey).—Glad you like your prize—we knew you would. Address: Florence Turner, c/o Turner Films, Ltd., Watlington-Thames. Thanks for getting us new readers (the more the merrier). Have sent your love to Mary Pickford and a postcard list to yourself.

WILFRED (Canonbury).—The cast of "The Prisoner of Zenda" (London Film) is—"The King," "Rudolf Rassendyll," Emily Ainley, "Col. Sept," Chas. Rock, Michael Duke of Stransau, A. Holmes Gore, "Count Rupert of Hentzau," Gerald Ames, "Antoinette de Mauban," Mire Amie Bazzi, "Princess Flavia," Jane Carl, "Fritz von Tarlenheim," Norman Yates, etc. Gore was, we regret to say, killed in the Dardanelles. List posted to you as desired.

(Continued on next page.)

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VOLUMES 4, 5, and 6 of
"PICTURES."

Any reader having these for sale, send them to the Editor as soon as possible.

ARTY (Baltimore).—Address: Clara Kimball Young, c/o World's Photo Corporation, 139, West 44th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

JOHN (Ashfield).—We have picture postcards of all you want except two, and have sent you a lot. Have dispatched your love to Florence Turner.

IRVING (Chichester).—"Tragedy of Basil Greive" (Hepworth).—"Basil Greive," Stewart Rome; "Robert," Nashley; "Cecil," Morton; "Mr. Tothensel," Harry Gilbey; "Detective," John McAndrews; "Brenda Wellman," Marie de Solier; "Vera," Duncan; "Violet Hopson." We have not heard from Freddy Fryer, of Burnham (Bucks) for quite a long time; perhaps he is serving his country. There are, as you say, several Burnhams in this country: seven of them are in Norfolk, and, as the old catch goes, "All begin with an A." Can you see the joke, Bital?

MR. DISPERANDUM (Kettering).—So glad you like your prize. Both the companies you mention died long ago. Muriel Ostriche and Pau Bourke both played in "The Strike" (Solax), so one of these must be the one you are thinking of. We have no postcards at present of Fred Paul and Blanche Forsythe, Domino, Broncho, and Kay Bee. Rauds are all controlled by one firm. "The Battle of the Sexes" was the first of the special Griffiths brand.

I. M. (West Bromwich).—The Kalem Co.'s address is 245 to 239, West 23rd Street, New York City, U.S.A. Sorry we cannot trace the cast.

THIRERSA (London). Read our rules, and don't be so shy of giving your name and address. If you will repeat your query, giving name of company producing the film in question, we will do our best for you. See our interview with Earle Williams in a recent number—it will answer all your questions about him.

R. B. (Coventry).—For particulars of films, &c., for sale of the two companies, write direct to them:—Pathé Freres Cinema, Ltd., 103, Wardour Street, London, W.; and Essanay Film Service, 22, Soho Square, London, W.

JOHN (Porth).—We do not know the man you speak of. So passed your cash prize was useful. Hope your "moving" was accomplished satisfactorily.

ISAAC (Glasgow).—Confession is good for the soul Isaac—so we will forgive you. The price paid for a photo-play varies according to type, and merit; you might get five shillings or five guineas. Addresses of British Film Companies are continually being given in this page—look up your back numbers. Photo-plays should be type-written, as producers are busy men. You can send your plays to American Companies—not to players unless they are producers themselves. Shall expect you in future to live up to the motto at the head of your letter—"Ever True."

CONSTANT READER (Leith).—Have sent you another War Album. Address G. M. Anderson, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1,333, Argyle Street, Chicago, and Francis X. Bushman, c/o Metro Film Co., 1,465, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

J. H. (Brighton).—The World Film Corporation is an American Co., and is not owned by Pathé.

N. T. (Birmingham).—Mary Pickford's beautiful curly hair is her very own—so your friend is right.

MINNIE (Grimsby).—So sorry to hear your khaki brother-in-law is wounded; hope he will soon be fit again. Pleased you won a prize in our Competition. Win some more, Minnie. Yes, we are quite settled in our new offices, thank you.

B. S. (West Norwood).—"The Stoops to Conquer" is a fairly recent "London" film. Most likely it will be shown in your neighbourhood later on. Thanks for kind words.

MESIE (Sutton-in-Ashfield) would like "to act for pictures." Well, well, perhaps one day you may be one of the fortunate ones—*quien sabe?* Because two players play opposite each other in a film, it does not follow they are married, Elsie. Have sent your love to Herbert Rawlinson.

S. P. (Ryde) is one of our supporters since February, 1914, and has a standing order for PICTURES. That's the way not to be disappointed. Glad you are keen on our competitions.

JOCK (Reading). Vol. VIII. of PICTURES would be an ideal present for your sweetheart. The price is 3s. 9d., post-free, from Pictures, Ltd., 55 and 56, Long Acre, London.

JEREMY (Castleford).—We have beautiful new coloured picture postcards of Blanche Sweet and Pauline Frederick, price 1d. each, postage extra.

O. J. (Fallowfield). Your newsagent can easily get PICTURES from his wholesale agent, and you should have no trouble at all if you give him a standing order. Have sent you a postcard list.

P. S. (Bow).—"The Avenging Conscience" (Reliance);—"The Nephew," D. B. Walthall; "The Uncle," Spottiswoode Aitken; "The Sweet Heart," Blanche Sweet; "Italian," Geo. Seigmann; "Detective," Ralph Lewis.



THE ANSWERS MAN. COOLING HIS FEVERED BROW AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE.

L. C. (London, E.C.).—No cast was published of the film you mention. The boys at the front will appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending them a parcel of Pictures back numbers. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Victoria Forde, Earle Williams, &c.

REGULAR READER (Hove).—Alice Joyce still plays for Kalem. "Little Pal" (Famous Players) was filmed in California.

ONE OF THE BOYS (Dublin).—We have still a few of the Souvenir War Albums left. So send along your P.O. (1s.) for one before they are all gone—you can either hang it on your watch-chain or give it to your best girl for her bracelet. The Editor's fighting weight is not given; in his case "the pen is mightier than the sword."

MARIE (Eastwood).—You deserve twenty kisses for those twenty new readers. Anita Stewart, your favourite player, is now producing for herself at Baysboro, New York. We have only one kind of postcard of her. The story of "The Juggernaut" will appear in our next week's issue.

BON W. (Liverpool).—Our recent interview with Earle Williams will give you the information you want. Charlie Chaplin's "mousy," when of the hair variety, is affixed with spirit gum; if it isn't hair, it's the grease-paint. Why the American motor car has its lights shaded in the way you describe we don't know, dear boy. Robert Warwick's address was given in a reply on this page a week or two ago. We are all "in the pink," thank you, Bob.

W. F. (Leeds). It was indeed aggravating for you missing the first prize in our Foreign Film Players Contest. I wonder you neatly kicked yourself. The English players you mention are all of them strong personalities, and here are, as you say, many others, and a good number of the favourites in America hail from this "tight little island." Yes, piffle about films and players is often found in non-cinema papers.

L. B. (Waltham).—The address of the World Film Corporation is 139, West 46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

L. W. (Fulham).—Sorry we do not know the address you want.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over

Editorial matters should be addressed
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SMILES

As Usual.

HER: "An actor is born, not made."
SHE: "Of course, the poor woman is to blame."

A Clean Bill.

BILL: "Wat's this 'ere blank space on the bills for?"
JOE: "Dunno; praps it's for the blokes as can't read."

The Woman Who Did.

HUBBY: "It was so sweet of you to hold my hand at the pictures. It reminded me of our courting days."
WIFEY (aghast): "But I *didn't* hold your hand!"

Poor Mister Nobody.

The pretty little dresser answered the knock on the door of the dressing-room. Returning, she lisped, "It's only your husband, Madame. I thought it was a gentleman!"

An Amazing Achievement.

"I've just been talking to your wife."
"Good Heavens! How did you manage it?"
"Manage what?"
"To talk to my wife."

The Show that Sleeps.

EMPLOYER (to new doorman): "Has the cashier told you what you have to do in the afternoon?"
"Yes, sir. I am to wake her up whenever I see you coming."

Studio Sarcasm.

LADY VISITOR: "So that is the fire-bell? If a fire broke out you would ring it, I suppose?"
MANAGER: "Oh, no, Madame. I should walk up and down the studio and wring my hands."

Nothing Doing.

OLD GENT. (to beggar who has knocked at his door on Christmas Eve): "Why the devil don't you go to the Front?"
TRAMP: "I've been, gov'nor; but nobody answered, so I've come round to the back."

A Mince-pie Mystery.

"Good gracious, Freddy! Where are the mince-pies I left on this plate?"
"I haven't touched one, Mummy."
"But there's only one left."
"Yes, Mum, that's the one I haven't touched."

The Feast that Failed.

JACK: "Are you dining anywhere on Christmas Day?"
DOLLY (eagerly): "Er—no—I think not."
JACK: "Won't you be hungry on Boxing morning?"

The Hat Trick.

This notice used to appear in a conspicuous position in a French theatre: "The manager requests that all good-looking ladies will remove their hats for the accommodation of the rest of the audience." And never a hat was seen after the audience had once settled down in that theatre.

The Hepworth Page

Let's take a look this week at some big picture plays that you are likely to see at your own picture show most any week. Then next week we can discuss the Hepworth picture-players who have made these plays.

Court-Martialed

"Easily the most successful war picture"—that's what most every one says. Confidently, we believe that its success depends on the fact that there is no fighting. But there's a great story.



The Incorruptible Crown

Two brothers—this isn't the first picture that has dealt with the struggles and sacrifices and tragedies of two brothers through life. But this play does it so well—with such vivid interest—that it's packing picture theatres all over Great Britain.



The Sweater

To take the slums in war-time and to make them real and thrilling and yet at the same time teach a great truth—that's the accomplishment of "The Sweater." Besides, it won the big popularity contest at Manchester last summer.



The Man Who Stayed at Home

What enormous power there is in a combination of a big theatre and a big picture-play company—like Hepworth and the London Royalty Theatre. The way this Alma Taylor—Dennis Eadie film version of the



Royalty play has swept the country is marvellous—really.

this is the page you read first

'T WAS EVER THUS

Three Reel Drama
by ECLAIR.
Typically French
in treatment.

*A Drama the
Heart Feels.*



Telling the old story of one woman forsaken because the other has money. For the man life is full of everything fair and good. For the woman it turns to ashes of grief and destitution. "It's the woman who always pays." - -

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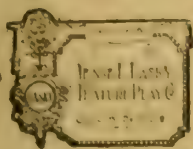
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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



JESSE L. LASKY

presents
The Dramatic Star

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WALKER**

in

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DARKNESS."**

A DRAMA

RELEASED
MONDAY, JANUARY 10th.

Produced by

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Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.

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of Famous Players, Jesse
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GERTRUDE MCCOY

The charming young Star of the Edison Stock Company (see p. 330).

IF

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**MAKE A NOTE OF THESE PICTURES AND
SEE THAT YOUR THEATRE SHOWS THEM**

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1916.

New Series, No. 99.



ROMAINE FIELDING. AUTHOR, ACTOR, DIRECTOR, AND MANAGER

Who has left Lubin to produce the new "Cactus" brand of films for Trans Atlantic. (See next page.)

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **MIDST WINTER SNOWS:** Bringing the Wounded in from the Russian Firing Line. 2. **FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS** for the Balkan Campaign at Salonika. 3. **LATEST FROM PARIS:** The latest afternoon robe from Paris, composed of a sea blue velvet foundation, with an overskirt of white voile, over which is worn a charming coat of deep blue satin; the sleeves are made of white voiles. 4. **CLEVER DOLLS** made by sailors of the Grand Fleet when off duty while waiting for the Germans to come out. 5. **A MODERN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE:** Sister Marimon, a Dutch nurse who has been decorated for service on the Belgian, French, and Servian Fronts. 6. **WAR'S HAVOC:** The ruins of a carefully prepared enemy position at ——— after a concentrated artillery fire. 7. **A HARD TEST** for Army motor-cycles at Coventry.

SHAKESPEARE AMONGST THE CENSORS

Film Censorships that would make the Immortal Plays look like a Belgian Cathedral after a German Bombardment.

"ALL comedies must have a serious purpose" recently declared the Censorship Boards of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The foolishness of ignorant local censorship in the States is glaringly depicted in a recent article by W. Stephen Bush in the *Moving Picture World*. "Even the censors themselves recoil from applying all their rules and regulations," writes Mr. Bush, who remarks that regulations like these make the immortal plays look like a Belgian Cathedral after a German bombardment. "In supposing that Shakespeare has fallen amongst them," continues Mr. Bush, "I have judged the Censorship Boards by their performances rather than by their theories."

Tried by this fearful test, only six of Shakespeare's plays escape unscathed. Of the others—comedies, historic dramas, tragedies—some are ordered to be suppressed entirely; others are mutilated out of all recognition; and others suffer more or less material damage. Here is an incomplete list of the detailed results set down by Mr. Bush:

COMEDY OF ERRORS.—Passed by Ohio censors. Pennsylvania censors deplore the lack of serious purpose in this play, but find no detailed objections and let it pass.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Not approved. The strange mixing of the sexes leads to immodest thoughts. A woman masquerading as a man and *vice versa* violate the State law and many city ordinances. Shakespeare does not claim that a licence for this masquerading was properly obtained.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Eliminate Scene i. in Act III. It ridicules respectable mechanics and serves no good purpose whatever. The use of a so-called love-juice is strictly against the rules of the Board. Cut out latter part of Scene ii. in Act III. Reduce all passionate love-scenes to about six feet.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The scenic views in this play may stand, but Shylock must be reduced to a flash, otherwise the tendency to ridicule the Jews will cause the entire suppression of the play.

WINTER'S TALE.—Cut out entirely Scene iii. in Act III., showing the abandonment of an infant, which is contrary to the statutes of our States in such case made and provided.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Not approved. Aside from the levity with which matrimonial questions are treated in this play, we cannot tolerate the ridicule thrown upon Dogberry and Verges, the representatives of lawfully constituted authority. These two estimable officers of the law are held up to ignominy and obloquy.

THE TEMPEST. No objection to the scenic views and the spectacular parts, but we insist that Caliban be either eliminated entirely or reduced to a flash.



AS SEEN BY OUR ARTIST.

(With apologies to our own British Board.)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—Everything after Scene vii. in Act III. must come out. Helena has recourse to a degrading artifice which is bound to shock orderly and respectable married couples and may stimulate false sentiments in the breasts of our young men and girls. All the prolonged and passionate love-scenes between Bertram and Diana are especially objectionable and must be removed in their entirety.

KING JOHN.—All reference to burning out eyes of Prince in Act IV. must come out. Scene i. in Act III. is offensive to Catholics and must be removed.

RICHARD II.—Remove Scene iv. in Act I. as likely to excite prejudice against the rich and thereby inciting class hatred. Cut Scene v. in Act V. as it consists almost entirely of acts of criminal violence.

RICHARD III.—Not approved. This play abounds in crimes and villainies.

HENRY IV. (Part I.).—Suppress Scene ii. in Act II. as it plainly shows an act of highway robbery. Suppress all scenes in Eastcheap tavern, because vulgar and disgusting.

HENRY IV. (Part II.).—Suppress *Shallow and Silence*. These caricatures of our lawful courts and judges breed a disrespect for law among the young. Suppress *Dolly Tearsheet* and *Falstaff*. The latter character is scandalous in every respect. His actions with *Dolly Tearsheet* cannot be visualised without grievous moral harm resulting to our children. Suppress all scenes laid in Mrs. Quickly's tavern. Such resorts will not be tolerated in this State.

KING HENRY VI. (Part III.).—Omit Scene i. in Act I., showing bloody swords, all the fight between Warwick and York, and all the gruesome sights in Scene iv. of the same Act. Omit greater part of

Scene v. in Act II. as too horrible for portrayal; in Scene vi of Act V. omit stabbing affray (King Henry and Gloucester).

KING HENRY VIII. The divorce proceedings of the King against Catherine of Aragon are pointed out in too much detail. They might have a bad effect on married couples, and must be reduced to a flash. Scene iv. in Act I. must be radically changed. The sub-title, "He would kiss you twenty times with a breath," must be omitted and the kiss following title must be reduced to normal length ordained by Board. Scene iii. in Act II. must be omitted as tending to corrupt young of both sexes. Omit Scene v. of Act V. as it might give offence to a large division of Christians.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.—Not approved. The play is altogether too horrible and gruesome. There are too many deeds of violence and crime, and no soothing elements whatever. There is also torture and mutilation of which the Board cannot approve.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Cut out Juliet. Here is a girl just in her teens conducting herself in a most unmaidenly fashion and opening her window in the night time or possibly in the early hours of the morning, to a young man to whom she has never been properly introduced. This play abounds in the very kisses and embraces and passionate love scenes which the Board has repeatedly condemned. There are too many street brawls of extreme violence. Reduce these to a flash of about ten feet. The Board has frequently announced its disapproval of the administration of secret sleeping potions, and all such scenes in the play must come out. The ball which Romeo and his companions appear in may remain as it is—educational in character.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Omit entirely Scene ii. in Act III. Scenes ii. iii. iv. and v. in Act IV. These scenes show a disgraceful understanding between Achilles and a daughter of Priam. Cressida's conduct is positively immodest. Omit all passionate love scenes and reduce the frequent embraces and kisses of Troilus and Cressida to the length of one embrace and one kiss of the regulation length fixed by the board.

OTHELLO.—A coloured man marrying a white woman may give offence. The play may, however, be shown with the following eliminations: Cut out Iago. His conduct and language cannot be tolerated in a respectable community. Omit entirely Act V. This Act shows the smothering of Desdemona and the suicide of Othello. Two such terrible crimes in one short Act will not be approved by this Board.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—The assassination of Julius Cæsar must be eliminated, as plainly offending against the rules of

Cinematographic Cartoons. No. 49: 'PICTURES' COMPETITIONS

the Board. As the plot, however, requires that the fact of the death be conveyed to the spectators, two courses may be pursued. Mark Antony may be shown receiving a letter announcing Caesar's death, or Caesar may be shown dying a natural death caused by rheumatism or old age. Reduce all riots to a flash. Omit Scene in Act III as plainly contrary to rules of the Board.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Eliminate Cleopatra. Her professed contempt for marriage and her plainly adulterous passion for a married man and her habitual cruelty to her slaves stamp her as a woman from whose dreadful example the boys and girls of Ohio or Pennsylvania must be saved at all hazards. There is a snake in this play. It is true that the snake is small, but its effect on the women and children cannot but be deleterious.

KING LEAR. Not approved. This play is a grave menace to the family life and the homes of Pennsylvania (or Ohio). There are at least four shameful and scandalous family discords and disruptions involving criminal relations on the part of husbands, wives, illegitimate offspring, and faithless servants. Bloody and barbarous scenes abound (death of Cordelia, blinding of Gloucester, almost habitual tearing out of eyes, inhumanities of Duke of Cornwall). Immoral scenes, too, are scattered through the play. Adulteries, poisonings, and acts of degeneracy are constantly met with. Never have the rules and regulations of our Board been more recklessly violated than in this play.

HAMLET. Not approved. This play is too hideous to receive the approval of our Board, which has repeatedly ruled out the very things in which this play abounds. "The drinking of hot blood," for instance, and the doing of such "business as the bitter day would quake to look on" is highly unbecoming and might amount to disorderly conduct or even graver crime. Such things will not be allowed in the State of Pennsylvania (or Ohio). Evidently the author never heard of our rules and regulations, else he would have omitted at least all the capital offences.

MACBETH. Not approved. This play visualises several murders in the first degree and a shocking suicide committed by a woman. The conduct of Lady Macbeth, if we permitted it to become generally known in Pennsylvania (or Ohio) would undoubtedly have a corrupting influence on our people, and especially on the young of both sexes. What this woman says she would do to her own suckling baby if it stood between her and her ambition is not fit to be known by the young matrons of this State. If the producer will cut down the play to the scenes showing pretty scenes in the Scottish highlands, we will be inclined to give it our approval.



HOW THEY BEHAVE

Hero, Villain, and Detective in well-worn Scenes on the Film.

When commanded to obey.

HERO: "Nevah!"

VILLAIN: Disappears through secret sliding panel.

DETECTIVE: Whilst pretending to obey, signals the police.

When the scene calls for contempt.

HERO: Holds his head high and sniffs.

VILLAIN: Blows cigarette smoke in helpless victim's face.

DETECTIVE: Buttons up his coat, or unbuttons it.

When his enemies are vanquished.

HERO: "Thank God!"

VILLAIN: "So, ho—er! I have vanquished you at lar—r—st."

DETECTIVE: "A mere nothing, my dear Watson."

When the heroine refuses his love.

HERO: "If I cannot be your lover, at least let me be your protector."

VILLAIN: "I'll bend you to my will yet, you beauty. (Curse her!)"

DETECTIVE: He never proposes.

When he is arrested.

HERO: "Good-bye, Pauline! Courage, dear heart! All will come right in the end!"

VILLAIN: Kisses the heroine's hand and retires, bowing with mock courtesy.

DETECTIVE: "Remember, all you say will be used as evidence against you."

When the heroine begs for help.

HERO: "While I have one drop of blood in my veins you shall not need protection."

VILLAIN: "Stop this whining. Come, can't we be friends?"

DETECTIVE: "Fear nothing; trust me."

When facing the rifles to be shot.

HERO: "I am a soldier's son, and will die as such."

VILLAIN: "Ha! Ha! I defy you all!"

DETECTIVE: Is rarely, if ever, seen in such circumstances.

When he is tied up.

HERO: "These cords must give, will give, shall give!"

VILLAIN: "Curse them! Will these confounded knots never move?"

DETECTIVE: "Quite easy, I assure you, my dear Watson."

When he is badly wounded.

HERO (to heroine): "Tis nothing—a mere scratch."

VILLAIN (trying to stop flow of blood with handkerchief): "dash it all!"

DETECTIVE: Forgets he is wounded, and runs about like a two-year-old.

When he is asked to write in an autograph album.

HERO: Calls you "dear Admiree," and is most charming.

VILLAIN: Writes poetry about you. (Sings) Isn't it wonderful?

DETECTIVE: Promises you a photo, and forgets. (What a brain!)





SEEING STARS

Little Interviews with Big People

A Dressing-Room Chat with FRANK BORZAGE

"GOOD morning!" said Frank Borzage as he sprang out of his big red racer. "You're around early!"

"Yes," I replied; "because I want you to tell me something about yourself, and I can never catch you later in the day."

"Well, come right in and I'll do my best for you," continued the genial picture-man, whose portrait is in our Gallery on the page facing.

In his dressing-room he urged me to make myself comfortable in a big chair; and as he stood in front of his bureau sorting over his morning mail I made a mental note of this popular actor's appearance. He is slight in build, with delicate features, crowned with a luxuriant mass of curly brown hair. As those who have seen him on the screen will agree, he has a wonderful control of facial expression—in five minutes he can be ingenuous, lovable, heroic, sad, or the type of the black sheep who arouses distrust and, maybe, antipathy. He is a great favourite amongst his co-workers; probably because he is charming to every one. His many screen successes do not make him swollen-headed—he takes them all with a mild simplicity which tends to popularise him more than ever.

When he had finished counting his letters he turned to me and said, "Well, really I've not much to tell you. I have been in pictures only a short time. I was first of all with K. B. Broncho and Domino; then I played lead for Mutual in the five-reeler *The Cup of Life*. Now, as you can see, I am hard at it for the American Company."

"Have I had any thrilling adventures? Rather! That's what I live for. When I was playing in *A Romance of the Sawdust Ring* I was nearly done in by a lion. You know Ince is a stickler for realism, and when this lion went for the heroine and myself I had as much as I could do to keep it off with the pitchfork. Once or twice I really thought he had us, and after a terrific struggle, which lasted about three minutes (at the end of which time Ince came to the conclusion that there was enough thrill in the stunt), I managed to beat off my opponent. He was abso-

lutely disabled, so believe me there was no fake about it. Then I have nearly been dashed to death twice when leaping over rocks.

"What other films have I played in? Dozens!—I forget their titles, but recent pictures are: *A Friend in Need*, in which I play opposite Beatrice Van, *Alias James Chaffeur*, *Tourings with Tillie*, in which Neva Gerber plays opposite. Then there are two other Beauty films, which I must not mention. Gee! it's ten after ten, and I'm due ten miles off for a prairie scene. I must get a hustle on; but do come again soon."

Concerning our Cover Portrait GERTRUDE MCCOY

THE subject of our front cover this week is known to all picturegoers.

They love her for her beauty, her personality, and the intense earnestness that lies behind her dramatic work. To her associates in the Edison studio she is known as a quiet, modest, and desperately hard worker, ready to take any chance of life or limb that may be called for.

But there is another Gertrude whose name has appeared on the screen as an author of scenarios—Gertrude Lyon—and it may not be generally known that the two are one and the same. In venturing into the field of authorship Miss McCoy assumed that *nom de plume*. Her first story, *What Could She Do?* was considered with the hundreds of other plots received at the Edison studio, and produced in three reels. It made a triumphant success.

With her pretty head not a bit turned, Miss McCoy went to work on another. This when read by one of the Edison directors caused him to remark, "That's the best three-reel scenario I ever read. I hope I can produce it." He did, and the result was *On the Stroke of Twelve*. This play made even a bigger success than the first one. A prominent Baltimore exhibitor said, "Give us pictures like that and we shall have all the features we want."

Both of the above plots were frankly melodramatic. Miss McCoy, for all her youth, has a lot of good ordinary common sense and believes in writing what the intelligent public wants rather than exploiting any particular notions of her

own. There is a lesson here for scenario writers in general. Moreover her plots are models of workmanship. They are among the very few scenarios that the Edison studio has been able to produce, even to the sub-titles, almost exactly as written.

"I believe in quality," she says, "rather than quantity. My spare hours are not many, but I spend them in going over and over my situations until I feel sure they are right. Since my first two I have written more plots and made further successes."

In the two plays mentioned Miss McCoy's triumph was doubled, for she played the rôle of the heroine.

Miss McCoy is a Southern girl, first having seen the light in Oxford, Tennessee, where she first and very early showed interest in an aptitude for the stage in amateur theatricals. Before her advent into pictures, nearly six years ago, she had already had considerable stage experience and success. She has appeared exclusively in Edison films.

Miss McCoy's favourite diversion is motoring, and she drives her car with the same nerve and skill with which she undertakes daring film exploits.

"Salad Days—Camera Days!" says DOROTHY GISH

"OUR camera days!" The expression on the lips of Dorothy Gish, the younger of the two noted Gish sisters caught the attention of the interviewer who was watching the young star play before the camera some scenes in *Betty of Geopston*, a feature filmed by the Majestic Motion-Picture Company to be exhibited by the Triangle Film Corporation.

"Our camera days!" he repeated to this younger of the galaxy which was associated with the fame of David Wark Griffith.

There was a pause in the filming while stage-carpenters did something in a distant corner of the studio. In another corner was "Kid" McCoy, once champion light-weight pugilist, but now turned photo-player to support Miss Gish. The "Kid" was teaching jiu-jitsu tricks to George Fawcett. "The" George Fawcett of the stage. They had been playing rural roles, and wore overalls and wide-brimmed straw hats. Little Miss Gish wore a short, pathetically sagging dark dress, and shoes typical of the countryfied young girl which she was impersonating.

All this the interviewer noted in the

(Continued on page 336.)



WHEN DO
"THE COMMUTERS" COMMUTE?

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



FRANK BORZAGE, one of the most daring young actors in pictures. He is now with the Beauty Company. (See page facing.)



IVY CLOSE, the English beauty, who, unfortunately for picturegoers, has not appeared in film plays for some time past.



ARTHUR M. CULLIN, the English actor, popular in "London" and other films, whose work is dealt with on page 336.



KATHLYN WILLIAMS, the famous Selig lead. This portrait, enlarged, in colours is offered to our readers at 4d. post-free.



EVENING had fallen upon the little farm. The toil of another day was over, and two fond, tired parents watched their only son John as he pored over a musty tome which seemed to him the gateway to a life more useful than coaxing an almost barren farm to yield an increase.

Life to the Ballards had not been a walk along a flower-strewn pathway. Rather had it been a long, hard grind, and if they could lift their boy out of the rut they would die content. With a gleam of hope, John's mother remarked to the elderly man: "He's going to be a big lawyer some day, father."

* * * *

Away in the city, at another fireside, a father awaited the return of his son, but it was late at night when the butler admitted him. Philip Hardin was the son of the president of the N.Y. and V.C. Railroad. His conduct was fast breaking his father's heart. "My boy," said the old man sorrowfully, "do you ever stop to realise what your future will be if you continue this sort of life?" The son made no reply, and another day closed upon a father bitterly disappointed in the failure of his only boy to realise the responsibility of life.

A few weeks later James Hardin, accompanied by Philip, boarded his "special" to tour the line. The railroad was a mere ribbon of metals across the land. The company ran the road to make money, and its condition was awful. That morning Ballard's father left the farm to drive to the town with produce. He was fated to meet the special. The horse took fright, and the farmer was killed. A man ran to the farm with the news, and the wife and son saw the dead body of the husband and father in front of the engine.

"It's your damnable railroad system," shouted John; "no gates, no signals. It is murder!" He would have struck the president had he not been held back.

Mrs. Ballard never recovered from the shock following her husband's death, and within a few months John was left alone in the world. "Sell the farm, my

THE JUGGERNAUT

Adapted from the Wonderful Vitagraph Drama

By ALEC J. BRAID.

boy, and follow your ambition," were his mother's last words, whilst the doctor advised him to "Cheer up; go to college, and study law."

Thus it came to pass that John Ballard studied hard at the college at which Philip Hardin was also an undergraduate. There was nothing in common between the young men. John was a serious worker; Philip gave no serious thought to anything. Where he failed in the mid-year examination, John won a high place in the lists.

The memory of the past remained with the successful student. He could not bring himself to be friendly to the son of the man whom he considered morally responsible for the death of his parents.

Even Philip's small soul saw this, and one day he said to John: "I know you don't feel very kindly towards me; but what happened was no fault of mine."

"Perhaps not; but if your father had improved the state of the road, I should not have lost my parents."

"Let's call it off and be friends," said Philip cheerfully. "I shall want a tutor, and we can work together," and they shook hands upon a compact to which John proved his loyalty.

Philip brought his gambling instincts to college, and one evening during a crooked game among crooks, he was found out. The discovery was the signal for a fierce fight, and matters were turning out badly for the young fellow when Ballard passed the house. Through the window he saw Philip being hard pressed. Without a thought for himself, John burst into the room and laid about gamely to extricate him. "Red Hogan," their leader, was in the act of shooting down Philip when John saw the action, and felled the leader to the floor with a chair. Then the young men escaped.

The morning papers brought dire intelligence. "Gambler found dead. Examination proves that blow on the head caused death. No clue to the murderer."

"You did that for me," said the gambler, "and it shall be a secret between us which I shall never violate."

Graduation day came at last. John had won premier position in his class, and Philip was among those who expressed their congratulations. He had long ago come to regard John as a real man, and when a girl friend crossed the quid-rangle he said to John, "I want you to meet Miss Viola Ruskin."

* * * *

When he left college Ballard started at the bottom of the ladder, but soon gave signs that he was capable of rising to eminence in his chosen profession.

One day he met Viola, who, explaining that they had just returned to town, invited John to call.

He paid his first visit when Philip was

at the house, and the annoyance felt by that young man at the preference Viola showed for John was reflected in the face of Mrs. Ruskin, who was anxious that her daughter should marry the railroad millionaire's heir.

Viola, however, was unconscious of the strain. "I am going to my first dance on Tuesday evening," she said, gaily. "You must both promise to be there."

Philip had real love for the girl, and between the dances would have told her of his love; but Viola preferred John, and skilfully avoided the avowal Philip was anxious to make.

Love for a sweet girl and the prospects of a high position in the commercial world did not wean Philip from his dissolute ways. His card-playing left him short of money, and regularly his unpaid bills were sent to his father.

The old president stood this as long as he could, but his patience was exhausted when he said:

"My boy, I mean business this time. You have got to marry and settle down, or I will cut you off without a cent."

Then Philip realised that his father was in earnest, and made haste to carry out his wishes. He was too late. Viola had already accepted John and in reply to Philip she said, "I am only free to regard you as a very good friend."

"Well, I might have been more if it had not been for John Ballard," he retorted savagely. Then he poured out his troubles to Mrs. Ruskin.

"Don't be foolish," said her mother. "Viola is not old enough to know her own mind. Be patient."

The turning-point in Philip's career was reached that day. His father died



"I WANT YOU TO MEET MISS RUSKIN."



"YOU HAVE GOT TO MARRY AND SETTLE DOWN."



JOHN (EARLE WILLIAMS) AND VIOLA (ANITA STEWART).

of heart-failure, and the irreparable loss he sustained had a profound effect upon him.

The news of the magnate's death decided Mrs. Ruskin to take a hand in the direction of her daughter's love affairs. John was a favoured caller, and that evening on entering the drawing-room unannounced he overheard Viola's mother say to the girl, "If only for financial reasons, you must marry Philip Hardin."

"But I do not love him, mother."

"Love will come after, my child."

John, unseen, withdrew. The happiness of the girl he loved was very dear to him, and he made the great sacrifice. Late the same night he wrote to Viola: "I think it best to release you from our engagement. Financial reasons prevent me marrying you at the present time."

A few weeks later John read of Viola's marriage to Philip; a year later Viola died in giving birth to a daughter.

Twenty years passed, years full of activity for both men. Hardin had become a director of the N.Y. and V.C. Railroad, and Ballard was the District Attorney. Their lives had drifted apart, and they had not met since the early days of Hardin's married life. The conditions on the railroad had not improved. In fact, they had grown worse, and Hardin, to whom the passing of years had not blotted out the scene of old Ballard's death, was becoming anxious.

There had been numerous wrecks on the road, and one day Hardin called upon Jordan, the Secretary, in regard to the newspaper attacks. Again there was a newspaper sensation, and the fourth disaster in a month was attributed to rotten ties.

To Jordan, Hardin's attitude was disquieting. He had hitherto brushed aside such attacks, but now he saw that the better policy would be to implicate Hardin in the direct control of the road.

"How would you like to be president as your father was?" he asked.

Hardin thought that in such a position he could watch more closely the working of the road, and said as much.

Jordan smiled, and reminded the director that sometimes the new president would have to take instructions from him.

Thus it was that when Hardin and Ballard met for the first time in twenty years, the former was president of the road responsible for the death of Ballard's father. The District Attorney invited his old friend to his house, and a few days later Hardin called with Louise, his daughter, whose striking resemblance to her dead mother stirred memories within Ballard. It was the first of many meetings, and Ballard, despite the disparity of their ages, began to love Louise, whilst the girl was not insensible to the sterling qualities of the well-known lawyer.

The running of the road did not improve. As president, Hardin came under the influence of Jordan, and hardened his heart against the persistent attacks upon the corporation.

Louise could not understand the attacks. "Why," she asked her father, "are the papers so antagonistic?"

"The newspapers must have a sensation, my dear," he said, to satisfy her; but he saw that things were getting critical. Ballard, too, was becoming uneasy. He intended bringing matters to a crisis, and, wishing to spare the president a public exposure, called upon him to discuss the matter.

"Hardin, I have come to ask you to stop juggling with the finances of your road, and run it for the safety of the public."

"We deny that there is any juggling. Let me hear what Jordan says about it."

Over the phone came the secretary's reply: "Pay no attention to criticism of any sort. We are running this road." The president had received his orders, and Ballard saw that nothing he could say would avail. "I have tried as a friend," said he. "Now I will go for you legally. Remember!"

Nothing now remained but to see what the law could do. A subpoena was served upon Hardin, and Brandon, one of the clerks, was ordered to secure a job as track-walker on the road, and

follow the instructions given to him by the District Attorney.

The night before the trial Hardin determined to force his opponent's hand. Ready to grasp at the slightest straw, he remembered the desperate escapade of their college days, when "Red Hogan" was killed. Yes, that would do. Threatened with exposure, Ballard would drop the case. It was a brilliant idea, and Hardin at once went to the District Attorney's residence, and forced his way into the study.

"Are you going to drop the case?" he asked. "It will be better if you do."

"You and your crowd can't scare me. I am going through with this case just as I promised you," retorted Ballard.

"No, you won't," replied Hardin, who still had his last trump card to play. "I wonder how the people would like to hear that their District Attorney is a murderer! That twenty years ago he killed a man in cold blood!"

Staggered by the foul blow, Ballard faltered. "You would expose that affair, in which I saved your life?"

"I would," said Hardin, and, chuckling with glee, he promptly left the study.

While the distracted Attorney faced the prospect of a ruinous exposure, the confident president went home, where Louise awaited him.

"Will you win to-morrow, father?"

"Yes, my dear. It will be an easy victory for me. I know something about the District Attorney's past, and he won't dare press the charges."

But when the evening mail arrived Hardin opened a letter that smashed all his hopes. In great astonishment he read:—

"Believing that you might have heard that your friend Ballard killed 'Red Hogan,' I am writing to tell you that the chair only knocked him out for a little while. Afterwards he had an argument with Carson, and in the fight with him was knocked down and killed." "He must not know," muttered Hardin under his breath. The letter fell from his fingers, and before he realised the fact Louise had gathered its contents.

"Give me that letter!" he shouted.

"I will not. Mr. Ballard must know."



HEADLONG INTO THE GREAT LAKE BELOW
THE TRAIN PLUNGED WITH ITS LIVING
FREIGHT

This real railroad disaster forms one of those stupendous scenes for which the Vitagraph Company are now so famous.

"Unless you hand me that letter I will take it!" cried the infuriated man, seizing his daughter.

"If you destroy that letter, father, you will destroy all the love and respect I have for you," gasped Louise, and the defeated man ceased the struggle.

Unknown to her father, early the following morning Louise called on Ballard before he left for the trial.

"Read this letter, Mr. Ballard," cried Louise. "It came to father last night."

"And you have done this for me?" replied the attorney, recognising what the action cost the girl.

"Yes, the case must be fought fairly,"

Disarmed, Philip Hardin had to face the consequences resulting from continued bad management of the road. The opening of the case went badly for the corporation. Fighting every step of the way, they obtained an early adjournment to enable rebutting evidence to be produced. Hardin thought that certain documents were in his room in Railroad Buildings; but they were not. The secretary phoned the president to say that the production of the evidence was vital.

"I left the papers in the safe at my country place," replied the president. "My daughter is there, and she will bring them at once."

An imperative ringing of the

bell brought Louise to the phone, and she heard her father's voice. "You will find papers relating to sections 476-480 in the safe. Bring them to me, and come along at once in the auto."

Louise found the papers, and within a few minutes started on the long drive to the city. Misfortune early overtook the girl. The car broke down, and she was stranded many miles from her destination. "But the railroad was close at hand, and the officials offered to stop the 1.30 express to enable her to reach her father in time.

Then she wired her father: "Auto broke down. Am coming on the 1.30 express.—LOUISE."

Quite near the city, Brandon, the man from the District Attorney's office, was examining the road. He was not at all satisfied with the condition of many of the ties, but he found nothing really serious until he came to the bridge crossing the lake. Here he discovered a completely rotten tie and several others in a weak condition. That section of the bridge was unsafe. Knowing that the 1.30 express was due, he ran to the station and telegraphed to Hardin: "Bridge section 476 in terrible condition. Unsafe for trains to cross.—BRANDON."

At all costs the train must be stopped. It would never do to have a disaster on the day of the trial. And—merciful Heaven! had not his daughter telegraphed that she was coming on the 1.30 express?

"Reynolds!" shrieked the president, "bring the terminus section map."

Feverishly he scanned the road, and saw that the 1.30 was even then rushing toward the bridge, and, if Brandon was not deceived, to destruction. An ordinary life did not matter; but Louise was dear to the hard-hearted president. Louise must be saved.

Seizing a cap, he cried to Reynolds, "Get busy on the phone, and I will try and head them off."

The clerk called up Brandon: "Stop the express at all costs."

"It's too late!" came the answer.

A motor-car rushed Hardin to the dock, and a motor-boat, churning the water at top speed, sped across the lake in the endeavour to attract the attention of driver or guards. It was useless. No one paid the slightest heed, and Hardin, in a last frantic effort, was landed to



dash across the stretch of marsh which led to the fatal bridge. A forlorn hope!

Before he left the phone Brandon learnt from Reynolds that the president's daughter was on the train, and he got into communication with Ballard.

"I fear another disaster. Ties on the lake bridge are in a terrible condition, and the train is very near it. Reynolds, the clerk, tells me that the president's daughter is on the train."

Would the railroad, by its rottenness, rob Ballard of his second love, as its wealth had of his first? He could not prevent the accident, but he might save the life of the girl.

Unconscious of the fate overhanging the train by reason of the negligence of the corporation of which her father was the head, Louise's only fear on the journey was that she would be too late.

Mighty in its onward rush, the train neared the bridge. No earthly power could now prevent a terrible disaster. Brandon made no mistake when he wired that the bridge would not hold. Half-way across the trestle, the train almost paused, trembling, human-like, at the doom it could not avert. Under the first coach the bridge tottered, the rotten timbers cracked and crumbled, and headlong into the great lake below the train plunged with its living freight.

Wild shrieks for help rent the air. Amid the deafening explosion of the bursting boiler, the cries of the drowning pierced the ear. On the marsh Philip Hardin saw the great train crash through into the waters. His overwrought nerves gave way, and he fell dead, a victim of his neglect and cupidity. The Juggernaut of Fate had crushed him to death.

Before the rear coach had toppled from the rotten bridge people were hastening to the rescue. Pushing his way clear, the District Attorney plunged into the lake, and swam to the wreck in the hope of saving the girl he loved. . . .

With tear-filled eyes and heart raging with madness at the criminality of the corporation, he forced his way through the windows of a coach. Tenderly he handed Louise to a waiting boatman, who rowed them ashore, and carefully and reverently he laid his sweetheart's seemingly dead body on the ground, as he realised that twice the railroad had robbed him. . . .

But Louise was not dead. She recovered consciousness, waking to see the man she loved bending over her in the bursting grief of a strong man. She touched his hand, and Ballard looked down.

"John!" she murmured, and their lips meet in a first sweet kiss of love.

This four-part Vitagraph Blue Ribbon production, which took America by storm, has been described as "the Colossus of Modern Railroad Dramas." Anita Stewart plays the dual rôle of Viola and her daughter Louise; Earle Williams is John; Julia Swayne Gordon is Mrs. Ruskin, and William Dunn is Philip Hardin. It is exclusively controlled by the Gaumont Film Hire Service, and will be released on Jan. 17th.

"TIDES THAT MEET."

A Picturesque Drama in 3 Acts.



IT is doubtful whether a more thrilling picture has ever been screened than this new 3-part production. The scenes are laid in Mexico, a land "where revolutions are a habit, and work an inconvenience." It is a feature crowded with thrilling situations and hairbreadth escapes, and is enacted by a powerful cast headed by

**BRYANT WASHBURN, ANN KIRK,
EDMUND COBB.**

Ask the Manager of your local cinema when he is going to show this film. Tell him it is sure to be up to the usual excellence always associated with

Essanay

When you have seen it, write and tell us what you think of it. We shall be pleased to receive your criticism.

Essanay Film Service, Ltd, 22, Soho Square, London, W.

SEEING STARS

(Continued from page 320.)

short space of time during which the actress smiled an interrogation at him.

"Our camera days!" she repeated in her turn. "Don't you know what camera days are? Why they are what Shakespeare called 'Our salad days,' the days when we are green and tender, when we are young."

"But why attach the camera to salad days?" the interviewer persisted.

"Because they are days before the camera for us only as long as we are young," responded the girl. "Don't you know how old I am? I am seventeen. My sister Lillian is nineteen. Loretta Blake, Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady is seventeen. All of the Griffith women stars are young. The eye of the camera is not to be cheated, and it is the eye of the public millions."

"Hence we cannot offer up to the great god 'Camera' a mere illusion of youth for youth itself, as they do on the stage. We must give it youth—hence we are all young."

"After youth goes, what then?" the interviewer asked.

"Well, some of us go upon the stage to play character leads," Miss Gish responded, "and some of us stay before the camera to do odds and ends, all of which reminds me of my one great ambition. It is to cheat the camera."

"I don't mean that I shall always stay young. Mountains of cold cream are consumed in that vain feminine hope. But I wish and aspire in each succeeding period of my age, my life—to attain to the height of my art for that period."

"That is to say, I wish before I leave girlhood behind to play young girls as they have never been played before, so that my creation will live in cold film," the young star laughed. "That's our immortality, cold film."

The interviewer stated bluntly that he thought Miss Gish had attained her aerial ambition as far as girlhood was concerned.

But Miss Gish paid no attention to the compliment.

"Then, when I am a young woman," she continued, "I want to develop my art so that I will play young womanhood to the full of dramatic possibilities. And then comes middle-age. I desire to appear on the screen the sort of middle-aged woman that everybody will want to see as a heroine, and so with old ladies."

"I believe it possible thus to round out an artistic career through the various ages of woman, and then, too, by that time the photo-play will have so highly educated its public that there will be much art for Art's sake, and love will not necessarily mean all to the audience."

From Footlights to Films
ARTHUR M. CULLIN

"GOOD afternoon!" It wasn't really, having rained continuously for over a week. We looked up from our editorial desk and saw the smiling face of Arthur M. Cullin, and then the afternoon seemed good anyway.

"Miserable weather!" he ejaculated, as a sort of afterthought, and we agreed as we proceeded to make him as cheerful as possible.

"By the way, Mr. Cullin," we said, "we don't think our readers have ever been told about your film work." And that's how it happened—this little interview we mean—for the actor, after a lot



ARTHUR M. CULLIN in a strongly dramatic part. Photo shows him with Hilda Moody in the poison scene in *Whoso is Without Sin*—, the fine Ideal production.

of persuasion, commenced to give us some interesting particulars about himself.

"Well," he began, "to start with, you are aware, I know, that I am one of the oldest members of the original 'Savoy Opera Company,' and after that engagement I took the baritone's part in George Dance's *Duchess of Dandzig* Company. I was touring for many years, and finally settled down in London in those successful productions *The Earl and the Girl* and *Officer 660*."

"Oh, yes; I am quite an old picture player. I've had four years of it, three of those years being in the Stock Company of the London Film Company."

"For them I played in *The Sons of*

Satan, *A Luncheon Engagement*, *Trilby*, *Pearls* (one of the late Captain Holmes Gores' productions), *The Black Spot*, *The Middleman*, *His Refraction*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Menace*, and *England Expects*."

"You have seen and admired them all! Well, that's very nice of you to say so. I agree with you that 'London' films are all first-rate productions. Since playing for them I have appeared in the 'Ideal' prize story, *Whoso is Without Sin*, as Thorne in the Turner-ideal film *The Great Adventure*, and in the character-sketch of the Rev. Hughes in *The Devil's Boatman*, Percy Nash's last production for Trans-Atlantic. I have lately concluded the character lead of Roger Hoskin in Eve Balfour's new film *Love*, a picturisation of Rathmore Wilson's famous novel."

"You've heard me sing!—Where? Oh! at the London Opera House *matinee* for the Cinema Ambulance Fund—Oop from Zoumset! Yes; I'm so glad you liked it. I sang also at the London Film Staff Concert at Richmond for the same good cause. I sing a good deal, and am very fond of singing."

"Tony" Cullin, as his friends call him, is the possessor of a fine baritone voice, a penalty which makes him popular in places where they sing."

"Hobbies? I have little time for 'em." Mr. Cullin smiled and paused to relight his cigar. "Golf and cricket are my favourites; put me on a decent eighteen-hole course and I'm happy. Then I do a little swimming and running, so you see I am not lazy; but acting for pictures is really my chief hobby. I like it better than anything. I am positive about the future of British productions and British players. Given the chance, they are bound to win."

And so say all of us. Before he left we induced Mr. Cullin to promise to send us his latest portrait and now we have reproduced same in this week's Gallery of Players.

LEAH BAIRD
On Uncertainties

LEAH BAIRD babbles over with fun when off the film, but there are times when she can be serious. This is not only when she plays emotional parts her favourite kind for I managed to catch her, writes our special interviewer, Ernest A. Dench, in one of her thoughtful spells between scenes at the Vitagraph studio.

"Yes," she said, "our lives are full of uncertainties, and, especially do I realise this since I entered the motion picture field four years ago. I hate to think of it, but if anything should happen to one of us leading players, the effect would be felt in more ways than one."

"We cannot double like our theatrical brothers and sisters. A photoplay is completed once, but a stage play is acted

Get in line
with

"The Commuters!"

Picture Plays in Pen and Ink. No. 3.



**"CHARLIE
AT
WORK"**

THE "ONE AND ONLY" AT WORK (?) AS SEEN BY FRANK R. GREY.

night after night; that's the difference.

"Once a photoplay has been put on, the leads have to be on the job until it is completed. This was for 'at home to me in *Tried for His Own Murder*, a forthcoming Vitagraph production. I have had a beautiful Scotch collie since he was a pup, and he played with me in this film. When we had only half completed it my pet died. It was fortunate that we had taken all the mountain scenes, and if when you see the film you may think me unkind not to have taken the dog back to the city with me you will know the reason why."

During our interviewer's visit Miss Baird remarked:—"The effect of the European War is far-reaching. It has even stopped our pilgrimages abroad for 'atmosphere.'"

And she is qualified to speak on the subject with authority, as she made a trip to Europe in 1913 to play in Universal productions.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

A Belgian Enjoys "Pictures."

"I am a Belgian residing in England since the fall of Antwerp. I may not always have the opportunity of reading your most interesting paper, as I shall have to join the Army; although I hope I will have it sent to me when I am in the trenches. I wish everybody would read your PICTURES. I am sure they would enjoy it as much as I do."

M. R. (Pontypridd).

From a Delhi Reader.

"Thanks very much for forwarding the papers. They were very much appreciated by all the boys out here. Pictures seem such a change after the usual run of penny papers. Out here we have had quite a hot time. We have had a lot of trouble on the frontier, and have lost numbers of our men. It seems so strange that the people at home should not hear much about the scrap, for it was really quite serious. But now we are back again in Delhi, and things have quietened down a lot up away on the frontier."

E. H. (Delhi).

Tea-bone Stew.

"I had such a good laugh the other day. I really couldn't help it. I happen to know a young gentleman—in fact, have known him since I was a very little girl—and he is very fond of travelling. On his last visit abroad he went up to Cobolt and took on the job of cook in one of the silver-mines. While he was there a 'movie' stock company visited the place to take a lot of scenes for a film. Of course it was something fresh for the miners, and they made some remarks that set the leading lady laughing so that she couldn't stop. Then the lovely hero strode over to the bunch of 'boys,' and alas! said a few naughty words! Anyhow he was a real good American fellow, and when he walked into the Café at night I think he must have been quite a favourite; but the leader of the strikers—perhaps you can tell me his name—was not very popular, so I gather. Well, the gentleman I know cooked the hero's supper for him, and he told me that it was 'tea-bone stew' he made. Now I had better tell you the name of the film! Why, it was *The Dollar Mark*, and when I read that the leading man was Robert Warwick I had to chuckle. This story is quite true, and if I get the chance to see the film I'm sure I shall burst out laughing at the thought of Robert eating that stew."

I. N. (Watford).

"Another Mystery."

"I suppose you have heard about that black servant in the *Melton Place Mystery*? Well, my sister says some one told her that she knew a boy who went home from business the other night and found this girl at his house. He says that she was his girl before she acted for pictures, and she has just come over from New York to B— for six months. He says she isn't black really. Do you think this is true?"

M. D. G. (Birmingham).

Mary's Hair.

"I have been wondering if Mary Pickford's hair is her own or not, because I saw her in a Biograph film called *The School-mistress and the Wolf*, and her hair was the same colour, but straight. But, nevertheless, little Mary is just the same. Her face loses none of its brightness or sunny smile."

D. D. (Birmingham).

An Eastern Favourite.

"I have recently received the *Rangoon Times* from India, in which a cinema theatre advertised the film *Sensation*, and Warren Kerrigan as being 'the strongest man in the world.' But it goes to prove that Kerrigan is as popular in India as he is over here."

B. M. V. (Walworth).

"Picturas" or Physic?

"A friend said to me the other day, 'You should give up magazines and practise war economy.' To her astonishment I replied, 'Bosh! If I gave up my dear little PICTURES the doctor would be prescribing a tonic for me, which would not be economical at all.' I did enjoy the Christmas Number. I read it as I knitted a pair of the one hundred socks I am doing for our brave lads, and that sock did not grow quickly while PICTURES was around."

C. T. (Bristol).

Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

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New Year Happily.

Spend some part of it watching the absorbing EDISON PLAY—"ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE," a type of yarn that will hold you spell-bound and which is told in the most realistic manner by EDISON STAR PLAYERS.

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You'll laugh until the tears of pure,
unrestrained mirth run down both
your cheeks, and your sides ache with
the joy of it. That's why you should
ask your local cinema manager to
book more Nordisk Comedies.

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"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 11. THE LADY HARPIST.

AMELIA SHARP, when she fingered the harp,
Had never a fear of a rival;
She towered as high o'er the commoner fry
As the edifice known as the Eiffel.
Her charms were divine and angelic in
fine,
A most satisfactory eyefull.



Now Wilkinson Smith
was a gentleman
with
A critical taste for
a maiden;
He thought she looked
sweet in her col-
larette neat
And sleeves with
vermillion braid on.
He listened all day
to her harmonies
gay
From Leoncavallo
to Haydn.

She plucked at the strings and extracted the
things
Reposeful, to charm and make ire less;
Her digital force seemed a matter of course,
Eternally active and tireless.
But Smith—naughty boy!—shot eye-messages
coy,
For his optics were quicker than wireless!

She would not betray her emotions that
way,
So Wilkinson Smith found it better
The maid to ac-
quaint with his
fatal complaint
By stating his
symptoms by
letter.
He wrote: "Nearly
dead! If you'll
promise to wed
I'm certain, I
think, I'll get
better!"

Although poets say that the amorous way
Runs smoothly, 'tis not as they've taught us;
For often enough it is crooked and rough
To one if not both of the courtiers.
She sent him a line:—"I am bound to decline!
I've a husband and eight little daughters!"

"BRIAN."



"INDIGESTION

CHRONIC FOR THREE YEARS."

"DISCHARGED AS INCURABLE AFTER
FOUR MONTHS IN THE INFIRMARY."

"INDIGESTION PAINS WERE SIMPLY
TERRIBLE."

"UNABLE TO TAKE ANY SOLID
FOOD FOR A WEEK AT A TIME."

"SPENT ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY
ON TREATMENT."

'CURED by YOUR WONDERFUL CICFA.'

"Cicfa acted like a charm. I am off to the Front again, and I
am pleased to say that I am going out a different man, not
much like what I was when I went to Belgium last January.
Make what use of this letter you please."

PRIVATE C. WILLIAMS, of the
7th ROYAL FUSILIERS, wrote
**ALL THE ABOVE
STATEMENTS.**

He wrote the letter in gratitude,
a short time ago, after three years
of misery, pain and disheartening
treatment for Chronic Indigestion,
both at home and in a well-known
infirmary, where he was for four
months.

Cicfa enabled him. WE ARE NOT
SURPRISED. You DOCTOR, if
he has used Cicfa, would not be
surprised.

Cicfa cured Private Williams and
cures thousands, because it contains
that combination of Digestive Fer-
ments which Nature must supply to
the Stomach and Bowel if your food
is to be properly digested. You
have Indigestion when those Fer-
ments are not being supplied in
proper quantity. By taking Cicfa
you take enough of those Ferments
to ensure complete digestion of all
the Alimentary food, like eggs and
meat, in the Stomach, and all the
Starchy food, like bread, potatoes,
Veans, &c., in the Bowel. Thus all
the nourishment is extracted from
all your food. It passes into the
blood, and on to nourish your
whole system. Fermentation
ceases, so that you do not suffer
from gases or distressing Flatulences
with that "feeling of fullness after
eating," nor from hard masses or
"Starch Balls," and Constipation
with all its misery, weakness and
discomfort. Your blood grows
purer and richer, because nothing
except pure nourishment from
digested food enters your blood.

Thus you can be sure
that after taking Cicfa,
whether you are "off
to the Front" or off to
work or staying at
home, you will soon
feel like Private
Williams—that is, a
different person, whether
you are Man,
Woman, or Child.

Cicfa has been
taken up by nearly
10,000 British doc-
tors, many of
whom have written

us of the splendid results
secured upon themselves
and patients.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects
your Digestion more than you realise.
You know how worry of enaffects the
Stomach, indeed, the whole alimen-
tary tract. Nausea and even vomit-
ing often result from anxiety. If
you are worried at present (who is
not worried?), your Digestion is
weakened, while, on the other hand,
your ability to resist worry is
lessened through weak digestion.
Keep your digestion perfect, not by
taking Purgatives, which upset it,
not by Dieting with consequent
Starvation, which increases the Ind-
igestion, but by eating liberally and
regularly, and taking Cicfa to assist
digestion, because Cicfa alone con-
tains those natural Digestive Fer-
ments which, when present in
sufficient quantity and in absolute
purity, make Indigestion impossible,
and make Digestion perfect and
certain.

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pose upon you by selling you
one of the 47 worthless imita-
tions of Cicfa (at 6d. or 7d.)
— now on the market.

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away from home causes Con-
stipation. That is not the
Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion.
Cicfa is the only cure.

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pon, and **one penny stamp for postage**,
and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful
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No person given a second sample.



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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later.



THE GIRL WITH THE RED FEATHER.—Selig feature drama. One reel. Bessie Eyton, Edwin Wallock. Another good detective story.

WIFFLES AND HIS FAIR RELATIVES.—Pathé Comedy. One reel. M. Prince. The well-known French comedian at his best.

THE DEEP PURPLE.—World drama. Four reels. Clara Kimball Young. A story that interests and holds the audience.

—Clarion Film Agency, Ltd.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK. Edison drama. Two reels. Robert Brower, Harry Beaumont, Margaret Prussing. A story of a thief and his exposure. Magnificent ballroom scenes.

WHEN THE CLARION SOUNDS.—Ambrosio drama. Two reels. Based on an incident in the present war, and containing many scenes of actual fighting.

—Chas. Urban Trading Co.

MIKE ALONE IN THE JUNGLE.—Martin Comedy. One reel. Ernest Westo. Mike finds himself in foreign parts, does great deeds, becomes a hero, and wins "some" prize.

—Darison's Film Sales Agency.

CHARLIE AT THE BANK.—Essanay Comedy. Two reels. The one and only falls in love with the typist, but discovers a rival in the form of another "Charlie," with dramatic results.

SINS OF THE CITIES.—Nordisk drama. Three reels. Ebba Thomsen. A gripping story of Cabaret life, in which a mock marriage and a murder are two of the thrilling incidents. Full story in No. 93 (Nov. 27th issue).

MISS FATTY'S SEA-SIDE LOVERS.—Keystone Comedy. One reel. Roscoe Arbuckle. She gets out of her depth whilst bathing, but her numerous followers and the police prove to be equal to the occasion.

—Western Import Co., Ltd.

THE SENOR'S SILVER BUCKLE.—Flying A drama. Two reels. Edward Coxen, Winnifred Greenwood, George Field. A story of crime and hidden treasure, with a background of California in olden times.

—American Film Co.

THE LILIPUTIAN'S COURTSHIP.—Novelty comedy. One reel. George Anger and Mrs. Tom Thumb. Don't miss this film, which features the tallest man in the world (over eight feet) and the smallest woman.

—H. A. Brown & Co.

THE BABY.—Reliance comedy. One reel. Olive Johnson. Baby Guerin, Violet Radcliffe, and Francis Carpenter. The perilous adventures of a baby in a box which is washed out to sea. "Tiger," a mastiff, makes a dramatic rescue.

—The New Majestic Co.

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME.—Famous Players melodrama. Four parts. All star cast. A good story of the old-fashioned sort, with a happy ending altogether too uncommon in these days of morbid productions.

—J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.

THE GREAT RUBY MYSTERY.—Gold Seal drama. One reel. Herbert Rawlinson, William Worthington, Anna Little. Detective mysteries always appeal to the public. In this one a valuable ruby is stolen, and its hiding place disclosed by a somnambulist.

—Trans-Atlantic Film Co.



SIX HALF-PLATE PHOTOGRAPHS

Taken from the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

P.O. or Stamps value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

WE HEAR

THAT Louie Freear, of *Chinese Honey-moon*, and other stage-plays fame, has been filmed by Trans-Atlantic.

THAT *The Lady Slavey*, specially written for her, is the film in which she appears, and that same is British and exceedingly funny.

THAT J. Warren Kerrigan has a niece, who is the daughter of his twin brother Wallace. "Virginia Richdale" is the first baby-girl born at Universal City.

THAT *The Screen*, the clever little trade weekly, is making even greater strides under new editorship, and a special feature of articles of absorbing interest to the industry.

THAT Lucoque, Ltd., have arranged to produce in addition to *She*, already announced, other famous novels by Rider Haggard, including *Apsara* and *Kisar Solomon's Mines*.

THIS enterprising house has also arranged for the filming of the evergreen "Scarlet Pimpernel" series of novels by the Baroness Orczy.

THAT a valued member of our advertisement staff has joined the Royal Flying Corps, and is training at Farnborough.

THAT the circulation of this issue of PICTURES has gone up many thousands in advance orders.

THAT a new, novel, and interesting scheme is being prepared for our readers, and will be announced shortly.

THAT over one million dollars are spent annually by American film firms in advertising their productions to the public, and we have reason to believe that this sum is well under the mark.

THAT Cyril Maude has just finished playing opposite Lois Meredith in a Pathé Gold Rooster film, *The Greater Will*.

THAT Constance Talmadge was severely wounded in the right ankle by a blank cartridge whilst playing in a picture.

THAT after an absence of over a year from the screen Florence Lawrence is to return to her old love—pictures.

THAT Mary Pickford's brother Jack makes his *début* with Selig in *The Making of Crooks*.

THAT Alma Taylor is a wonderful dancer, and that her teacher was Margaret Morris, who is perhaps the most famous dancer in England.

THAT Chrissie White has lately been the recipient of some very fine letters from America.

3 TRANS-ATLANTICS OF UNUSUAL INTEREST.

"BY RETURN MALE."

Imp Comedy. 950ft. approx. Released Feb. 14th.
This is the first picture in which appears "Slippery Sam," the famous funny man, under the direction of Ray Clements, late of Essanay.

"INSECT CELEBRITIES."

Powers In are to 480ft. approx. Released Feb. 14th.
The first of a series of wonderful Nature pictures, representing the life and habits of strange animals, insects, and reptiles. They are fascinating beyond description, and will be released regularly on the Trans-Atlantic programme. Book them all!

LOUIE FREEAR IN "THE LADY SLAVEY."

Trans-Atlantic A-British Comedy. 1,000ft. approx.
Released Feb. 17th.

Every picturegoer has heard of Louie Freear, the stage-comedy star, and will look to see her in this picture in a part which she made famous, that of a "slavey." This comedy has been specially written for her and is exceedingly funny.

THE TRANS ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.
Universal House, 37-39, Oxford St., London, W.



HOWARD ESTABROOK

as "Capt. Harry Feversham"

in

CAPT. A. E. W. MASON'S

thrilling story

"THE FOUR FEATHERS."

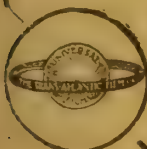
This man, who thought himself a coward, lost all that was worth living for, got four white feathers from his best friends, and finally redeemed his good name by stirring acts of bravery and self-endurance, is the central figure in one of the finest film-dramas of the year.

Write for a synopsis. See the film, then write and tell us how you like it.

CONTROLLED BY

**LUCOQUE Ltd.,
Film Renters,**

93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET,
LONDON, W.



CHILD'S BRONCHITIS

Speedily and completely cured by Veno's.

MRS. DING, of Blue House, Thrinfott Lane, near Northallerton, says:—
"I'm sure nobody need ever incur the expense of doctor's attendance for coughs and bronchitis when there is such a splendid remedy as Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. My first experience with Veno's was some years ago when my little Lily fell ill with Bronchitis. She was only six months old then, and she suffered terribly. She got no sleep for coughing, and her breathing was so difficult that I was afraid she would choke. She could not get the phlegm up at all, and nothing that I could do seemed any good till I got Veno's. The effect of that was simply wonderful. She got ease at once, and soon was as well and bright as a child could be. She is now a fine little girl of six. I am never without Veno's now; it is worth pounds to any mother for the trouble and anxiety it saves."

In homes unnumbered throughout the British Empire Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the recognised family remedy. It contains no narcotics, no dangerous drugs of any kind, but is suitable for old or young from infancy onward.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE



Lily Ding, Northallerton.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:—

COUGHS & COLDS
BRONCHITIS
LUNG TROUBLES
INFLUENZA
SORE THROAT

11 ¹/₂ d.
a bottle.

ASTHMA
NASAL CATARRH
CHILDREN'S COUGHS
BLOOD SPITTING
BAD BREATHING

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- Size is the most economical.
Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.



Mackintosh's
brings back your
boyhood's joys.

Because you are "grown up" it does not follow that you should relinquish all those boyish pleasures. And Mackintosh's is better than anything you ever tasted as a boy—far more wholesome and nutritious than the toffee you use to eat. Take some of both home every week-end.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich
Cream blended in the "Mackintosh
Way."

We take as much care in selecting
and blending our Peppermint as we
do of the other ingredients in
Toffee de Luxe.

All Confectioners sell both, 4-lb. tins, 5/-, or 1/4 per lb. loose. Sold also in 1s. tins.
G. M.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Redness	Roughness	Eczema	Acne	Spots
Pimples	Psoriasis	Rashes	Scurf	Blotches	Rosea

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. Peppin & Co., Ltd., 37, Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and is sold in bottles at 1s., 3s., and 5s. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Start the New Year Collecting

PICTURE POSTCARDS OF POPULAR LAYERS.

Any 14 for 1s., 38 for 2s. 6d.; or
100 with Beautiful Album for 7s. 6d.

New Postcard List on Application.

PICTURES, Ltd., 85 & 86, Long Acre, London.

FIND THE FILM

OUR GREAT NEW PICTURE COMPETITION.

**NOTHING
TO
PAY.**

£65 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES

1st prize, £10; 2nd prize, £5; Ten of 10s. each.

TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

**BEGINS
THIS
WEEK.**

This time we present actual scenes from picture-plays and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once**. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the first set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the second set in next week's PICTURES. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10, and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Name

1st SET.

Address



Example: 1. Scene from "Mixed Wires."
Letters used: **D E I M R S W X**



2. Scene from
Letters used: **A D E H M N O S T W Y**



3. Scene from
Letters used: **I N R S T U**



4. Scene from
Letters used: **A B E H R T**



FEELING RUN-DOWN

PIPPY, OR SUFFERING FROM BLUES?

MERSON MIXTURE

WILL PUT YOU RIGHT.

THREE
VARIETIES

according to
symptoms.

“A SPANISH LOVE SPASM”
“THE MAN IN POSSESSION”
“THE ONLY MAN”

SUPPLIED BY CINEMAS ONLY

THE GLOBE FILM CO., LTD.,

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RENEW YOUR ACQUAINTANCE WITH

GUS YORKE

The Creator of “Potash” in
“POTASH AND PERLMUTTER”

AND

ROBT. LEONARD

The Creator of “Perlmutter” in
“POTASH AND PERLMUTTER”

The Play which played for 664 times
at the Queen's Theatre, London,

IN

The Tailor of Bond Street

A FOUR-REEL COMEDY DRAMA

ASK YOUR MANAGER TO BOOK IT FOR YOU IN THE NEW YEAR.

THE GERRARD FILM CO., Ltd., The Film House, Gerrard Street, London, W.

EDITORIAL * GOSSIP *

FIND THE FILM! See page 343.

To all the many readers who with kindly thought have sent us letters and cards, and other forms of greeting, the staff joins me in a very sincere and hearty Thank you.

On another page are full particulars and the first set of pictures in our great new Prize Competition. "Find the Film" opens up a new, bright, and easy road to prizes, and I hope the thousands who follow PICTURES Competitions will like this latest one. It will make you keener and still more interested in the pictures at your favourite cinema because all the films illustrated are already released, and you have only to find them to become winners. The letters published beneath each picture will help and practically tell you if your title is correct. It costs nothing to enter, so please do so and tell your friends to do so.

Elisabeth Risdon Dresses a Doll.

A tempting offer to readers under fifteen years of age is made by Elisabeth Risdon. In a simple competition arranged on his page by "Uncle Tim," Miss Risdon is to award a lovely doll dressed by herself to the girl winner, and a jigsaw puzzle to the boy winner, and I imagine that young picturegoers will tumble over themselves in their efforts to win prizes from so popular an actress. Look up the particulars.

Cuddling in Colours.

Congratulations to Essanay on the handsome Christmas Number of their trade organ, the *Photo-play Review*, the coloured cover of which is adorned with a sumptuous love-picture of Edna Mayo in the arms of Bryant Washburn (lucky

Bryant!) and the two-page Gallery of Essanay players, which appeared in our own Christmas Number. Have you had your copy of the last named issue yet?

Better Late than Never.

The Screen Club of London proposed only a few weeks ago is progressing by leaps and bounds. I have not met any one yet who does not think the Club is wanted, and I hear that the busy Secretary, Charles S. Hobson, has been bombarded with letters and calls at Ancaster House, Cranbourn Street, W.C., from those seeking more particulars. Film-players, exhibitors, and all who take part in the film industry are sure to feel that they must join sooner or later.

The Hepworth P.P.P.

I have seen the first number of the Hepworth picture-play paper to be published monthly, and find it so bright and readable, and so striking in make-up, that I offer my congratulations to Mr. Whitcomb, of Hepworth Publicity, who is responsible for it. Readers should write for this first copy (mentioning PICTURES), sent free from Hepworth's, 2, Denman Street, W., and afterwards subscribe to this dainty little paper.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The Pathé "Gold Rooster" plays are an extra fine brand to be released regularly by this famous film-house, and already the trade are being treated to samples. I saw two of them recently—namely, *An Affair of Three Nations* and *Till Wireless*, and pronounce them both, especially the latter, to be remarkably strong and well-produced dramas.

100 Miles under the Sea!

It is the most marvellous invention of modern times, and you may enjoy it by visiting the Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland Street, W., where the Williamson Expedition Submarine Motion pictures are presented by Trans-Atlantic twice daily. Two hundred thousand feet of film were taken *under the sea*! Isn't it amazing? A special article on what and how it was done appeared in our



issue of June 5th last, and is well worth reading again if you have a copy by you.

Jumbled Trade Mark Result.

The curious design in our issue of December 25th so puzzled you that only a comparatively few replies came to hand. The pieces formed the well-known diamond trade-mark of Selig, with their name in the centre. The first letter opened contained the perfect solution reproduced above. A cheque for one guinea has been posted to the sender, Mrs. Mary Turner, 56, Rosebank View, Barley, Leeds. Only one other competitor to date was correct, and has received a consolation prize. F. D.

PICTURES PREPAIDS

First 12 Words ... 2/-
2d. a Word afterwards.
3 Insertions price of 2.

Advertisements MUST be prepaid, and each PICTURE, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., for first post Wednesday for issue published following Saturday week.

TYPEWRITERS.—Big bargains. Over 50 excellent machines ready for immediate delivery, from £2 to £15 each; inspection cordially invited, or write for list to J. Knight and Co., 12, Seaford Avenue, Southampton Row, W.C. Telephone: Museum 1219.

LADIES: Send a postcard to-day for Free Copy of our Mammoth Catalogue of Winter Fashions, containing full particulars of everything to be worn during the Winter months. Wonderful value offered. All orders over 5s. in value sent carriage paid in United Kingdom. See also our enormous collection of patterns of Dress Materials, &c., for home dressmaking. Patterns sent post-free on approval. Robinson Brown, Dept. 78, Macclesfield.

BRIGHTEN Home with Singing Canary. List free of best, handiest, cheapest in world. Also Parrots. Patronised by Royalty. Rudl, Specialist, Norwich.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth old Bough. Up to 6s. 6d. per tooth plated on valuable, 11s. silver, 14s. on gold, 20s. platinum. Cash or offer Satisfaction guaranteed.—S. Cann & Co., 69A, Market Street, Manchester.

RAINCOATS, Suits, Overcoats, Boots, Ladies' Winter Coats and Costumes, Bedding, Blankets, Watches, Rings, Jewellery, Gramophones, Cutlery, &c., on easy payments. State requirements. Patterns and price-list free.—Masters, Ltd., 269, Hope Street, Rye. Established 1899.

PICTURE Postcards of Film Players, 14 for 1s., 55 for 2s. 6d. Your selection or ours. Hundreds to choose from. List free on application.—"Picture Postcard Office, Postcard Dept., 35 & 36, Long Acre, London, W.C.

PEACH'S Lace Curtains and Imperial Bed. Write for list free. Suits, Millinery, Linens.—S. Peach and Sons, 253, The Lanes, Nottingham.

ENGLAND'S Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse. Make money selling Remnants. Ladies' Oorads, Underclothing, Men's Shirts, General Drapery. Catalogue free. Cochrane's Warehouse, 10, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

BOUND Volumes of "Pictures and The Picturegoer," in handsome blue cloth, lettered in silver, with index complete. Vols VII and VIII, price 3s. 9d. each, post-free.—Pictures Ltd., 85 & 86, Long Acre, W.C.

STAMMERERS, stammer no more. Interesting booklet free.—Wm. Wareing, Nethercliffe, Wharfedale, Lancs.

TO Picture-play Writers. Get our latest guide, "A Few Hints on How to Write a Picture-play," by Victor Montefiore, price 2d., post-free, from Pictures Limited, 85 & 86, Long Acre, London, W.C.

STAMPS.—Collect or, disposing of his Duplicate, will send 100 all different and perfect specimens, mostly obsolete, for 1s. 2d., post-free. Letters only. Collector, 26, Clifden Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.



A STRIKING SCENE FROM "THE FOUR FEATHERS," by Capt. A. E. W. Mason, the first release by "Lucoque Ltd." It contains some fine fighting scenes in the desert against Arabs and Turks.

1916.

Turner Films

"Pictures made for
You."

OUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION—

To make even **better pictures**
for you during the coming year.



THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

I hope you have all had a very happy Christmas.

Last week I told you that Elisabeth Risdon has promised to present a doll dressed by herself and a jigsaw puzzle to a lucky niece and nephew of "Uncle Tim." In case you missed last week's issue, or in case the Christmas festivities have caused you to forget the competition arranged by me in connection with these prizes, I will repeat the simple conditions.

I want you to write a little poem (one or more verses) about Miss Risdon, who is now busy playing before the camera in the London Film Company's Studio. If you wish to enter for one of these very special prizes you must write and post your poem addressed to Miss Elisabeth Risdon, PICTURES OFFICES, 85-87, Long Acre, W.C., to arrive on or before Tuesday, January 11th. There is not much time left, but you have the full week-end before you, and I wish you luck.

"Uncle Tim's" Dream Picture did not produce a very good crop of stories, though many which did arrive were quite funny, and all sorts of suppositions were made use of. Many readers called it a nightmare, but the comical adventures as related by them would be



ELISABETH RISDON, who has dressed a doll and offers it as a prize to one of my readers. Above photo shows Miss Risdon as a girl in *Florence Nightingale*.

better described as pantomime. The Kaiser, Zeppelins, courtship, a race, all sorts of reasons are given for Charlie's sudden disappearance down the manhole, and all agree that "Uncle Tim" was dreaming after an extra hard day's work on PICTURES. The Christmas books have been posted to the following prizewinners:—

Vera Warner, 74, Fulham Park Gardens, S.W.

Beatrice George, 24, Sarsfield Road, Balham, S.W.

Doris Gilmore, Park Hill Road, Walsington.

B. Smith, 78, Warren Street, W.

AWARD OF MERIT (six times won brings a special prize): Doris Paul (Norwich), Cecil Marsley (Carlisle), Marie Ross (Brighton), James McDuff (Edinburgh), Cyril Courtney (Sandown), Edith Brown (Dublin), Kathlyn Williams (Eastbourne), Eric Southin (Birmingham).

Two clever kiddies in filmland are Clara Horton and Bennie Suslow. They play important parts in the coming Trans-Atlantic photo-play *Kidnapping the King's Kids*. The story concerns the King who devotes his time to pleasing his two royal kids whilst Black Rudolph, pretender to the throne, plans to kidnap them. His wicked scheme is frustrated by Detective Duck and Lady Baffles, a famous couple on whom will be based a series of film-plays. Many of my readers will remember little Clara Horton, who, during her first play-acting days, became famous as the "Eclair Kid." Her portrait has appeared in these pages. Bennie, her

partner in crime, was a Reliance actor before the Trans-Atlantic secured him.

I had another peep recently at Mary Pickford as "Cinderella." How perfectly charming she is as the wearer of the little glass slipper! You really must see this Christmas-tide film if and when you get the chance. Did you ever hear the *true* story of the slipper? I came across it the other day in an old book, and will tell it to you.

About the year 1730 a French actor named Thevenard, a clever and wealthy man, observed on a cobbler's stall in a Paris street the shoe of a female. Had it been an ordinary shoe he would not have noticed it, but this one was so remarkably small, and yet so perfect for its size, that his gaze was attracted, and the little shoe fascinated him. He returned home, but could think of nothing but the shoe, and next day he returned to the stall and made inquiries about it. The cobbler could give him no clue to the owner; the shoe had been left, in his absence, to be repaired.

Day after day the actor returned to his post and hungrily watched the slipper, but its owner, whoever she was, did not claim it. Although the actor had passed the sixtieth year of his age, his passion for the fair unknown became so great that he began to grow melancholy. Then at last his patience was rewarded. He discovered that the little shoe belonged to the little foot of a pretty girl of the very humblest class of life. But love levelled all distinctions. He sought her home and parents, and actually married her.

I suppose you will vote it not half so nice as the fairy story of *Cinderella*, but it's a pretty little romance, and it has the merit of being a true one.

Now, what about another Competition? Christmas is in my thoughts because I am writing this before "the day." I am rather anxious to know

HOW YOU SPENT YOUR CHRISTMAS,

and by setting you a little competition on this subject I shall learn how *some* of you at least passed the great holiday. Send me a postcard stating briefly what you did, where you went, and how you enjoyed yourself Christmas and Boxing Day. Don't forget to state your age, and post your postcards, or letters if you prefer it, to "Christmas" PICTURES, 85-86, Long Acre, London, W.C., so that it arrives by Monday, January 10th. Four delightful books will be sent to the winners of the best worded and neatest accounts.

A final word to my little girl readers! Do not forget to try for that beautiful doll. Last day, Tuesday, January 4th.

Another final word. My sincerest thanks are due to all those affectionate nieces and nephews who have sent me Christmas cards and greetings. I shall treasure and remember them. That all of you may have the happiest possible New Year is the heartfelt wish of

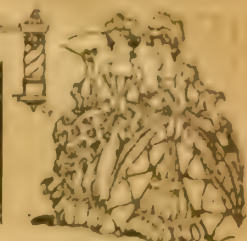
UNCLE TIM.

FIND THE FILM! (See p. 343.)



REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters need not be in rotation. Address THE EDITOR, "Picturegoer," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.



ARGUMENTA (Chiswick).—The player you mention most probably had his own hair powder!

MY MISS (Kingswinford).—Address Mary Pickford, c/o Faxon, Paves Co., 97, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd Street, New York, U.S.A. We have two post cards of her, price one penny each.

E. G. (St. Paul).—Address Mabel Normand, and Ford Sterling, c/o Keystone Co., Long Acre Building, New York City, U.S.A. Your unfortunate forgetting Charlie Chaplin's signed photo.

CERTY (Putney).—Mary Pickford has not visited this country, but hopes to do so when the war is over. No trouble, Certy.

W. K. (Glasgow).—The Parker Co., of 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

GRACE (Leightonstone).—Jane Gail's address is c/o Universal Film Co., 1600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., where your letter was sent. Thanks for kind wishes.

L. K. R. (Chaddle, Halmes).—We are sorry for your friend who does not admire Mary Pickford. Gertrude McCoy played in "The Deadly Hate" (Edison). Glad you like your prize.

SWEET FIFTEEN AND **N. B. K. (Redditch)**.—Address Herbert Rawlinson c/o Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Quite likely you would get a reply to your letter. The matrimonial questions you ask we cannot answer. Of course write again please.

READER AS EVER (Barnes).—You can obtain American stamps from Cook and Son, Lutgate Circus, E.C., or of any money changer—or from any of the foreign stamp dealers there are several in the Strand. We note with pleasure that you have obtained autographed photos of your film favourites.

R. G. A. (Leeds).—See rules at top of page re name and address. The result of our Foreign Artists' contest was in the hands of those who voted. Your grievance is with them, not us R. G. A.

FLAPPER (Westcliff-on-Sea).—We replied to a reader a few weeks ago that a player's name did not occur more than once in our Screen Stars Competition. No trouble, dear Flapper.



J. R. TOZER, a British Film-player whose popularity is rapidly increasing. This is our latest Postcard of him.

JACK (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Robert Warwick played in "Miss Jimmy Valentine," "The Doctor Merg," "The Man Who Found Himself," "The Man of the Hour," "The Love in the Moonlight," and "Stolen Voice" amongst others. If you see our Guide column you will see that Westcliff-on-Sea are often notified therein. Write to James Warwick Co., Grand 29 Oxford St., London, W., and ask them when and where in your district you can see "The Broken Coin." Pleased to hear from you, Jack.

MARY OF ARVILLE.—Thanks for photos, which we have added to our collection. Have sent you a postcard list.

WHITE ROCK (Dulston).—The films on you saw on the film was due to a double exposure. We hope soon to publish a portrait of Mabel Normand, and you win a prize. Many happy returns of your birthday, but it is rather hard luck having it on Christmas Day, as we expect your stocking does not reserve a don't share of gifts. Thanks for Christmas greetings.

DOROTHY (Charringham).—Our publisher has sent you the Pictures you want, and we are so glad you like us.

F. A. E. (East Ham).—Have no record of the film you inquire about. Sorry.

MARIE G. (Stoke-on-Trent).—"Cabiria" was recently released and "Bella Donna" will be in the near future. The film lights are cartoons and use for their work what is technically known as "stamps," these are of a crayon nature. The other information wanted is not available. Marie. Sorry. Thanks for kind wishes.

ALPHABET (Norwich).—We have beautiful coloured picture postcards of Blanche Sweet and Pearlina Frederick price one penny each (postage extra).

"PAIN" (Ingate).—We published a portrait of Frank Farrington in our August 28th issue, and hope to have an interview with him later on, when perhaps he will tell us if he is married, and so relieve your fears. James Cruze is at present touring, and so we have not his address. You will see that we have made use of your clever idiom. "What they say." Thanks very much. Send on the ladies' version by all means. Rome will be sufficient for the address of the Cines Film Company. No cast of "The Jockey of Death" was published. Neither can we trace the Marion Leonard film. You are certainly lucky to have all those signatures.

MILLION DOLLAR GIRL (Birmingham).—Playwrighting for the Cinema, price 1s. 2d., and How to Write a Picture Play, 2d., both from this office, would give you the help you need. Sorry we cannot undertake to read any scenes of your picture play. Cast of "A Daughter's Inheritance" (Vitaphone).—"Mlle. Lucille and Margaret," Norma Talmadge; "Doctor Adams," Van Dyke Brooke; "Randolph," Donald Hall. Blanche Sweet and Norma Talmadge are not related. Address Francesa Bilington, c/o. Thanhouser Film Co., Mun Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. The player you refer to was probably Helen Badgley. Other address we cannot obtain. Happy New Year to you.

WINIFRED (Croydon).—Our publishers have sent you the Pictures you want. We have no postcards of Mabel Normand. The editor's autographed if desired, can be had price 2d. each. We shall be pleased to include your photo in our collection. Trust you will keep your brain-fever.

VANDA (Kensington).—The personal information of some players you want is not available. Vanda. Have sent you a postcard list.

(Continued on next page.)

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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Ivy (Walford).—Before you read this you will have received the address you ask for. How do you manage to think of all the nice things you say about Pictures? Thank you Ivy.

VILKINS (Brixton).—The Poet of the Petks" (Flying A) is the film you saw, the cast is: "Lydia," Vivian Rich; "Dane Strong," David Lytton; "Phillip," H. von Meter; "Martin," J. Richardson; "Mrs. Davis," Louise Lester.

PANSY (Swansea).—A good idea, Pansy—getting us two new readers every week. Thanks very much. "Winning Back" (Thanhouser);—"Ruth Castle," Clara Williams; "Rex," Harry Keenan; "Yvett," Louise Glaum; "Wallace Castle," Geo. Fisher.

CURRIEN (Bridlington).—We replied to your letter a week or so ago, dear girl. Yes, we have hundreds to answer on this page, but all get answered in their turn. Some of the more interesting ones are quoted in "Our Letter Bug;" that's why yours attained that honour.

JAMES (Liverpool).—C. K. Young played lead in "Lola"—we have not the full cast. Any of Smith's bookstalls ought to be able to get the book you want from their head office. There are copyright difficulties in obtaining picture postcards of some players, but we hope to have some of those you mention later on. Our new competition ought to please you, James.

KIRKMAN (Leicester).—The players are human, after all, and so they go "where money is," as Tennyson has it; consequently they are frequently changing companies. Nat Pinkerton and Nick Winter we have not lately heard of.

COSTELLORE (Bristol).Has no desire to be a picture actress, so we record such an uncommon statement. Judging from the others we get for this page, 999 out of 1,000 have an ardent desire to figure on the films. "Called Back" (London Films); "Gilbert Vaughan," Henry Ainley; "Maecius," Chas. Rock; "Petroff," Akerman May; "Anthony," Vincent Clive; "Dr. Ceneri," Geo. Bellamy; "Pauline," Jane Garl. Have sent your love to the players you mentioned and kept some ourselves without blushing.

DAPHNE (Bristol).—You are a glutton for players' autographs, Daphne. A lucky girl! Some, Pearl White is playing for Pathé at their American studios. "The Romney Re" (Neptune); "Romany Rye," Gerald Laurence; "Philip Royston," Gregory Scott; "Ed. Marsden," Douglas Payne; "Boss Kilvett," Douglas Cox; "Gladith Lee," E. J. Arlton; "Laura Lee," Daisy Cordell; "Ivy African," Evelyn Maudie; "Gertie Heckett," Joan Ritz; "The Moulding" (Vitagraph); "Walter Reunert," Gladben James; "Meg," Anita Stewart; "Mrs. Carson," Rose Tapley; "Walter's Mother," Florence Radinoff; "Walter's Father," Anders Randolph; "Mr. Anderson," E. K. Lincoln; "In Mid-Atlantic" (Pathé); "Bene Shoffer," M. Alexandre; "Captain Shoffer," Henri Meyer; "Monsieur Salvary," M. Dorny; "Lucille Salvary," Simone Mareix; "Gaby Des Roses," Gabrielle Robinne. Other casts unobtainable.

NOX-WORRIER (Cardiff).—The cast you want was not published, but as all three films were produced by the same company it is quite likely most of the players appeared in all. F. X. Bushman is now playing for Metro Films.

PATTY AND PRISCILLA (near Liverpool).—E. K. Lincoln is now playing, and has been for some time, for World Film Corporation. "The Goose Girl" (Famous Players);—"Flavia," Marguerite Clark; "King of Camela," Moore Salisbury; "Marie Teresa," Constance Johnson; "Duke of Malaira," E. N. Dunbar; "Prince Regent of Camela," Sidney Dean; "Count d'Alcova," James Neill; "De Simoni," L. Payton; "Carmichael," R. E. Peters; "Glecome," H. B. Carpenter.

NELLI SECUNDUS (Minories) asks if we "think cinematography will last or die a natural death as Standard Bread did." Yes, dear boy, it will last as long as death and taxes. Dorothy Kelly still plays for Vitagraph, and Lillian Gish is now with Majestic.

THE CAUTIONS (Manchester).—Name and address next time, please. William Worthington played "Professor" and "Lord Ashleigh" in "The Back Box" (Universal). The matrimonial conundrums we give up.

BANS (Barnes).—Why not write to the player and ask him his age and if he is married? We don't know, Bans.

IDA HORSBOTH (Your turn w. Id.). Address—Edna Fitzgibbon, c/o London Film Co., St. Margarets, Twickenham. Mary Fuller, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,090, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.; and Kathryn Williams, c/o Selig Polyscope Co., 20, East Randolph St., Chicago. "Dixie's Day Off";—"Jimmy," Ray McCoy; "Nellie," Bertha Lushbon; "Mike," Elton Brand; "Prof. Lovelle," Ernest Shields. And you now get Pictures from our newagent.

ASTROGRAPHER (South Wales) has thirty six autographs of film players, some of which are duplicates, and is very proud of them. Your letter was forwarded as desired. Thanks for your offer, which we will bear in mind.

A. D. (Liverpool).—James Kirkwood played with Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes." We have no postcards yet of Henry Ainley.

WALLACE (Dunfer).—If you have difficulty in getting Pictures, a standing order with your newagent will bring it regularly.

GET (Wimbleton).—Your difficulties will be solved by realising *Photographing the means*, price 1s. 2d., post-free from Pictures Office, 55 and 56, Long Acre, London. Our little booklet on *How to Write a Picture Play*, price 2d., post-free, would also help you materially. Type-write your plays before sending them to the companies.

FLORENCE (Belfast).—You could write to any of the English Companies for a position on the film, but a certain amount of training is always helpful. When you come to London you might interview The Victoria College, of 43, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, as they would tell you frankly after three lessons if it is which you would have to pay a fee, whether you have sufficient talent to warrant further training. Even if successful in getting on a film, the work would only be occasional at first, and you could not rely upon making sufficient to live upon.

* * * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

SMILES

All Scotch.

FIRST DOWN-AT-HEEL ACTOR: "Oh! yes; I know old McTavish. A good sort. Did a very kind action for me once when the clouds were dark and threatening, and everything seemed black."

SECOND DITTO: "What did he do?"

FIRST DITTO: "Lent me an umbrella."

"Scene," but not Heard.

Two film actors are fishing from a boat whilst the camera is working. Suddenly one accidentally falls overboard. As he rises to the surface with his mouth full of mud, his friend asks, "Hullo! where have you been?"

"Been?—!! * * * * * ??? Only to see if my bait's all right—you—!!"

All Three Understood.

Two young fellows, both telegraph operators (says *Answers*), were seated in a picture-palace, when a young lady entered and seated herself beside one of them, while her male escort had to slip into the row behind.

The one next her promptly began tapping his fingers in apparently a careless way on the arm of his chair; but his friend understood. He was saying, by the Morse code:

"What a peach sitting beside me! Think I'll kiss her when the lights go down again!"

But his cheeks turned pale when the stalwart young man in the seats behind tapped his pipe out on the heel of his boot. For the heel-taps were saying:

"Try it on, and I'll wring your neck!"



Our Cinema Pianist (after "seeing in" the New Year) playing to "the pictures," at 2 a.m.

Studio Sarcasm.

FIRST LITTLE DEAR: "Physical culture's awfully good for you. I'm taking beauty exercises."

SECOND LITTLE DEAR: "You've not been taking them long, have you?"

Taken at His Word.

A picture house recently displayed the sign, "Football results received here every Saturday." One Saturday a young fellow supporting a friend said to the manager "You receive football results here. Well, here's one! Keep him till he comes round, will you?"

Out and In.

POET: "Is the Editor in?"

Exit office-boy. Enter office-boy.

"Please, sir, the Editor says he's out."

POET: "Then oblige me by putting my poem in the wastepaper-basket!"

Exit Poet.

Not What was Meant.

MANAGER (to theatre-cleaner): "Look here, Mrs. Jones, if you can't work better I shall get some one else!"

MRS. JONES: "Oh, thank you, sir; I always said as 'ow there's enough work for two of us."

Tell-tale Tobacco.

IRATE MASTER: "Jane, who brought you home from the pictures last night?"

SERVANT: "My Aunt Elizabeth, sir."

IRATE MASTER: "Next time you see her tell her she left a pipe and an ounce of tobacco in the front porch."

Banking and Tramping.

AFFABLE PASSENGER: "So you are a picture actor? Well, I'm a banker, and it must be fifteen months since I was in a cinema."

PICTURE ACTOR (regretfully): "It's fifteen years since I was in any bank except those of the roadside type."

Editorial matters should be addressed

THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"

85 & 86, 10N. ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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To Readers of "Pictures."

**A Beautiful Photograph of
Miss Elisabeth Risdon and a
useful Oatine Toilet Outfit**

FREE!

THE Oatine Co. will send to all readers of "Pictures" a charming photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon together with the delightful Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. Send to-day and test these wonderful toilet preparations of which Miss Risdon speaks so highly. Read what she says:—

To the Oatine Co.—

Please send me half-a-dozen more jars of Oatine Cream by an early post. I cannot tell you how useful I find this delightful preparation in my work. I use it regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water, as, besides removing the surface dirt, it brings out dust and grime from the pores of the skin.

I find it invaluable for removing make-up, which I often have to retain for many hours at a time.

Really there is nothing like it, and it is a pleasure to recommend it.

*Yours very truly
Elisabeth Risdon*

**"I use Oatine regularly, and as
a cleansing agent consider it
better than soap and water."**

THIS is what Miss Elisabeth Risdon, the leading cinema actress of the day, says of Oatine Face Cream. Oatine has hosts of friends amongst cinema actresses, but it is not often that a lady with the great reputation that Miss Risdon enjoys expresses such definite reasons for its use.

This enthusiastic testimonial is undoubtedly the strongest argument that can be brought to the notice of the readers of "Pictures," and in the belief that they will wish to test these wonderful toilet preparations, The Oatine Co. will send to all enclosing 3d. in $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamps for postage the Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. It contains—

- 1.—A bijou tin of **OATINE FACE CREAM**, which restores the natural oil to the skin which the alkali in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is Nature's own protector and rejuvenator. **OATINE FACE CREAM** contains no animal fat, and cannot grow hair. All Chemists stock OATINE in white jars, 1, 1½ & 2 3.
- 2.—A Tin of "Oatine" Snow.
- 3.—A 3d. Cake of the delightful "Oatine" Toilet Soap.
- 4.—A 2d. Packet of "Oatine" Shampoo Powder.
- 5.—A Packet of "Oatine" Face Powder.
- 6.—A 50-page Booklet entitled "Beauty and Health."

Together with the photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon referred to above.



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PICTURES

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THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and J. D. Walker, may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of 3/- post free.



FRED PAUL WITH HIS BEST FRIEND

In *The Adventures of Deadwood Dick*, a good old English series now being released by the Ideal Company. (See next page.)

Our Offer of Four
Coloured Portraits
of Miss Kathlyn
Williams (post-free
4½d.) is still open.



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Coloured Portraits
of Miss Kathlyn
Williams (post-free
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Next time you go to your favourite Picture House ask the Manager if he has booked "The Girl and the Mail Bag," a Selig Drama featuring Tom Mix and Victoria Ford. It's great.



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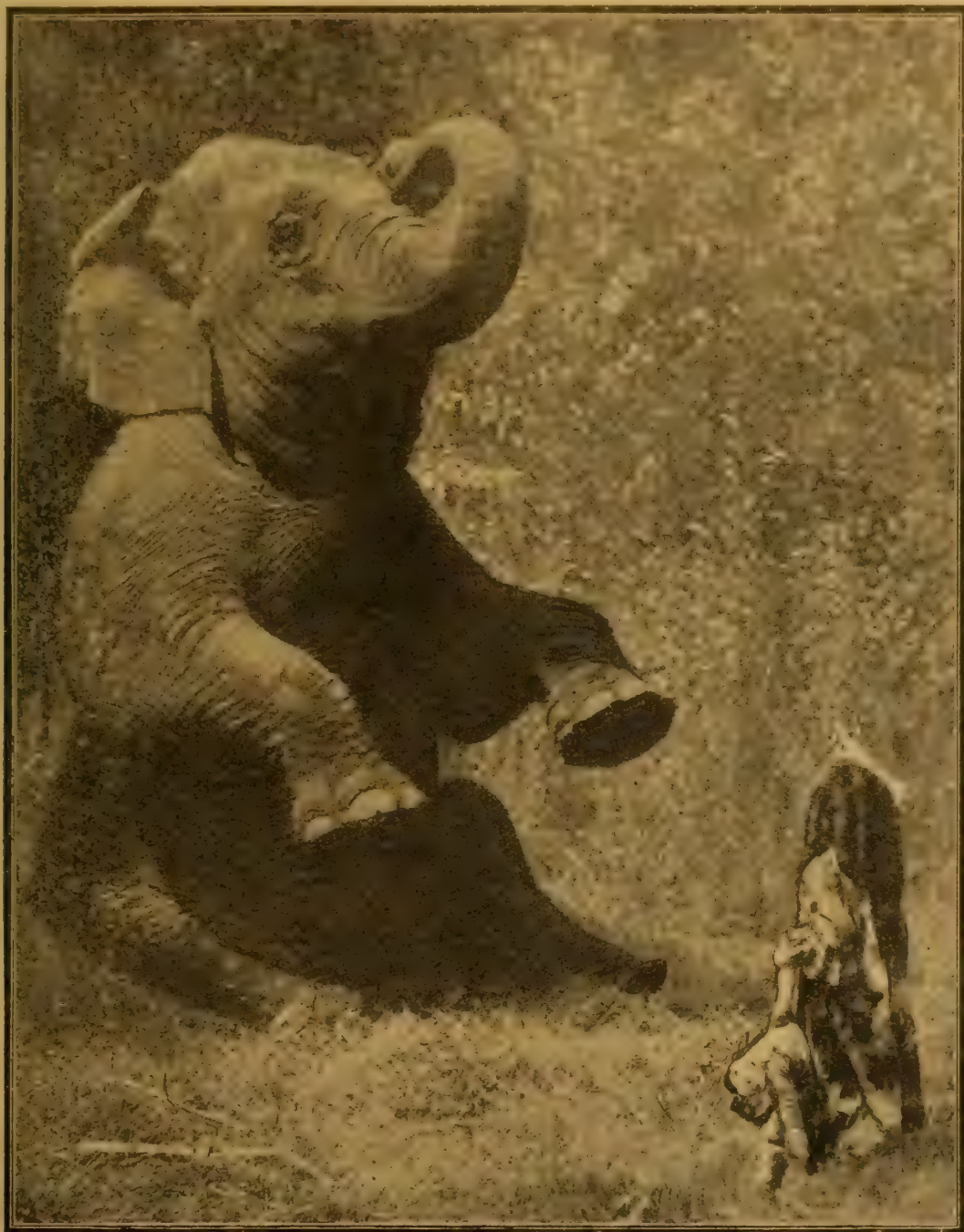


PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1916.

New Series, No. 100.



ALL DONE BY KINDNESS.

This little girl and big elephant take part in the Selig drama *In Leopard Land*, a wonderful animal picture coming soon.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

HOORAY! We're a centipede!

Why! Because PICTURES has scored one hundred weeks.

This is our one hundredth number since "PICTURES" and "THE PICTUREGOER" (the last-named paper having been started by our Editor) were combined.

Like *Charlie's Aunt*, we are still running, and, with your help, will run for many more hundreds of weeks—we almost wrote years!

A New Year's Resolution: Cut out "That Night" from sub-titles.

The President of China is stated to have thirty-one children. Should he decide to produce films he will have a cheap stock company.

Cabiria has been shown for the first time in Paris at the great Vaudeville Theatre on the Boulevard des Italiens, which has been opened as a cinema.

How would you like to be sweetheart, wife, mother, daughter, aunt, and grandmother to one man? Eugenie Besserer, the Selig player, has been such—for screen purposes only.

A Corner in Dimples.

DON'T attempt to manufacture dimples; they are a monopolised product, and Lillian Walker has the motion-picture field all to herself. The other day the popular Vitagraph player received a letter from a girl admirer, who, desiring a beauty dent on each cheek, endured great pain, but all to no avail.

Our Cover Portrait.

IF the reception accorded to *The Adventures of Deadwood Dick*, which we witnessed at a cinema recently, is any criterion, this English "Ideal" series is in for a good time. Fred Paul is really splendid, and a fine photograph of him as the hero in these six stirring pictures is given on our front cover. We might remind our readers that a penny edition of these stories has now been issued.

Ford, the Fox and the Film.

RECENTLY the spare time of every Keystone camera-man has been taken up in an attempt to secure close-ups of a running fox. Ford Sterling, who is directing a comedy which contains a hunting scene, offered twenty-five dollars for twenty-five feet of film showing the escaping fox. Kenneth McLean camera-man for the Sterling Company, succeeded in winning the prize. He secured some exceptional film by placing his camera on the running board of an automobile, and after setting the fox free kept speeding alongside of it.



THE PICTURE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY. No. 9.

Charles Rock as Margaret Joslin (Sophie Clutts), Essanay player.

Players' Popularity in Brazil.

THE following players came out top favourites in a picture-players' contest conducted by a leading newspaper in Brazil. The numbers indicate the votes polled:—Actresses: Francesca Bertini, 9,371; Asta Neilsen, 9,235; Gabrielle Robinne, 8,179; Cleo Madison, 6,204; Grace Cunard, 5,643. Actors: Waldemar Psilander, 10,382; Emilio Ghione, 8,513; Arthur Johnson, 8,262.

Fun Across the Pond.

PHILADELPHIA filmland met Philadelphia "fan" land at Philadelphia Funland recently. The proverbial "merry marriage bell" was cast in the shade for the yet more merry "movie" belles, who were on hand in great numbers, to be gazed at with interest and delight by their yet more numerous number of admirers. All the players in town mingled with thousands of non-players, and representatives of several big film houses each had their private box. Pathé took along a mascot, a large gold-coloured live rooster, which was paraded around the ballroom at intervals. Who knows—perhaps after the war even London filmland may rise to something similar.

An American Story.

MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE having decided that the correct pronunciation is Kincema, a number of learned people, says the *Bioscope*, have rushed into print on the subject, much,

of course, to their own gratification. But I am certain that the great majority of people will continue to say Kincema; it's more "English," at any rate. Which reminds me of the story of the American lady and the Irishman. Said the lady, in describing her "vacation" in Ireland: "Yep, and on coming out of the depot we dived into the dimmest little jitney-bus you ever saw. Say, it was a drive—and then some. Our crowd was tickled to death when I stepped right into the rein-driver's seat and told him I could do a stunt with the grees that would make any professional guy quit. He didn't hold on to that, 'cause of course, the poor old dear couldn't understand English!"

Who Wants Charlie Chaplin?

WE do not mean in the flesh, or on the film, but in imitation marble, so that you can stand him on your piano or drawing-room mantel-shelf. We have seen this charmingly lifelike model of Charlie. It stands nine inches high, and any reader of PICTURES may obtain one for eighteenpence (sixpence extra for postage) from Moss Empires, Ltd., 86, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

Clever Bird Actor.

AN important part in the latest production by the Essanay Company is played by a raven. In fact it plays the title-role in the screen version, in six parts, of Edgar Allan Poe's immortal work *The Raven*. At first the bird was exceedingly difficult to train. It refused to eat, and at rehearsals became exceedingly obstreperous, and the only part of the poem it seemed likely to realise was "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'" It quickly grew accustomed to its new surroundings, however, and, judging by its appearance on the film, one would imagine that it had had years of experience as a film artist.

In this picture the part of Poe is played by Henry B. Walthall.

Staging a Big Indian Picture.

PRODUCER THOMAS H. INCE is making preparations for the staging of an elaborate Indian drama. Sixty-five full-blooded Indians were brought to Inceville last week by W. A. Brooks, and fifty more of the redskins arrived this week. The Indians, who are mostly of the Sioux tribe, are occupying a complete village of teepees at Inceville. They are splendid specimens of their race, and range in age from two months to ninety-two years, the youngest being a lusty-voiced papoose and the oldest a well preserved old chieftain. Negotiations are under way for even more of the bronzed warriors, and W. A. Brooks has been instructed to comb the country for all available redskins. It is expected that within a few weeks Producer Ince will have at his disposal several hundred Indians to appear in the first of the Triangle-Kay-Bee Indian series.



Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. "BRITISH MADE": Army motor cycles have to pass a rigid test before being sent to the front. 2. SCIENTIFIC WARFARE: With the photographic section of the French Army. Examining a negative developed in the travelling dark room. LATEST FROM PARIS: 3. Ermine muffed bordered skunk giving a rich effect in contrasting furs. 5. A very effective dance frock made of the new figured taffeta. 4. FROM THE FAR EAST: Nurses from Japan are teaching disabled soldiers many useful trades. 6. TAKEN AT TAHURE: Some of thousands of German prisoners captured just before Christmas. 7. BELGIAN MUNITION FACTORY DISASTER: British troops render honours at funeral of victim at Havre.

"SOLD"

*Famous Players Production featuring Pauline Frederick.
Controlled by J. D. Walker's World's Films, Limited.*

Adapted from the Film
By PATRICK GLYNN.



FACING MISFORTUNE.

Pauline Frederick as "Helen."
Thomas Holding as "Donald."

WHEN Donald Bryant won the first prize in the New York School of Art he had every reason to believe that it was only a matter of time before his fortune was made. Not that he cared very much about money, which is usually one of the last things that troubles the true artist. Nevertheless, the big money prize would enable him to marry the prettiest girl-student in the studio, Helen Raymond, who had been his inspiration for the past two years. There was another student whom Helen inspired, Robert Wainwright, a close friend in everything except the desire to be first in the affections of Helen. The two young men were well aware of their rivalry, and frequently cracked jokes about it. Helen knew her own mind, however, and when Donald came to her with the old request, she accepted him.

Robert Wainwright took his defeat like a man. "You're the lucky one again," he said, on learning the news. "All the same, I congratulate you on your success. You deserve it."

Robert Wainwright was hit very hard by his lack of success both at the School of Art and in his love-affair, but he mastered himself sufficiently to be present at the wedding ceremony, and to make a little speech on the occasion at his own expense.

Several weeks later he told Donald that New York was boring him, and that he intended going to Paris.

to him so swiftly as he had imagined it would. His reputation was still good, but by some strange kink of his nature he could not produce exactly the pictures the public would buy, and Dolbeare brutally told him so.

"My patrons want pictures, not studies," continued the old dealer, whose hooked nose and avaricious face gave him the appearance of a bird of prey. "Now, I want something like this." He pointed to a crude painting of a half-nude woman. Donald saw at a glance that the daub had nothing to recommend it beyond its contemptible appeal to passion, and he made a grimace.

"I could do better than that," he retorted. "I leave that sort of thing to half-boiled painters."

"So much the worse for yourself," replied Dolbeare, eying the other critically. He knew the man he had to deal with, and tried another scheme.

"Now look here, Mr. Bryant," he went on, rubbing his hands ingratiatingly. "I know you're one of the best painters in New York, and you possess ideals which I respect very much. But business is business. If you promise to supply me with the type of pictures I want I'll contract to take over all you can give me. I'll also give you a thousand pounds down, and supply you with a complete studio of your own."

Donald hesitated. The temptation was strong. He had to live by his work, and keep his wife also. Hitherto his ideals had prevented him from doing

work that kept other painters not half as talented as himself in luxury. He had several pressing debts which the thousand pounds would liquidate, and it would give him a fresh start. Dolbeare said nothing, but eyed the other under his heavy sinister brows.

"I'll sign the contract," said Donald at last.

He went home looking more downcast than ever. He had saved himself from extreme poverty, but had lost his self-respect. He made no secret of his sacrifice to Helen, when she asked him the result of his interview.

"I've sold myself body and soul to old Dolbeare," replied Donald; "here is the contract."

Helen read the document with mixed feelings. She understood her husband and consoled with him on his past failures, but, like him, she realised that both must live.

"Never mind, dear," she replied, placing her arms affectionately on his shoulders; "it is only for a time the public will recognise you eventually."

The contract worked well. Donald in his new studio turned out pictures with his usual skill, but all of the type that satisfied Dolbeare. The months passed, and the Bryants lived comfortably, and sometimes wondered how their old friend Wainwright was progressing in Paris.

They were agreeably surprised one day when Wainwright entered their studio looking prosperous and content. It appeared he had made a great success with his art in Paris, where no single picture of his had ever been refused.

"I painted the pictures the public wanted," Wainwright explained. Donald looked startled and guilty. "It's no use following one's own sweet will, and when I discovered the public taste, I let them have all I could give them. Now I have made a nice little fortune, and can afford the time to paint a masterpiece. I am looking for a suitable model."

"You have a fine studio here," continued Wainwright, gazing around him. "You have the right place here for good work."

"I am working for Dolbeare at present; he has contracted to take all my paintings," replied Donald, diffidently.

"Well, I am looking for a real good model," repeated Wainwright, "and I'm prepared to pay any price for one. Do you think Dolbeare could get one for me?"

"You might ask him," replied Donald. "He could supply almost anything," he added, ironically.

Dolbeare called up that afternoon to take away several pictures that Donald had finished for him. No one being in

the studio, the art-dealer wandered about inspecting the various pictures in preparation. A corner covered by a thick, heavy curtain attracted his attention, and he carelessly pulled the curtain aside. For a second he seemed petrified; then he drew a deep breath.

"A masterpiece! What a divine figure!" he murmured.

He was gazing at the figure of a woman in the nude, and the art-dealer knew that here was no second-rate appeal to base instincts. It was indeed a masterpiece, and his greedy eyes already counted the probable price of the picture. A sound aroused him, and he turned to confront Donald, who eyed the art-dealer sternly.

"Congratulations, my friend!" began Dolbeare, excitedly rubbing his hands. "You have surpassed yourself. Permit me to take it away immediately and hang it up in my store. It will create a sensation. By the way, who is the lady? She has a marvellous figure—something like a Greek goddess."

The remark seemed to madden Donald. He seized a large knife, and, before the horrified Dolbeare could stop him, he had slashed at the painting and ripped it from top to bottom.

"You madman!" screamed the art-dealer, almost beside himself with rage. "Why did you do that? By what right did you destroy my property? Are you aware that by your contract the painting belonged to me?"

"When you looked at that painting," replied Donald fiercely, "it roused every nerve in my body. You shall never have it, because it is too sacred a subject for your chamber of horrors."

Helen came in, and, seeing the attitude of the men, grew alarmed. A glance at the mutilated painting told her what had happened. She looked anxiously at her husband, who left the studio, murmuring brokenly, "Helen, forgive me; I could not do it."

A light broke in on the dazed mind of the art-dealer. "Ah, I understand, madam. The divine lady is yourself."



WIFE AND MODEL. HIS SPARE TIME EMPLOYMENT.

"He painted it in his spare hours, for his own satisfaction," replied Helen, visibly distressed. "He never meant to include it in the contract."

"Your husband is too sensitive, madam," replied Dolbeare at last. "Perhaps he will paint a duplicate," he queried, as his face lit up again in anticipation. Helen shook her head, and, foiled in every way, Dolbeare departed with rage in his heart.

To accomplish Donald's ruin was now his intention, and he took means the next day to call in the amount he had paid Donald on his contract, and followed this up by withdrawing all the studio accessories he had purchased for the painter. Helen viewed these preparations with despair. Her appeals to Dolbeare brought no response, and in a few days the fine studio which the art-dealer had furnished disappeared as

though it had never existed, and with it went Donald's chances of making a living.

Helen learned that Wainwright would pay any sum up to a thousand pounds for a suitable model for his unfinished painting, and a daring scheme entered her head. Dolbeare, with fiendish cunning, had shown Wainwright a sketch of the mutilated picture drawn by Donald, and Wainwright, not knowing who the original was, promptly offered to pay any price for a series of sittings from the original model. This news Dolbeare cleverly conveyed to Helen in a way that looked accidental, but was really designed. Helen determined to put her pride in her pocket, and, unknown to her husband, she went to Wainwright's studio.

"Mr. Wainwright, I hear you want a model for your unfinished painting, and I believe I am the model you are seeking. For my services I expect the thousand pounds which I understand you are willing to pay."

Wainwright was dumfounded. "Yes, certainly, Mrs. Bryant," he stammered. "If you are the original model, I am quite prepared to pay this amount." He halted and regarded Helen with steadfast gaze. "Does Robert—does your husband know?"

"I dare not tell him," replied Helen, rapidly. "He must not know. We are being driven to the wall by Dolbeare, and we are at the last extremity. I cannot let my husband be hounded down, and for his sake I hope you will select me."

Wainwright was moved, and turned to the visitor with the old light of love in his eyes. "And for your sake, too, Helen," he said, softly.

Helen drew back. "No," she cried; "I am trusting my honour to your keeping."

Wainwright nodded, and became the business man again. He named the number of sittings required to complete the picture.

"You shall pose as a harem-slave in chains," said Wainwright.



DOLBEARE SHOWS WAINWRIGHT (J. L'ESTRANGE) A SKETCH OF THE MUTILATED PICTURE.



HELEN HEARS HER HUSBAND'S VOICE.

"I shall start now?" inquired Helen, feverishly. "Is this the dressing-room?" She pointed to an alcove behind a thick, heavy curtain.

Wainwright nodded again, and prepared his easel as Helen withdrew to the other room. She appeared again with the studio-gown around her shoulders and with her hair unbound. Without a word she went to the cushioned pedestal, and posed herself with her eyes averted from the painter. Wainwright looked at Helen, and with a steady, even voice remarked, "A little more to the side, please; no, not like that." He strode over to Helen, and, with deft fingers, lifted the heavy tresses of hair, and adjusted them in the desired manner. Helen blushed as she felt Robert's hands arranging her hair, and stole a swift glance at his face. Wainwright was cold and polite, as though she were an ordinary model. Satisfied at last, he returned to his easel, and began to paint.

An hour later Helen returned home, and told Donald she had been out seeking employment and had been successful. Donald looked distressed, but his wife's brave face reassured him, and he remarked that he hoped she would not have to work very long, as he expected several small contracts from other art-dealers.

Helen went out the next day, and on her departure Dolbeare called to see Donald. There was a grin of revenge on his face.

"Ah, my friend. I called to see Mrs. Bryant. Not in? Well, perhaps not. Doubtless, I shall find her at Robert Wainwright's studio."

Donald jumped to his feet and seized the art-dealer by the throat. "What do you mean, you old scoundrel? Answer me, or I'll choke the life out of you."

"This is the cheque I've been instructed to pay Mrs. Bryant," replied Dolbeare; as he wrenched himself free. "You see it is payable by Wainwright to your wife."

Donald glanced at the cheque. It was as Dolbeare stated.

Ten minutes later Donald was ushered into Wainwright's studio. With the exception of the painter it was empty, and Donald, looking round, saw no sign of a woman's presence. Wainwright, with grim lips, kept the other in talk for several minutes until Donald, who now seemed relieved, noticed a pair of slave-chains used by painters for models posing for the part of slave-girls.

Wainwright followed his glance. "A nice pair. I picked them up in Paris."

"Yes, yes," replied Donald, abstractedly. "I thought my wife was here"—he eyed Robert narrowly—"and I called to escort her home."

"No, my dear boy," replied the other, nonchalantly. "I have not received the pleasure of a visit from your wife to-day."

Donald departed. The curtains in the alcove swung apart, and Helen appeared with unbound hair and her studio-gown clinging loosely round her form. Wainwright eyed her with concern, and remarked, "We both had a narrow escape that time. Do you think you ought to continue these visits without telling him?"

"No, no," replied Helen; "he will stop me, and I must earn the money. I shall come again to-morrow. I'm too shaken to sit for you any longer to-day."

That evening Donald's gaze was concentrated on his wife's arms, which the

low-cut gown laid bare almost to the elbow. With an angry, suspicious movement he took her arm and pointed out a dark circular mark. "How did you get this mark?" he asked, coldly.

"My bangles, I expect," replied Helen, with beating heart.

"Or slave-chains," retorted Donald, bitterly. "Nodoubt they become you! I shall settle this matter once and for all."

He went to the drawer and took out a revolver, which he placed in his pocket. With fear at her heart, Helen sprang towards him. "What do you intend to do?" she demanded.

Donald fiercely pushed her from him, and she stumbled to the ground. Now thoroughly alarmed, Helen sprang to her feet and caught his arm. "Surely you can trust me! I posed to him for your sake."

Once more, her husband pushed her from him, and dashed to the door. Helen knew it was Donald's intention to go to Wainwright's house. She must get there first and warn Wainwright, and, pulling her jacket on, she went out

and summoned a taxi, and drove straight to Wainwright's house, which she had scarcely entered before Donald was announced. Brushing the servant aside, Donald walked into the studio. Again, save for the presence of Wainwright, it was empty.

"My wife is here," began Donald, in a storm of passion.

"My dear fellow—" began Wainwright, expostulatingly.

"She is here, I tell you," interrupted the other in white heat. "This is her feather bonnet." Donald picked up the familiar article which had been carelessly thrown on a sofa. "Now, where is my wife?"

"Let me explain," began Robert Wainwright. "You have got a bee in your bonnet. Everything can be explained if you will only cool down and listen."

"There are always plausible explanations to cover up guilt and deceit," retorted Donald with jealous rage. His hand went to his pocket, and a quick report followed as Wainwright struck up his arm. A scream from the alcove, the curtains parted, and Helen tottered forth and fell to the ground.

"Madman!" shouted Wainwright, now enraged in his turn. "You have shot your wife!"

The wound was not fatal, and when his wife became convalescent and he had time to think over the circumstances leading to his rash act, Donald was compelled to admit that he had been wrong. The explanation given him by Wainwright was quite satisfactory.

"Whatever the faults," said Wainwright, "and I admit there have been faults, I can assure you that, although your wife has sacrificed her pride, she has never sold her honour."

Later that day Wainwright drew the brush across the finished portrait of Helen as the harem slave-girl.

"There goes my masterpiece," he muttered sadly.



MADMAN! . . . YOU HAVE SHOT YOUR WIFE!

"The Honour to Die," a Tremendous Inspiration to Rita Jolivet * * * *

By Mlle. Chic

"**E**CHANTÉE de faire votre connaissance," said Rita Jolivet, and she looked as if she were delighted to see me. This was rather a triumph of good manners, as she was in the thick of her preparations for a mid-winter trip to Europe, and much too busy to be interviewed. But the actress had never made any public expression of her experiences in the filming of *The Honour to Die*, and I wanted her to do so.

"What shall we talk about?" she asked.

"Talk about your pictures, please, Miss Jolivet," I said, "for all the thousands of people who will see you in the Trans-Atlantic release, *The Honour to Die*, will want to know how you liked making it."

"Well," she began, "it was done in Italy, you know, and was a most interesting experience. I understand some Italian, but I make no pretence of speaking it, and most of my associates spoke nothing else. This made our work rather difficult. In fact, I don't think making pictures is easy at all. In the first place, I must confess that I missed my audience. Sarah Bernhardt has gone on record as saying that one should not feel the lack of one's public, but I so deeply love that wonderful response which comes to me across the footlights when I am really reaching the hearts of the people. How could it be possible not to miss the thrill?"

"Then I found it difficult to make the different sections of the sequence of the story in their appropriate scenic settings, instead of developing the plot in a logical way, as one does on the stage. It bewildered me to do a bit of the last Act in the middle and the end of a scene at the beginning. But the enormous interest of seeing your own work, of being able to criticise yourself as if you were some one else, is a compensation for all the difficulties, and, after all, it was my work, and I love all my work. My associates were delightful to work with. Italians have a natural gift for facial expression and gesture, which makes them particularly fitted for pictures; and I found an inspiration in the pictorial quality of their acting. They were charming to me personally. Recently, while in California, I received a cablegram from my Italian director asking me to make some more photoplays with them. It took at least fifty words to explain his business, and at the end he added: 'The whole company send you their remembrances.' I don't know the cable rate from Turin to California, but it must be very high. I cannot tell you how I appreciated the delightful courtesy."

"I have always loved Italy, and should like to return there. Some of the very actors with whom I played in that film have been called for military duty. One particularly, who, though engaged in silent drama, had a great reputation as an orator, has a peculiar mission in the army. He is there to inspire the troops in the trenches with his fiery speeches. We read about the leaders of history haranguing their troops before a battle,

So that is his appointment—professional haranguer. Don't you think that is very typically Italian?"

It is impossible in these days to avoid discussion of the war in any conversation with a European, in whose thoughts the all-absorbing topic is always uppermost. Miss Jolivet has special reasons for being obsessed by the conflict, for she has a brother in both the French and the English Army. This seems strange, but is explained by the fact that the Jolivet family has really two homes—France and England.

"You see," explained Miss Jolivet, "half of us were born in one country and half in the other. We are really bilingual, and we still pass half the year in London and half in Dieppe. The brother who was born in France was called to the Colours at once, and the one born in England volunteered just as promptly. One has been wounded, but has returned to the Front. I am hoping that he may soon have leave, and that is why I am going home. Our little circle has shrunk considerably, and I do not want my place to be empty at Christmas. What conversation we shall have if both brothers get leave together!"

"Then you have not much faith in Mr. Ford's ability to get all the men out of the trenches by Christmas?" I asked.

"I fervently wish he might succeed," she answered, "but I am convinced that he cannot. I am as firm a believer in peace as he is, but not at any price. No, the magnificent spirit which has sustained the Allies thus far must sustain them further. I hardly know which of my two countries I admire the more. Isn't it wonderful to think of over three million Englishmen who deliberately walk up to a sergeant and volunteer to die? Oh, it is so magnificent that the thought thrills you like great music! 'The honour to die'—how many thousands have won that honour in this war? Conscription, which takes the choice from the individual and makes the sacrifice alike for all classes, seems fairer, doesn't it? A very clever Englishman said to me that he thought all the volunteers should now be retired and the others should be forced to take their places."

"They tell me Paris is almost normal again, but I confess that I am dreading the poor wrecks of humanity that one sees on every hand there. They say the parks and gardens are full of convalescents, some with only half a body, armless, legless; but, worst of all, sometimes almost faceless. I do shrink a little from that."

It would be perfectly comprehensible did Miss Jolivet shrink from going abroad on another score, when one remembers that she is one of the survivors of the ill-fated *Lusitania*. We hope to publish Miss Jolivet's experience in that disaster in a forthcoming issue.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF RITA JOLIVET.

FIND THE FILM! (Turn to page 367.)

The GIRL on the FILM

EDNA FLUGRATH OF THE LONDON FILM COMPANY

AN IMPRESSION FROM WITHIN THE STUDIO BY DOLLIE TREE.

A LITTLE figure under an enormous hat covered with "fevvers," and dressed in a coster lady's Sunday best, running wildly down the street after a disappearing donkey and cart; spectators looking on with amusement, mixed with curiosity, as the little person finally catches it up and jumps lightly on to the seat as it is going, takes the reins from the coster-driver, and sets off at a good speed down the hill.

Such was my first impression of Edna Flugrath.

"Pearlies," "fevvers," and the most mischievous pair of hazel eyes were all conspicuous when she played in *The Heart of a Child*, in which she was the very personification of sprightliness and vivacity, just a mischievous Cockney girl, full of that shrewd Cockney humour she knows how to portray so well.

She was a Cockney again when I saw her in *Lil o' London*—an awkward gawk of a child of about fourteen. I remember when we were engaged on exteriors one day, and Edna (as Lil) had to look hungrily into a poulterer's shop. There she stood, patiently rehearsing her scene. Presently the producer called "Camera!" and poor little Lil, gazing hungrily at the beautiful, fat poultry arrayed in the window, made a grab at a fine pheasant, and was darting off with it, when out came the shopkeeper. Then the fun began. He knew nothing about the camera, and caught Edna by her flapper plaits, and started to administer a sound box on the ears. The camera man continued to turn. "Fine!" yelled the producer; "keep it up, it's great." "Maybe it is," replied poor Edna; "but he's pulling my hair out!" The more she struggled to free herself the more the shopkeeper pulled. "I'll teach you to steal my pheasants, I will," he shouted. Then he looked up, and "spotted" the camera man.

Edna's sense of humour overcame her and she just shrieked with laughter, which made us all laugh—even the shopkeeper.

But Edna Flugrath can be serious. Those eyes of hers are not always merry. The other day I stood and watched her in a scene in which her wonderful art changed her vivacious, almost restless self into the very embodiment of gentleness. A pure-faced nun, she stood praying at a latticed window; her hands were clasped, her eyes were uplifted, and real tears were running down her cheeks and falling unheeded on to the black of her gown. And only a moment before she had been talking and laughing gaily with us all.

She is plucky too! When she played the part of "Lady Betty" in *England's Menace*, one of the London Films' most successful productions, she undertook to ride a motor-cycle through the heart of London. She did it, and came

through with flying colours; and yet until that day she had never been on a motor-cycle in her life. Another time she drove a car—into a ditch! How we all laughed! Edna most of all. It took the best part of a morning and six men to extricate it. She loves playing character parts, and is never happier than when she is hiding her prettiness under some character make-ups. For instance, when she played a *Coster's Wife* a few days ago in a picture, she was walking about with a lovely black

eye which her "ole man" had given her—in the film!

When she was working in *Mr. Lichen at Liberty*, she sailed a motor-launch down the Thames, much to the admiration of captains of passing vessels, the said admiration being sometimes embarrassing.

When she is not actually playing Edna is still busy. Usually when I go into her dressing-room I find her sewing, for she makes every gown she wears on the screen; to-day I found her hard at work on a wonderful evening cloak, all shimmering embroideries and flame-colour tulle. She loves sewing, and if she could help it would never lay a dress at a store, and neither would anyone else if they could make such beautiful things as she does—so, maybe, it's a good thing for the drapery stores that we can't all sew!

She always says, laughingly, "When I am too old to act, I shall sew for my living." She'll have a long time to wait for she is very young. She went on the stage when she was three, and proudly says that her first part consisted of one line—"Daddy, Daddy!"

Her second professional appearance was as a *première danseuse*, aged four. She always remembers what a hit she made with the scenery for she bowed so vigorously when the audience applauded that she bumped her head on the backcloth and had to be carried off the stage by an irate mother in the wings. After a long and arduous training she joined the Metropolitan Opera House forces as *première danseuse*, where she very successfully substituted for Anna Pavlova on several occasions. Her last appearance on the legitimate stage was made in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, the charming rural play which had such a successful season in London.

Before coming to London she played for a year in Edison films in America, where her absolute fearlessness was shown time and time again when she was called upon to perform feats which required unlimited courage. As the Sweetheart of *The Dam-builder* she swung across a deep chasm dangling from the end of a wire cable and climbed down the side of the great Ashokan Dam; then, in *Between Orion Junction and Fallonville* she galloped along a railway track between two approaching locomotives, her horse stumbling over the ties and threatening to throw her at any moment. In *The New Member of the Life-saving Crew*, Miss Flugrath calmly floated out to sea on an upturned row-boat, and *A Perilous Cargo* found her scrambling aboard a burning schooner which a few minutes later was blown to pieces by dynamite. And she loves it!

She is all energy and vivacity, and is possessed of a personality which seems to welcome obstacles and dangers.



EDNA FLUGRATH.

THE CHILD—THE WOMAN—AND THE MAN



Edna May in characters demanding completely different treatment. The first shows her as the girl in *England's Menace*, the second as a nun in *The Heart of Sister Ann*, and the third as a male in *The Two Roads*.

EDNA MAY IN FILM-LAND

TO APPEAR ON SCREEN AS A SALVATION LASSIE.

DRAWING her conclusions from four weeks of experience at the Vitagraph studio, where she is making her initial, likewise her final, appearance in pictures, Edna May confessed to a *Motion Picture World* reporter that a photo-play actress's hardest work is waiting to work. "This sitting around hour after hour is a bit trying to one's nerves," she said, "and the lights are fearfully hard on the eyes. Pictures are a fascinating study, to be sure, but if I were to return to public life and were looking for something moderately easy I should prefer acting on the stage to acting in a studio."

Then Miss May, or rather Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, hastened to add that there is not the remotest chance of her reviving the career that she enjoyed before marriage. She has other interests now, not the least among them the string of racehorses owned by her husband.

But meanwhile the Syracuse girl, who won fame in *The Belle of New York* and topped off a successful stage career by marrying an English millionaire, is giving her undivided attention

to the preparation of a drama being directed by Wilfred North under the supervision of A. E. Smith. Naturally, she plays a Salvation Army lass, for the public always will associate her with a trim blue uniform and a poke-bonnet, but the story is not modelled after the renowned comic opera.

When met in the Vitagraph studio, the Salvation Army worker impersonated by Miss May evidently had been adopted by fashionable society, for, attired in an evening gown which must have cost the equivalent of several hundred Salvation Army dinners, she was the centre of attraction at a reception in a drawing-room that would not look out of place in Park Lane. Handsome tapestries adorned the walls; in the deep-set framing of the full-length mirrors flowers and greens were artistically arranged. The gilt furniture, the

heavy rugs and draperies were all in faithful imitation of Louis XV. fashions.

Seated on a lounge, awaiting the summons of Director North, Miss May expressed surprise at the attention paid to each detail in the staging of a scene. "It is all new to me," she continued, "for I never visited a studio in England; in fact, before this year I had been to motion-picture houses only four times, once in Paris and three times in England. Since I arranged with Mr. Smith to appear in this production I have spent a large part of my spare time in going to picture-houses and studying the work of other players."

Miss May mentioned as an odd coincidence the presence of Billy Cameron and Harry Davenport in the Vitagraph studio, both members of the original *Belle of New York* company. Now Mr. Cameron is playing a rôle in Miss May's first picture, and Mr. Davenport, as is generally known, is a director. The company selected for the support of the famous comic opera star includes Harry Morey, L. Rogers Lytton, Donald Hall, Dorothy Kelly, and Bobby Connolly.



COMPUTE CAREFULLY OF THE COMMUTATIONS THE COMMUTERS

THE WINNER

ADAPTED FROM THE FILM BY ERNEST DANGERFIELD.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION!

TOM MORRIS OF CROYDON

will meet

STEVE ASH OF ROTHERHITHE

In a Twenty-round Contest for the
BROCKWELL BELT.

WITH fluttering heart Nelly Brent gazed at the above announcement posted on the wall. To the casual reader the bill meant little or nothing—an hour's sport at the most.

To Nelly it meant much, and with a sigh she turned and walked homeward. Nelly was nineteen, and pretty at that. She lived with her father, John Brent, an ex-champion and trainer, under whose roof Tom Morris, a handsome young boxer, had grown successful in the noble art of self-defence. Tom was busy with the punching-ball as Nelly entered. He greeted her with a smile, to which she responded with a saucy toss of the head.

Old Brent sat at his table examining a document spread out before him as Steve Ash entered. Approaching Nelly, he took her hands in his, and began an earnest conversation which was interrupted by Brent, who asked the two men to sign articles. The signatures were written, and, as Steve resumed his talk with the girl, Tom clenched his teeth.

Both men were in love with her, but, though she felt that she liked Tom best, she loved to flirt with either.

"I've had enough of this," cried Tom, facing Nelly with blazing eyes. "You must decide between us."

Old Brent, too, thought it was time for his daughter to make up her mind, and told her so.

Nelly hesitated and looked at first one and then the other. Then, very deliberately, she said: "I will marry one of you—after the fight."

Steve, quite satisfied with the girl's decision, took his departure; but Tom was only partially consoled, and reluctantly returned to his ball practice.

Brent also was far from pleased, and as he watched Tom at his practice he shook his head dubiously.

"What are you thinking of, father?" Nelly said later when they were alone.

"Well, girl," he answered, "to be candid, Tom Morris is sure to be beaten."

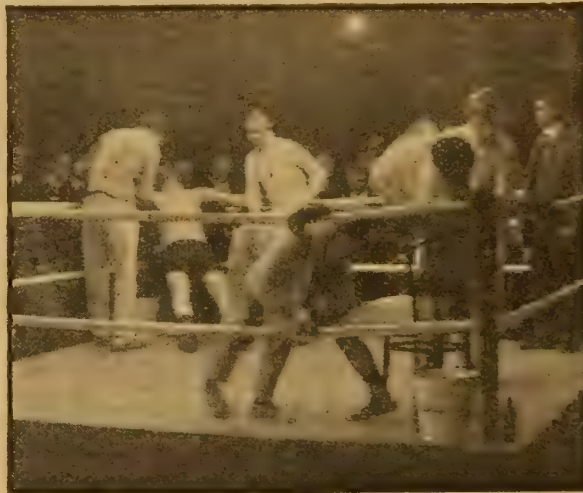
For a minute Nelly remained silent, then she laughed, and taking a pencil and paper she wrote a few lines, passed the note to her father, and skipped lightly out of the room.

Brent, puzzled, read the lines, "I will marry the one who loses. —NELLY."

"Well this beats all," he muttered, but he pocketed the note with an air of satisfaction.

As Steve walked homeward he said to himself, "It's him or me—its odds on she'll marry the winner. By heaven! he'll go under in the first round, or my name's not Steve Ash." As he turned a corner he ran into a friend of his, Jake Bluett, an ex-pugilist, gaolbird, and thorough-bred scoundrel. Half an hour later these two, in Jake's dingy lodgings, plotted to destroy Tom's chance of winning. Packing a bag with a pair of old "prepared" boxing-gloves, Jake, in the garb of an artisan, took his departure.

Tom was alone and still at his practice when Jake arrived. "Sorry ter trouble yer, mister," he said; "I've got ter fight a bloke to-night over a girl, so thought as 'ow yer might give me a wrinkle or two; I'll pay yer for it."



THE FIGHT—AFTER THE FOURTH ROUND.

"Keep your money, mate," Tom replied, good-naturedly, "and shape up quickly; I've no time to waste."

An evil smile set on Jake's features as the two started sparring. Suddenly Tom received a stinging blow on the shoulder. "God! what was that?" he gasped. His arm seemed to be paralysed. And then—The next moment Brent entered the room, and recognised Jake as an Old Bird of the lowest type. Jake, too, remembered the day when Brent had put him into the horse-pond.

"So—it's you, is it?" Brent hissed.

Jake cowered, and looked for some means of escape.

"No, you don't!" And Brent seized him by the throat and almost throttled him. "What's your game this time?" he demanded.

"Leave go!" gasped Jake; but Brent gripped him tighter.

In the struggle Jake lost a glove, and Tom picked it up. Its weight aroused his suspicion.

"The cur!" he shouted, as he took from the glove a heavy piece of lead piping.

Brent dragged the man to his feet, and stuck him against the wall; then, clenching his fist, he held it threateningly close to the scoundrel's face. "Don't do it on me, guv'nor!" Jake whimpered; "put it on Steve Ash—it's his fault." Brent lowered his fist in astonishment on hearing this confession, and Jake, taking advantage, sneakily backed out of the door. Brent glanced at Tom, who was hot with passion, the pain at his shoulder doing nothing to cool it. "The hound!" he cried. "I'll beat him and win her yet." Then he strode from the room.

Tom's determined manner brought a new light into Brent's eyes. He had remembered his daughter's promise. "If he wins," he said to himself, "she marries a blackguard."

The eventful night arrived. The great hall, known as "Simmon's Ring," was packed to the roof. Nelly was there with her father. They occupied seats in a corner close to the ringside. The first part of the programme passed quickly, and then came the big event, on which a woman's life's happiness was at stake. The rivals stepped into the ring, and were introduced by the referee: "On my right—Tom Morris of Croydon; on my left Steve Ash of Rotherhithe." Brent watched the preliminaries with a trainer's keen sense of judgment, and physically summed up Steve as an easy winner.

"Time!" The men shaped up, Nelly clung to her father's arm, and the first round ended with points even.

The girl looked up at her father and sighed. Towards the end of the second round Tom received an unlucky blow, which sent him reeling to the boards. He was up again on the count of five. "Poor Tom!" murmured Nelly, as she tried to feel happy, for had she not promised to marry the loser? Round three passed with little advantage to either side, but in the fourth Tom received some severe pummeling, and at the conclusion retired to his corner looking very groggy. He gazed round at the vast audience, smiled encouragingly to Nelly and her father, then looked across at his rival. Steve returned the look with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.

Time! and the men faced for the fifth round. Tom's injured shoulder gave him pain, but the knowledge of



LOVE ATTACKS
EVEN

THE COMMUTERS

the presence of her he loved instilled him with new vigour. Steve seemed to be acting a better man. Tom, well on the offensive, frequently drove his man to the ropes.

Presently Steve, setting his teeth savagely, prepared to rush at Tom; but the latter was too quick for him, and with a mighty swing he caught Steve clear under the jaw. He fell like a log and remained motionless while the referee counted him out. Tom was the victor. The house cheered and cheered again. Nelly stood dazed. Her idol had won—at least she thought so—she could not trust herself with solid facts and the house still roared. In a moment of delirium it seemed to jeer at her. "What were they saying? why were all those fingers pointing at her?"

Somebody touched her on the arm—she turned and smiled faintly at her father. "We must be going, dear," he said, with a little tremor in his voice.

Meanwhile Steve, surrounded by his seconds, lay still unconscious. Brent and his daughter had arrived at the gangway, and were quickly joined by Tom, who with beaming face had crawled through the ropes to meet them, but what had happened? Why did Nelly hang her head? Why didn't she embrace him? Of course, she was shy, he laughed. Tom approached her. "Nelly," he said softly. She did not even look at him.

"Dearest, I have won!" he pleaded; but the girl's only response was a vacant stare.

Brent, a few paces behind, was in a painful dilemma. His daughter's happiness was at stake. Her written promise he had in his pocket. His mind was quickly made up. Unperceived he drew out the slip of paper, erased the word "Loses" and substituted "Wins." Then he approached his daughter. Tom was still pleading. "Nelly," her father said softly, "have you forgotten your promise?" and he gave her the paper. She took it mechanically. Too well had she remembered it. Then, as her eyes rested on the paper, she realised her father's foresight, and read:—

"I promise to marry the one who wins.—NELLY."

With a grateful look at her father, she extended her hands to Tom and was folded in his warm embrace.

* * * * *

This real prize-ring play, written by Reuben Gillmer and produced by Charles Calvert for Cricks and Martin, was refereed by J. Palmer of the *Sporting Life*. The fight was fought strictly under National Sporting Club Rules, and you will find that the picture contains all the vim and vigour, and the hot-heated blood of conflict. It is handled by Davison, the British agent. It will be released on January 31st.



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IS
YOUR
FAVOURITE
HERO

G. M. ANDERSON

who is now appearing in some
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FIND THE FILM!

First turn to page 367.



PICTURE PERSONALITIES



Lady Duff-Gordon's New Enterprise.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the founder and principal of the firm of Lucille the famous Court dress-makers who has gained a world-wide reputation by her success in designing gowns for the stage, has now turned her attention to designing for the favourites for the screen. She is paying a temporary visit to New York to design gowns for film stars popular on both sides of the Atlantic. One of these is Edna Mayo, the youthful and charming leading lady of the Essanay Company. Miss Mayo is to play the heroine in a series of episodes, each connected one with the other, entitled *The Strange Case of Mary Page*, and a feature of the series appealing especially to women will be her wonderful gowns. She will wear what will probably prove to be the most elaborate wardrobe seen on the screen. This will include costumes for every occasion, from boudoir to ballroom, and every one is being specially designed for her by Lady Duff-Gordon.

The part of the hero in this picture is to be taken by Henry B. Walthall, the well-known emotional actor who has scored such a hit by his portrayal of the leading part in that unique film *The Birth of a Nation*.

The Strange Case of Mary Page will be printed in serial form by nearly five hundred American newspapers, and it is by the author of that famous serial film *What Happened to Mary*. The picture is expected to arrive in Great Britain early in this New Year.

Embryo Models, Beware!

THERE'S many a sweet young girl with ambitions to shine from the dais of the sculptor's model who would do well to learn something about it from the most famous art model in the world, Audrey Munson. She will bear that it is not all beautiful postures and studio romance, but the earnestness of ambition brushes aside the cold, unpleasant truth. For this reason Miss Munson consented to convince girls by showing in films the difficult labours of a model. The most trying ordeal of her career, she says, was when she posed for a few life-size casts which were necessary for the famous Exposition groups. At that time she vowed she would never do it again, but in *Inspiration*, a five-reel Thanhouser-Mutual masterpiece, she was prevailed upon to break her resolution.

The cast is made of Paris plaster. The model stands in position and the castmaker encases her up to the neck in plaster, which hardens. It takes over an hour, and the mass weighs almost two hundred pounds. The heat is terrific, yet all the time the model stands in a posture from which she cannot stir. Then the men break it with chisels, lay out the pieces and re-assemble them. For the head a rubber cap is put on, and the entire head and

face are then encased in plaster; the model breathes from under the weight through rubber tubes. Then again, with mallet and chisel carefully wielded, the hard encasement is broken, the pieces being held together with strings for assembling.

Concerning Leah Baird.

ILLINOIS claims Leah Baird as a native daughter. She went to school principally in Chicago, and her stage experience was gained with stock companies in Toronto, Buffalo, Wilmington, Delaware and Troy, New York. Miss Baird then took the lead in the Broadway production of *The Man*

from Mississippi and *The Munsey and the Humming Bird*. Then she joined the Vitagraph players, her first picture being *Champs*, with John Bunny and the late Marshall P. Wilder.

She stayed with the Vitagraph Company for two years, after which she joined the Universal Company, who sent her to Europe to play opposite such players as King Baggot and William Shay in several feature productions.

A year later Miss Baird rejoined the Vitagraph forces, and again had Maurice Costello for her leading man. Miss Baird is a brunette, and exhibits a decided preference for emotional parts.

A Japanese Actor.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA, the celebrated Japanese actor, now a member of the Lasky Stock Company, was born in Tokio, Japan, twenty-seven years ago. His parents designed him for the Japanese Navy, but the indi-

(Continued on page 362.)

MUSICAL TERMS ILLUSTRATED. No. 2.



1. "Segno"—The Sign.
2. "Sostenuto"—Sustaining the Sounds.
3. "Semplice"—Simple—without Ornaments.
4. "Cavatina"—A Short 'Air.

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FUNNIEST RITCHIE YET!

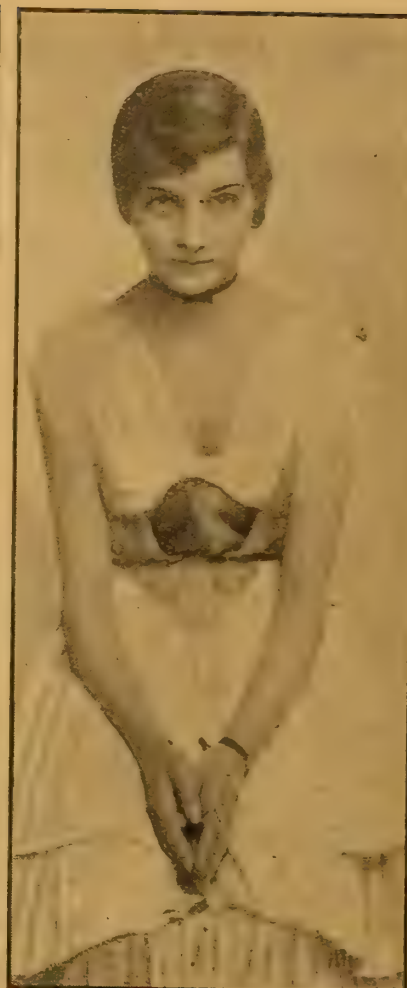
"ROOM & BOARD, A DOLLAR AND A HALF."

L-KO Farce Comedy. 1,945 ft. approx. Released Feb. 21st.

When we tell you that this is Ritchie at his absolute funniest, we mean it literally. When we saw it ourselves we howled ourselves hoarse with laughter. And we see quite a few comedies per week. If you thought that L-KO Bill had no more new funny stunts up his sleeve, wait till you see this two-reeler.

Bill is harshly treated by his wife, who keeps a boarding-house, and is very sweet on a corpulent boarder. But Bill is smaller than the boarder, so he swallows his chagrin in large gulps. Sighing to be revenged, he decides on a spoof suicide. His wife goes wild with joy and trots off with her boarder. Then fate takes a hand. Bill is hypnotised into the den of a charming sorceress, and there meets his wife and rival again. You breathe heavily, joy-tears roll down your cheeks; your seat sways, your throat parches, your lungs work overtime, you babble and howl and—yes, it's some comedy.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.
Universal House, 37-39, Oxford St., London, W.



QUEENIE THOMAS,
Concerning whom we have written on
this page.

the management of the late George Edwards, but, preferring work of a more serious nature than musical comedy, she was engaged by James Welch as "Margery" in *When Knights Were Bold*, and remained with him throughout the various revivals of the play in London.

As is so often the case with those who have been associated with James Welch, Miss Thomas ascribes any success she has attained to the training she received when under his management. His three jet aphorisms she repeated to us with such an earnest realisation of the wealth of wisdom that they contain that they are well worth repeating for the benefit of other young (and older) aspirants for screen-work:—

"Don't Act—Be."

"Acting is the art of knowing what to leave out."

"The greatest actors are those who don't act."

A Narrow Escape.

ONE of the most thrilling moments in the life of Romaine Fielding, late Lubin star, and now proprietor,

director, and leading man of the Cactus films, came recently, when, mounted on a big black horse, he narrowly missed being ground under the wheels of a Santa Fé train.

It all happened in Phoenix, Arizona, where he has his headquarters, during the production of a picture, *Deputy Daring*, a two-reeler he is producing for the Universal Company, in which he plays the title rôle.

In the action while chasing escaping convicts Deputy Daring rides in front of a passenger train on which they are making their getaway. By some mischance the horse got too close to the train and its hip came in contact with the coach. The horse was thrown from the track and landed against a telegraph-post close to the track.

Fielding was hurled from his horse, and he, too, struck the post. His shoulder, which had acted as a buffer, was badly swollen. It was necessary to take some twenty stitches to close the wound in the shoulder of the horse

SCALA THEATRE

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dual concerned thought different, and secured his first engagement with Madame Yacco, the Japanese actress, and afterwards appeared in Japanese versions of Ibsen dramas and Shakespeare, making a great success in *Othello*.

His first engagement with the Lasky Company was in support of Edward Abeles in *After Fire*. He then appeared in support of Blanche Sweet in both *The Clue* and *The Secret Sin*, which are to be released in this country. He will also be seen playing opposite Fanny Ward in the forthcoming release *The Cheat*, which Lasky believes is the greatest picture his company has ever produced.

A New Screen Star.

THE Holmfirth Producing Company are fortunate in having discovered a leading lady with such personality and charm as Queenie Thomas.

Although success has come her way thus early, Miss Thomas is quite modest about her work, and is her own most severe critic. In *Won by Losing*, the latest production of the Holmfirth Company, her performance in the dual rôles of the two principal characters, "Daphne Graham" and "Pellie Craft-

ton," is most praiseworthy. The subtle distinction between two natures possessing a physical likeness is stamped out with a clearness and precision really admirable, and justifies the hope that Miss Thomas will soon make a big name for herself on the screen.

Previous to her engagement by the Holmfirth Company, Miss Thomas had been gaining experience in several of the recent productions of our leading manufacturers, and had done some good work in *The Vengeance of Allah*, *Intelligence*, *A Pair of Spectacles*, and *John Halifax, Gentleman*. In *White Star* she made the most of her opportunities, but when the chance of really big work was offered in *Won by Losing* she took it with both hands and easily surpassed all her previous efforts.

During a recent chat with Miss Thomas she told us that she started her career at the Gaiety Theatre under



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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS



MONA DARKFEATHER, who, although popular in Indian parts, belongs to a Spanish family, and was born and educated in Los Angeles.



FORD STERLING in characteristic make-up (he is really nice looking). He is making his reappearance in Keystone Comedies.



ROBERT BROWER, whose face is familiar in Edison films in which he is a great favourite.



MARY MAURICE, the Vitagraph player. She has been called the "Perfect Mother of the Screen" and the "Grand Old Lady of the Films."

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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later



THE ROGUE'S WIFE. Neptune production. Three reels. A stirring dramatic film made in England. *The Well-to-do Co., Ltd.*

THE COAL KING. Neptune drama. 3,600 feet. The famous old melodrama. Wonderful coal-mine scenes. *Kinematograph Trading Co., Ltd.*

HER FILMLAND HERO. Majestic "Kid" comedy. One reel. In a dream her favorite characters come to life. Played by a company of clever juveniles. *New Majestic Co.*

MARSE COVINGTON. Metro drama. Four parts. Edward Connolly. From the book and play with a record by George Ade. Crammed with intense human interest. *Roughs Enterprises, Ltd.*

A QUEEN FOR AN HOUR. Vitagraph comedy. Two reels. Would you see Edith Storey in a dual impersonation? Then see this sparkling production, without a dull moment.

CARTOONS ON TOUR. Edison comedy. One reel. One of the Animated Grouch Chasers, by Raoul Barre. How a funny little man drinks water from a magic pool and becomes a wee babe.

THE VORTEX. Essanay drama. Three Acts. Nell Craig, John Corsar, Warda Howard. The whirlpool of a double life vividly portrayed. Full story in No. 98, January 1st issue.

FLAMES OF SHAME. Victor drama. Two reels. An unusual story of blackmail. Includes a wonderful black-and-white set designed by Harry Myers, who plays the lead. *Trans-Atlantic Film Co., Ltd.*

THE FOUR FEATHERS. Lucoque drama. From the novel by Captain A. E. W. Mason. Features Howard Easterbrook. Superb desert scenes. Story will appear soon in PICTURES. *-Lucoque, Ltd.*

A FRIEND IN NEED. "Beauty" comedy. One reel. Frank Borzage and Beatrice Van. How a frock-coat and tall hat were the means of losing a girl for one man and gaining a wife for the other. *-American Film Co., Ltd.*

STOLEN GOODS. Lasky drama. Four Acts. A splendid picturisation of a well-known emotional play. See Blanche Sweet as a Red Cross nurse in thrilling war scenes. Full story appeared in No. 96, December 18th issue. *-J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*

THE MYSTIC BALL. Selig drama. Two reels. George Larkin and Fritz Brunette. A strange story in which the doings of an unscrupulous bucket-shop proprietor and a crystal ball which reveals the future take a strong part. Too good to miss.

A BURIED CITY. Big U Interest. Shows the unearthing of a 3,000-years-old mummy and other wonders, as, for instance, the streets of the dead that have been opened up, an ancient tomb that has been unearthed, a miniature railroad used in the excavating. A more unusual film than this has never been offered. *-Trans-Atlantic Co., Ltd.*

SWEET LAVENDER. Hepworth drama, which with *Iris* (also produced by Hepworth) starts the "Pinerio boom." Features Alma Taylor, Henry Ainley, and Stewart Rome. Whether you saw Sir Arthur Pinerio's charming play or not, you must see this perfect picture version. Full story will appear in next week's issue. *-The London Independent Film Co.*

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THE
BIRTH
OF A
NATION



WE HEAR



THAT the Ideal Company have added to their great string of front-rank pictures *His Worship the Mayor*, a striking Trans-Atlantic drama.

THAT Lady Tree, who has appeared in the Ideal play, *Still Waters Run Deep*, is charmed with her cinema experience.

THAT her daughter, Viola Tree, is to play in the Ideal production of Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*.

THAT no adventure since Captain Scott's tragic journey has gripped the public more than the Williamson Submarine Pictures at the Philharmonic Hall, London.

THAT the fight between Mr. Williamson and the shark, which forms the climax to this film, holds every audience spellbound.

THAT Captain A. C. Bromhead (Managing Director of the Gaumont Company) is Adjutant of the 24th County of London (The Queen's) Regiment.

THAT if all the enlisted and attested employees of the same Company were members of the 24th the gallant captain could command a full company of his own men.

THAT the Gaumont Company have finished the filming of *Sally Bishop*, and that another "winner" is on the point of being staged.

THAT *The Terrible Tex*, the latest Homeland production, is one of the funniest screen comedies ever produced.

THAT Billy Merson being the "T. T." in question, the fun comes as a matter of course.

THAT it is suggested that the gallery of the Royal Automobile Club should be used for cinema lectures in connection with motoring.

THAT at St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, recently they had to run an emergency musical programme, the reason being

THAT the fog was so dense the light beam was unable to penetrate the 165 ft. of space between projector and screen.

THAT the Christmas holiday picture business has been "top-hole" everywhere, much to everybody's satisfaction.

THAT Eve Balfour, who made such a hit in (and as) *The Woman Who Did*, is now featuring in her own productions.

THAT, after some months of film separation, Miriam Nesbitt and Marc McDermott, the Edison stars, will appear together again on the screen.

THAT the Selig Company have received a nice bunch of films featuring Tom Mix.

THAT the said Tom, together with Victoria Forde, opposite whom he now plays, may be justly called the King and Queen of Cow-boys—and girls.

THAT the circulation of last week's PICTURES went up by nearly seven thousand more copies.



One of the many thrilling scenes
from

"THE FOUR FEATHERS."

By CAPT. A. E. W. MASON.

A film of topical interest now showing.

DON'T MISS IT.

"SALOMY JANE."

By BRET HARTE.

A CALIFORNIAN STORY OF '19.

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Clapham Junction IMPERIAL
Herne Hill GRAND CINEMA
Croydon PICTURE HOUSE
Lewisham KING'S HALL
Thornton Heath ELECTRIC THEATRE
Sydenham RINK CINEMA
Walham Green RED HALL
Ealing PALLADIUM
Richmond ROYALTY
Westbourne Grove GROVE PICTURE PALACE

Hammersmith BROADWAY CINEMA
Wood Green PICTURE PALLADIUM
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TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

The first set appeared in our issue dated Jan. 8, and is still obtainable through all newsagents, or direct from Odhams, Ltd., 93-94, Long Acre, London W.C.

This time we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once.** Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the first set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in PICTURES on sale Jan. 15th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10, and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

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2nd SET.

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6. Scene from
Letters used: **B C E H I K N O R T**



7. Scene from
Letters used: **A C E G H I N O R S T U**



8. Scene from
Letters used: **A C D E G H I O R S T V**

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EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

FOR the information of all the competitors who entered our Screened Stars Competition, I will cheer them by saying that the judges are now judging. Surrounded by drawers, shelves, and boxes packed with "sets," they are fully scrutinising every name written hereon. In due course I shall publish the full results, so please control your patience and look out for them.

Find the Film.

How do you like our new Competition? Personally, I think it is the most interesting one we have ever organised. The films illustrated each week are being shown somewhere but even if you do not spot the Competition scene you have the jumbled letters to help you to discover the title of the film. Another advantage is that when you fill in your title you know, within reasonable limits, whether you are right or wrong, the letters used being already published.

"Potash" and "Perlmutter."

Pressure of business has prevented me from seeing it, but I hear good accounts of *The Tailor of Bond Street*, the four-reel comedy to be released by the Gerrard Film Company. That it can be anything but good seems impossible, seeing that those funny fellows Gus Yorke and Robert Leonard, whose photos appear on this page and who made London laugh with *Potash and Perlmutter*, are both featured in the above-named film. It is good to laugh, and this will give us an opportunity to laugh at a good thing.

A Pathe Picture Paper.

The new paper, which on another page is offered free to readers of PICTURES, is to be published primarily to illustrate and describe Pathe productions. Like all the films released by this famous house, it is sure to be good, and of course it will in no way compete with PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER.

A Feast of Adventure.

Being nearly drowned in a water-tank, or clutched from a death by fire, or



ROBERT LEONARD ("Perlmutter").

board to the sails of a windmill and carried round until daringly rescued is all in the day's work of the clever picture-player. But all three things happened to John Drew, Detective (played by Arthur Rooke), in a fine and thrilling drama called *The Blackmailers*. This three-part British production is being handled by the London Independent Film Trading Co., Ltd.

AUGUSTUS YORKE.
The Original "Potash."



Transporting the "Threepennies."

Speaking to the manager of the Grand Hall, Bromley, the other day, he told me of two old ladies who had come to his house the night before and loudly objected to wait in the queue for threepenny seats for which they had paid. An attendant suggested they should take transfers to the sixpennies. Whereupon one of the old ladies rushed to the pay-box, shook her umbrella, banged down sixpence, and shouted, "Young woman, give me two *transports*!" The poor old dear must have been thinking of the war, but anyway she and her friend were safely transported to the "sixpennies" without being torpedoed.

Dispelling a Difficulty.

So many readers write in every week to complain that they cannot obtain PICTURES that, in addition to my oft-repeated advice to place a standing order with any newsagent, I have decided to include an order form in every issue. Now, please! all ye who have difficulty, turn to page 366, fill up the form therein, and hand same to your newsman, and all will be well.

Elisabeth Risdon's Prizes.

Since referring last week to "Uncle Tim's" Competition, to the winners in which Miss Risdon is awarding prizes, the popular actress writes me: "The doll is ready, and I have dressed a smaller one for a little consolation prize. I shall not have the puzzles cut until I know the names of the prize-winners, as I thought it would be a good idea to add the winners' names." - The prizes in question are a handsome doll and a smaller doll, both dressed by Miss Risdon, for the girls, and two jigsaw puzzles.

Extension of Time.

It is such a rare opportunity for the children that I have induced "Uncle Tim" to extend the date for sending in the verses. Children under fifteen are to write a verse or verses, with Miss Risdon for subject, and post them to her, c/o. PICTURES, 85-86, Long Acre, London, W.C. The last day for sending in is now Monday next, January 10th. So let us see what our youthful readers can do.

F. D.

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A GOOD Home will be given to small dog. Apply by letter only, giving full particulars, to Miss Dolly Tree, c/o Picture Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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The Story—A boy and girl, lovers in the Welsh Hills, are parted by the call of Art. Years later, both having achieved fame—the girl as a singer, the boy as a sculptor—they meet. The man falls in love afresh with his old sweetheart, whom he does not recognise. The woman reminds him of his pledge to the girl of years before. He goes to seek her, to fulfil his promise. And he finds that the path of honour leads after all to happiness.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

Since writing you last, Christmas has come and gone, and my pretty heading this week illustrates how some, and I hope very many, of you have been spending your holidays. For myself I had a very pleasant time, as, although I have many friends and relations at the Front, none of them, so far as I know, have been killed.

I had occasion to travel across London on Boxing Day afternoon, and was not a little astonished, seeing what a rough and windy day it was, to find long queues outside many picture-houses. I learnt, too, that all the picture theatres did full-house business at night, which only shows that, no matter what holiday it is, the people, both old and young, will have their picture feast. At a picture-house near here I live they give a performance every Saturday afternoon for children, and it does one's heart good to hear the thunders of applause and rars of laughter, which can be heard half-way down the road. On one occasion, although I did not disguise myself outwardly, I fancied myself a child again and went in amongst them. And then I understood their great delight. With them I laughed at the comical antics of the comedians and applauded the bravery of the heroes. I could not help myself. It was impossible to be one of a packed audience of children without doing as they did. Their spontaneous

enthusiasm carried me away, and for that afternoon at least I became a little boy again. Truly the pictures are a marvellous institution—the mightiest entertainer for all sorts of men, women, and children that the world has ever known. You boys and girls are lucky to be born in times of pictures. I often wonder how I managed without them in the days of my youth.

The Painting Competition has been another monster success. For a whole week paintings poured in as plentiful as the rain, and I have had the usual tight task in judging them. But I am quite used to the work now, and have long ago come to the conclusion that painting is one of your favourite pastimes. The four painting-books have gone to the following for best paintings, age being considered in examining all the pictures: Winnie Weatherley (aged 10), 33, Dorking Road, Deptford, S.E.; Reggie Coulson (aged 13), 46, Dorking Road, Tunbridge Wells; Horace Venner (aged 12), 27, Marsland Road, Walworth, S.E.; Doris B. Smith (aged 11), 375, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

AWARD OF MERIT (you win this six times for a special prize): L. Ison (Acton Vale), Alan Cansdale (Colchester), Frank Hulin (Cardiff), Thomas Simister (Manchester), C. Bernard (Edinburgh), W. Ellison (Halifax), Nan Brooks (Edinburgh), Elsie Booth (Morecambe), Dorothy Hall



(Dolton), D. Ellis (Hayant), Stella Park (Smethwick), D. Atkinson (Ilkley), C. Baker (Kerlington).

A charming letter has come from Ivy Neal, who tells me that she has won no fewer than twelve awards of merit. "Something queer happened the other day," she writes, "I had met my Dad at the station, when a gentleman who knew him by name asked if I was one of his daughters, and then if I was Ivy. Finding that it was so, we were introduced, and then the mystery was solved. He said, 'I see your name in PICTURES nearly every week.' I learned afterwards that he was in charge of our local cinema, and that his two children enter for your competitions."

Ivy said other nice things, but if I were to quote all the nice things in all the charming letters I receive from readers I should require the whole paper, and goodness knows what Mr. Editor would not say to me.

Now I am going to ask you to finish this story for my new competition:

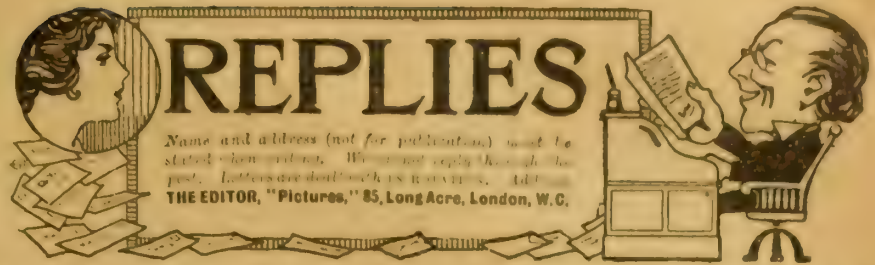
"Willie's Luck"—What Was It?

Willie wanted to see the Christmas show at the cinema, and, having been a good little boy, his mother gave him a shilling, told him to bring back sixpence change, and not to be home late. He ran off to the Cinema, but just before reaching it he stumbled and fell, and his shilling rolled down a gutter and was lost. He stood up and wept bitterly. Instead of seeing the pictures he was more likely than not to get a flogging. . . . When Willie went to sleep that night he was one of the luckiest boys in the world. What happened to Willie after losing his money?

To those who send the best answers, on a postcard I will award four nice books, and the usual award of merit will go to the next best. Give your age, and post your card to "Willie," PICTURES, 85-86, Long Acre, London, W.C., so as it arrives on or before January 17th.

This is not a puzzle. You make your own ending to the story, and you need write your answer to the question only on your postcards. All will be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by

UNCLE TIM.



Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We do not reply through the post. Letters are dealt with as received. Add:
THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

SAILOR LASS (Barnsley).—Christie White's husband does not play for the films. The cast you want was not published, and the age of the player we cannot now vouch for; it has been variously stated by different authorities. Our best and kindest to your sailor boy.

MABEL (Eggleston).—The portrait in a recent issue was of them, and not Bud Duncan, so you are quite right, Mabel. Thanks for cheery letter. "Never say die" is our motto as well as yours.

FLAPPER (Bathurst).—Address Mahlon Hamilton, c/o Barkers Film Co., West Ealing, London, W. You ask him if he is unmarried, Flapper.

PICTURE LOVER (Leeds).—You think the Editor is "a genius." You may be right, but his natural modesty forbids him advertising the fact.

EDSMAN (Epsom).—We believe the film is a Kalem production, but the cast was not published.

Mrs. C. (Ardwick).—"Memories that Haunt" (Vita-graph): "James Moran," Earle Williams; "Isabel Moran," Rose Tapley; "Lighthouse Keeper," Geo. Stevens; "The Wife," Mary Maurice; "Little Anne," Helen Costello.

ETHEL (no address).—Read rules at top of page. Edna Purviance plays opposite Charlie Chaplin. Address her c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 133, Argyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A. Thanks, Ethel.

HOPEFUL (Manchester).—See reply to Guy, last week, who inquires for a book on play-writing.

A LOYAL READER (Glasgow).—Abraham Lincoln is one of the characters in "The Birth of a Nation." Cast of "A Flight for Fortune" (Majestic):—"May," Signe Auer; "Brown," E. D. Sears; "Morrison," F. A. Turner; "The Aviator," Ernest Hodgson. Have sent your love to the first player. Pleased to hear from you.

M. G. (London, S.E.).—In "Innocence at Monte Carlo" (Thaubs) (Mignton), An lerson played "Alice Brownell," Ray Joanson "Richard Marcus," and Ethel Jewett "Eulalie Perdue." Thanks, "O d Reader," for kind wishes.

ESTELLE (Forest Gate).—We have no postcards yet of Henry Ainley. An illustrated interview with Warren Kerrigan appeared in our Dec. 25 issue. So you received an interesting letter from him? Good.

L. T. (Hackney).—You will have already seen replies to other readers about the Screened Stars Competition. We have only just reached your turn.

HILDA (Harrow).—The cast you want was not given. Thank you, Hilda, for kindly letter, &c.

MAY (Barton on Trent).—Lucky girl to get photos from your favourite players! Write to the London Film Co., St. Margarets on Thames, Middlesex, for the synopsis you want, May. Have sent you a postcard list, and we will bear in mind the photo you ask about.

INQUISITIVE KID (Leeds).—Rosecoe Arbuckle plays the principal part in "Rim and Wallpaper" (funny combination, but it is), and Syd Chaplin was "Gussie" in "Gussie's Wayward Path." We don't understand the funny business, as you call it, at the end of your letter. What is it?

DIMMY (Forest Hill).—We have no postcards of Clara K. Young. Addresses:—B. & C. Co., Hon Street, Walthamstow; Lasky Film Co., Los Angeles, California; and World Film Corporation, 130, West 4th Street, New York City, U.S.A. In No. 95 we published a short interview with Fay Temple. Hope to have some postcards of her soon. You ought not to have to wait till Wednesday for your PICTURES—it is published on Saturday. Your cinema manager is evidently an enterprising man.

DAN'S SWEETHEART (Cardiff).—(And very nice too!)—So sorry the cast of the film you mention was not given. Thank you for kind wishes.

INTERESTED (Pleiston).—"Lights and Shadows"—"James Gordon," Jos. de Grasse; "Arthur Bentley," Lon Chaney; "Eve Bentley," Pauline Bush; "Vic Austin," Tom Forman; "Matilde Vernon," Laura Oakley; "Eve's Mother," Betty Schale; "Estelle," Beatrice Van; "Mrs. Austin," Miss Wright. Address F. X. Bushman, c/o World Film Corporation, 130, West 4th Street, New York City, U.S.A. The postage of a letter to U.S.A. is a penny—if under one ounce. We should think any player would like to hear from readers of PICTURES. We do.

C. W. (Liverpool).—Addresses:—Alma Taylor, c/o Hepworth Mfg. Co., Walton-on-Thames, and Jean Taylor, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. So you too have received autographed photos from the players!

AUTHORITARY (Dublin) writes of the many fine films on show at Dublin picture-houses. In time, no doubt, "The Birth of a Nation" will come to Erin; so cheer up and be patient. Have sent your love to Baby Wade, Helen Badgley, the Cosello children, and Joan Morgan. We note that you have no desire to become a picture-pl yer, so won't press you.

SNOWBIRD (Canterbury).—Julia Swayne still plays for Vita-graph. Write to the London Film Co., St. Margarets on Thames, Middlesex, about "Rupert of Hentzen." Sorry we cannot trace the two films you mention. Hope to hear from you again.

BOBBY (Brighton).—Gladys Cooper played for Canard films. Anita Stewart would most likely reply to a letter from you. We published photos of her in Nos 70 and 77, and can supply postcards of her (one kind only) one penny each, postage extra.

JIM (Shields).—We have postcards of Norman Howard and Blanche Sweet—the latter coloured—price one penny each.

FRED (Seaford).—Of course we remember you—and all the staff send you their hearty congratulations on joining the Army. The best of luck be with you, Fred. Pleased to have photo in khaki. Hard luck being so far from a cinema.

(Continued on next page.)

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Only for pictures, but too real for the Indians.

[Judge.]

WEARY WILF (Bournemouth).—You don't go often enough to the pictures, Willie. That's what's the matter with you. As you want to learn all about the recent film, our bound volume No. 8 is the very thing for you, price 3s. 9d., post-free, from PICTURES Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London.

PHIL WINDSOR.—An announcement in our "Pre-paid" column would no doubt find a buyer for your gramophone.

MABEL (Bromley).—Glad you liked our Xmas number, also the music therein. Happy New Year to you, Mabel.

LIVET (Linton) writes heaps of nice things about us. The best and kindest to you, Elvett.

C. W. J. (Swansea).—Write the producers of "The Exploits of Elaine," Pathé Freres, Ltd., Wardour St., London, W., for what you want. They might be able to supply you. We have none.

IDA (Birmingham).—We are not producers, Ida. You can only apply to the English companies, whose addresses are continually being given on this page, for a position on the films. Remember, there are many talented players wanting work. We don't reply by post.

A LOVER OF PICTURES (Southampton).—We can supply you with picture postcards of Thanhouster players. If you send your name and full address we will send you a postcard list.

P. E. P. (Highbury).—Address Kalem Co., Cliffside, New Jersey, U.S.A. We do not know the film you mention: who produced it?

EVERLYN (West Ham).—So sorry to hear of your disappointments. Thanks for New Year's greetings, which we heartily reciprocate.

ANNE (Rotherham).—Address Hobart Henley, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. As you are writing you can ask him those personal questions you want answered—we are shy.

E. M. B. (Linc. In.).—We have two different picture postcards of Mary Pickford—later on we expect to have a coloured one also.

ELSIE (Bradford).—We have not heard of Lillian Logan for some time now. Of course you may write again, Elsie, and please comply with our rules and send address, there's a good girl.

DOROTHY (Asbourne).—We have postcards of Gerald Ames and Blanche Sweet, but not of the others you mention.

EDITH AND NELLIE (Snodland).—We have postcards of all those you want, and our postcard manager has sent you his latest list.

NAN (Peterborough).—You could ask at your post-office about sending the PICTURES to the soldiers—or if you wish you could take them to the hospital for our wounded heroes, who would love to read them. It is a kind thought of yours, Nan.

DOROTHY (East Hill).—So glad you had such a nice portrait from your favourite Vitagraph player. Thanks for love.

E. M. (Manchester).—Henry Ainley played "The King" in "The Prisoner of Zenda." The full cast was given in Jan. 1st issue. Albert Chevalier played "Cyrus Blemkarn" in "The Middleman."

W. B. (Leeds).—Charlie Chaplin was born in Walworth, London, and, as he played in Fred Karno's sketch "The Mummified Birds," it is quite likely he may have stayed for a few days in Sheffield whilst touring.

DIMMY (Oxford).—Our War Souvenir Album is the identical thing for your best girl's bracelet, price 18s., from PICTURES Ltd., 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, and a bound volume (VIII.) of PICTURES will just suit yourself, price 3s. 9d. post-free from the same address.

AN OLD READER (East Ham).—Address Francis Ford and Grace Curran, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. We have picture postcards of both, price one penny each, postage extra. Thanks for congratulations.

MABEL (Bury).—We have only the plate of Florence Turner as published in our Christmas Number. It is worth framing, and many readers write that they have already framed theirs. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford.

BETTY (Dundee).—Address Anna Little, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. That will find her, Betty.

ALICE (Bedford Park).—Thanks very much for seasonable greetings. The same to you, Alice.

MAISIE (Birmingham).—Living some distance from the studios of the English producers will make it more difficult in getting on the film, and if you were near it is doubtful if you could obtain a position. See also reply to "Ida."

POSTCARD MAN (Boston).—The postcard manager will send you one of his very latest lists, free, gratis, and all for nothing, if you send him your name and address.



LILA CHESTERT; Our picture postcard of this popular Thanhouster player.

JOHN (Sunderland).—So glad you like your graphophone prize. The more of our competitors you enter the better we shall be pleased.

SWEET BLUEBELL (near Barnsley).—Alas! Keystone do not publish their casts. George Cooper is still with Vitagraph and their address would find him. Thank you for love to us all, sweetheart.

MARIE (Eastwood).—What an enthusiastic picturegoer you are! And you're a real good friend to get us twenty-two new readers in 1915. May you be as successful in 1916.

M. E. AND E. D. (Lewes).—May all your dear ones return safe and sound after the War. Please read our rules. Always pleased to hear from you.

DOROTHIE (Bredbury).—So you have been moving too! Isn't it a job, Dorothie? Moving pictures at the cinema are much nicer.

JENNY (Southport).—The Film Life of Mary Pickford, price 2/6, post-free from PICTURES Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, will tell you heaps of interesting things about that dear creature.

ROBERT (Shoreham).—Your answer to our great "Feet" competition was correct, but, strange to say, hundreds of correct solutions arrived earlier.

B. M. V. (Walsworth).—Many thanks for cutting from *Range and Times* describing Warren Kerrigan as "The Strongest Man in the World."

MISS R. (Glasgow) says that none of our readers should miss seeing Mary Pickford in "Rags." Personally, we would not miss her in anything.

MARY SMITH (London, S.W.).—No, Mary, the feet were not Maurice Costello's, but Charlie Chaplin's: so you cannot "have a banana" this time.

L. H. (Cheltenham).—So far as we know, Jane Gail, who plays for Unice sal, is "in the pink." We have postcards of her, 1d. each, postage extra. Your other personal question we cannot answer.

SEAGULL (South Shore).—Thanks for hearty congratulations and good wishes. Accept our best and kindest in return.

* * * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed

THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"

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SMILES

Willie's Holiday.

"What are you crying for, Willie?"

"I've got a toothache and there ain't no school to stay home from."

That's What They All Say.

MR. BATCH: "Do you ever get homesick?"

HENPECK: "Only when I'm home."

One Consolation.

"My wife speaks six different languages."

"Why worry? She can only talk one at a time."

The Burning Question.

QUEENIE (the belle of the party): "Have you ever kissed a girl?"

CLAUDE: "Is that an invitation, or are you gathering statistics?"

A Conscientious Hostess.

"Dear Harold is coming home for Christmas, and he tells me he's captured seven Germans. Now I haven't the faintest idea what to do with them."

Consoling the Cook.

"DISTRESSED WIFE": "I cook, and cook, and cook for you. And what do I get? Nothing."

WEARY HUSBAND: "You're lucky. I get indigestion."

Waiting.

DINER: "I say, my man, how long have you been a waiter in this *caté*?"

WAITER: "About six months, sir."

DINER: "Oh, then it can't be you that I gave my order to!"

How He Knew.

ACTRESS: "Poor Reggie got fined for using Robinson's car."

HER BOY: "How did Robinson know?"

ACTRESS: "Oh! Reggie ran over him."

No Room for Tears.

ACTOR: "My good lady, the last place I stayed at the landlady wept when I left."

LANDLADY: "Did she? Well, I ain't going to. I want my money in advance."

Dust Removers.

THEATRE MANAGER: "Why are these hannisters so dusty, Mrs. Jones? You should see mine at home. You could see your face in them."

MRS. JONES: "You've got three small boys, sir!"

Overwork.

He had carried a cue nine miles around a billiard-table, and pushed a lawnmower once across his 80 by 20 lawn.

Then he collapsed.

"Overwork," said the sympathetic doctor as he put him to bed.

Unkindly Put.

"There have been times in my life," he said, gloomily, "when I was tempted to commit suicide."

"Oh! well," she said, "it's no use to grieve over the past. We can all look back and see where we've made mistakes."

WEEK ENDING
JAN. 15, 1910.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER



Chrissie White

who plays the title role in the Hepworth Picture Play "Sweet Lavender," by Sir Arthur Pinero.

The DAUGHTER of DARKNESS

A Drama of
much
Sensation.

Three Reels
packed full
of excitement

Something
you will
be wanting



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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



JESSE L. LASKY
presents
GERALDINE FARRAR

in
"CARMEN"

RELEASED
THURSDAY, JANUARY 20th.

AND
VICTOR MOORE

in
"CHIMMIE FADDEN"

RELEASED
MONDAY, JANUARY 24th.

Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.

THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and J. D. Walker's, may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of 3/- post-free.



FANNIE WARD AS "KITTY"

And Jack Dean as "Lord Reginald Belsize" in the Lasky Picture Production of *The Marriage of Kitty*. (See page 387.)

Everybody likes Tom Mix!

Here are two good subjects in which
the dashing cowboy-hero is featured

HER SLIGHT MISTAKE

COMEDY

THE GIRL & THE MAIL-BAG

DRAMA

MAKE SURE YOU SEE THEM



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There are still a few 4-colour por
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Another Popular Trans-Atlantic

A Strong Human Story about a Man who
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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER.

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1916.

New Series, No. 101.



MARY MILES MINTER, THE FASCINATING LITTLE "METRO" STAR.
She is probably the youngest leading lady, and has been called in America "the sweetest flower on the screen."
(See next page.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

TEN POUNDS FOR NOTHING!

Would you win, free of cost, one of over two hundred prizes? Then turn to page 396.

The Hepworth "Pinero boom" bursts on the public this month with the appearance of *Sweet Lavender* and with *Iris* to follow on March 13th.

What will be the effect of Charlie Chaplin's kicking powers (disastrous enough to human beings) on the bull in *Carmen*, his next subject?

A Newcastle man recently made his third rescue from drowning. Quite a record of realism, for he is not a film actor. But what picture his rescues would have made.

Jackie Saunders, the Balboa beauty, is said to have succeeded in kissing herself on the lips in a clever double-exposure effect. Personally, we would rather she had wasted her energy on other lips—our own, of course.

"Dark days and long nights, gloomy rumours and pessimistic interpreters," says the *Newcastle Journal*, "make for depression in the home, and the respite afforded by a visit to a picture-house is an antidote to depression and a tonic to the spirits."

Old playgoers will remember *Mamelle Nitouche*, which was done as a musical play at the Duke of York's Theatre (then called the Trafalgar), London. Now we note that the story has been filmed by Ambrosio, and will be shortly seen on the screen.

Asked in the House of Commons recently as to the possibility of obtaining leave from the French Government to exhibit films showing the work of the French troops, Mr. Tennant said that if there was a demand for them the films, he was informed, would be produced.

The Duty-Dodger.

"LET me see," said the splendid shirker, examining the menu through a glassless circle of gold (glass being detrimental to the e.e.-lashes), "I think I'll have an omelette." Whereupon the actress flashed her eyes in the direction of his table, and exclaimed, "What you want, young man, is an armlet."—*Evening News*.

A Star at Fifteen!

LITTLE Mary Miles Minter, the charming and youngest star of the Metro Company, and whose portrait appears as our frontispiece, is only fifteen years old. Yet she has already played lead in several big Metro productions, and bids fair to become one of the world's greatest known cinema artists. You will see her shortly in *Enemy of Star's Nest*, a delightfully

artistic five-part Metro drama. We hope to have much more to say about Mary's abilities in future issues.

Soldiers on the Screen.

THE biggest mass of soldiers ever seen at one time in this country is shown on the film at the Empire, Leicester Square, where, during the afternoons, the official Navy and Army films are shown.

The scene is the review by the King of two Divisions of the New Army. Ten



THE PICTURE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY. No. 10.

Kathleen Williams in a Keystone Comic.

thousand men have passed by when the camera shows a magnificent perspective of thirty thousand men marching with fixed bayonets, the last ranks fading into a faint touch of shining steel, a mile or two away.

"Economy" via the Cinema.

AN excellent suggestion has been made in an article now before us in regard to the help which our cinemas could be to the Government in popularising by means of the screen war loans, and instruction in the need for economy. "Our poor have never been taught to save," says *The Guardian*; "our middle-class have forgotten their lesson, while the wealthy have too often learnt ways of unprofitable spending. If the Government are in earnest, and if they believe in the fervid appeal for economy which has just been issued by a number of distinguished bankers, why not speak with all the eloquence a visual appeal carries

to the six million people who will attend the cinemas next week, and the week after, and the week after that? Is there no one in authority with sufficient imagination to realise, and sufficient courage to use, this splendid opportunity?"

That exhibitors will as one man help the authorities in any scheme for the welfare of the country, as indeed they have done in the past, we can have no doubt, provided always that the "economy" taught at cinemas is not elsewhere taught to weaken the people's "picture" habit.

To the Women of Britain.

MADAM SARAH BERNHARDT, who my readers will see in the wonderful film *Jeanne Dore*, has sent the following touching message to *Everywoman's Weekly* for the encouragement of the women of Britain:—"In this tragic hour my message to every woman in Britain is: Be brave! sure in the victory which awaits my brave countrymen and the Allies. Men must fight, but this is not the time for women to weep. They must be strong in faith, active in war-work, inspiring as ever, by their love and patriotism, the magnificent courage of their countrymen. France will never forget what Britain has done and is doing. French women and British women join hands in a bond of mutual sympathy and affection, rejoicing together in the renewed hope of our glorious future and of our eternal friendship cemented in the War. In the same issue of this popular weekly, published on Tuesday next, is a powerful "straight from the shoulder talk" to women, written by Horatio Bottomley, the Editor of *John Bull*. We also notice with interest that there is an announcement of a Beautiful Baby competition and a new skill competition with big money prizes, both of which are to commence in the following week's issue.

Pictures in the Snow.

ROLLIN S. STURGEON and his company of Vitagraph players are snowed in at Bear Valley. The snows were somewhat late in their arrival this year, and travel is always difficult when once the white carpet gets properly and thickly spread. Mr. Sturgeon has been doing a little shooting, some snow-shoe walking, and canoeing while in the Valley, and the trip is anything but a hardship to him, even though it involves the hardest kind of work.

Perhaps You Can?

THE poet sits and tears his hair, he's searched the lexicons with care to find two words, however rare, that rhyme with Henry Walthall. He's tried "moth-ball," it don't sound right, and "maul," but Henry does not fight, then "he'll call Paul" is silly quite, it's hard to rhyme with Walthall. Then "fall in ball" like Keystone sounds, and "wall" and "pall" are common nouns, there's "stall" and "tall" and "gall"—oh! zounds, one CANNOT rhyme with Walthall.



"The Commuters" is Kumm-in.
Hurrak! Hurrak!

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. TRENCH CANNON: Practice with our "pigsqueaks" and "whizz-bangs." 2. "SEVEN UP": One of the final tests of motor cycles built at Coventry expressly for service in the Army. 3. "OUT OF ACTION": Cheerfully bearing the loss of a limb, the poilu is still "doing his bit." 4. IN THE SNOW-CAPPED VOSGES: The famous "Blue-devils" who fight throughout the winter on skis. 5. AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS' FIGHTING: Six hundred of the Marine Fusiliers, who started 6,000 strong, return to Paris. 6. A WAYSIDE CROSS: One of the many instances of sacred images that, despite the tide of battle, have remained unscathed.

THE FOUR FEATHERS

Adapted from the Film of Captain A. E. W. Mason's Famous Story.



"COME with me for a holiday to Ireland, old man?" said Captain Jack Durrance to his chum Captain Harry Feversham.

Thus in a little while the chums found themselves in the country noted for its pretty dark-eyed women and warm hearts. They had a great time, and became frequent visitors to the house of Mr. Eustace and his pretty daughter, Ethne, old friends of Captain Durrance.

A close friendship soon sprang up between Harry Feversham and Ethne Eustace; the two were continually together, and no one was surprised when, toward the end of his vacation, Feversham pleaded his love for Ethne, and was accepted.

The lovers spent the last few days in each other's company, ignoring the existence of their friend, Jack Durrance, who, being himself deeply in love with Ethne, felt her engagement to Feversham very keenly, but would not allow this to affect their friendship.

On their return to London, Feversham gave a dinner-party to his brother officers at his flat, and whilst replying to a toast, announced his engagement to Ethne. Congratulations were showered upon him by all present, including his rival, Captain Durrance. When dinner was over, and the guests were smoking and chatting, Feversham's valet handed him a telegram. Excusing himself for a moment, he read with mingled surprise and annoyance: "Regiment ordered on active service; not yet officially known, tell Trench.—Castleton." A sudden dread that in the hour of danger he would fail, and thus bring disgrace on Ethne, loomed strong in his thoughts and he at once decided for her sake to resign his commission. The moment was a tense one, and he paled under the stress of his conflicting emotions.

"Anything serious, old chap?" asked Captain Trench.

"No," replied Feversham; "merely a fall in some stocks." Then, passing the fireplace to leave the room, he dropped the telegram into the flames.

Trench was just in time to read several words on the unburnt portion, and immediately sought out Captain Castleton to ask him about the telegram.

Three days later Trench, greatly excited, burst into the mess. "Feversham is in a funk," he said; "he has sent in his papers to avoid going on service and risking his precious neck."

Following the announcement, he produced from his pocket a small box and three white feathers. These he placed in the box with his own card and those of Captain Castleton and Captain Willoughby. Then, carefully tying up the package, he addressed it to Feversham,

That gentleman had meantime returned to Ireland, and was spending his whole time in Ethne's company. A dance arranged in his honour was in full swing, and he was sitting out a quiet interval with Ethne when the box arrived. Feversham opened it, and was astonished to find it contained three white feathers.

"What can it mean?" asked the girl.

Her lover hesitated before answering, and then in some confusion he told her what he had done. She pulled him up short, and plucking a feather from the white fan which she carried she very determinedly placed it in the box with the others. Before Feversham could find his voice she had removed her engagement ring and laid it on the table before him.

"I would never marry a coward," she explained as she left him to his thoughts.

Feversham was greatly affected. To his friend Lieutenant Sutch he unburdened his troubled soul. He told him the story of the four feathers, and the telling of it did him good. It brought him to his senses.

"Sutch," he cried, "I am going to compel them, to take back those feathers. I leave for Egypt to-morrow."

* * *

In the guise of a native to avoid recognition, Feversham spent the next few months in the East. In due course he became attached to a band of strolling players, and one day whilst playing in a *café* he was surprised to see Captain Durrance come in and engage in conversation with a native. Feversham sat down close to their table and played softly on his zither. In this way he overheard the native, Abou Fatma, a faithful servant of General Gordon, tell how the General entrusted him with his last despatches. "I succeeded in getting

away from Khartoum," said Abou Fatma. "But was pursued by the Arabs. I managed, however, to hide the despatches in some ruins at Berber before I was captured. Eighteen months later I escaped and came on here."

When Captain Durrance returned to headquarters he immediately told the story of the General's despatches, and was ordered by the Colonel to take a detachment and recover them. Next day Harry Feversham met Abou Fatma in the lazaar, and in conversation with him learnt that a detachment was ordered out to Berber under Abou's guidance. Feversham, who had still done nothing to justify him in returning the feathers, now saw an opportunity, and decided to grasp it. "My best course," he thought, "is to follow the expedition and offer my assistance, if it is required."

A week later the company was ambushed in the desert and badly cut up. Then Harry got his first chance. Whilst in search of water, Captain Trench and Castleton were attacked by the Arabs, and, after a desperate struggle, during which Feversham disposed of two Arabs, Castleton was fatally wounded, and Trench taken prisoner. Feversham stayed by Castleton until the end.

Under the glare of the sun Captain Durrance had become totally blind. In this plight Feversham found him wandering helplessly and, without disclosing his identity, led him back to his company, and watched all that was left of them march back. Then he went off bravely into the desert alone to try to recover the lost despatches.

After many narrow escapes, he succeeded, and one day presented himself at the orderly-room of his old regiment. At first the sight of Feversham greatly displeased Captain Willoughby, but when he found that he had brought in the lost despatches, he was agreeably surprised



GENERAL GORDON GIVES HIS LAST DESPATCHES TO ABOU FATMA.



HARRY FEVERSHAM (ON EXTREME LEFT) WATCHES CAPTAIN TRENCH MADE A PRISONER.

A striking scene actually photographed in Egypt. Nearly all who took part in it were natives.

and at once asked for the return of the feather he had sent him. Feversham was very glad to get rid of it, "and I want you," he said, "to promise to take this other feather to Ethne. I am going now to find Trench."

Feversham journeyed inland to the old town of Khartoum which was at this period in the hands of the Arabs. As a wandering minstrel he spent many days searching for Trench, and was soon under suspicion. His arrest as a spy followed, and he was imprisoned in the pestilential House of Stone at Omdurman. On the first night, whilst being driven from the prison-yard with other prisoners, he met Captain Trench. The meeting of the two friends, both helpless prisoners, was touching in the extreme. For many days they were driven about with huge iron weights fixed by chains to their ankles. Escape for either seemed absolutely out of the question.

Although quite blind, Captain Durrance attempted to hide the fact from his comrades, but unable to hear the added affliction of being unable to read

Ethne's letters, which she still wrote for friendship's sake, he confided to Lieutenant Calder, who already had his suspicions. Calder was so touched that he took matters into his own hands and wrote to Ethne telling her of Captain Durrance's blindness. Ethne loved Harry Feversham dearly, and believed that he would still win through, and regain his lost name, but when she received Calder's letter her heart went out to his poor blind comrade. "I have read all your letters," she wrote to Captain Durrance, "and understand that in all your thoughts of me there has been no change, therefore I take back my decision and promise to marry you upon your return to England."

Shortly after Durrance returned home Ethne had a visit from Captain Willoughby. In a few brief words he told her of his meeting with Feversham, and then, according to promise, he handed her the feather and discreetly left her to herself.

All this time Harry Feversham and Captain Trench were suffering the ter-

tures of the damned in their vile prison, outside the walls of which their faithful friend Abou Fatma watched and waited. One day he bribed a sailor to convey a note in the food intended for the two prisoners. It simply read: "All is ready. On the steps from the Gunpowder Factory."

On the next day as Feversham and Trench were being whipped along in their chains Abou Fatma and his servants felled the two gaolers with a blow on each man's head. The other guards were tripped up and clubbed, and willing hands enabled the two chains to escape.

"In here," whispered Abou Fatma as they passed the smith's shop. The smith soon filed one man's shackles and Abou Fatma filed the other whilst a servant kept watch.

"Quick, here, come the guards," called the look-out. The two men



HARRY FEVERSHAM.





THE TWO MEN WERE BUNDLED INTO THE HAYLOFT.

were bundled into the hayloft and covered up, and as the guards entered Abou Fatma became a beggar seeking the aid of the smith to mend his broken crutch. The ruse was successful, and the guards passed on their way. The chums were free. With the assistance of Abou Fatma and his friends, they were soon on their way to the coast.

Two months later Ethne received this brief note from Captain Trench:—"I return my feather gladly. He has more than redeemed it. He has risked his life many times to save mine." Poor Ethne was now in the depths of despair, and braced herself for the ordeal of Harry Feversham's return. He came to her one evening in the little church near her home, where she was earnestly praying for strength to be able to send him away from her, even though it broke her heart.

In the twilight he took her hand. "Ethne" "Harry," was all that passed between them, then he felt the engagement ring on her finger, and his eyes sought her face, asking the question his lips dared not frame. Her reply cut deeply into both their hearts: "I must send you away again; I am engaged to Jack Durrance—he is blind." One long look passed between them, one frantic hand-clasp, and then they parted.

Both had been too much affected to trust themselves to speak.

Jack Durrance rose slowly at the back of the little church. He had heard all, and bracing himself for a great and manly sacrifice, he overtook his friend at the gate of the little churchyard.

"Harry," he cried bravely, "Ethne is waiting for you."

Feversham pressed his friend's hand in silence, and returned to Ethne who was still in the church. Gratefully she understood that Captain Durrance had released her, and with a sigh of content she laid her head on her lover's shoulder.

This splendid five-part film version of the well-known novel is the first of the British made "Popular Films." It was produced by J. Searle Dawley from the scenario by Nellie E. Luceque, Howard Estabrook ("Feversham"), Arthur Evers ("Durrance"), David Wall ("Abou Fatma"), and Irene Warefield ("Ethne") are principals in an all-round clever and hard-working cast. The film is controlled by Luceque, Ltd., of 93 and 95, Wardour Street, London, W.

FIRE DESTROYS FILM STAR'S HOME.

OWING to a servant's carelessness, the beautiful old house which for the last twenty-one years has been the home of Alma Taylor has been destroyed by fire. It is of interest to note that this fine old mansion was formerly the residence of Anne Boleyn, and was filled with almost priceless wood-carvings, windows and mural paintings. The fire-engine which arrived upon the scene was almost useless, but, fortunately, no one was injured. In contrast to the staged thrilling fire scenes, in which Alma Taylor often played in the earlier days of the cinema industry, this unfortunate conflagration was really real.

"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 12. TYPES OF PATRONS.

SHE'S a fashionable lady with a *chic* Parisian bodice.
She comes in pratty regularly too;
She poses a *la* Juno,
or some other Latin goddess,
And fails to see transparent things like you.
She usually accompanies a little girl of, say, nine,
Who claps immoderately, nothing loth,



AN INTERESTED JUVENILE

And in the lady's lap there lies a lilliputian canine
Who barks, or sleeps, or does a bit of both.

Here's an interested juvenile who seems to have the fidgets—



He wriggles like a herring on a hook;
He sucks the terminations of his rather dirty digits,
And gurgles like an interrupted brook.
Intelligence is rampant in that cranium atomic,
He sees the things denied to me and you;
The mysteries in the drama, hidden humour in the comic,

Surrender to his microscopic view.

Here's a smart commercial gentleman, a truant from his office,

A clergyman escaped from parish ties,

A sentimental governor with child:en eating toffees,

A journalist who's come to criticise.

Not one in all that varied crowd does anything to lessen a

Conviction that somehow they're kith and kin;

To paraphrase a proverb and adapt it to an Essayay

"A touch of Chaplin makes the whole world grin!"



"BRIAN."

“SOME” BEAUTY



MARIE WALCAMP



GRETCHEN LEDERER



DOROTHY PHILLIPS



ROSEMARY THEBY




DORIS PAWN



EDNA MAISON



LOIS WEBER



© SWEET © LAVENDER

Adapted from the Hepworth Picture Version
of Sir Arthur Pinero's great Play
By MICHAEL DEANE.

THROUGH the tears which dimmed her sad eyes, Ruth Rawdon looked out across the moonlit meadows of the old farm. Then she turned away from the open window and flung herself down by the side of the bed she had slept in as long as she could remember. "Oh! Geoffrey, Geoffrey," she sobbed, passionately. "I loved you so, and you—you no longer care for the girl who, believing in your words and loving you, has given you her all!"

That afternoon she had asked Geoffrey Wedderburn, the rich young banker who, while on a visit to Barnchester, had met and taken her heart by storm, to make good

his oft-repeated promise and marry her, only to find that her fears were built on good foundations—that the man was indeed ashamed of her, and never meant to keep his promises.

"But although you may forget our happy days among the lavender, I never shall," she whispered, as, rising from her knees, she began making her few possessions into a bundle. "I'll go away from here, far away from any one who knew me as a happy girl, and I'll never trouble you, Geoffrey—never!"

A few weeks later, among strangers and with the roar of a great city in her ears, a little girl was born to her, and, still thinking of the happy days spent in the fields with her callous betrayer, she had her baby christened Lavender.

"I swear I'll never touch another drop—never—unless, of course, my constitution requires stimulant, or—er—the occasion merits the breaking of—er—the sacred oath."

Dear, golden-hearted, dissolute Dick Phenyl, gazing at his white and haggard face in the mirror, vowed himself to temperance for the hundredth time during his tenancy of the old chambers in Brain Court; then, as a voice singing softly in the basement came to his ears, his good-natured face became wrinkled in a smile.

"There she goes," he whispered, "blithe as any canary, and bringing the sunshine straight into a place where only dust and fog seem able to enter. Dear, dear! it was fifteen years ago when I found her, worn out, almost dying, in the snow, and brought her in—ah! a mad act to bring a homeless woman and her child into bachelor quarters, perhaps, but—he shook his hairbrush savagely at the pale face in the glass—"but one that has brought a reward that you certainly don't deserve, confound you." Shaking his head, he walked unsteadily into the next room. A second later he smiled again.

"Hulloa, Clemmy, my boy!"

"Dick, you've been——" Clement Hale began.

"For the last time, Clemmy, my boy, the last time;" then hastily, as though fearing his young friend and pupil's reproaches, "I'm glad you're here—there's—er—there's something infernally important I have to see you about. Clemmy, my boy, I've seen Dr. Delaney, and he says that little Lavender must give up her lessons, for—er—her health's sake."

"The lessons, to stop," Clement Hale faltered; then, seeing the sharp eyes of the old barrister on him, he added, with a badly assumed indifference, "Oh, all right; it's a pity though I'm off down to the courts now—bye-bye!"

Dick Phenyl chuckled as he heard Clement's feet descending the old oak stair, but he soon became serious again. "Um! As Delaney hinted, it's love—love—bah! A pretty state of affairs—here's my client Mr. Wedderburn

sends his adopted son, who is engaged to his sister's only daughter, to study law, and he promptly falls in love with my housekeeper's pretty daughter—ugh! it's a pretty kettle of fish. We must send little Lavvy away into the country; that's all. But how?" He turned out his empty pockets ruefully, then looked at his small but valuable library. "There's nothing for it—old friends will have to go on behalf of new ones." At the sound of a soft footstep he swung round. "Oh! Lavender," he cried, "you're the girl I was thinking of."

Lavender smiled softly. "Thinking of me, Mr. Phenyl—but, there, you are always thinking of somebody."

"Umph! I—er—I was just thinking if you have a moment to spare you might help me sort these books. There's a lot of rubbish among them, and it's high time I made a clearance."

They set to work, but soon the misery he felt at parting with his beloved tomes, coupled with a certain dryness of mouth, aggravated by the potatoes of the night before, caused him to forget the oath he had so recently made.

"You'll excuse me, dearie, I've just remembered an important appointment—decidedly annoying, but—er—I won't be long!"

He fairly ran out of the room, leaving Lavender shaking her head sadly over the dusty books. A few moments later her face became wreathed in smiles as Clement Hale entered.

"Hulloa, Lavender!" he cried, grasping her hands.

"Mr. Phenyl asked me to help him sort his books," she said, with a blush. "He's just remembered an appointment, and—"

"Oh, has he?—well never mind. I'll forgive him this once, since it's given us a chance to be alone for a few minutes. Lavender, dear, Dick tells me that the doctor says your lessons have to be given up for a time."

Lavender nodded. "Yes—and I was beginning to love them so."

Something in the girl's sweet voice swept away all barriers of reserve, and Clement seized her hands passionately.

"You were beginning to love the lessons—the lessons, dear? Lavender, little Lavender, ever since I first came to teach here I have loved you—and lately I had begun to hope that you loved me just a little bit—do you, dearest?" Slowly she raised her eyes to his, and Clement's heart leapt wildly at the story he read in their blue depths. "Lavender, dear—"

"Oh!" The exclamation in tones of dignified horror caused the lovers to spring apart, and as Lavender hurried in confusion from the room Clement turned to face the two ladies who had entered unheeded.

"Mrs. Gilfillian Minnie this is an unexpected pleasure—"

"Unexpected, I can quite believe," Mrs. Gilfillian interrupted, sharply; "but I'm not certain of the pleasure. We have just finished a visit to Paris, and passing through London thought we would call in and see Mr. Phenyl."

"He's out just now—at the Courts, I believe," Clement answered, hastily. "I'll go and fetch him."

Avoiding any expostulations, he dashed from the room, and Mrs. Gilfillian turned to her daughter.

"My dear, this is just what I suspected. No sooner is he out of sight than Clement seeks fresh fields and pastures new without giving you a thought, my poor child!"

"Oh, please, leave me out of it, mamma. As our marriage has been arranged solely by you and uncle Geoffrey, I don't really see how you can expect poor Clement to be enthusiastic!"

"You ungrateful child—Oh, my dear Mr. Phenyl, and how are you?" she added hastily, as Dick entered the room.

"Clement told me that you—"

"Clement," Mrs. Gilfillian sniffed, "I'm afraid we interrupted a pleasant little tête-à-tête that young gentleman was having with a not unpretty girl."

"A beautiful girl, mamma—"

"Don't interrupt, child." The opening of the door drowned any further remark she might have made, and her loggionette once more went up as Mrs. Rolfe entered.

"Oh, if I mistake not, here is the mother of the little lady you mentioned," Dick Phenyl beamed; "this is Mrs. Rolfe, my housekeeper."

Housekeeper! Worse even than Mrs. Gilfillian had thought,

Pen Sketches of Picture Plays. No. 4.

"Sweet Lavender"



DICK RECEIVES A CALL FROM A SOLICITOR

CLEMENT
HALE
(J.V. BRYANT)



THE BARBER DECLARES HIS PASSION
FOR RUTH

RUTH MEETS HER OLD LOVER,
GEOFFREY WEDDERBURN
(STEWART ROMÉ)



RUTH (ALMA TAYLOR) DICK PHENYL LAVENDER
(HENRY AINLEY) (CHARISSIE WHITE)



DICK TRIES HIS HAND AT
HOUSEWORK

MINNIE GILFILLIAN AND THE PERTINACIOUS
AMERICAN



DICK ARRIVES HOME
RATHER 'ELEVATED



'ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

FRANK
R.
GREY



Some of the principals in *Sweet Lavender*: 1. Ruth (Alma Taylor), Dick Phenyl (Henry Ainley), and Lavender (Chrissie White). 2. Dick and Dr. Delaney. 3. Minnie (Violet Hopson), and the American (Lionelle Howard). 4. Ruth and Geoffrey Wedderburn (Stewart Rome.)

but, recovering from her horror, she made up her mind to strike while the iron was hot.

"I have already met your daughter, I think," she said with an icy smile, "she seems very friendly with my brother's adopted son—Clement Hale. Of course, we can rely upon your good taste not to let their friendship grow into anything deeper?" But Mrs. Rolfe was gazing fixedly at a photograph the other woman had laid upon the table.

"Who—who is that?" she asked unsteadily.

"That!" Mrs. Gillfillian raised her eyebrows in surprise, "that is my brother the famous banker—Mr. Geoffrey Wedderburn." Mrs. Rolfe dropped the photograph upon the table. "You need not be afraid," she said in a hard voice, "the friendship between my daughter and Mr. Wedderburn's adopted son shall certainly not go any further."

Torn asunder by conflicting emotions, her love for her child, and her fear of Lavender learning the truth about her birth, poor Ruth steeled her heart against her old friends and persuaded Lavender that Clement would surely be ashamed after if she became his wife. They prepared to fly from Brain Court, the two friends being told that the girl was too ill to see either of them—a subterfuge that drove Dick Phenyl to his tantalus and poor Clem almost to the verge of suicide. "Faith, Clemmy, my boy," the old barrister said sadly, "it's a sad old world we're living in and it seems to grow more topsy-turvy with every blessed day."

But an interview with Minnie gave Clem some hope.

"I suppose we must keep up appearances if only to keep mother quiet," she said, with a laugh; "but I don't want to marry you any more than you want to marry me!"

"Heaven bless you, dear," he answered heartily, and returned to the attack on the housekeeper's sternly spotted oak.

But fresh dangers were soon to add to the misery of the match-making Mrs. Gillfillian's existence, for on the evening

of a theatre-party, at which she hoped her schemes might come to a head, a young American who had shown Minnie much attention, and whom her mother, noticing signs of reciprocity on her darling child's part, had contrived to slip on their departure from Paris, made his appearance.

"Reckon I'd a thundering hard job to get on your trail," he said gleefully, unconscious of the elder lady's annoyance; "but I made good at last. Now, say, what's the programme?"

"We were going to the theatre—"

"Just the racket," he answered, with his eye fixed on Minnie's blushing cheeks. "I'll make one of the party—sure!"

Introduced to Clement, he quickly decided that that gentleman would make an admirable companion for Mrs. Gillfillian, leaving him free to ask Minnie a momentous question.

Left alone, Dick Phenyl sat sadly in the silent rooms thinking of the severance in the happy little family group that was soon to take place, then, roused from his reverie, he sprang up to open the door to Mrs. Rolfe and Lavender.

"We thought we would say 'good-bye' while they are out," Ruth said, softly, "and I—I wanted to have one last look—"

"But must you go for—for good?" he interrupted.

Ruth met his eyes steadily. "Good-bye, and God bless you, Mr. Phenyl."

"You are not going just yet though," he pleaded; "at least let Lavvy stay with me until you have completed all your preparations. I am an old man, Ruth—it is little to ask!"

Looking into the pleading eyes of the man who had stood her friend when she was friendless, and who had kept her sad story from all, Ruth consented and passed sadly out, leaving them together.

"May I do one thing before I go, dear Mr. Phenyl?" Lavender whispered. "Mother says it would do no good for me to see Clem—Mr. Hale—again, but surely I could write to—"

"To bid him 'good-bye'—no, my dear—no!"

A minute later she had run into another room, and Dick was pacing up and down the room irritably.

"Forty-five thousand pounds!" he chuckled; "fancy old Dick Phenyl a rich man, and nobody knows him!" The smile faded from his face. "Of course the infernal bank has smashed, but that can't help me dreaming of what I could have done with the money." He peeped through the door.

"Poor little girl! poor lad! oh! it's enough to make a man—!" He looked stealthily at the sideboard. "Why not?—just one to keep the cold out!"

The "just one" lasted until the decanter was nearly empty, and at each successive draught the unfairness of things in general became more apparent to his befuddled brain; then a brilliant thought came to him, and he seized a sheet of paper.

"Return at once, important. Dick," he wrote. Hastily running out, he dispatched the message to Clement at the theatre, and returned chuckling delightedly at his stratagem; and so the lover found him when he hurried back.

"Oh! Dick, Dick; so you've broken your promise again!"

"The last time, Clemmy my boy—the last time!" Dick answered cheerfully; then he pointed knowingly to the next room. "In there—hurry up!"

In half-a-dozen steps Clement was across the room, and a second later Lavender, feebly protesting, was in his arms.

"Clem, dear," she sobbed; "all is over now!"

"No, my darling; it is only just beginning," he answered, tenderly. "Dearest, don't be influenced by—by others, but promise that, whatever happens, you will be my wife."

"No, dear, it must not—cannot—be," she sobbed. "Oh! Clem don't make it harder for me. See, dear, here is a letter I have written you. Take it now, but promise not to read it until I have gone—Hush, someone is coming!"

Tearing herself from his embrace, she ran behind the curtains. Clement found himself facing Mr. Wedderburn.

"You, sir."

"Yes, my boy; a little bird brought me news that made me think it my duty to hunt you up. Clem, my lad, who is this girl who has got you in her clutches?"

"A lady whose love would honour any man, sir."

"According to my informant, a charwoman's daughter," Geoffrey Wedderburn shrugged his shoulders. "Well, well, such affairs are not uncommon at your time of life. A cheque will doubtless assuage her grief, and a trip to new lands will soon make you forget her charms."

"You are wrong, sir," Clement answered, hotly. Lavender is as pure, as true, as any woman in the land, and your proposal is an insult. From whom you got your information I do not know, but I can guess, and I tell you frankly that, whatever happens—even at the expense of losing your friendship—I will take no other woman for my wife."

"Bravo, Clemmy, boy; spoken like a man!" hiccupped a voice behind them, and, turning suddenly, they saw Dick



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'The CINEGOER'

FIRST ISSUE FEBRUARY 19th.

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CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND POST NOW BEFORE YOU FORGET IT.

Phenyl in a worse state of intoxication than usual. "And letsh me tell you, sir—I endorse learned friend's opinion—little girl's an angel."

"Good!" Wedderburn shouted, his temper gaining the mastery. "Then I wash my hands of you both from this moment. When *you're* in the gutter, Clement Hale, think of the disgrace you've brought—think of—*My God, Ruth!*"

For a second he looked in horror on the white face of the woman who was advancing slowly toward him; then with a strangled cry fell to the ground, as his betrayed love of long ago drew her child and *her* into the shelter of her arms.

"And now, on top of all this trouble with Minnie and that odious American," Mrs. Giffillan explained, in a state of convulsive tearfulness, to Dick Phenyl, who a she had surprised doing his own cooking and housework, "comes this trouble about the bank. To think that Wedderburn is insolvent! Thank goodness, my little fortune was elsewhere."

"Thank goodness," Dick answered, nearly choking the good lady with the dust he knocked up. "Still, after all," he added, sweeping more furiously than ever, "what is money?"

But the angry lady flounced out, leaving Dick to chuckle alone.

"I wonder where young Bream and Minnie are day-dreaming somewhere. I'll be bound. Ah, if only Clem and Lavender's troubles could blow away as easily! Poor Clem! poor little girl!"

Tiptoeing softly to the door of the next room, where Geoffrey Wedderburn had laid inert ever since his sudden seizure, Dick shook his head several times, and then went out.

Meanwhile the stricken man lay tormented by the memories that crowded on him—memories of a sweet-faced girl who, in all faith and purity, had raised her trembling lips to meet his in the sweet-smelling lavender-fields of her father's farm. Then he groaned in agony of mind as he read again in memory's remorseless book the tear-stained lines in which she had said "Good-bye" to him for ever, and now—

"Ah, Ruth, Ruth, after all these years!" he groaned.

"How are we to-day, eh?" the cheery voice of Dr. Delaney broke in upon his reverie. "Better, eh? No! Ah, well, I've brought some one to nurse you back to health!"

Slowly the sick man turned his head, and his eyes fell upon the sweet face of the woman who looked down upon him. He tried to rise, only to fall back again among the pillows. Then, with a smile, the good doctor, who, having obtained an inkling of how matters stood from the sick man's ceaseless raving, and had hatched the little plot, stole away.

"Why have you come, Ruth, in the hour of my shame?"

In a moment she was on her knees beside him, her tear-stained cheek pressed against his hand. "Hush, Geoffrey, hush," she whispered, "forget the past. Get well again!"

"And you forgive—?"

"Forgive!" Her voice held a world of love, but the sweetness of it caused him to wince as memory once more probed his heart. "I forgave long ago. I loved you, Geoffrey—I have always loved you—but happiness was not for us, my dear!"

"No, my accursed pride shut the gate on that. God knows I did not mean to be such a blackguard."

"Oh, hush, my dear, hush."

"When you went away—when I got your letter—I hunted everywhere for you. But," he added, with a strange return of the jealousy of nearly twenty years ago, "the girl who was with you here—the girl my adopted son is infatuated with, who—"

Slowly she raised her eyes to his. "Can you not guess, Geoffrey—can you not understand?"

"Ruth!" With a great cry he rose and raised her drooping head. "My child—ours—oh! God, and you never told me!"

"What was the good? it would have only added to your worries, dear; was that the way to prove my love?"

He drew her closer to him, his hand caressed the hair which had once been golden.

"You are young yet, my dear," he whispered; "but your hair is silver—God forgive me. All my fault; all my fault!"

Once more she pressed her cheek to his hand, and so they sat in silence, both thinking of the past, and perhaps also the future, and so Dr. Delaney found them when he returned.

"Oh!" the good medico exclaimed diplomatically, shutting his eyes to some confusion on the part of his patient and his nurse, "why, I swear, you're better already. Nurse, nurse, it will never do if you cure my patients so quickly. Now—hem—I don't think a bit of good news will harm. My dear Mr. Wedderburn, your bank is safe—"

"Safe—the bank safe?"

"Yes, by the generosity of your greatest creditor—my dear old friend Dick Phenyl!"

A sob rose in the sick man's throat. Indeed, coals of fire were being heaped upon his head—forgiveness and still loved by the woman he had wronged; saved from ruin and disgrace by the man whom he had consigned to the gutter.

"Why here is Mr. Phenyl—and, bless my soul, if he hasn't the young people with him!"

"Mother! Mother dear—"

With a cry Lavender ran into Ruth's arms, and—staggering weakly to his feet, Geoffrey Wedderburn looked into Clement Hale's determined face.

"Clem!"

"I haven't come to ask you to consider your decision, sir. Think Heaven, I am strong, and not afraid to work for the woman I love, but I—well, I thought it my duty to tell you of our plans. This morning Lavender came to me. She said it made no difference to her—in fact she was glad that I was poor—poor, so that she could help me carve out a name for myself. We shall be married as soon as possible, if Mrs. Rolfe will trust Lavender to me. That is all I have to say."

"Stop!" Geoffrey Wedderburn's eyes sought those of Ruth, and in his she read that her secret was safe for ever from her child. "It was all a mistake, dear boy—all a mistake, for which my mad pride is to blame; Lavender, little Lavender! I knew Mrs. Rolfe long ago, before—before she was married, and God knows I shall be more than proud if she will allow her daughter to become your wife!"

Slowly he joined their hands. As Clement drew Lavender into his arms, too overjoyed to question their sudden good fortune, the grey-haired man sought the eyes of the woman, as if he sought in their lightened depths for an answer to the great question that was shining in his own.

This picture version of one of the sweetest and most popular of English plays was produced by Cecil Hepworth. One of the first two of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays to be filmed, it has started a new "Pinero boom." The film rights of *Sweet Lavender* are controlled by the London Independent Film Trading Co., Ltd., 4, Denman Street, London, W.



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ON AND OFF THE SCREEN

Mary's Brother Busy.

JACK PICKFORD, whose portrait we reproduce the younger brother of Mary and Lottie, has just made his first appearance with the Selig Company in *The Making of Crooks*. It is an unusual plot, and will be followed by the production of a heart-touching drama of circus life entitled *Why Love is Blind*, in which he will also appear. Although only twenty years of age, "Jack" has been playing many years for pictures, and has proved, like his two popular sisters, a most versatile actor.

"Annie Laurie" in Filmland.

A SONG dear to the hearts of British fighting men is the world-famous love ballad "Annie Laurie." In the fighting line, in the large canteens, reading-rooms and huts that have been erected all over the country since the war commenced, it remains the favourite song. "Tipperary" is the best for marching. "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond" is sung as the trains steam away bearing the boys to the trenches; but "Annie Laurie" reminds Tommy of home.

Highland and Lowland Scot, Tommy and Jack from London, Pat from "Ould Ireland" and our men from overseas Australian, New Zealander and Canadian, sang it with equal enthusiasm at a canteen not far from London when we recently paid it a visit. The pianist had hardly played the first few notes before everyone joined in.

In consequence of this, the Hepworth Manufacturing Company are to be congratulated on their production based on the well-known love song.

The origin of the ballad is not generally known, and we are informed that the first version (called "Maxwelton Banks") was written by a certain Mr. Douglas upon Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwelton. It is believed that these verses were composed at the

end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, and it is recorded that, despite the ardent affection of Mr. Douglas, he was not successful in marrying the lady of his heart, for she became the wife of a Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch.

The second version of the song—the popular one commences with the lines—

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew."

The author, whose name is unknown, called it "Annie Laurie," instead of "Maxwelton Banks," and it is by this former title that it is recognised.

The story which the song inspired is modern, and was written by Alma Taylor, in this case the hero marrying Annie Laurie, the lady of his choice.

Paint Stealer and Bigamist (?)

COLIN CAMPBELL, who played the part of the "Flying Scotchman" in the new Lubin five-act comedy, *Tillie's Tomato Surprise*, in which Marie Dressler and Tom McNaughton play leads, had some unpleasant surprises when he arrived in New York. He was walking down Broadway when a painter dropped a paint-pot on his head. When he came round he found six stitches in his scalp and his name in all the papers. Surprise number two was in the shape of a detective who said to him:

"Your name is Colin Campbell?"

"Y-y yes, sir," replied Campbell, thinking he was going to be fined for stealing some of New York's paint.

"You are Scotch?" "Y-y yes, sir?"

"Then come along with me, I want you for bigamy," and it took Campbell a full hour and three whiskeys and sodas to convince the American Sherlock Holmes that he was not the villain who had deceived two beautiful maidens.

A True-born Genius.

OUR readers cannot have failed to notice the clever cartoons and sketches which we have published from time to time by Fred Adlington, who incidentally composed the "Pictures Intermezzo" for our Christmas Number. Although only twenty-nine years of age, he is a positive genius. In addition to black and white work, Mr. Adlington has a wonderful talent for music and literary work. Coming from a long line of musicians, he studied the violin whilst a small boy, and at the age of thirteen had two musical compositions in print. Then he toured as a violinist and accompanist with many well-known vocalists. At the age of nineteen he surprised every one who knew him with his composition and production of a musical comedy, *The Seaside Girl*.

When picture-theatres rose to their

present high level Mr. Adlington sacrificed his previous position to take up the conductorship of the orchestra of a handsome house in the provinces, where he is endeavouring to improve

the standard of film accompaniments. During his comparatively short and successful career, he now has to his credit two hundred pieces of music, lyrics set to music by well-known composers, five operas, incidental music to three Shakespearean plays, six overtures, numerous songs and solos, a grand opera *Libretto* for the Master of Music at Covent Garden Opera House, and two hundred pieces of music for his orchestra.

Besides all these musical successes, he has published one hundred poems, numerous articles on music and cinema orchestras, and a film-play. He is entirely self-taught both with regard to his music and drawing.

£2,000 for One Performance.

OUR Cover Portrait this week shows Fannie Ward in the Lasky version of *The Marriage of Kitty*. This Company, it is stated, persuaded her to leave the "legitimate" for the screen, and incidentally to receive something over £2,000 for her services.

The Marriage of Kitty is one of the finest comedies extant. Marie Tempest, we believe, was the original Kitty, and the play was produced at the Comedy. Miss Ward has just the temperament and happy tricks of characterisation for the part, and is ably supported.

Born in St. Louis in 1875, she had only attained fifteen summers when she appeared on the stage in *Pippin* as Cupid. The late George Edwardes in 1891 engaged her for *The Shop Girl* at the Gaiety. This was followed by her appearance in *Cheer, Boys, Cheer!* at Drury Lane, and subsequently she was cast in *A Night Out*, *Lord and Lady Alton*, and *The Cuckoo*. She will be seen in another Lasky production, *The Cheat*, in which she is said to have surpassed herself as one of the few great emotional artistes on the screen.



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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later



THE DECEPTION. Lubin drama. One reel. A picture telling of what might have been. —J. F. Brockless, Ltd.

THE WOLF. Two reels. Gloria drama. A stirring tale of a man's duplicity which nearly wrecks the lives of two cousins in order to secure their patrimony. —G. Serra.

STOLEN VOICE. —World drama. Four reels. Robert Warwick. A strong picture in which this popular actor plays to the greatest possible advantage. —Columbia Film Agency.

THE GIRL HE WON. Thanhouser drama. One reel. An interesting story of a dancing-girl's salvation from a life of immorality by the son of a wealthy manufacturer.

MAD MOKES AND MOTORS. Martin comedy. One reel. A real hump-hustler, packed with laughter and containing some remarkable trick effects. —Davison's Film Sales Agency.

YE OLD GRAFTER. Keystone comedy. One reel. The gallant suitor rescues the heroine's handbag from the pickpocket, and is rewarded with the fair one's heart. —Western Import Co., Ltd.

THE MUFFLED BELL. —Reliance melodrama. One reel. A thrilling story dealing with gun-runners, wherein a bell plays a very important part. —The New Majestic Co.

MAN'S LAW. Selig drama. Two reels. Wheeler Oakman. Edith Johnson. Harry Lonsdale. A dramatic story dealing with the revenge caused by the devotedness of a brother for a sister.

THE METTLE OF JERRY MCGUIRE. —101 Bison drama. Two reels. Helen Holmes. One of those thrilling railroad dramas in which "Helen" is so famous. —Trans-Atlantic Film Co.

JIM, JUST JIM. —Trans-Atlantic drama. Four parts. Full of novelties. The tale of an ex-convict who fought down his past and came out trumps in the end. —Ideal Film Renting Co.

SWEET LAVENDER. —Hepworth drama. Four parts. Henry Ainley. Stewart Rome. Chrissie White. Alma Taylor. A picture version of Sir Arthur Pinero's great play. Full story in this issue. —London Independent Film Trading Co.

OUT OF DARKNESS. —Jesse L. Lasky drama. Four reels. Charlotte Walker. An interesting story of how a social beauty loses her memory, but recovers it whilst rescuing the manager of a large cannery from a fire. —J. D. Walker's World Films.

CAT'S CASH AND A COOK BOOK. —Beauty comedy. One reel. John Stepping and Nan Christy. A huge sum endowed to a cat's home is the cause of strife between a broker and his wealthy relative. —American Film Co.

THE THIRD PARTY. Vitagraph drama. One reel. A young doctor neglects his wife who is soon taken up by a third person. Meanwhile one of the wife's former suitors tries to cause trouble, but all is explained when the doctor discovers the scandalmonger's identity.

BREAKING THE SHACKLES. —Edison drama. One reel. Herbert Prior. Margaret Prussing. Chas. Sutton. and Robert Brower. How a woman steals a precious idol in order that her husband, who is a slave of the drug habit, may be accused of the theft and be compelled to spend some months in prison. See how the plan works.

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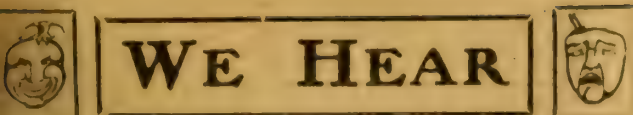
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THAT Walter Rosser made a hit as the worthless husband in the Trans-Atlantic production *The Woman Who Dared*.

THAT after committing a murder he jumped from a burning building and met his just deserts in death, and that he "died" so successfully that he is quite pleased about it.

THAT Lucoque, Ltd., are sending out to their friends in the trade a monthly calendar on which is beautifully reproduced in four colours a scene from one of their productions.

THAT the Editor is again visiting the Hepworth Studios at Watlington-Thames, and that an account of his visit will appear in due course.

THAT *A Soldier and a Man*, the popular play by Ben Jonson, produced by B. and C., will be released in March.

THAT *The Fool For Love* is an exhilarating to managers as the "glad eye." For this Ideal drama there are big audiences.

THAT the Gaumont Film Hire Service has already had many enquiries for *The Devil's Boatman*, the Trans-Atlantic four-reel drama which they will release in April.

THAT *The Juggernaut*, the story of which we published two issues back, has proved as popular as *The Jockey of Death*, which was booked to nearly six hundred theatres before release.

THAT Ford Sterling's first reappearance in Keystone films is in *He Wouldn't Stay Down*.

THAT from what we remember of Ford's previous antics on the screen he is likely to make us all "sit up."

THAT in Eve Balfour's new film, *Love*, in which she plays the leading part, Arthur M. Cullin has made a hit as Roger Hoskins; and that "Love" is sure to win.

THAT Richard C. Travers has recovered from his accident whilst boarding a moving train for a film scene.

THAT a great number of readers have taken our advice and sent in their two-shilling postal-orders for a year's subscription to the Hepworth picture-play paper.

THAT this P.P.P. is much more of a friend than a rival, and consequently we are glad to hear it.

THAT Georges Carpentier is thinking of giving up boxing and putting his money into the cinema business.

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See page 376

for the full

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Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once**. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the third set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in PICTURES on sale Jan. 22nd. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

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10. Scene from
Letters used: **B D E H N O R T U**



11. Scene from
Letters used: **A B C E F G H I K M N O R S T**



12. Scene from
Letters used: **A B C D E H K L O P R T**

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PAINS darting through Chest & Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.



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TONGUE coated yellow at back.

COMPLEXION muddy or pasty

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PAINS in Bowels, Gripping and CONSTIPATION with all its misery

so foul that it cannot be digested. Hence the formation of foul gases and acid acids which irritate the nerves and often cause Heartburn; the gases cause stomach pressure, heart palpitation, neuralgic headaches vomiting, and a burning spot behind the left shoulder blade, so that many often fancy they have heart disease.

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By Sir ARTHUR W. PINERO.

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SEE FULL STORY ON PAGE 380.

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Frank Oxley, London.

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1916

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EDITORIAL

"HULLIO!" this is the Editor. Are you through with the Screened Stars? "No," came the reply, "but we shall be this week—thank goodness!" I have just phoned the judging department, and have given you the result. See next week's issue for the result.

"Picture Title" Result.

In our issue of January 1st I published a picture of five clerical gentlemen in a box watching a screen dance, and offered a guinea for the best title. I cannot say how many hundreds of titles were submitted, but a cheque for one guinea has been sent to Miss Jennie Harris, 15, Woodville Road, The Mumbles, Swansea, for "Sky Pilots—Star Gazing," which I consider the best title sent in. I did not offer consolation prizes, but have decided to send them to: F. Chambers (Slough), "A Rare Collection;" G. M. Chambers (Slough), "Good Spirits—Free of Duty;" P. Chambers (Cheltenham), "Worth a Guinea a Box;" S. Phillips (Birmingham), "The Parson's Christmas Box;" B. Richman (Hackney), "Ah! Men!" E. Yates (Wolverhampton), "The Church in Danger."

"Paula" as a Picture-play.

More than one person interested has told me lately that Holmfirth Productions, Ltd., whose studio is at present in Yorkshire, are busy on big picture-plays. In addition to *White Star* and *Won by Losing*, they recently finished a five-part screen version of *Paula*, the well-known novel by Victoria Cross. A search was made far and wide for an actress capable of playing so difficult a rôle, and from all accounts they were lucky in securing the services of Hetty Payne, who I hear is likely to become a great emotional screen artiste.

Camera Cures Nervousness.

Having met Miss Payne and seen a great number of still photographs of *Paula*, I confess I am looking forward to seeing the screening of the picture. It is her first big part, and doubly triumphant, for she has never appeared on the speaking stage. What is still more curious is that she studied for the stage at the Guildhall School of Music, but when the time came was too nervous to appear in public. "It was through singing at a private house," she told me, "that I had this present offer from the Holmfirth people, and although at first I refused it, then changed my mind, and then dreaded the ordeal for days before I entered the studio, all trace of nervousness vanished when I finally played my part before the camera."

Official War Pictures.

I had the pleasure of seeing the first series of official pictures of the British



HETTY PAYNE, a charming new cinema star, in the title rôle of "Paula," the heroine of the novel by Victoria Cross.

Army in France, taken by special arrangement with the War Office, and wonderfully interesting they proved to be. Not only are they authentic, but they show the type of country our lads are fighting in, and the cheerful way in which they are doing it. One scene, particularly fascinating, showed an impromptu variety entertainment which terminated abruptly with an urgent call to duty. I can easily imagine and hope that these important topical films will soon be screened at every cinema throughout the land.

A Forceful R-cruiting Picture.

A film destined to be shown universally is *You!—a London film-picture* written by Bannister Merwin on a suggestion made to him by an officer now at the Front, and produced by Harold Shaw. In manner most ingenious it shows the adventures of a fragment of a letter on which is written "What are you doing for your country?" It passes from hand to hand, inducing each in turn to "do their bit." This film is obtainable only through the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association and its local branches, and if any one can resist its appeal, well—I shall be surprised!

Money-making Metros.

The house of Ruffells, which, as our readers know, controls the fortunes of Metro films, is becoming busier, and structurally handsomer, every week. Not content with two cosy projection theatres, two more are being built, and in the largest all their trade shows are to take place. Mr. Sparin, who looks after Ruffells publicity, surprised me with a tour of the huge building a few days ago, and incidentally informed me that since Metro films were first released on November 1st they have quadrupled their bookings.

F. D.



Turner Films

are now engaged on

"DOORSTEPS"

From Henry Edward's Stage Play,

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FLORENCE TURNER

as "Doorsteps."



THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



YALE BOSS, who has been specially interviewed for "Uncle Tim's" readers.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

As many of you have seen and liked Yale Boss, the boy-actor of Edison's, I asked my friend Mr. Ernest Dench, who lives in New York, to visit the studio for me and find out something about him; and he did, but he found him outside the studio playing tennis. When Yale discovered what his visitor wanted he took him home and introduced him to his mother.

Now I will give you the interview in my friend's own words:—

"When you were a baby where did you live?" I asked.

"Utica, New York," Yale replied.

"When was it you began to pretend things?"

"That must have been when I was about seven," Yale said. "I first played in a stage piece called *Top of the World*. In the next play, *Silver Stars*, I was first a little boy, and then I pretended to be an old man. You should have seen me wearing whiskers! Oh, how they tickled me! and, of course, I had to change my squeaky voice."

"When did you start in pictures?" was my next question.

"That was six years ago. You may think that I have been with Edison's all the time, but, to be truthful, I first learnt to play the game of make-believe in Biograph films. The man who taught me was David W. Griffith, who has

become so famous that I would be too afraid to speak to him now."

"Did you like picture-work?"

"Yes," said Yale, sadly, "until Mr. Griffith ordered me to pull Adele la Garde's hair. I had grown to like Adele so much that it kind of hurt my feelings to be cruel to her. When Mr. Griffith got stern I started to cry, but Adele promised to forgive me, so I did it. It was after this that I played in Edison photoplays, and I did so right up to June last year."

"Do you enjoy getting letters from young picturegoers?"

"Sure," said Yale, as he opened the drawer of his writing-desk and showed me hundreds of letters done up in neat bundles.

"I treasure them greatly," Yale went on. "I have received some curious ones, too. One little girl, who was so silly as to fall in love with me, told me that she tore up ten letters before she sent me one. She said she would be real frightened if I did not write her a few lines, which I did."

"A fisherman's daughter in England wrote that as she was walking along the beach one day she found a bottle. She felt sure that her father had been shipwrecked, but when she smashed the bottle a note inside read: 'Will the finder kindly return it to Yale Boss, Edison Studio, New York?'"

"See here," he said, "these are presents from admirers." He opened a small box. "These rare coins," he explained, came from Sir Oscar Von Moltke, of Denmark. Here is a Jewish

Scripture made of sheepskin. It came from the temple at Jerusalem. This beautiful silk handkerchief was a gift from a soldier stationed on the Mexican border. He sent me some cartridges, and I wish he had sent me a gun."

"Don't you think Yale is a lucky boy? He owns a log of wood from the Mount of Olives, and if you searched the whole world you would not discover more than two other pieces like it."

"I looked up from it and started, for Yale was flourishing an ugly-looking knife. "It belonged to an Arabian chief," he said, proudly. "He killed sixty-one persons with it, and for every one he carved a notch on the blade."

"I don't mind doing stunts," confessed Yale, looking at me with his frank brown eyes, "but I hate water stuff in winter. Would you be willing to swim across the Bronx River on a cold November day? Anyway, I had to do it for *Within the Enemy's Lines*."

Some day you, my young reader, will be like Yale Boss—a child no more. He has grown so tall—he is 5ft. 8in.—that he is too old to act as a child, and yet he is too young to become a player like Francis X. Bushman. But he just loves films, and is not going to leave them. He recently played in a Famous Players production. When fire destroyed their studio, I am sorry to say Yale's picture was burnt.

It is too soon to judge the next competition, in which Elisabeth Risdon, the British Film Star, is awarding four splendid prizes; because the Editor, anxious to have as many children as possible to compete for them, asked me to extend the date. A lot of verses have arrived, but before you read these lines probably three times as many will come in, and then I will get on with the judging. Watch for the result on this page.

Several of my very own readers write that they are thoroughly enjoying *The Exploits of Elaine*. I can well believe it, or what I have seen of these Clutching Hand episodes are enough to thrill all from the youngest to the oldest. In reply to some enquiries the heroine Pearl White's address is c/o. Pathé Films, 25, West 45th Street, New York City.

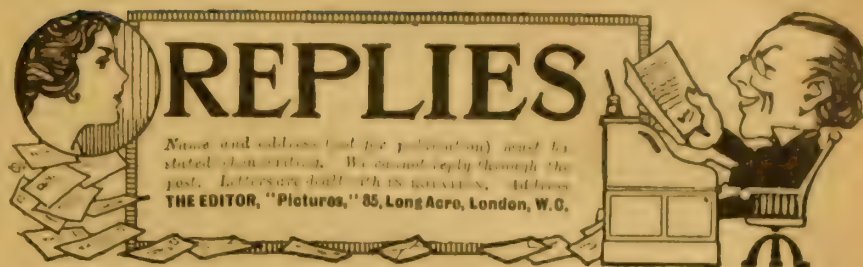
NEW "HIDDEN NAMES" COMPETITION.

I have much pleasure in presenting you with a puzzle which has been invented by little Doris Smith, of Barrow-in-Furness, one of my "nieces." In the six following sentences you are to find six girls' names:—

- 1.—We have had no rain for a week.
- 2.—Here is the model lent to me by my aunt.
- 3.—She took the programme from a bell-push on the wall.
- 4.—Are you too proud, or are you too nervous, to enlist?
- 5.—Shall we let them make the ball-dress?
- 6.—If you will buy me some coal, I certainly will make good use of it.

Write the names on a postcard with your age, and post it to "Hidden Names," PICTURES, 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C. Once more, those who send the neatest correct names will receive four nice prizes from

UNCLE TIM



MABEL (Loughborough).—"The Fatal Black Bean" (Majestic). "Antia," Miriam Cooper, "Gordon," Elmer Clifton; "Pedro," Eagle Eye. Don't know whether all or any of them are married, Mabel.

SMITHSON (Hammersmith).—T. H. Macdonald played "Trevor" in "Five Nights." We don't know if he is married.

ROSE (Shepherd's Bush).—Marguerite Clark, Wm. Chetwynde, Helen Luttrell, Lester Chambers, W. Merkyll, G. A. Stilwell, and J. A. Hall played in "Gretna Green." Ruth Stonehouse, Henry B. Walthall, Warda Howard, and Ernest Maupain played in "Temper." Have sent your love to the six players you mention, Rose.

ALICE (Richmond).—"The Film Life of Mary Pickford" and *Uncle Rufus's* souvenir booklet are 2d. each, post-free, from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London.

CYNTHIA (St. Anne's-on-Sea).—Edna Thomsen usually plays opposite V. Eslander; we have postcards of both, but not of Alan Hale. Glad you like PICTURES.

V. R. (Chertsey).—Marguerite Snow played with Frank Farrington in the "Zudora Mystery" (Thanhouser). No cast was published of the other film. Have sent your love to Alma Taylor and Chrissie White. The lady whose age you ask for was not given in the information voluntarily and we are too bashful to ask her.

HENRY (Manchester).—Few of the players own to having a birthday, so you see our dilemma, Henry. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford.

E. G. S. (Woolwich).—*The Bioscope Annual and Trades Directory* is published by Gages, Ltd., 85, Shaftesbury Avenue, London W., to whom you should apply.

NORA (Alderley Edge).—We have picture-postcards of James Morrison. The cast you want was not given. Always glad to hear from you, Nora.

MARIQUITA (Newport).—House Peters played lead in "The Pride or Jennicoe." Many thanks.

EDWIN (Islington).—We do not know the film you speak of. So you have autographed photos of Mary Pickford and Helen Holmes? Yes, they are "two of the best," as you observe.

ANTHOVAR (Dublin).—"Ham" is taller than "Bud." Lusk is an American Company, their studios are in California. E-sunny pictures are "tophole." Glad you liked our Xmas No.

WILLIAM (Grimsby).—We have only volumes VII. and VIII. in stock, all previous ones are out of print. An advertisement in our Prepaid Column might bring you into touch with a reader having the earlier volumes for sale.

JEW'S HARP (Wandsworth).—Says he saw a film in one of the scenes of which the shadow of the photographer taking the picture was shown—another "little thing that spoils a big picture."

BETTY (Glasgow).—Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little are not married. Pleased to hear your ten friends enjoy your PICTURES so much, but why don't they each buy one?

FLO VIOLET (London E.).—As we go to press a week before publication you will see that a reply in the next issue is impossible. We get hundreds of letters every month, and it may take six weeks to get up to your turn. So let's kiss and be friends, Flo. Address Gladys Cooper, c/o. the Stage Office, York St., Covent Garden, London, W.C. Lily Leslie's address we do not know. Thank you so much for new readers.

DAVID (Monmouth).—"The Jockey of Death" is a Milano Film Co.'s production. No cast given.

NOSET (Pathey).—We cannot identify the film from your description of plot, excellent though it is.

GLADYS (Walthamstow).—The information you ask for was not given. Thanks for congratulations.

VITA DONIS (Dublin).—Marguerite Clark played in "The Crucible." Maurice Costello last played in "The Dawn of Understanding" released on November 15th. Helen Costello is about 7 years old, and Dolores about 8. Helen Badgley is said to be just under 5 years old. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and the Costello family. The staff are grateful for the kisses.

HARPELL (Salford).—A hearty welcome to you, new reader. Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson are not married—we hope to publish an interview with him shortly. Write to Trans-Atlantic Film Co., 37 and 39, Oxford Street, London, W., asking them when and where in your district you can see films featuring these two players.

INTERESTED (Plaistow).—Have sent your letter on to the Private as desired, also a postcard list has been posted to you. Thank you ever so for your Happy New Year wishes.

A WOULD-BE STAR (London).—Many thanks for portrait which has been returned to you—we should, however, have liked to keep it with a view to publishing it with those of other readers. You have our heartiest good wishes for your success on the films. Our offer of 100 postcards and album for 7s. 6d. is still on, and you can call here and choose your cards any time.

GEORGE (North Kensington).—Addresses:—Pearl White, c/o. Pathé Co., 25, West 45th St., New York City, U.S.A., and Alma Taylor, c/o. Hepworth Film Co., Walton-on-Thames. Congratulations on joining our big list of readers, George.

AN ANKLE ADMIRER (Enfield Town).—Unfortunately, the actor you were averse to being interviewed. We have tried to persuade him but without success. Ten new readers is quite a good catch. Keep it up, A.A.A.

COSTER (Birmingham).—See George above. Enclose a 2 cent, U.S.A. stamp for a reply, or you can get a return stamp voucher from your Post Office. Have sent you a postcard list.

CASSIE (Bristol).—If we suffered from depression your letter would have made us merry and bright. What a brick you are to knit 50 pairs of socks for our soldiers. All power to your elbow, Cassie.

A. S. (Walloway) says she has "heard that Miss Anita Stewart has got a new leading man in Richard Turner." We have heard that she has left Vitagraph and is producing on her own account. Earle Williams and James Morrison still play for that company.

(Continued on next page.)



MR. SPIFFENS (reading).—"The Russians have evacuated Brzembilpzwyski and Berlin is expecting a Teuton advance upon Grunviskinowski."

One of Henry Mayer's graphic cartoons in *The Universal Animated Weekly*. Mr. Mayer is known the world over for his work in PUCK.

STELLA (Chapman). The Universal Co. have a studio in this country and are still producing here. The recognised players do not interest us. "The play's the thing," always pleased to hear from you steady. Keep thinking.

DETERMINED READER (Dudlin).—We have lost all trace of Harry Carey. Write to J. D. Walkers Ltd., of Wandora Street, London, and ask them when and where in your city you can see the latest Lasky films. They're worth the trouble.

ROSE (Devonport).—Ben Wilson played in "6 or 9," the other player's name was not given.

EDDIE (Glasgow).—Francis X. Bushman now plays for Metro Film Co., 1,465, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., and a letter addressed to him there would most likely bring an answer. We have postcards of him at a penny each, postage extra. We do not reply by post, Eddie.

E. L. S. (Wolverhampton).—As our circle of readers grows every week, many now ones want players' addresses, hence the occasional repetition.

PILLIKISS AND TOBEE (Lea).—The Hepworth Studios are at Walton-on-Thames.

Q. S. (Hemel Hill).—The feet belonged to Charlie Chaplin, not Billy Reeves. If at first you don't succeed (in our Competitions), try, try again. What about our new "Find the Films"—are you trying to find 'em?

BERTHA (Blackburn). Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson are neither married nor engaged to each. You can write them, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

C. R. W. (Sittington).—In "The Baby Benefactor" (Thanhouser), Sidney Bracey played "Grandfather" and Helen Badley played "Babe." We think the two missing letters of "Mike" were merely sound-up realism on the screen, although carried a long way, has not reached the point of mutilation of a player's hand. "The Exploits of Elaine" was filmed in America. Thanks.

DULCE (Birmingham).—Mary Pickford's hair is her very own, and she can wear it straight or curly, Dulce. Surely the secrets of the toilet are known to you better than to "The Answers Man." Yes, Mary is a darling.

A. M. (Manor Park) and dozens of others. Yes, the feet were Charlie Chaplin's, but the sender of the first correct reply won the banana—and a nice fat one it was too.

A. (Taunton). Tom Powers is not now with Hepworths. Lillian Lathwaite played lead in "The World's Desire" (B. & C.), and Joan Morgan was the little girl—the latter is the daughter of the producer. We are never "fed up" with questions, "A."

ERNEST (Birmingham).—Chas. Manley, a very old actor, plays for one of the Trans-Atlantic brands, and Joe Burke is with A. B. Thanks for kind words, they "never die" Ernest.

WELL-WISHER (Fulham).—Address Alva Taylor, c/o. Hepworth Film Studios, Walton-on-Thames.



NORMAN HOWARD. A Postcard just added to our new series of British Players.

MILTON DOLLAR GUN (Birmingham).—Most likely your card to Norma Ingham will be forwarded to her. The cast of "Master and Man" is—"Jack Walton," Gregory Scott; "Robert Carlton," Frank Tennant; "Happy Leonard," Brian Daly; "Jim Barclay," Dennis Payne; "Tom Honeywell," Jack Denton; "Ruth Barleigh," Daisy Cordell; "Johnny," Billy de Burgh; "Kozah Honeywell," Stella St. Andrew; "Hester," Joan Ritz. You could send a letter to Joan Ritz, c/o. Neptune Film Co., Boreham Woods, Hares, but we believe she is at present in Italy. Don't believe the fairy tales you hear about players. Francesca Robinson is still with Reliance, and Pearl White's address is given to George this week.

BLANCHE (Birmingham).—Glad you have convinced twenty people that Charlie Chaplin is not mad, that's the best of reading PICTURES, you can answer any question.

ANNIE (Tadmorlee).—We have picture-postcards of James Cruze and Florence La Barber. Have sent them your best wishes.

TOT (Hull).—If you send your full address we will send you our new postcard list. The dandy Little War Souvenir Album is One Shilling, and worth double. Send your order to PICTURES Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

MABEL (Bromley).—So you have had a nice letter from Edna Flugrath? Well "it's better to be born lucky than rich," perhaps you're both. Did you like our interview with her last week?

MIRIAM (Stoke Newington).—Henrietta Crossman played the two roles of young and older wife in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hitch." Lorraine Huling played opposite Harold Lockwood. Love forwarded to Mary Pickford and Ella Hall.

H. J. (Birmingham).—says he has got us twelve new readers in the last three months, and writes such a lot of kind things that we are still embarrassed.

FREDA (Leigh-on-Sea).—T. H. MacDonall played "Trevor" in "Five Nights" (Parkers). We have no postcards of him, but have sent him your love, as desired.

R. AND H. (Aldershot).—You have not sent your names and full addresses as required by our rules. Don't forget next time. Frank Farrington still plays for Thanhouser. What a happy family you must be!

LILY (Co. Down).—"The Exploits of Elaine" was filmed by the Pathe Co. in America. We have no postcards at present of the players you mention. Note our address is 85, Long Acre, London.

STELLA (Elmhurst).—Have forwarded your letter. Most players like to hear from admirers of their screen work, so in all likely you will get a reply.

E. R. A. (Invergorlon).—Charles Chaplin is of slight build; we do not know his exact height.

H. H. (Stockport).—Betty Nansen plays for Fox Film Corporation, of 130, West 4th Street, New York City, U.S.A. Have sent you love to Mary Pickford and Florence Turner.

J. J. (Windsor).—We have picture-postcards of J. R. Tozer, Norman Howard, Stewart Bonn, and Blanche Sweet, the last a coloured one, at one penny each, postage extra.

READER OF PICTURES (Manchester).—You are in luck—Tom Mix having sent you an autographed photo. We have not heard that he is married. Thanks for kind appreciation.

JENNIE WREN (Bradford).—So pleased you like our bound volumes: we said you would. So Warren Kerrigan has written you a nice letter. No wonder you feel so chirpy, Jennie Wren.

RUTH (Norwich) is delighted with the graphophone prize she won in our Foreign Players Contest, and we are pleased too. What about the Film Competition—are you entering for this?

AGNES (Barnsley) is another delighted winner. Congratulations, Agnes!

IRIS (Edinburgh) also thanks us for her prize. Send along the promised photo of yourself, little one, for our collection.

* * * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
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SMILES

An Eye for an Eye.

KIND OLD LADY: "Why are you crying, little man?"

LITTLE BOY: "Billy gave me a black eye, and ran away afore I could give him one back."

The Burden of Riches.

LITTLE ALICE: "My mummie is so rich she can buy everything she wants."

LITTLE AMY: "That's nothing: my mummie is so rich she can buy lots of things she doesn't want."

[Home from Home.

"I trust we shall make you feel at home," said the gushing hotel manager. "Don't! I've come here to enjoy myself," replied the tourist.

The Frogs' Trot.

TOMMY (in France): "Have you frogs' legs, waiter?"

WAITER (had on his pins): "No, sir; it's rheumatism as makes me walk like this."

A Match for the Movies.

MUFFLED VOICE (from a patron in crowded cinema): "Drat these safety matches—they won't strike."

ANOTHER VOICE: "Can't have any thing safer, can you?"

Alas! Poor Marker.

LIEUTENANT: "What on earth are you fellows doing? There hasn't been a hit signalled for the last half-hour."

SERGEANT: "I think they must have shot the marker, sir."

Interesting.

BILL: "Come on, you don't want to stand there looking at the parson starting his car."

JOE: "Yus, I do. I want to hear what he says when he can't."

Present and Future.

NEW HAND: "Do they kick up a rumpus when you stay away from the studio during working hours?"

OLD HAND: "No; but they do when you get there next day."

Not Likely.

"Was it a craving for drink that brought you here?" asked the lady visitor at the gaol.

"Lummy, no, mum! D'yer tink I mistook this bloomin' ole for a pub?"

Bully for Brown.

MANAGER: "I found that man Brown loquacious about smoking during working-hours, so I gave him his four days' wages and told him to clear out."

FOREMAN: "Good heavens, sir! he was only looking for a job."

Forgive and Remember.

GOVERNESS: "You must forgive your little brother before you go to bed. You might die in the night!"

THOMAS (reluctantly): "Well, I'll forgive him to-night, but if I don't die he'd better jolly well look out in the morning."

The Hepworth Page

What about the Hepworth Picture Players who made the plays we looked at last week? You know most of them pretty well already. Here are a few more pictures and notes. You'll find more from time to time in "The Pictures"—and there's a fine series running in the Hepworth Picture Play Paper (monthly) which you can have post-paid for 2s. a year.

Alma Taylor was the Colonel's wife in Court-Martialled and in The Man Who Stayed at Home she was the heroine. Her charm, and above all, her sincerity have made her a world-favourite. She was an easy winner of "The Pictures" All-British Contest.

Chrissie White first became famous in the Tilly Pictures, but now-a-days her work in such things as The Sweater and The Incorruptible Crown has proved her ability in strong dramatic subjects. She will soon be seen in Sweet Lavender. The Hepworth Picture Play Paper, which costs only 2s. for 12 monthly copies post-paid, tells all about her pictures.



Stewart Rome played the leading part in the Sweater and The Incorruptible Crown, as well as in Court-Martialled. His popularity brought him more votes in "The Pictures" British Contest than any other dramatic leading man.

Other Players will be talked about on this page later. Don't be afraid to ask questions—but first make sure that the answers

aren't already given or are not in the Hepworth Picture Play Paper.



Tear off this corner and send it to Hepworth Publishers, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman St., W., with a 2/- p.o. before Jan. 25, and you'll get a year's subscription (12 copies) to the Hepworth Picture Play Paper and a fine photographic postcard of any Hepworth Picture Player you name.

this is the page you read first

PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

1^{D.}

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Worry your Local Manager
until he decides to show

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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}

PRODUCED BY THE
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PRES.

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presents
MARIE DORO
in
"THE
WHITE PEARL"

RELEASED
Thursday, Jan. 27th,
and
PAULINE FREDERICK
in
"SOLD"

RELEASED
Monday, Jan. 31st.

Produced by
**FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO., LTD.,**
166-170, Wardour Street, W.

THE REVIEW.
The Monthly Magazine
of Famous Players, Jesse
Lasky and J. D. Walkers
may be obtained by the
public for an annual sub-
scription of 3/- post-free.



HELENE ROSSON, the new star with "Flying A"

She is appearing with popular Jack Richardson in the magnificent productions by this Company known as "Mustang" films.

When you see

the sign of the diamond S on a poster—outside a picture theatre—then go right in...the programme is o.k.



—and by the way, you must on no account miss “the girl and the mail bag” —it features Tom Mix & Victoria Ford!!!



selig's

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SEE THAT YOUR THEATRE
GETS THE BEST

DON'T BE PUT OFF WITH
SECOND BEST

“IDEAL PICTURE PLAYS”

AIM ONLY AT  THE HIGHEST

Some “IDEAL” Picture Plays

SIR JOHN HARE in **CASTE**
(Turner Films)

WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN
With HILDA MOORE and MILTON ROSMER.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD
By Thomas Hardy, O.M.
With FLORENCE TURNER (Turner)

IRIS. By SIR ARTHUR PINERO
With HENRY AINLEY (Hepworth)

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By Arnold Bennett. With HENRY AINLEY (Turner)

Some “IDEAL” Picture Plays

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP
Lady Tree's first appearance on the screen

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR
(Trans-Atlantic)

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
With HILDA TREVELYAN (Turner)

**CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK and
CHIP'S ELOPEMENT**

Delightful pictures acted entirely by children, one of whom mimics Charlie Chaplin with astonishing cleverness

PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1916.

New Series, No. 102



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

A new portrait of the great tragedienne, who recently played in a new film production. Although in her seventy-second year, she is happily still appearing on the stage before the public. (See page 103.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

WHO IS BLOGGIE? (See page 101.)

Are you trying for one of the \$65 worth of prizes? (See page 113.)

Henry B. Waltball has been duck-hunting along the Illinois River.

The Woman Who Did is being shown to his Majesty's Navy on board H.M.S. *Orion* by request of its officers and men.

Selig have the distinction of showing the first picture to be exhibited before the Pope in the Vatican at Rome.

You saw Mary Miles Minter's picture in our last week's issue? We hear that directors fight to direct her. Each one is pacified by a turn.

Alone in London, the Ideal Turner-made drama, is not suffering from loneliness. A big crowd is always present.

Day and night films! In Kansas City a theatre has been opened to run picture shows for twenty-one hours daily. Pity the poor pianist!

Well! Well! In *The Gentleman from Indiana*, a Pallas picture, 14,000 gallons of water were required, and every gallon was hauled by motor-trucks from a well three miles away.

A real coloured man, not a "make up," has done some clever acting as a negro servant in *The Greatest Power*, an Eclair film dealing with hypnotism.

Kitty Gordon, popular in London musical comedies a year or two ago, is the latest stage star to succumb to the films, and is to appear in *As in a Looking Glass*, under the World Film brand.

Mary Pickford, it is announced, is going to write every day for the *Montreal Herald*. Her articles will deal with the Home, the World, the Theatre, the Church, Love, Ambition, and other topics of human interest.

William Garwood wishes you to know that he is not married, but hopes to be. He has no sympathy with the man who is too selfish to be married, and thinks that double-barness and a few children are preferable to single blessedness.

Neva Gerber has an admirer who writes her from different towns, but never signs his name. Each letter is a little nearer California, and Neva is wondering whether her correspondent will eventually turn up at the studios.

Grace Cunard loves precious stones, and her home contains both diamonds and sapphires. For the benefit of bold, bad burglars she keeps a gun, and Grace (who is part-author of *The Broken Coin*) can hit a coin at twenty paces.

George Lost the Point.

THE following took place in the Standard Film Exchange, Chicago:—

First Exhibitor—"I see John Bunny has joined Barnum and Bailey."

Second Exhibitor—"Why, John Bunny is dead!"

First Exhibitor—"Well, I said he had joined Barnum and Bailey."

George, the porter, went back to the poster department, and the following conversation occurred:

George—"I see that fat John Bunny has joined Buffalo Bill."

Poster Clerk—"Why, John Bunny is dead!"

George—"Well, I don't know whether Buffalo Bill is dead, but I hear all the folks in the office laughing."

Church and Cinema.

MR. FRANK GROAT, of Athens, Pennsylvania, has recently sold his cinematograph outfit, generally considered one of the most complete in the State, says the *Philadelphia North American*, to the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Elmira, New York.

It is the intention of the church, according to Mr. Groat, to use films in connection with all services.

A few weeks ago we published the fact that a complete film drama was shown in a New York church, and followed by a sermon based on the story.

A Real War Story.

HERMANN DAREWSKI, who is contributing a series of articles, "How I Write my Songs," to *Everywoman's Weekly*, tells a real story regarding his famous song "When we wind up the Watch on the Rhine," in the refrain of which a phrase of the German song "The Watch on the Rhine" is introduced. Many officers and men visit the London Hippodrome when home on leave, and "it took very little time," says Mr. Darewski, "for the chorus of my song to be carried out to Flanders. In the dark, still watches of a certain night a detachment of our boys in khaki, feeling assured that they were a long way from the nearest Germans, started to sing the chorus of this song. But the enemy was nearer than had been suspected, and the familiar tune penetrated to his trenches. The Hun came to the rather natural conclusion that some comrades were singing their own national song, and joined in, revealing their position.

The upshot of it all was a heavy attack on the enemy position, and about 500 Germans must have been very sorry that the song was ever written."

Fatty and Mabel Go East.

THE New Eastern Keystone Company, under the direction of Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle, left Los Angeles for New York on December 24th. Mabel Normand is the star. They will probably use Fort Lee studios, but their work will not be confined to this city, as they will handle a good many locations in various parts of the East.

Players "Gassed" in Studio.

LACK of foresight on the part of a director recently came near causing the deaths of several players at the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn, N.Y. Whilst a scene was under production, bottles and retorts filled with nitric acid and brass filings were sending noxious fumes through rubber tubes into an adjoining set, a fact which the producer failed to note until everybody started coughing. Walking around the set, the producer found Van Dyke Brooke and Leah Baird sitting in chairs unconscious. They were carried into the open air and revived.

WHERE'S
YOUR
ARMLET?



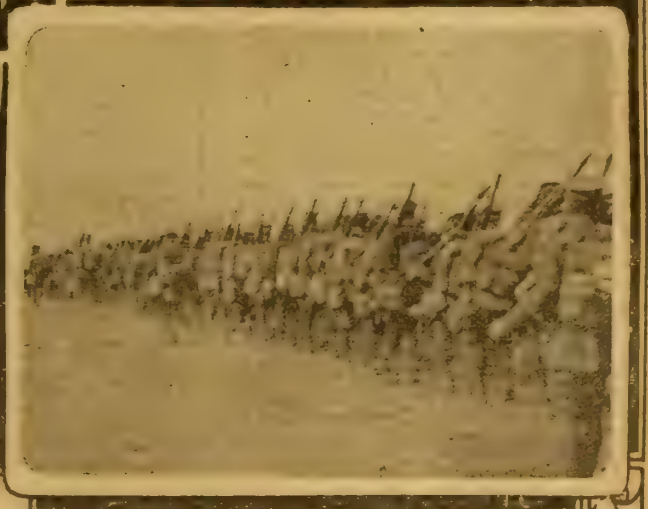
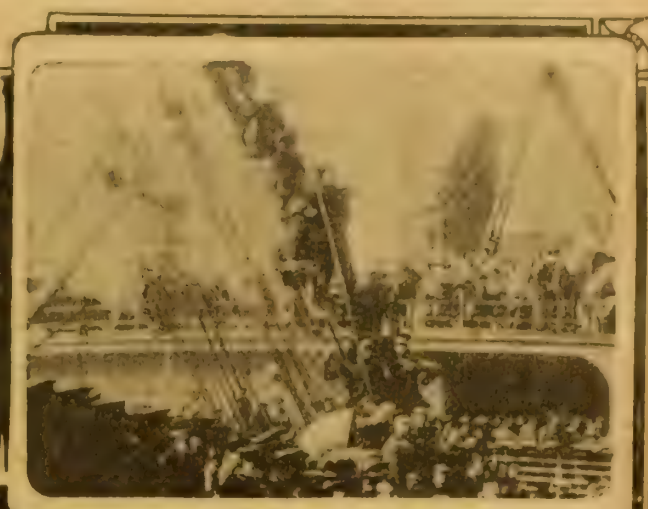
The author Jones, after leaving this charming actress out of the cast, is told by her that he ought to be playing a part himself—in *Khaki*!



Get in line
with "The Commuters!"

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE**



1. FROM CEYLON: A party of Volunteers who travelled on the torpedoed "Ville de Giotat" arrive in London to enlist. 2. THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER: Enthusiastic scenes at the departure from Montreal of Canada's sons to fight for the Empire. 3. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, on behalf of King George, presents many English decorations to French officers and men for bravery at the Alsatian Front. 4. A FAMOUS CARTOONIST: Louis Raemaekers, whose pungent pencil has done so much to influence neutral opinion. 5. A LADY TEACHER instructs convalescent Tommies in the art of motor-car driving. 6. WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN SALONICA: After an urgent message and striking camp they march "where the path of glory leads."



STAGE STARS ON THE SCREEN

FAMOUS ARTISTES WHO HAVE PAID
FLEETING VISITS TO FILMDOM.

By ERNEST A. DENCH.



NOT many years ago, if a staid stage player had been asked to make an experimental *début* before the motion picture camera he would have considered it an insult. Blind to the younger art, he fondly imagined the cinema as something beneath his dignity and gave it no attention. He believed, too, that to act for camera plays was to take the bread and butter out of his own mouth, for it never occurred to him that the silent drama had attracted an entirely different public. To-day, however, the boot is on the other foot. Those who had previously stood aloof have rushed to have their actions recorded upon the film.

At first slow progress was made, but as one stage star followed another the more narrow-minded players were forced to see how wrong their attitude had been. Some have become so enraptured with motion picture work that they have forsaken their first love altogether. Others, more fortunately situated, have managed to appear before the camera in the daytime and grace the footlights at night. In this article I propose dealing principally with stage stars who have paid only fleeting visits to filmland.

As far as records go, Sir Herbert Tree is the pioneer. It was as far back as 1896 that he appeared in *King John*, which, by the way, was filmed in London. He is to be congratulated on his achievement, for the cinematograph in those early days was a somewhat crude contrivance. 1908 found him accepting the £1,000 offer of the Barker Company, of London, to "star" in a film version of *Henry VIII*.

To avoid the picture reaching the "rainy" stage, and thereby ruining his reputation, Sir Herbert stipulated that the film was to be burnt after being on public exhibition for six weeks. Two copies, however, of the picture were retained—one the distinguished actor kept for his own gratification, while the film company placed the other with their records.

Sir Herbert was picture-acting again in June, 1911, when he shone in *Trilby*, produced by the London Film Company. Speaking of his experiences under the improved conditions of the day, he said:

"I frequently found it necessary to do things on the spur of the moment, which made it slightly different to acting in the theatre. But I said to myself, 'I'll just obey Mr. Shaw, and do as he tells me; then I'll be all right. He knows, and I don't.'" Sir Herbert frankly admits that the realism possible in film drama has left the stage far behind.

1912 witnessed Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, taking part in no fewer than three photo-plays. In each, her extensive theatrical experience served her in good stead, and it is no exaggeration

to say that by avoiding theatrical mannerisms she shone as brilliantly on the screen as she has always done on the speaking stage. This year, too, will see her again on the film as the Mother in *Jeanne Dore*, the wonderful French stage play.

In 1912 the Famous Players Company was formed. One of their first efforts was *The Prisoner of Zenda*, in which James K. Hackett, a famous American stage star, was seen in his well-known rôle of the daring hero. Naturalness characterised his acting.

His experience at least gave him a wrinkle for a new plan in connection with his theatrical work, for now prior to producing a stage play he has it filmed, thus giving the producer opportunity to study his efforts through his own eyes, besides allowing him scope to pounce upon those outlets for improvement. His other reason may be best summed up in his own words: "Better even than this help to the producer is the aid it will afford to the player. Faults, perhaps entirely unsuspected, will be shown in such sharp and pitiless detail that the acting of the player is bound to improve, and if other managers follow my plan it will prove, I am certain, a wonderful help toward the development of the dramatic art."

Lillie Langtry was not so fortunate in adapting herself to the younger art, for her screen portrayal was rather stagy-fied. The same may be said of Madame Jane Hading, the famous French

actress, who was filmed both in *Star of the Sea* and *The Frenchmaster*.

It is Miss Langtry's opinion that posing is the greatest test of one's art. She furthermore thinks the one great advantage of the cinematograph is that one can be in all parts of the world at the same time.

Thanks to the Kinemacolor Company, we had the pleasure of witnessing William Jefferson, Anna Held, Lillian Russell, Raymond Hitchcock, Flora Zabelle, Weber and Fields, and Eddie Foy in their famous natural colour-pictures. With the exception of William Jefferson, who shone as "Bob Acres" in *The Ricards*, they merely posed for interest films.

The All Star Feature Corporation was also formed with the object of introducing American star actors in films. Dustin Farnum was featured in *The Soldiers of Fortune*. He has since become a full-fledged "picture" star, and is now seen in Lasky productions.

It was their need for classical types that prompted the Universal Company to engage Constance Crawley and Arthur Mandale to "star" in *Pelléas and Melisande*.

Two years previous to his lamentable death Harry Fragson played in a comedy with Max Linder for Pathé Frères. After the tragedy the film was revived, and it is indeed a grand thing that by the film's aid the dead can be brought to life again. This is why it is up to every great artiste to appear in at least one film so that future genera-



SIR HERBERT TREE in his famous stage part of Svengali. A scene from *Trilby* produced by the London Film Co.

tions may have the opportunity of judging famous actors of the past. What if we had only one film of Sir Henry Irving! Alas! this is one of our real losses.

1913 was a great year for stage-players on the film. The Famous Players Company carried out its object by securing the greatest number of these. Mrs. Fiske acquitted herself well in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Henry Dixey and James O'Neill also avoided the pitfalls so often made by the legitimate player.

Going back to 1912, the Vitagraph company secured the services of Rose Coghill to play opposite to Maurice Costello in *As You Like It*. When Mabel Taliaferro was engaged by the Selig Company to play the same part in *As You Like It*, her salary amounted to more than she would receive for an entire season on the speaking stage.

Charles Hawtrey made his screen debut in *A Message from Mars*. His impressions shed a new light on screen-acting as compared with the stage. He said, "In some ways it was not unlike a dress rehearsal, but in several respects it was altogether different. For example, although I was playing only to one man, I was in reality acting before tens of thousands of people who were invisible. The sensation was a bit uneasy at first, but I soon got used to it, and threw myself heart and soul into the part that I have played hundreds of times."

Chrissie Bell, his leading lady, stated, "It is hard not to look at the camera while acting." Hence, perhaps, the reason why she committed the sin several times."

Mr. Hawtrey has since successfully appeared in *A Homecoming for Three*!

Sir Charles Wyndham fought in the American Civil War, but fifty years later he was engaged in a different sort of an encounter. This was in *David Garrick*, which was produced by the Hepworth Company. His horsemanship experience served him in good stead, for,



SIR JOHN HARE as "Eccles" in T. W. Robertson's *Coste*, as produced by Turner Films for the Ideal Company.

despite his age, he was still as agile as ever. Sir Charles, in one instance, quite forgot he was playing before the camera.

In the middle of a big scene he reprimanded his "man" for not having mended a small rent in his sleeve. The producer's curt, "We're taking!" recalled him, and rather than give the veteran actor the trouble of going through the tiresome scene again the filmed incident was cut out.

Shortly afterwards, *Hamlet* was filmed by the Hepworth Company. Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, Gertrude Elliot, and the Drury Lane Company appearing in this great picture.

The eminent actor and his talented wife seemed inclined to rely on "lines" to the detriment of their facial expressions and gestures, while the rest of the players evidently found the motion picture stage a rather cramped affair.

If Sir Johnstone could have had his own way he would have had all the lovely natural backgrounds, which are one of the charms of most film productions, staged in the studio, and what is more, rather than have such lines as "Ophelia picking flowers by the willow that grows ensant a brook" converted into actions he preferred them merely spoken as in the stage production. Fortunately, however, Mr. Hepworth was able to prove to him how wrong his ideas were. Sir Johnstone could face a packed Drury Lane audience any night, but was



LADY TREE as "Mrs. Sternhold" (forced to aid "Hawksley's" plans) in *Still Waters Run Deep*, the "Ideal" Picture Play.

shy of appearing in outdoor scenes with the usual interested crowd looking on.

When *Macbeth* was "captured" for the screen, Arthur Branchier and his wife, Violet Vindalgh, journeyed to Heidelberg, Germany, and received 1,000/. for their services. When, however, the produced result was seen on the screen it was obvious to all that neither was quite at home in their new surroundings.

Martin Harvey's film appearance was made in his well-known play, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*. When he witnessed the finished production he found much scope for criticising his own acting. He even acknowledged the fact that his portrayal was overloaded with technique, and it will give him an opportunity to amend such an error in the event of his again responding to the lure of the camera.

When Seymour Hicks appeared for the filming of *Serouge*, the clicking noise made by the camera got on his nerves. It is really not surprising considering that after playing on a seventy-foot stage, as at the London Coliseum, he had to do the same within twelve feet for the film.

Other theatrical stars who have been attracted to filmdom's call are James Welch, Gladys Cooper, Vincent Clive, Charles Rock, Henry Ainley, Gerald Ames, Albert Chevalier, Bransby Williams, Cyril Maude, Phyllis Dare, and George Grossmith; the two last mentioned merely performing their well-known dances—the "Bunny Hug" and the "Argentine Tango." So that the cinema-theatre orchestra could keep time with the dancing a talented theatrical conductor wielded his baton in a corner of the picture. Happy Fanny Fields, Daisy James, and Mercy Manners have also acted in dancing films.

Vaudeville "stars" have not been less willing to come forward, for Harry Lauder, Neil Kenyon, Will Evans, Arthur Conquest, Arthur Roberts, Marie Lloyd, Tom Costello, Fred Kitchen, the



HENRY AINLEY (on right) and GERALD AMES
in *Rupert of Hentzau*, a fine "London" film,

late Auguste Van Biene, Billy Merson, Lupino Lane, and George Mozart have all acted before the camera.

Harry Lauder and Neil Kenyon blossomed out as screen comedians merely by chance. They were being filmed in a friendly golfing match when it occurred to them to introduce some comedy incidents, which, however, fell flat on the screen because they were done on the spur of the moment.

M. Mounet, the celebrated French actor, has played in two films, while Anna Pavlova took a small part in a German film with a famous picture-player.

The Famous Players' captures in 1914-1915 included Jane Grey, Pauline Frederick, Marie Doro, Olga Nethersole, Macklyn Arbuckle, Maude Adams, Arnold Daly, H. B. Warner, Cissie Loftus, Madame Kalich, Gaby Deslys, John Barrymore, Tyrone Power, Florence Reed, Julian L'Estrange, and others.

The Lasky Company also was responsible for Edward Abeles taking the leading rôle in *Brewster's Millions*, and for the screen appearances of Theodore Roberts, Rita Jolivet, and others.

To bring this article up to date, we find Lady Tree appearing in *Still Waters Run Deep*, Sir John Hart in *Castle and The Tower of Walsingham*, Lena Ashwell in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and Sir George Alexander and Irene Vanalough in *The God Land Queen* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, all for the Ideal Co. Then there are Marie Tempest in *Mrs. Pumphrey's Pudding*, Edna May in a Vitagraph production, and Lonie Froom in *The Lady Shaver* for Trans-Atlantic.

These film engagements, coming in the off-season as they often do, are of considerable benefit to the players financially. Almost every "star" of the legitimate has now grasped the chance to display his or her talent on the film, to say nothing of the salary that follows for doing so.

AN ODE TO CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Charlie is a knotty knut
Or quite a knotty type;
His trousers are so baggy,
His boots take years to wipe;
And as his little bowler-hat
Sits on his curly hair,
Really there's nothing so funny
As his stony, vacant stare.
Little is his stature, but
Far and wide his fame;
In every place upon the map
You'll see old Charlie's name.
Every one knows Charlie,
From King to peasant poor.
Come and see Charlie Chaplin act:
The countless millions roar.
Hark how audience shouts and screams
When he comes waddling in,
And plants a brick, with mighty launch,
Beneath somebody's chin.
Pushes his rival in a pond,
And with the girl walks off;
Lighting his match on an old man's neck,
And looking quite a toff.
In almost every picture-house
Our hero you will see;
Now buy PICTURES AND PICTUREGOER,
And read of him with me.

F. S. H.

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to your newsagent.

Name of Newsagent)

Please deliver PICTURES AND THE
PICTUREGOER to me weekly for
the next three months and after-
wards until further notice. ::

Signed

Address

By the Time You Find Out What You Won't See, You're Ready to Go Home.



Reproduced by courtesy of The Evening Mail (N.Y.), "Rube" Goldberg, the artist, and John Semler, of the Moving Picture Section

IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

In Her Seventy-second Year!

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT, who was recently appearing at the London Coliseum in *Les Contes de fées*, will shortly be seen by the screen public all over the British Isles in Triston Bernard's *Jeanne Dore*. This powerful Broadway Trans-Atlantic feature unfolds the tragic story of the well-known play, and gives scope to every phase of Madame Bernhardt's wonderful artistry. *Jeanne Dore* is one of the most appealing plays ever produced, and well worthy of the great French actress's inimitable art. In the role of the anguished wife and mother Mme. Bernhardt, who, it is interesting to note, is now in her seventy-second year, wins whole-hearted sympathy and admiration. One watches the film oblivious of everything else, and the story grips hard.

To say that Mme. Bernhardt is supported by an adequate cast is to give unqualified praise, for only the truest of artists can properly support so great an actress, who has been able to avail herself of the support of some of the most talented tragedians of the day. In the film with Mme. Bernhardt appear Mons. Raymond Bernard (as Jacques), the son of the author of the play, and Mlle. Costa in the rôle of Louise the coquette, who lures Jacques to his ruin. A fine new portrait of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt appears as our frontispiece.

It Actually Happened.

HERBERT RAWLINSON is authority for the following story, which shows the innocence of some of the managers in the country.

"Some years ago I was stage manager with a road attraction and the management booked a few one-night stands. We came to a small town in Kansas, where the opera-house manager was the 'billposter, janitor, constable'—in fact, 'all there is I am.'

"We discovered our scenery was too long for the small stage. Turning to the manager I asked, 'What is your proscenium opening here?'

"The gentleman in question emitted a brown fluid over the extreme edge of the proverbial chin-piece and replied, 'Oh, about seven-thirty!'

Gene Gauntier Goes to War.

GENE GAUNTIER, one of the best known of the motion-picture stars, has sailed for Sweden. It is whispered that she is to visit the trenches, and is under contract to furnish a newspaper syndicate with authentic stories of existing conditions. Miss Gauntier will always be remembered for her ex-

quisite work as the "Virgin Mary" in the famous Kalem photo-play *From the Mangero to the Cross*, the making of which records the first American company to visit Europe in the interest of the motion-picture industry. Miss Gauntier not only appeared in the cast, but she wrote the scenario and practically directed the picture. It is understood that before sailing she signed a contract with one of the big film-producing companies, and on her return will have some startling plans to unfold.

The Beau Brummel of Pictures.

A FEW afternoons ago a tall, well-built, distinguished-looking gentleman entered our editorial sanctum.

"I am Frank Rosbert Cheroka," he informed us. "By birth I am an American-Indian. I have been on the American stage, and have also played for the Kalem Company." "Do I prefer the stage?"

"No! I don't think I'll ever return to the boards after film-work. Absent from America for eight years, I have divided my time between England and Belgium. I was in Ostend when war broke out, and only a short time



Hast thou commuted with "The Commuters?"



THREE POSES OF FRANK ROBERT CHEROKA, THE AMERICAN-IN-IAN PLAYER.

before I paid £4,000 for a hotel which I was running there when the Huns occupied the town. They are there now, worse luck! and, of course, I lost everything. I only just managed to get away in time by hard fighting through the crowds to the steamer. Yes, it was exciting; I shall never forget it as long as I live. In London I am now playing for Davidson's. I have just finished the juvenile heavy part in *The Stolen Bride* episode of the *John Drew Detective* series, a three-reel crook story. For this picture we made use of Sir John Robinson's old country house at Woodford. Peggy Richards played the part of the bride, and I had to steal her."

Mr. Cheroka paused to deposit the end of a cigarette in our editorial ash-tray. "Mr. Rooke played the detective," he continued, "and my confederate (Charles Vane) and I tortured him on a wheel. Yes, I believe he enjoyed it, for he is still smiling. Oh, yes, I went to prison for my sins. I am to appear in their next film. I cannot tell you the name, because nine times out of ten we don't know the name until we are right through with the picture, and sometimes not then."

We hope shortly to have the pleasure of seeing this typically American-Indian player on the screen. He is one of the best dressed men we know, and a good title for him would be the Beau Brummel of pictures.

Sally Crute Suffers a Fall.

SALLY CRUTE, the leading lady of the Edison Company, had the misfortune to suffer a severe accident last week. While ascending the stairs to her dressing-room in the Bedford Park studio of the company she slipped and fell, fracturing both knee-joints. She was taken to her rooms in the End cott Hotel, and the doctor who attended her said that she would be confined to her apartments for at least four weeks.

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BLANCHE SWEET
PAULINE FREDERICK

PRICE ONE PENNY EACH.
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THE PICTURES, Ltd., 85 & 86, Long Acre, London.

Who is Bloggie?

AN ESSAY PRIZE COMPETITION.

HE is the quintessence and quintessence of "picture" comedy. He is a fun architect, with an inexhaustible store of whimsicalities on which to model his comicalities. He has a style all his own. Like Chaplin, he has discovered the hilarity of hats and the facetiousness of feet, and his face, walk, and gestures are all equally funny. But, unlike any other comedian on the screen, he has fully exploited the jocundity of the optic. He believes that the eyes are the funniest features on the face—



WHO IS HE?

A prize for the first correct answer.

opinions of red-nosed comedians notwithstanding.

Bloggie has been secured by the Essanay Company, and will shortly amuse picturegoers all over Great Britain. With great pleasure we publish a portrait of the gentleman himself in "reduced" circumstances. In a fortnight's time we will introduce him to our readers in his entirety.

Meanwhile, who is Bloggie? He is one of the best known artists on the screen; he has often made you laugh, and in the new "Bloggie" comedies, specially written to suit his eccentricities, he has surpassed himself; but what is his real name?

We shall be pleased to offer a prize to the reader of this journal who first discloses the gentleman's identity.

On a postcard write what you think is Bloggie's real name, and post to "Bloggie," PICTURES OFFICE, 85, 86, Long Acre, London, W.C. The sender of the first correct reply received will be awarded a handsome novel.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Who Wants Some Free Copies?

"I am leaving England for Madeira, and thought perhaps you would advertise the fact that any reader of your most interesting paper can have, for postage to their own address, about one hundred and forty copies of PICTURES. I have taken the books since they were first published, and it is with much regret that I have to part with them, but with so much luggage it is quite impossible to take them with me."

"TOUCHWOOD" (C.O. PICTURES).

How It Is Done.

"I think your present competition is simply great. When the first set appeared I was able to guess all the films with the exception of one, and that I hadn't seen, so I got all my back numbers of PICTURES together, and started looking up the names of films till I found it. Naturally I was impatient for the second set, and when it came I filled in the name of the first, and turned to the next, and the next, and the next, but alas! had not seen any of them. Out came PICTURES, and after about ten minutes' perusal I managed to find the second picture, but the last two were hopeless. Well, last evening I went to the cinema and lo! behold! a film came on which was exactly the same as the last picture. I rushed home to see if the title fitted in with the letters given, and it did! That was a bit of luck, wasn't it? But I have still the third picture to find out. Now I'm waiting for next week's set. I can tell you it's fine fun."

L. R. (Croydon).

See "Jewel" and Think!

"I have been to see the famous Christian Science picture entitled *Jewel*. It is one of the prettiest and best produced pictures I have ever seen. Every detail is perfect, and Ella Hall as the little girl who scatters happiness wherever she goes is just fine. I should advise every person who is at all interested in thinking pictures to go and see this one. It has made me think a lot."

B. S. (Highgate).



TAKE YOUR
BEST GIRL TO THE
COMMUTERS

Our Picture Players' Portrait Gallery



EMILY STEVENS, a leading lady with "Metro." You will see her shortly in powerful roles in *Destiny* and *The House of Tears*.



SIDNEY BRACEY, so well known in Thanhouser films. We believe that Mr. Bracey has recently returned to the stage again.



JOHN MACANDREWS, a fine character actor. For long a member of the Hepworth Stock Company, our readers will easily recognise him.



WINIFRED GREENWOOD, a world-wide favourite in "Flying A" films. She is essentially an emotional actress, but quite at home in comedy.



SCANDAL

How Suburban Gossip
led to many Tragedies.

Adapted from the Film by
ALEC J. BRAID.



"I THINK the trouble is over, dear," remarked Mrs. Wright to her husband, "Father has written to tell you not to worry. By the end of the week he will be able to lend you money to tide you over the difficulty."

Wright had made an unfortunate speculation, and was faced with the need of a large sum in a few days. His wife had sought assistance from her father and had brought the good news into the city. Like most women, she was jealous of any woman associated with her husband in business. It did not please her to see a young woman in his office whenever she paid it a visit.

Although Daisy Dean, her husband's stenographer, was propriety itself, Anna Wright could not divest her narrow mind—typical of many a dweller in Suburbia—of the idea that women employees always "make a fuss" of their employers.

The same idea was prevalent among the set in which Mrs. Wright moved, and the Wilsons, their neighbours in the flat below, found the greatest joy of life in groundless tittle-tattle.

Coming back from lunch that day, Daisy Dean had the misfortune to twist her ankle. She suffered severely, and Wright phoned for his car and took the girl home. It was an innocent, kindly action, but it led to tragedy.

To reach Daisy's house they had to pass Wright's club, where Wilson and other idle men spent much of their time.

"I say, Stephens," called a member seated at the club window, "here's Wright taking a girl for a drive."

"Ah! just what I expected; that's the girl in his office. Wilson lives below Wright; we must tell him."

Scandal had flown in through the open window.

Unconscious of the stir he had created among his fellow-members, Wright carefully assisted Daisy to the front door of her home and waved aside the thanks tendered to him by Mrs. Dean for his thoughtfulness. Then, placing in his coat buttonhole a daisy which he plucked from a plant at the porch, Wright drove back to his office.

His going was witnessed by several of the neighbours. Tongues at once began to wag, and by the time Austin Clark (Daisy's lover) came down the road he knew all about the motor-car ride of Daisy and her employer.

"Why didn't you telephone for me?" snapped Austin, evidently annoyed. "I could have brought you home."

"Don't be a silly boy," replied Daisy,

"It was very kind of Mr. Wright to bring me here."

Wilson reached his flat, with a fine story ready for his wife. "Our neighbour upstairs is getting himself talked about," he told her. "He takes his stenographer for motor-car drives. This afternoon I saw them drive past the club."

"Ah! I thought as much," chirped Mrs. Wilson. "You never can trust a girl in an office."

Wilson smiled. His wife ought to know, he thought. She, too, had been a stenographer.

The news quickly spread. Jane, the maid, had heard the insinuation, and, signalling the maid in the flat above, called up the lift-well, "So your boss and his office-girl are the talk of the town."

Mrs. Wright heard the jeer and wondered. She had never been in favour of a girl-stenographer, and perhaps after all her suspicions were justified.

A busy man, it was important that Wright should have assistance, and he sent for Susan Gordon, a public stenographer in the building in which he had his office. Susan lived within two doors of the Deans, and seeing the daisy in Wright's coat, she smiled knowingly to herself. Daisy Dean annoyed her. Bob, her brother, was in love with Daisy, but the girl preferred Austin Clark, and that fact rankled.

Unable to risk the publicity of his correspondence at this critical period, Wright felt he could not retain the services of Susan Gordon, and, ringing up



"SO YOUR BOSS AND HIS OFFICE GIRL ARE THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

Mrs. Dean said: "Can Miss Dean come to the office to-morrow if I call for her and take her home in my car?" Daisy replied that she could, and during the following days the neighbours professed to be scandalised at the coming and going of Wright and the car.

Meanwhile Anna Wright was more and more tortured with suspicions. Gossip reached her that every day her husband and the girl drove together, so she decided to see for herself. Too proud to tax her husband with the actions credited to him by gossip, she just accepted the evidence of her eyes as proof conclusive. It was true, then; her husband was deceiving her.

A week later Wright returned home one evening to find a note pinned upon the wall. "You are free to go to your stenographer," it read. "I have left you, Anna."

Then he understood. The constrained attitude of his wife, the haughtiness of Mrs. Wilson, the jokes at the club—all had connected him with Daisy Dean. Somehow he did not feel the departure of his wife very acutely. Years before the revelation of her stunted soul had been a terrible disappointment to him, but the unjust accusation hurt the strong man. "Thank God, I've been true to her!" burst from him when the hideousness of the charge implied in the few words upon the wall became clear.

Daisy, too, had been insulted. Even her lover taunted her with friendship with Wright, and Austin's visits to her mother's house became less frequent.

The departure of Anna was the talk of the town. Several days later the local newspaper learned of the divorce proceedings instituted by Mrs. Wright, and at once announced the fact in startling headlines. Daisy Dean had been named as co-respondent, "a fact that was not surprising seeing that gossip had been busily engaged coupling the names of Wright and his stenographer for some time."

The wives of Suburbia were now in their glory.

"I told you so," was claimed by many, and early the same evening Austin Clark came to see Daisy.

"Have you seen the paper?" he gasped.

"Yes, I have," replied his sweetheart.

"What have you to say to it all?"

"Nothing there is not a word of truth in the story."

"How can you say that? You must

have done something to get out of it in such a scrape," objected Austin.

"I have done nothing. You say you love me, yet you are as ready to believe the scandal as the neighbours who peer as I pass. Mr. Wright is a gentleman, and that is more than I can say of some others," cried Daisy.

"Of course you place me among them," sneered the young fellow. "No gentleman would have compromised your name by driving you about in his car."

"Austin, I have told you the true facts many times. He would have employed Susan Gordon had the business been less serious. You are unjust."

"Call me what you please, Daisy. I shall stay away until the storm has blown over," and Austin turned to go.

"And when the 'storm,' as you call it, has blown over you will come back!" cried Daisy, angrily. "I don't think you will. If you leave me now it will be for ever."

"Very well, good-bye," were Austin's last words, as he hurried down the steps.

Austin's departure was seen by the prying eyes of Susan Gordon. "There goes Austin," she said to her brother; "he looks savage enough to have thrown Daisy over. If he has you'll have a chance, Bob."

The vile attack in the newspaper decided Wright's course of action. During the day he began to make preparations to shut down, and dismissed the staff. He was not surprised in the least to receive a telegram which read:—"Father's offer to help you financially is withdrawn. You will be wise not to fight my divorce suit.—Anna."

The weight of the growing snowball of scandal was more than he could bear. He walked wearily into his private room.

you found the door unobscured of the fact that an elderly woman had quietly entered the outer office.

Mrs. Udged and misrepresented, social ruin already upon him, financial disaster facing him, there was nothing but a pistol shot left. The vitely wronged man raised the revolver.

"Did you forget that you still had your mother?" said a voice behind him, as two loving arms pressed his head to the breast that had so many times shielded and comforted him.

By the time the scandalmongers had finished with Daisy Dean the poor girl was ready to marry the first man who offered her protection. Neither Robert Gordon nor his sister Susan believed the many stories a scandalised suburb had circulated with so much delight. With Austin out of the way, Robert begged of Daisy to marry him.

"But think of the scandal attaching to my name. You will be talked about too," replied Daisy.

"I don't care; I want you; if you can find one little bit of love for me we'll marry and get away from this crowd."

Although she boasted that she had no belief in any of the stories, Susan did not view the marriage with favour. She would lose her brother, and her loss would reward Daisy in a manner which she did not think the girl deserved.

The news of the approaching wedding reached Austin, and as the newly married couple left the house Daisy received a letter:

"Dear Daisy: I hear that you are to marry Robert. It can't be true. At least wait till I get back. I have never ceased to love you. Austin."

It was too late. The scandalmongers had decided her fate, but time brought its recompense and dimmed unhappy memories. In their new home the Gordons' lives were made happy by the arrival of a little stranger.

During Bob's periodical absences from home, Daisy's mother came over to stay with her. On one occasion Mrs. Dean found it impossible to leave, and Susan wrote that she would come.

No cloud had crossed the sky of the young people's happiness, and Bob left home in the brightest of spirits. "You will not be lonely, dear," he asked, and Daisy replied: "No, Bob; I have Babs. He will keep me busy," and gaily waving their hands, the loving couple parted.

Fate ordained that Austin Clark, Daisy's former lover, should again cross her path, and chose that his arrival in the town should immediately follow the husband's departure.

"Hullo! Daisy," said Austin, "I had no idea that you lived here."

"Oh, yes; we have been here ever since we were married, but what brings you down?"

"Well, you see," replied Austin, with a wry smile, "my sweetheart and her people are here for the season and I am going to spend my holiday with them."

"So you are thinking of marriage too?"

"Yes; but look here, Daisy," said Austin, hurriedly, "now that we have met, let me say that, although I acted like a beast, I never believed those tales about Wright. They have a new sensation at home; the curate is going through the mill. But I must hurry; Lucille is expecting me, and by the way, you must meet her; I know you will like her."



"YOU ARE FREE TO GO TO YOUR STENOGRAPHER."



"DID YOU FORGET YOU STILL HAD YOUR MOTHER?"

This was the first of many meetings. Daisy and Lucille Hammersmith quickly became friends. All was going well until Susan Gordon thought it was time she intervened. The arrival of Austin Clark puzzled her. It revived all the old suspicions, and, as she had never seen or heard of the Hammersmiths, it was evident that there was underhand business afoot. What right had Daisy to renew her acquaintanceship with Austin? Had she not learned a lesson? If not, it was time she was taught one.

Several days later Robert received a letter. "Dear Bob—I feel it to be my duty to let you know that Austin Clark came down the instant you left. I will keep you advised," Susan.

"What does this mean?" thought Bob. "My sister is not much better than those old cats who nearly ruined Daisy's life before, and yet she surely would not go out of her way to write me like this. It is curious that Clark should turn up so suddenly. We have not heard of him for years. Oh, there's nothing in it. Susan is still jealous of Daisy. Yet, I wonder—" The poison was beginning to work. His faith in his wife had received a bruise which hurt him a little.

Keeping a close watch upon her sister-in-law, Susan could find no fault with her until one morning she followed Daisy to the promenade. Babs was at home with the nurse, and the mother was enjoying a perfect summer morning. Susan could not rest. She had made up her mind that Daisy was "carrying on" with Austin, and having settled that point satisfactorily she now awaited confirmation. As she crossed the sands she heard one of Wright's old club-mates, down for a holiday, say to a chum, "There's Wright's old girl. I wonder whom she has got hold of now?"

That settled it so far as Susan was concerned. She gloried in the fact that her suspicions were accurate. Daisy was not acting straight, and could she believe her eyes—there was Austin Clark running to meet her.

Austin and his sweetheart were reclining on the sands under the shade of a beach umbrella when they spied Daisy. "Austin," said Lucille, "there's Mrs. Gordon. Bring her down for a chat."

Straightway Austin ran to do his sweetheart's bidding, and, watched by Susan, Daisy was assisted over the promenade railing to the beach. The now wrathful Susan watched them recline under the umbrella, and, horror of horrors, saw Austin kiss Daisy's hand! It did not occur to the spy that Lucille might be there, and that it was *her* hand that Austin caressed.

"Positively scandalous! A married



WHAT SUSAN DID NOT SEE.

woman, too!" said Susan, muttering to herself as she hurried to the post-office. "To think that, after all, the stories were true. If Austin Clark kisses her hand on the public beach, matters have reached a pretty pass."

Bob was at business when this telegram reached him:—"Daisy's behaviour scandalous! What shall I do?" Susan would never have wired in that strain unless there were urgent reasons, concluded Bob as he made preparations to return at once.

Unconscious of the brooding storm, Daisy returned home. She was happily married, and Austin was very much in love with Lucille. Suddenly she remembered the letter which, arriving on her wedding-day, she had retained as a keepsake; the letter in which Austin had written, "I have never ceased to love you." It was a letter which in the hands of a scandalmonger might wreck his future happiness.

Daisy entered the house and, still watched by Susan, went to a trunk, and taking out the letter and Austin's photograph tore them up. As she did so the baby cried, and hurriedly setting a lighted match to the scraps she flung them into the fireplace and ran from the room.

As she left, Susan rushed from her hiding-place and rescued from the flames the last scrap of paper. It bore the words: "I have never ceased to love you. Austin."

"At last! positive proof at last! Daisy has been playing a double game! The deceitful wretch!" Susan should have no mercy now. The woman who robbed her of Bob should drink the cup to the dregs. Until Bob returned, at any rate, Susan would spoil their little game. Poor Susan. In the bitterness of her soul she found delight in anticipating her brother's rage and the treatment he would mete out to his wife when he learned the truth.

"I have never ceased to love you,

indeed! Austin Clark shall suffer for this. Why, here, look!"

Austin had merely called with a note from Lucille:—"Austin is to bring you with him; the family will meet to Baden for dinner." Daisy, pleased with the invitation, was about to leave, when Susan stopped her. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"What business is that of yours? I am invited out to dinner."

"You shall not go with Austin Clark," shouted Susan.

But pushing her away, Daisy left the enraged woman shaking with anger on the steps.

That night a series of accidents miles from nowhere delayed the return of Austin's car. Susan, impatiently awaiting B's arrival,

looked at the clock and saw that it was a quarter past three. Bob, travelling West, was thinking of his wife's unfaithfulness, and nearly mad with rage.

To crown all their misfortunes, the engine of the car ran hot, and the Hammersmiths had to seek water for the radiator. Austin called at the nearest house. It belonged to Wright who was having a very early breakfast. Together they took the water to the car where Daisy and her old employer recognised each other.

When Bob, staggering like a drunken man, burst into his own house he blurted out "Where's Daisy?"

"Out with Austin Clark," replied Susan. "Read this: 'I have never ceased to love you. Austin.'"

"My God! she has been deceiving me all these years," groaned the demented husband.

"Yes," said Susan, "and now you can see that all the tales were true."

"Shut up! I believe you're glad. But her—by heaven, I'll kill her!"

At length the benighted car reached the town, and, dropping the Hammersmiths, Austin drove Daisy home, taking the car to the garage up the road.

Tired out by the trying journey, Daisy entered the house to find her husband waiting for her with a look on his face that she had never seen before.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Motoring with the Hammersmiths, and the car broke down," replied Daisy.

"Love-making with Austin Clark!" screamed Susan.

"Clear out!" shouted Gordon, to his sister, who flew out of the room.

"Won't you kiss me, Bob?" asked Daisy, greatly astonished.

"Kiss you? Curse you!" he groaned, "after being out all night with your old lover!"

"I was with his sweetheart and her people. Austin Clark is nothing to me," she replied simply.



"TAKE THAT YOU LIAR!"

"Then what about this?" he yelled, thrusting into her hand the fatal line. "I have never ceased to love you."

"That was part of a letter I received the day I married you," sobbed Daisy.

"Take that you liar!" A cowardly blow stretched her on the ground as Austin passed the house on his way home.

With murder in his eyes, Gordon rushed from the house and shot Austin dead. The noise had awakened the baby, who commenced to cry. With fear at her heart, Daisy, hearing the shot, seized her child and fled terrified from the back of the house as the murderer was seized at the front.

By noon Daisy was as far from the town as her strength had been able to carry her. She paused on the bank of the river. "If only I could end it all and be at rest," she thought; "there would be no more scandal-mongering then." With a cry of despair she was about to jump into the water when a pair of strong arms seized her.

"Not that, Mrs. Gordon," said a well-known voice. Fate had directed her footsteps almost to Wright's house and tenderly he placed her in his mother's care.

The ruin of the tragedy was far-reaching. Daisy was blamed by her mother, who wrote: "I should have thought you had learned a lesson. This trouble has killed Robert's mother, and I am ashamed to go out. Don't come home; I am disgraced enough."

Once more scandal stalked at the club. Wilson phoned to his wife. "You remember our late neighbour, Wright? Well, his stenographer is living with him now!"

And the wife, herself a stenographer once, sent a note to dear Anna. "You were wise to divorce him," she wrote; he and that stenographer of his are living together in the same house."

Suburbia is now seeking its next holocaust of victims. Scandal still slings mud, and much of it sticks.

This four-part Trans-Atlantic production—a warning to all people not to give ear to gossip—is to be released on January 31st. It features Lois Weber (the author), who takes the part of "Daisy," and Phillips Smalley as "Wright." The film is exclusively controlled by the Gaumont Film Hire Service of 6, Denman Street, W.



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All that is best in motion pictures of the news of the world.



ASK at your favourite Cinema for full particulars and *all* the LETTERS that have so far appeared in the £1,000 Cash Competition open to everyone who goes to see "The Exploits of Elaine." If you cannot get the particulars write to Pathé Frères' Cinema Ltd., 84, Wardour Street, London, W., and they will see that you are furnished with them promptly. Read the story in "The News of the World."

**AN APPRECIATION FROM . . .
. . . MAURICE COSTELLO**

TO "PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER."

New York, December 26th, 1915.

My Dear Friends:—

It was on June 6th, 1911, that I wrote to your charming paper, and my many friends who read it, thanking yourself and them for the great honour they bestowed on me by voting me their most popular actor for the second time in two years. That is sure "going some," as we say in America.

I shall be more proud of that Certificate when I receive it than if it were a 5,000-dollar automobile.

Really I can't find words to express my gratitude. I am like a poor crippled child who has had his crutches taken away from him—I'm helpless. It seems so little to say, "Thanks." Will you please convey my thanks to England and her dear people, my love and best wishes for their success and happiness, and God-speed for an early peace?

Devoted and sincerely yours,

Maurice Costello



MAURICE COSTELLO

A new portrait just received from this popular actor and under which he has written: "Gee! If I could only thank you all the way I'd like to!" Sincerely, Maurice Costello.



Potash & Perlmutter.

No, it's not a drink,
But our old friends.

See them in

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Gunner Jones, R.F.A.

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Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once.** Thus even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the fourth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set, for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in *Picturegoer* on sale Jan. 29th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 vote will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solution: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10, and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

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Address



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14. Scene from
Letters used: **A D E H I L M N T**



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BIRMINGHAM: Royal Film Agency, 270, Corporation St.
NEWCASTLE: - William Walker, 31, Westgate Road.
GLASGOW: - B.B. Pictures, Ltd., 81, Dunlop Street.
CARDIFF: - - - - - Tatum & Co., 3, Windsor Place.



"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later



THE SHOP SOILED GIRL.—British Empire drama. Four parts. A fine picturisation of Melvillian drama at its best.

LOVE IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD.—Eclair trick. One reel. A novel and amusing picture, in which the vegetables accomplish all sorts of wonderful things.

A GIRL OF YESTERDAY.—Famous Players drama. Four reels. A charming story in which Mary Pickford, Jack Pickford, and Marshall Neilan appear. *J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*

THOSE CHILDREN.—British Oak comedy. One reel. Baby Joy Buglear. An interesting film in which the two principal players are children. Story in issue No. 98, January 1st. *New Agency Film Co.*

AS FATE ORDAINED.—Majestic drama. Four reels. Lillian Gish, Alfred Paget, Wallace Reid. The full story of this beautiful love romance was told in No. 97, December 25th issue. *Dominion Exclusives, Ltd.*

ALIAS JAMES CHAUFFEUR.—Beauty comedy. One reel. Neva Gerber and Frank Borzage. How a woman-hater proved that he did not hate the opposite sex as much as he professed. *American Film Co.*

LITTLE MISS BROWN.—World Film comedy. Four reels. Vivian Martin. A picture in which this dainty little *impresario* has every chance of registering her gifts as a comedienne to their best advantage. *Clairion Film Agency.*

MR. WALLACK'S WALLET.—Comic comedy. One reel. Fay Tincher, Elmer Booth, and Chester Withey. It all happened through a lost pocket-book, but the heroine of the story does not come off trumps as usual. *New Majestic Company.*

HIS CRUCIBLE.—Essanay drama. Three reels. John Cassar, Nell Craig. How an impetuous youth is plunged into the crucible of adversity, and how through the influence of a woman he despised he proves to be a man.

CARMEN.—Jesse L. Lasky drama. Four reels. Geraldine Farrar in the name-part. Elaborate preparation, including the staging of a real bull-fight before twenty thousand people. Some of the strongest acting we have ever witnessed. *J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*

THE HEROINE OF NO ACCOUNT.—Selig drama. Two reels. Wheeler Oakman, Edith Johnson, and Frank Clark. A pathetic picture, telling of a young girl's sacrifice, and how her lover and she cross the "Great Divide" together.

FATTY'S GIFT.—Keystone comedy. One reel. Roscoe Arbuckle. The husband courts the maid whilst she is taking baby for an airing—baby disappears, and so does the pram. The inevitable Keystone police arrive, and all end up in the lake. *Western Import Co., Ltd.*

HOMAGE.—Gold Seal drama. Two reels. William Worthington and Herbert Rawlinson. How a criminal father, unwilling to reveal his disgrace to his rich son, works as a gardener and conceals his real identity from his child until his prison-mate threatens to murder the son. *Teens-Atlantic Film Co.*

THE WOMAN WHO DID.—Broadwest drama. Five reels. Eve Balfour, T. H. Macdonald, Geo. Foley. A human story that holds the audience because of its originality and daring defiance of the conventional. The Italian scenes were taken in Milan. Full story in No. 86, October 9th issue. *Gerrard Film Co., Ltd.*

THE JUGGERNAUT.—Vitagraph Blue Ribbon drama. Four reels. Anita Stewart (in dual rôle of mother and daughter), Earle Williams, and Julia Swayne Gordon. Tremendous railway catastrophe caused by the negligence of the railroad company in keeping their property in good repair. Full story in issue No. 99, January 8th. *Gaumont Film Hire Service.*



"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

Will "Suit" You.

WE HEAR

THAT John Cossar, in Essanay's *The Love Doctor*, sustained a sprained hand, a wrenched back and a bunch of bruises in his film fight with Ernest Mangano, and

THAT John declares he has never met a "manipulative" man to quarrel with.

THAT in his latest comedy Billie Reeves used six parrots.

THAT at times "Billie" was at a loss to know whether the nice remarks came from the producer or from the birds.

THAT *The Key to the Past*, an American film, almost proved to be the "Key to the Future" for Winnifred Greenwood.

THAT in the shipwreck scene aid came only just in time to rescue her.

THAT Edna May is presenting the big fee paid her for appearing in a Vitagraph film, to clarity.

THAT Marie Dore, heroine of the *Morals at Marcus*, is now Mrs. Dexter.

THAT Dustin Farnum has been very ill, but is recovering.

THAT William West, the veteran leading Edison man, is dead: and that his last appearance was in *The Magic Skin*.

THAT the Gaumont Film Hire Service have bought the new Eclipse production *The Golden Lovers* which features Mlle. Regina Badet, of *No Greater Love* and *Zoe* fame.

THAT the G.F.H.S. have also bought the "Pall Mall" film (B. and C.) production, *Motherhood*, in which Lillian Braithwaite plays lead, and that this title is to be altered.

THAT the King has highly approved of the Official War Films (referred to last week) which were shown to his Majesty at a private show.

THAT Alice Delysia has recovered from an attack of influenza and has resumed her parts in *Moussu* and the production of *She*.

THAT *Lis* (Hepworth) and *A Welsh Singer* (Turner) have received most favourable criticisms from American reviewers.

THAT Trans-Atlantic will shortly handle two new brands of films—namely, "Blue Bird" and "Red Feather" photo plays.

THAT the PICTURES offer of fourteen picture postcards for one shilling is meeting with extraordinary success.

THAT Volume VIII. of PICTURES is selling so well at 3s. 9d. post-free that readers still requiring it must hurry up.

THAT a parrot has been added to Ruffell's publicity department, and that Mr. Spurin is teaching it to say "Have you booked Metro?"

THAT much care was lavished upon *Burnt Wings*, the new Broadwest production, featuring Eve Balfour, and that the Monopol Film Co. have purchased the U. K. rights of the film.



"SALOMY JANE."

In 1849 the great rush to the Gold Diggings in California brought men of all temperaments together. The story centres round the fortunes of Salomy and a "Stranger," who finds in her impulsive love for him the strength to run straight through great and serious difficulties.

The tale is full of romantic interest, and the efforts of the *vigilantes* to keep order has been remarkably well portrayed.

We will send a booklet, containing a synopsis of the story, and 14 pages of fine photos from the film, if you will send us your name and address.

Ask the manager of your Cinema to arrange to show it.

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EDITORIAL

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1916

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RUBBER FACE "SPECIAL CONSTABLE."

have missed the film for anything. The play must have been most carefully rehearsed, for every part, from the smallest to the largest, has been perfectly created to fit the story, whilst the scenes in the Egyptian villa and on the Nile are exquisite.

A Funny Face for Films.

I have just seen "Rubber Face," a gentleman who can do anything with it, and around whom some two-reel comedies are being produced by Cricks and Martin. He tells me he was "discovered" by "Dick" Bennett, a popular and well-known entertainer, who thinks our friend's face is built for funny films. I can well believe it, and hope soon to see the first picture, *The Special Constant*, which is being handled by the "X. L." Film Company.

"The Honour to Die."

In our issue of the 13th instant I published a short interview with Rita Jolivet, and stated that the film *The Honour to Die*, in which she appeared, was a Trans-Atlantic release. The Victory Feature Films, Ltd., 29A, Charing Cross Road, W.C., who are handling this picture, inform me that the drama was produced by Ambrosio, and I have pleasure in making this correction.

British Films Forging Ahead.

Broadwest Films inform me they have just taken over at great cost the freehold and contents of the Cunard Company's studios in Wood Street, Walthamstow. They are much larger than their other premises at Esher where *The Woman Who Did* was produced, which they will run in addition, although prepared on certain dates to rent them to other producers. It proves one thing, and one only, that Broadwest productions are forging ahead, and I am glad to hear it.

F. D.

THE winner of our £10 prize to whom we wired our congratulations, writes me that he is a City clerk and only twenty years of age. Now who wants to share in our next lot of prizes £65 worth of them? I am so glad that "Find the Film," our Competition now running, has met with general approval. Many readers write that they found all the scenes in the first set at their own local cinemas. Good! As I am reproducing strong scenes in the best films only it *should* be easy to "spot" them if you are at all habitual picturegoers. And then if you are not, those letters used in the titles will aid you, as probably all the films chosen have been mentioned in PICTURE

A Drama and a Comedy.

The latest acquisition of the Globe Film Company, *The Spendthrift*, met with a fine reception at the trade showing the other day. It features that delightful American actress Irene Fenwick, who, when the charm of her acting becomes known, will surely rank among our foremost picture-players. Another Globe success which the trade have seen, but which unfortunately I missed, is *The Commuters*. I am told this four-reeler, in which Miss Fenwick again appeared, supported by "Sammy," is good and funny, and the story of the film will appear in these pages in due course.

Poison Play in Pictures.

Make no mistake, *Bella Donna* the latest and greatest (or shall I say one of the greatest) Famous Players production is going to please the whole kingdom of picturegoers. It is a great picture and worthy of all the traditions of this house, which has produced so many famous theatrical successes. As one of a crowd of trade and press representatives I have just seen the film privately. I shall take care to see it again. It is one of those fascinating subjects—a woman stakes honour, and even the life of a loving husband, in order to attain wealth and position that make you crave for more. *Bella Donna*, soulless, worthless, adventuress, if she had had her way would have murdered her unsuspecting husband by slow poisoning, but a friend saves his life in the nick of time. Instead of the "happiness" she had dreamed of, she loses husband, home, and the protection of the very man for whom she would have become a murderess, and meets a just if tragic end in the Egyptian desert.

Pauline Frederick Scores.

When you see Pauline Frederick in *The Eternal City*, you will vote her a great screen artiste. For her "Zaza" too you will cast another big vote in her favour but as "Bella Donna," villain as she is, you will say that Miss Frederick has surpassed herself. If I remember rightly, the stage play was done at the St. James's Theatre here in London, and was a great success. I did not see it however, but I would not

Are you getting "Pictures" Regularly?

If not, a standing order with any local newsagent will ensure delivery every Saturday morning. Let us know if you experience any difficulty.

Turner Films

are now engaged on

"DOORSTEPS"

From Henry Edward's Stage Play,

with

FLORENCE TURNER

as "Doorsteps."



THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

I am really proud that my Young Picturegoers League is growing so nicely. The register has been opened, and badges have gone to all whose names are so far enrolled. There is no limit to membership. Any reader of this page under fifteen years of age may become a member by obtaining three new young readers and sending me their names and addresses, with your own address, name, and age. When you have done that you will receive the badge, and later on I am sending every member a list of the members so that he or she, if they feel so inclined, may correspond on picture matters generally.

Charming letters have reached me from the recipients of the badges. Irene Hockey, for instance, writes: "I think it is the prettiest pendant I have ever seen. I am so pleased that I am wearing it on my gold chain instead of the usual charm. For the smallest of good work done for you the charm is more than worth the trouble. If only the children saw it, they would rush to get it, and quickly increase your huge family of nephews and nieces."

The above will answer several letters received from readers over fifteen years of age who wish to join the League. I am so glad my page interests even these older readers, but fifteen *must* be the age limit for the League, as also for all

"Uncle Tim's" Competitions. And that reminds me—

I frequently receive letters from "award" winners complaining that no prize has come to hand. I am always stating that six awards are necessary for this Special Prize, although, let me point out that a single "award of merit" is an honour in itself.

What an extraordinarily successful film serial is *The Exploits of Elaine*. I went in on a cinema early the other evening where children always form a big portion of the audience, and was astonished to hear the reception they gave the sixth episode of this story. Just before the film commenced the chorus of the "Elaine" song was flashed upon the screen, and I don't think a single child failed to join in singing it. And they sung it sweetly too—correct to a note, and as if they had been singing it all their lives. No wonder the Editor has so many enquiries for the names of the players in this remarkable picture.

I have just finished reading a pile of letters describing how the writers spent their Christmas. I had hoped to print some of these letters, but space forbids.

The prizes go to—

Irene Hockey, 190, Cathays Terrace, Cardiff.

Irene Osborne, 7, Berkeley Place, North Road, Plymouth.

B. Flook, 2, Queen's Hill, Newport.
Dorothy Bodell, 56, Heathcote Road, Swadlincote, Burton-on-Trent.

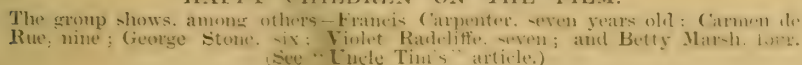
AWARD OF MERIT (six win a special prize):—Betty Jones (Nantymoel), Violet Burgess (Swancombe), Lillian Burgess (Swancombe), Vera Warner (Fulham), and Freda Walker (Hampstead).

Whilst on the subject of competitions, I note that this week's *Ever women's Weekly* contains the first announcement of a Beautiful Children Competition with big money prizes. As I know that you are all beautiful children, I hope to see some of you in future numbers of that nice paper.

The pretty photograph which I have reproduced shows some of the little stars of the American Majestic Motion Picture Co., the director-general of which is the great D. W. Griffiths, who produced *The Birth of a Nation*. These children supply all the children's parts required in the Griffith photo plays, and in addition they constantly appear in special pictures written for children and acted by them for their delight.

Violet Radcliffe is the very attractive name of the very attractive little girl who plays bad boy parts. She cannot remember her theatrical *début*, which was at the age of two months. She is now seven, and an experienced little actress. Violet has no use for "pretty little girl parts"; she thinks them dreadfully stupid. Boys' pranks always have

S. E. HACKETT. Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.



A PICTUREGOER (Glasgow).—The "Thankhouse" twins are with the Thankhouse Film Co., Main Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. You will find many other players' addresses given on this page each week. Several of our readers have had signed photos from some of them. Your letters do not "annoy" us—we like them.

OLD READER (Liverpool).—Sorry we have not the information you want. Please comply with our rules as to name and address next time you write us, which you will find below the heading.

PAT (West Ealing).—In "The Zudora Mystery" Mabel Ostriche, Harry Benham, Marguerite Snow and James Cruze played leading parts, but which each played was not given. Harry Benham played "John Storm," and James Cruze "The Reporter." Have sent your best wishes to Mabel Normand, Florence Turner, Gertrude McCoy, and a postcard list to yourself, Pat.

CYRIL (Liverpool).—Henry Ainley and Gerald Ames played in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau," and H. A. appeared in "Jells" and also in "Sweet Lavender," the story of which was given in last week's "PICTURES." No trouble, Cyril.

CHARLES (Liverpool).—Thanks for "Smile" which we have used.

VICTOR (S. Wales).—The new postal regulation forbidding the sending of picture postcards to neutral countries does not apply to portraits. Views and pictures of ships may not be sent.

UNCERTAIN (Nottingham).—We have only one kind of postcard of Alma Taylor and none of Pearl White at present. If you will send us the name of the company producing the film you mention we will try to help you. Send us a shilling and we will send you 14 picture postcards. You are fortunate in having a portrait of Ella Hall.

ELVERCI (Somewhere at Sea).—Have you tried the B. and C. Co., London Film Co., or Samuelson Film Co.? Whose addresses and others besides you will find given to readers in any back numbers.

DOLLY (Plumstead).—Sydney Drew was married about three or four years ago we believe. Norma Talmadge now plays for Triangle. There are plenty of Beauty films to be seen, perhaps your local manager is not showing them. Mary Pickford's husband, Owen Moore does not play for Famous Players, but for Fine Arts Films, under Allan Swann. Marshall Neilan frequently plays opposite her. "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau" were filmed by the London Film Co. We have sent you a postcard list.

W. R. (Newport).—Address Florence La Badie, c.o. Thankhouse Film Co., Main Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. Most likely she would reply to a letter and you can at the same time ask her all the personal questions you want answered. Stick to your job and put your back into engineering Willie, it will pay you better than cinema playing.

W. L. (Croydon).—Wegather from your letter that you offer us a black kitten for the office. Nothing doing, W. L., but thanks for offer.

LORRIE S. (Birmingham).—Pleased to welcome you, new reader. Reliance and Kay Bee are different companies, but have the same English Agents in the same way as the Trans-Atlantic handle Universal films. Without names of producing Companies we are often unable to trace the films.

A. S. F. (Gateshead).—Address Alma Taylor, c.o. Hepworth's Film Studios, Watton-on-Thames. We have picture postcards of Gerald Ames and Charles Rock. We do not think the two you mention are married. Some players are very shy at giving personal particulars of themselves. Thanks for new readers, don't stop.

J. H. (Brighton).—Norma Talmadge played for Vitaphone not so long ago, then for Famous Players, and is now with National. Our hair turns grey trying to keep touch with all the stars' hauges. Thanks for information.

G. M. (Arlwick).—Please repeat question, giving name of company producing the film, and we will do our best. We have postcards of Edith Storey. We have not yet reached her name on our list for a "Just About Myself" article. There are so many stars to interview.

IVY (Watford).—A reader tells us that in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" Robert Warwick played "Jimmy," Ruth Shepley "Rose," Alec B. Francis "The Old Crook," and Mr. Cummings "Detective Davis."

PICTUREGOER.—No address.—Please read our rule under the heading and send your name and address, repeating your question.

SNOOKY OOKIES (Bristol).—So sorry now that you have plucked up courage to write to us—we are unable to oblige you. The information of being available. Glad you are such an old reader.

MAUR (South Wales).—Your letter arrived too late for us to answer your query in Screened Stars Competition, as we go to press eight days in advance. You write an excellent letter, and should you be called up for service with your plucky countrymen—Les Beiges—we are sure you will cover yourself with honour and glory. May you live long enough to see your country fully recovered from its present devastation.

NIRBY (Bristol).—We have no postcards of Gregory Scott. He is not married to Joan Ritz. The film you mention we cannot trace without name of producing company.

A READER (South Wales).—Thanks for your suggestion which will have consideration. We quite agree that for scenes requiring old country houses the United Kingdom is far and away ahead.

SLEATHLAW REKINDA (Bolton).—Address H. B. Walthall, c.o. Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1,333, Argyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A. Yes, there is a Pasquali Co.—an Italian Firm. Our artist has tried his hand at the Answer's Man's portrait, as you will see at the side of the ding overleaf, but it is not good of him—his elusive beauty is hard to catch.

N. McE. (Batham).—Address Arnold Daly, c.o. Pathe Co., 25, West 45th Street, New York City, U.S.A. Hope you are entering our "Find the Film Competition."

LILY (Bristol).—Pearl White and Arnold Daly are neither married, nor engaged to each other so far as we know. It is quite possible the former would reply to a letter from you. Don't believe all the rumours you hear about players: they are generally false. If Wilkes had been killed in action we should certainly have heard of it. Have sent your love to Elisabeth Risdon.

L. J. (Dublin).—Our advice to would-be Cinema players is generally based on the particulars they give us of their abilities. In England there are so few stock companies, and waiting for an occasional engagement is a heart-breaking job; so you see it would be cruel to raise false hopes. For an average film plot from half-a-guinea to three guineas (according to length of film) is a fair price, but well-known authors may receive any; thing over and sometimes quite large sums. Thanks for pushing "PICTURES."

I. C. (K.O.R.L.).—Oh yes we recollect your previous letters to us. Have redirected your prize. Our best wishes to you in your khaki life.

KEYSTONE (Northampton).—Mabel Normand is not married to Mack Sennett. Ford Sterling is now back with Keystone, and you will soon see him on the screen again. No postcards of him.

IDA (Kent) is a new reader who has placed a standing order with her newsgent and now gets it regularly. A tip for other new readers.

PETER PAN (Blackburn) wants to write to "Roy" (Rhodesia), whose letter was answered on this page a few weeks back. What has Roy to say about it?

"**Torchwood**" (Tredegar).—You will see we have published your request in "Our Letter Bag." Any replies we will forward to you. Hope you will like Madeira. Don't forget that a subscription will bring you PICTURES, in spite of the distance.

* * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
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SMILES



Percy Screenstruck's first day in the Studio.

A Soldier and a Girl.

LIEUTENANT (to soldier who before he joined was a picture-actor): "Attention! You are *here* to play the part of a hero, not a lover."

Saved by a Head.

PICTURE-ACTOR: "I kept my head when I fell into the water."

FLAPPER: "How fortunate! It must have helped you so nicely to float!"

The Simplest Way.

GOVERNESS: "How tiresome. The boy turned round just as we were kissing, and, of course, he will tell his mother. What are we to do?"

HER VISITOR: "Go on kissing."

The Terrible Trumpet.

WORRIED NEIGHBOUR: "Why, in heaven's name, do you give your child a penny trumpet, Mrs. Smith?"

MOTHER: "To keep him quiet."

An Up-to-date Child.

ROSIE (aged four, watching a picture of cupid): "What's he got wings growing out of his back for?"

BOBBY (aged six): "Don't be silly. His father's an aviator, of course."

The Boy and the Bag.

URCHIN: "Carry yer bag, sir?"

MAN: "No, thanks."

URCHIN: "Carry it for tuppence."

MAN: "I don't want it carried."

URCHIN: "Then what are you carrying it for?"

Mistaken Identity.

POMPOUS DOORKEEPER (to small lady in queue before pay-box): "There's no hurry there, lady."

"Please not address me as 'lady'?"

"Sorry, ma'am, but the best of us is apt to make mistakes."

Fun at the Paybox.

Giles took his little girl to the cinema, his first visit, and asked the prices:

"Sixpence, and threepence," replied the girl, "and the programmes are free."

"By goom!" said Giles, "the programme be good enough for oi; give me two on 'em, missie!"



The Hepworth Page

Have you sometimes asked yourself about the beautiful places and grand houses—as well as the places that suit slum pictures like “The Sweater”—that you see in the Hepworth Picture Plays?

We know some people do, because they've written and told us so. But you must remember, this—we don't want you to think about the scenes we show. We only have them because they're in the story. If the scenes weren't there you would think we were all crazy, and the story, instead of seeming real and true and vivid as most Hepworth stories do now, would seem bare and unreal.



How we choose them.

We simply take the scenes that we think fit the story perfectly. If they didn't fit, you'd notice it. If they do fit, you notice the story and that's what we want.

Where are they?

Near Walton, where the Hepworth studios are, there is a marvellous variety of settings—towns, villages, river, locks, roads, mansions, hovels, meadows, forests, rocky hills and many more—all of the finest English beauty.

Going hundreds of miles.

But if we feel that a certain scene is necessary to the spirit of a story, we get it. We haven't spared trouble or expense in getting the right scenes yet. And we're not going to. Devon, Wales and Scotland are visited by our players many times.



this is the page you read first

FEB. 28

3 REELS



The Cup of Chance

The Theme of the Film -
motherhood degraded -
leaves a tragical influence on a child's
destiny. Every new-born babe is - -
entitled to a chance in life. Deprived of
this, leaves it more sinned against -
than sinning. -

GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE

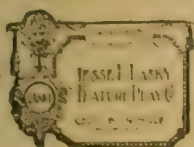
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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}



JESSE L. LASKY

presents

**CHARLOTTE
WALKER**

in

"KINDLING"

A Drama of the Slums,
in Four Acts.

RELEASED
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7th.

Produced by

JESSE L. LASKY

Feature Play Co.,

166-170, Wardour St., W.

THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and J. D. Walker's, may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of 3/- post-free.



MARGUERITE CLARK, in captivating comedy.

She is here seen as "Mici" with Conway Tearle as "Count Horkoy" in *Seven Sisters*, the full story of which is given on pages 426-428.

Ask your
Manager
if he has booked
IN LEOPARD LAND
The Greatest One-reel Animal Drama ever made by
SELIG'S



There are still a few four-colour portraits of popular KATHLYN WILLIAMS available. Write to-day, enclosing 4½d. in stamps, to 93-95, WARDOUR ST., LONDON, W.



"PICTURES" ARE IMPROVING EVERY DAY

SEE THAT YOUR THEATRE
GETS THE BEST

DON'T BE PUT OFF WITH
SECOND BEST

"IDEAL PICTURE PLAYS"

AIM ONLY AT  THE HIGHEST

Some "IDEAL" Picture Plays

SIR JOHN HARE in **CASTE**
(Turner Films)

WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN
With HILDA MOORE and MILTON ROSMER.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD
By Thomas Hardy, O.M.
With FLORENCE TURNER (Turner)

IRIS. By SIR ARTHUR PINERO
With HENRY AINLEY (Hepworth)

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By Arnold Bennett. With HENRY AINLEY (Turner)

Some "IDEAL" Picture Plays

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP
Lady Tree's first appearance on the screen

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR
(Trans-Atlantic)

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
With HILDA TREVELYAN (Turner)

**CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK and
CHIP'S ELOPEMENT**

Delightful pictures acted entirely by children, one of whom mimics Charlie Chaplin with astonishing cleverness

PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1916.

New Series, No. 103.



"HOW DO YOU LIKE US?" ELISABETH RISDON AND THE DOLL

Which she is presenting in "Uncle Tim's" Competition. (See page 442.) Both donor and gift are dressed as "Glory" in *The Christian*, in which role Miss Risdon will shortly be seen.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES



THE PICTURE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY. No. 11.

G. M. ANDERSON AS BILLY MERSON.

Next week! A fine story of *Rosemary—that's for Remembrance*, the five-part Metro production.

"Tilly," the sixty-year-old Selig elephant, has been taking the Mayor of Los Angeles and a party round the Selig Zoo grounds on her ancient back.

A ninety miles-an-hour gale blew out a number of panes of glass at the Gaumont Studio, Flushing, N.Y. Quite a breeze in the dressing-rooms.

A Trans-Atlantic Company of players are tripping it to China, Japan, India, and South Africa of course, for filming purposes. How these players do enjoy themselves!

Fire-worship and its remarkable prophetess, who perishes on the altar of her own deity while saving a multitude of entranced onlookers, is the theme of a Vitagraph feature called *The Power*.

In *The House of Tears* (Metro) Emily Stevens, who plays both parts of mother and daughter, whilst riding in a big car runs down her mother—in other words, she drives her car over herself! Aren't these cinema tricks wonderful?

There has never been a more promising continued story screened than *The Red Circle*, which Balboa is now doing for Pathé's. Ruth Roland and Frank Mayo are in the cast, as also are many other persons famous in filmdom.

In Laneshire, what was once a skating-rink, holding some 1,500 people, is said to be bringing its owner a small fortune. A large screen cuts the great floor in two so that two separate audiences can see the other screen (films) at the same time.

Our January Film Stories.

FULL stories of the following films have appeared in our January issues: *The Porter, Those Children*, January 1st; *The Juggeraut*, January 8th; *Sold, The Winner*, January 15th; *The Four Feathers, Sweet Laverdier*, January 22nd; *Scandal*, January 29th.

A Narrow "Shave."

ONE of the few screen stars who wears his own moustache for pictures is Henry B. Walthall. In the first part of *The Strange Case of Mary Page* he is to appear as a youth with an upper lip as bare as a bald head and later he has to wear a moustache. Result: Mr. Walthall boasts that he will raise a full-blown moustache for the part within two weeks! It's a narrow "shave," anyway.

A Bit of the Adelphi.

I WONDER how many Londoners know of the existence of Lower Robert Street—a gloomy cavernous passage leading out of York Buildings and forming part of the old Adelphi arches? writes "Quex" in the *Evening News*. Viewed in a fading afternoon light, the place seems to suggest the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and I should strongly advise any cinema play producer to note its location in his address-book. He would find it very useful for, say, the approach to the dungeons of a feudal castle or a subterranean passage in the Bastille or the Prison of Chillon.

A Tip re Binding.

WE hope that not one PICTURES reader fails to keep a file of the paper. Many who send their copies to the trenches are in the habit of removing the wire stitching for a moment, taking out the sheets they wish to keep, and then stitching the remainder together again. Several readers have told us that they file the Hepworth advertisement whether they "read them first" or not. Here is a tip: Bind the PICTURES by months, using the Hepworth Picture Play Paper for that month as cover, the Hepworth paper being larger in size than PICTURES. Any who have not yet sent 2s. for a year's subscription (twelve copies post-paid) to the Hepworth Company, 2, Denman Street, W., ought to do so at once.

Valli Valli Hurt.

VALLI VALLI, whose portrait appears on page 444, has just finished her work in a "Metro" production, *The Woman Pays*, but had to act for weeks with a broken wrist. She recently gave an interviewer an account of the accident: "The woman

pays! She does she does! She did she thought she'd crank up her own automobile just once, for the fun of it, to show that she could do it in an emergency. But the thing knew she was a woman, and bang! Wrist smashed—three operations—and the picture waiting for me. Was there ever a title that fitted so well as that?"

Exit the Wicked Cigarette.

THE Ohio Board of Censors, which incurred the enmity of young lady picturegoers in the State by establishing a footage limit on the screen for kissing, now sternly bans the cigarette-smoking, without which film villainesses can never hope to be either adequately fascinating or fascinating. Apparently the Board fears that such goings-on would afford shocking examples to the real villainesses who may occasionally patronise the "pictures." Because of the prohibition, we hear that Lillian Drew, the alluring Essanay "villainess," is considering the advisability of learning to smoke a pipe.

British Fleet for Realism.

ONE of the big scenes in the *Annette Kellermann* picture, in production by William Fox, at Kingston, Jamaica, under the direction of Herbert Brenon, will be the bombardment of the historic Fort Augusta, restored to a resemblance of its original military importance by Mr. Fox's army of employees now on the island. Now it is to be destroyed again for moving-picture purposes, and it is stated that the British West Indian fleet, stationed off Jamaica, will use real powder and shells and all the paraphernalia of war in accomplishing its destruction.

Is Your Baby Beautiful?

IN addition to the second of Herman Darewski's series, "How I Write My Songs," in which appears the full words and music of the refrain of the great pantomime success, "Somebody Knows, Somebody Cares," the current issue of *Everywoman's Weekly* contains another powerful "Straight from the Shoulder Talk" by Horatio Bottomley, entitled "Who's Your Lady Friend?" and the first page of photographs in the Beautiful Baby Competition, in which cash prizes of £150 are offered. The new feature, "Woman and Her Work," by an expert, is proving invaluable to the girl who is considering the question of a career.

In 1898, before any other British producers, Cecil M. Hepworth founded his company.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



TO DEFEND SALONICA: 1. The Men—A Battalion of the —shire Regiment on parade. 2. The Munitions—A section of the vast ammunition park. 3. **SISTER!** Thousands of women of every walk of life are devoting themselves to ministering to our Wounded in hospital. 4. **STILL PLAYING THE GAME:** Though wounded and in hospital, Tommy must still have his "bit of sport." 5. **WITH THE FRENCH TROOPS IN SALONICA:** Part of the Camp on washing day. 6. **PROOF!** An interesting example of Hun methods. The official German communique categorically denied the French report of the capture of the 1,668 prisoners seen in this photograph!! 7. **BLIZZARD IN AMERICA:** In contrast to our mild winter, New York has had the heaviest snowfall of recent years.

THE HOUSE OF HEPWORTH

The third Pinero play is filmed at Walton;
and another visit to the Studio is recorded

By FRED DANGERFIELD.



CECIL M. HEPWORTH
The famous all-British producer.

IN May, 1914, I began in PICTURES a series of articles entitled "The Birthplaces of British Films," and, seeking all that was best in British film production, I dealt in number one with the House of Hepworth. Since my visit to their studio for that article I have, of course, made other trips to Walton-on-Thames, and recently spent a day there to discover what, if any, difference existed in the

early summer. Everything was gloriously bright and sunny. I found Claude Whitten, the hard-working manager in nice clean overalls and still at his post, and he it was who conducted me into the larger of the two studios, where Cecil M. Hepworth was critically examining a "set" for *Trelawny of the Wells*, this being the third of the Sir Arthur Pinero plays which they have filmed.

Really I was in luck, for *Trelawny*, produced at the Gaiety Theatre many years ago, was one of the favourites of my play-going days. The scene in the studio represented the hall and exterior of one of the London houses of mid-Victorian aristocracy, a solidly built set with railings and area all complete. Still more pleased was I to find that Cecil M. Hepworth himself was producing this famous play, and, watching his quiet, unassuming, but withal thoughtful and careful methods, it was easy to understand why all Hepworth pictures when screened are so perfect in detail.

Nothing misses the eagle eye of Mr. Hepworth, and, no matter how wrong something may be, he gets it right minus the least fuss or fuming. "I like playing before Mr. Hepworth," said one of his company to me; "he makes you feel that you must give him your best work." In point of fact, he would never put up with anything but the best.

"Billy, who is that walking behind?" asked Mr. Hepworth as the camera-handle was being turned. "Billy" told him. "Then stand still!" shouted Mr. Hepworth; "we're taking!" Above all things silence, unless broken by the players, is absolutely essential during the photographing of a scene. A barrel-organ to be used in the picture was brought on for inspection. The handle worked stiffly, and the carpenter had to spend ten minutes on it to make it turn smoothly. The closing of the house-door was rehearsed three or four times, in order that the flunkey should take the proper time and no more to perform it.

In due course I was greeted by Alma Taylor and Chrissie White, who wore the "buns" and extravagant crinolines of the period, and later I witnessed the taking of the whole scene, which included a very wet and realistic thunder-storm. That part of the play, at any rate, will be a success, for everything passed off, including the downpour of rain, without the slightest hitch, and to all appearances just as if we had all been transported back to the early "sixties."

After a walk through country lanes with Lionelle Howard and Stewart Rome, still in their paint and old-world costumes, and a delightful lunch at the "Swan" by the river, I went back to the studio for some more *Trelawny*.

Then Mr. Whitten conducted me once again over the factory, where work was going on just as usual. The Hepworth developing and printing plant is so perfect that manufacturers come from all parts of the world to see it.

My last place of call was the Green Room, which I do not remember to have seen before.

making of a present-day Hepworth picture-play.

So far as the building is concerned I saw no difference. The studios glowed in new coats of white paint, and seemed larger and brighter in consequence; but that was all. What is far more important to the British Public than altered studios is the fact that much good work in British picture-plays has come from them since 1914, and will come from them during 1916. Hepworth plays are to-day greater and better in quality and subject than ever they have been before; and that is saying a good deal.

For the benefit of new readers who did not see my previous article, let me quote its introductory paragraphs:—

"Sixteen years ago—in 1898, to be exact—Cecil Hepworth, who is still a young man, rented a small house at £30 a year at Walton-on-Thames, living in the upper part, and using the lower part as workshop and factory. With a gas-engine fitted up in the scullery, and a little capital made out of a successful arc-lamp, which he invented for lantern projection, Mr. Hepworth started making films. Since that memorable year, when wonderful films (in those days) of a hundred or two hundred feet in length were produced in the back yard of the little house at Walton, Hepworth's have never stood still. They were the first to build a moving-picture studio in England, and when success followed success a second studio was built; constant engagements turned the little studio into a big factory, and the first and still the largest stock company in the kingdom was formed. To-day the house of Hepworth is the oldest and best-known birthplace of British films. The factory itself is a model of perfection and compactness, and run on the most up-to-date lines it is possible to conceive."

That is what I wrote nearly two years ago. To-day, in spite of the world's greatest war, which has occupied most of the intervening period, the Hepworth Company is even greater, better organised, and more competent to turn out first-class films than ever. You picture-goers have only to think of the wonderful films they have produced since I wrote my previous article—*Bernadine Rudge*, *The Man Who Stayed at Home*, *The Outrage*, *The White Hope*, *Iris*, and *Sweet Lavender*, to name a few that come into my mind—to bear me out in the above statement. The popularity of Hepworth plays and players is world-wide. In America they are now almost as famous as in this country, and readers of PICTURES do not need to be reminded that two of their leading artistes, Alma Taylor and Stewart Rome, were winners in our recent great voting contest.

And now to "cut the cackle and come to the bones." It is curious, but whenever I visit Walton the sun shines. The day I chose last week might have been a perfect day in



FRANK WILSON—
Who, next to Mr. Hepworth himself, has achieved the greatest success of any Hepworth producer. His latest effort is *The White Hope*.



"TAKING": Hepworth players at work in a scene being filmed in their largest studio.



A "CLOSE UP": Two of the principals in a dramatic situation in one of the Hepworth dramas.



MAKING UP: A corner of Chrissie White's dressing-room. She is seen before one of the large mirrors.



RESTING: The players in the Hepworth "Green Room" waiting their turn to be called.

It is a cosy place, the walls of which are hung with pictures, wherein the players may rest and read until called for their own particular scenes.

Before leaving I tried to induce Mr. Hepworth to reveal some of his plans for the future, but I might just as well have been talking to the Sphinx. True, he told me *some* of them, on condition that I kept them to myself, and in that vague, mysterious way of his he further made it clear to me that some very big arrangements are being completed both in regard to subjects and facilities for dealing with them. "I am very glad I have filmed *Teelaway*," he added, "because I agree with you that the period alone should make the picture a rare change from modern drama. As you know," he continued, "Sir Arthur Pinero was delighted with our film versions of *Sweet Lavender* and *Iris*, and when you consider that he had declared that no man could properly visualise the latter play, I feel that I have attempted and done something to be proud of."

That Sir Arthur and all concerned, with whom let me couple the great British Public, will be pleased with Mr. Hepworth's latest effort (*Teelaway*), I have no shadow of doubt. Several months, however, may elapse before the film reaches the public, and meanwhile I counsel you to see and enjoy the Hepworth films now being shown when and as often as the opportunity comes to you.

TWIN STARS DISCOVERED THROUGH MEASLES

TWO tiny, fair-haired girls, full of vivacity and childish fun, and looking even younger than their six years apiece, are Ida and Ella Mackenzie, who actually play star parts, and, in this respect, have far outshone their parents, who are Essanay players, known professionally as Bob Mackenzie and Eva Heazlett.

Their genius was discovered in rather a remarkable manner. At the Infant School they had just begun to attend an outbreak of measles occurred which led to the school being closed. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, fearing that the children might get into mischief at home, took them to the studio. During the filming of a picture it was found that an eleven-year-old girl who had been engaged to play the part of the little daughter of one of the principals, looked too big for the part, and the father suggested that one of his children should take her place. The producer took the suggestion seriously, and Ella showed such remarkable aptitude that, after playing this *role*, she was engaged for others. This made Ida jealous and she was also given a chance. In a few weeks both little girls were enrolled as regular members of the stock company, and G. M. Anderson, the famous Broncho Billy, arranged for a series of one-act dramas to be written in which they could be featured with himself.

In *The Little Prospector* they play the parts of two naughty children belonging to a goldminer and his wife. Their mischievous tricks with their father's blasting powder result in a rich vein of gold being uncovered, and so bringing wealth to their parents. In *The Indian's Narrative* their affection for a faithful Indian servant saves him from about to be lynched for a crime of which he was innocent.



Look out for the full story of
"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

featuring

Potash & Perlmutter

in "Pictures," in a few weeks.



Disgraced at the Convent, Mici returns to the bosom of her disgusted family.

“SEVEN SISTERS”

THE FAMOUS PLAYERS PRODUCTION, FEATURING MARGUERITE CLARE.

Adapted from the Film by PATRICK GLYNN.

THERE were seven sisters in this particular family, with the romantic names of Clara, Liza, Perka, Mici, Ella, Sari, and Katinka.

Mici, the fourth sister, obtruded herself in every direction, and with such persistence that there was never a chance for a young man to look very long at any of her elder sisters. This worried the mother of the seven girls, and one day after a family consultation Mici was packed on to the family waggon with a box of clothes, and plenty of advice, and driven away to a convent to be taken charge of by a calm-eyed, elderly Mother Superior, who certainly deserved a better fate.

Mici was plump, with a roundness that charms, and possessed a naïve ingenuous air that provoked a catastrophe whenever young men were about. Naturally there were no young men within the convent grounds, so Mici took the obvious course of getting over the convent wall in search of a mild flirtation.

It is said that adventures are generally carried out in pairs. Mici's companion in the escapade was another girl, whose brother was Lieutenant Sandorffy, and their object was a masked ball in the Town-hall about two miles away. With the aid of Sandorffy, the two girls had provided themselves with masks and fancy costumes, and by mounting each other's backs they succeeded in climbing over the wall. As they passed into the town the great clock struck ten, and Mici laughed as she thought of the sleeping nuns and pupils.

Her companion danced with her brother, whilst Mici whirled around in the arms of Count Horkoy, a young

lieutenant of the Roumanian Army, who in turn stole many glances at the full, round, pretty face which reached the region where his top waistcoat-pocket would be under his fancy costume of a pierrot. When the clock struck eleven, Mici's companion looked at her questioningly, but—"Another half-hour," said Mici, who was having the time of her life.

The half-hour struck, and Mici realised with her now anxious companion that they had better get back before twelve when one of the nuns made her nightly inspection of the dormitories. The girls explained their position to their companions, and Horkoy and his friend promised to accompany them.

On the way in their hired cabriolet, Horkoy succumbed to the glamour of the occasion and to the charm of Mici's face, and made an offer of marriage. "Don't be silly," replied the girl laughing at the other's discomfiture. "I must return to the convent to night. I couldn't marry you in five minutes, even if I wanted to."

The cab was dismissed about a hundred yards from the convent. Mici's friend was over the wall in a twinkling, but Mici remained in the arms of Horkoy, and to get rid of him, Mici promised to marry him as soon as convenient. Suddenly she caught sight of the convent clock. "It's five minutes to twelve!" she exclaimed, "in five

minutes more one of the nuns will be walking round the bedrooms."

"One more kiss, Mici," insisted Horkoy firmly. He got it to save time, and Mici found herself lifted in Horkoy's strong arms and deposited on the grass. With a whispered "Adieu," Mici, glancing at the clock, fled towards the back window of her dormitory, which was about six feet from the ground, and commenced to climb.

She managed to get the window open without awaking the sleepers, but catching her foot in the sill she tumbled forward into the room with a loud clatter. The noise brought the girls' heads bobbing up like piano keys, and Mici scrambling into bed, with her fancy costume on, dragged the bedclothes over her head.

The nuns came running in in alarm, whilst the pupils, in their nightdresses, discussed burglars. Mici was the only one asleep, a suspicious circumstance in itself, though she might have evaded exposure if her feet with her dancing shoes still on had not protruded several inches beyond the counterpane.

"Get up, Mici," commanded the Mother Superior to the sleeper.

The girl raised her head in bland bewilderment. The sight of her feet informed her that her days at the convent were numbered. She emerged from the bedclothes in all the glory of her fancy costume, whilst the girls uttered a long and horrified "Oh!"



DICK WHITTINGTON

DID NOT KNOW "THE COMMUTERS"

A week later Mici was deposited back into the bosom of her own disgusted family. She was a "returned empties," and her mother, exasperated at the futility of her plans, promptly took away all clothing apparel from the seventeen-year-old girl and gave her a child's costume.

The widow Gyr had more than one object in dressing Mici like a child. She had four other daughters to marry off her hands before Mici's turn should come and it was the Roumanian custom that the daughters of a family must be married in the corresponding order of their birth. In Roumania, if a girl weds before her elder sister, the latter is relegated to spinsterhood. If anyone took a fancy to Mici, and married her, Mici's three elder sisters went automatically on the shelf.

"As a punishment," continued the widow Gyr, "you shall wear short dresses and be fourteen years of age. As each of your elder sisters marry you will gain a year."

"I wish they were all to be married to-morrow," said Mici, thinking of Count Horkoy, and sighing.

The Count had not forgotten his little companion of the fancy ball, and, after discreet inquiries, he learned that she had been dismissed in disgrace and sent home. Then he found out Mici's address, and followed her up. He came upon her on the high road outside the house, and eyed her in astonishment.

"Is that you, Mici?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the girl, eyeing her large knees, bashfully.

"Since when have you become a child again?" he asked, slipping his arm round her waist.

"I must dress as fourteen, and cannot marry until my elder sisters are wed," replied Mici, nestling in Horkoy's arms.

"How many sisters have you?" asked Horkoy, in dismay.

"Three older than me," replied Mici, calmly. "Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Never mind," he replied in the tone of a man about to do a desperate deed. "I'll wager three kisses we shall marry off your sisters within a month. I'll take rooms at the inn in the village and start operations at once."

"You're very enterprising," remarked Mici as she gave him the three kisses.

Count Horkoy went back to the inn, and ruminated over the problem. He could not marry Mici until her other sisters were disposed of; Mici would not injure her elder sister's chances even to secure her own happiness.

"I wish I were a Mormon or a Turk," he muttered; "then I could marry them all myself."

He went for a walk to think of a plan, and speculated on the number of unmarried friends in his circle. Still without a definite scheme, he arrived back at the inn to encounter a friend of the name of Gida Radvianny who was passing through the village on his way to visit his uncle, Colonel Radvianny.

At tea, Gida confided a secret to Horkoy.

"My uncle ordered me to marry, but I do not because I am too bashful, and know very few young ladies."

"You don't say so," shouted Horkoy. "I knew just the girl for you."

"I hope she is pretty," said Gida, quite at a loss to understand Horkoy's sudden burst of enthusiasm.

The prettiest girl in the country," replied Horkoy. "There's Katinka, Ella Perka and Mici—no that's mine. I mean, you've got the choice of three lovely ladies. I'll introduce you."

"You seem as anxious to get me married as my uncle is," said Gida, laughing. "Why don't you recommend a wife for him. He's still young."

"Is he unmarried, too?" yelled Horkoy. "Well, there's Perka, Katinka, Ella—each of whom would suit him nicely. Where's your uncle?"

"About a dozen miles from here," replied Gida, with a roar of laughter.



THEY CLIMBED OVER THE CONVENT WALL.

"What a joke! I'll marry one of your friends, if you can get a wife for Uncle."

"Done!" said Horkoy, with the determined air of a "bookie" on a race-course.

The next day Horkoy called on the widow Gyr, and introduced Gida as a possible suitor for Katinka. The bashful pair strolled into the garden. Gida's love-making was forced, whilst Katinka walked beside him abstractedly, as though thinking of someone else. After a while they seated themselves, as another girl of the Gyr family passed them with a saucy laugh.

"Who's that?" asked Horkoy, looking after the girl, who turned and actually winked at him.

"My sister Ella," replied Katinka, gravely.

That afternoon Horkoy introduced another friend, and suggested that Katinka would shortly wed Gida. "Don't be too sure of your friend Gida," replied Mici, shaking her head sadly. "I've been watching them. He doesn't want Katinka; I think he's after Ella."

That evening Horkoy turned his friend confidentially by the arm, and expatiated on the charms of Katinka, whilst Gida listened stolidly. "Yes, she's very nice," admitted Gida, but he added, "Ella's a very nice girl, isn't she?"

"Ah! but nothing to compare to Katinka," shouted Horkoy, who wished to marry the sisters in the order of their birth; "Katinka is the flower of the family."

"Except Mici," suggested Gida.

Horkoy grinned, and retired to write to his friend Sandorffy, from whom a letter had arrived that morning.

"I have been thinking of you very much since I learned that your fortune depends on your marrying within a month," wrote Horkoy; "if you value your happiness and your grandfather's fortune, join me immediately."

Horkoy posted the letter and smiled. "I'll keep him for Perka; things are moving," he said, rubbing his hands with delight. "What a fine match-maker I'd make!"

Lieutenant Sandorffy arrived next day, and Horkoy piloted him gently up to the Widow Gyr's house. On the way, Horkoy spoke of Perka as the best girl of the family, and by the time they reached the house of the seven sisters Sandorffy's curiosity was aroused.

He was not so bashful as Gida Radvianny, and soon made his presence felt. To Gida's great relief, he found that the new arrival really confined himself to Perka, and threw no eyes in the direction of Ella. Horkoy claimed another kiss from Mici, and that wise little damsel admitted this time there was no fly in the ointment, as Perka and Sandorffy were getting along famously.

That day Colonel Radvianny came to the village to visit his nephew and inspect the girl whom Gida was about to marry. The Colonel, who was forty-five years of age and looked ten years younger, accompanied his nephew to the Widow Gyr's, and his eyes narrowed with surprise and pleasure on seeing Katinka. "Is this the young lady you propose to marry?" he whispered to his nephew.

Gida nodded miserably.

The Colonel and Katinka paired off together, much to Gida's surprise, until his uncle whispered to him, "I knew Katinka three years ago, and wondered what had happened to her since."

A half-hour later the Colonel and Katinka appeared again, and this time Katinka looked radiantly happy, and was laughing with real pleasure, a thing that Gida had never known her to do in his company. Then Uncle tapped his nephew on the shoulder.

"I do not approve of Miss Katinka as your betrothed," he said, "but as your aunt she will do admirably."

"C—c—congratulations, Uncle!" stammered Gida, pretending to look woe-begone. His eyes roved in the direction of Ella, who winked at him again; he would not be disappointed this time.

"Another kiss, Mici," said the delighted Horkoy on hearing the news of the Colonel's engagement to Katinka. "The whole three of your sisters are disposed of now, for Gida has just told me he'd rather have Ella than Katinka, and Ella has accepted him. What do you say—shall we all get married together?"

"You've got to ask Mother for me yet," replied Mici; "she still looks upon me as a child."

This was a point of view that did not occur to Horkoy, but, with his traditional promptitude, he sought out the Widow, who listened in amazement. "She is only seventeen; she has barely left school. She is only a child yet."

"She dresses in child's clothes—that's why she looks so young," protested Horkoy. "Besides, I think I deserve her, because I've found suitors for your elder daughters."

"But Mici has been promised to her cousin Toni, whom I have never seen,"

tation, Ella was let into the plot, which worked beautifully, so that the Colonel gave his consent.

A week later four weddings took place between Katinka, Sari, Ella, and Mici and their respective swains. The Widow Gyr looked supremely happy, for it does not fall to the lot of every mother to get rid of four daughters at once; but when a sheepish-looking young man came to her after the ceremony, and announced himself as Cousin Toni, she sought Mici and Horkoy.

"If this is Cousin Toni," she said, pointing to the late arrival, "who is your husband?"

Mici smiled, and looked slyly at Horkoy, to whom she crept for protection with the air of a naughty child discovered in fault. "My husband is Count Horkoy, whom I met at the ball the night I was expelled from the convent."

The Widow Gyr had a little conversation with Toni, and, as the best

OUR LETTER-BAG

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The Mysterious Hair.

"The other night I saw a film in which the hero first of all appeared with very black curly hair, but later on in the film his hair was straight, and even had the suspicion of a wave about it. Did he use pins or rags?"

J. D. (Handsworth).

A Shock at the Pictures.

"Did you read last night of the earthquake shock in the Midlands? At the time it occurred about 7.30—I was at the pictures with mother and my sister, and although engrossed in the fearful plot the villain was concocting, the shock was sufficient to take our attention off the picture! It was a most peculiar sensation—there was a kind of a thud, then a snapping sound followed by a sort of vibration. The first thought that came into my head was that a wire in the piano had broken; but, of course, this was ridiculous, as the sound was far too loud for that. No one seemed to know what had caused the noise; but next morning mother was reading the paper, and came across an account of the earthquake tremor the evening before. Then it dawned upon us that we had heard and felt it. One never knows what to expect, does one?"

M. (Edgbaston).

"Stuff that Dreams are Made of."

"I have wanted to write to you for ever so long, but I have always imagined the Editor an absolute ogre, with green eyes, projecting teeth, hook nose, and unshaven chin, but last night I dreamt about him, and he seemed a very nice-looking young man. I am quite sure, however, that my dream-Editor was an excellent replica of the real one, and now he can rest assured that if any one asked me to describe him my description would be most flattering. Oh! I must tell you this. In your recent 'feet' competition mother thought that the tootsies belonged to the Editor, but, as we are not personal, we did not like to say so."

E. VAN Z. (Hampstead).

We admit that the Editor is handsome, but he has not got green eyes, nor projecting teeth, nor a hook nose, and he indulges in a shave every morning, but *please* note, they were *not* the Editor's feet.—SUB-ED.

Please be More Explicit.

"A few days ago I witnessed a film telling the story of a flirt. Throughout my ears were assailed with puzzling queries from the people around me, and I do not wonder, for the continuity and conciseness of story were decidedly lacking. The girl jilts one man for another. Evidently her parents are very angry about it. One evening the girl pretends illness, is left home alone; her lover visits her, the parents returning unawares discover him, and he is told to go. Soon after the same lover is seen on his honeymoon with a lady who has never appeared before. The girl's parents are shown reading a telegram, to say she is detained for an operation. Then the scene shows the girl in bed with a tiny baby, and attending her is a doctor who is the lover's friend. Now, why such an unpleasant episode as this? It was not at all necessary, and the flirt could have taught a lesson in far nicer ways than this. Naturally the lover of the girl is judged to be the father of the child, and trouble ensues, but in the end everything concludes happily. I do feel in these days that producers should be more particular, and certainly more explicit, in their stories."

L. W. (Brighton).



HER MOTHER . . . GAVE HER SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL A CHILD'S COSTUME.

replied the Widow Gyr. "He wrote saying he intended paying us a visit, and wished to court Mici, whose photograph he has."

"This is cousin Toni," interrupted the little prevaricator, Mici, who entered the room at this point. "He wanted to make our acquaintance before he told us his relationship."

Then the air cleared, and the Widow Gyr took him into the bosom of the family. Meanwhile Gida did not find his troubles ending with his uncle's decision. That autocrat stoutly forbade him to marry Ella. "She is a poor girl, and you can't afford to marry her," said the Colonel.

Mici and Horkoy put their heads together in this emergency, and hatched a plot worthy of the reputation of these two scapegraces. It was nothing less than that Gida should force his way into Ella's bedroom after she retired to rest and kick up a row. This would "compromise" Ella, and the Colonel, with his punctilious notions, would insist on Gida marrying Ella to save her repu-

solution of his trouble, advised him to go home again and forget all about it.

* * * * *

The cast of this captivating comedy, which, on the stage, was enormously successful at the New York Lyceum Theatre, is as follows: "Clara," Madge Evans; "Liza," Dorothea Camden; "Perka," Georgia Fursman; "Mici," Marguerite Clark; "Ella," Jean Stewart; "Sari," L. Feder; "Katinka," Lola Barclay; "Count Horkoy," Conway Tearle; "Gida," Nylene Lynton; "Sanctiffy," Sydney Nathan; "Colonel Radvinsky," Edward Mordant. It will be released on February 14th.

Marguerite Clark, who has played the leading part, has added one more to her score of previous film successes. As most of our readers know, Miss Clark first appeared on the screen in *Wildflower*, since which she has appeared in *The Crucible*, *Gretchen Green*, and *The Goose Girl*. A coming film in which she appears is *Helene of the North*.



WHERE DO
"THE COMMUTERS" COMMUTE?



"THE CATS," TEA AND SCANDAL.

CHAPTER I.

WITH a sneering smile young Roger Markham looked from the face of his father, iron in its stern purpose, to that of their disgraced cashier, John Linton; then thinking of the hold he hoped her husband's shame would give him over the fascinating Mary, he urged clemency.

"He is an old servant, sir," he said; "give him twenty-four hours in which to find the money before you institute police-court proceedings."

Old Mr. Markham nodded, and, thanking the firm for its mercy, but without any hope in his heart, John Linton slunk out of the private office and made his way home.

On entering his pretty suburban villa the sounds of laughter and gay chatter came from the drawing-room, and, pausing in the hall, he listened.

"The cats!" he muttered between his set teeth; "tea and scandal well, by Heaven, they'll have something to talk about this time!"

Crossing the hall, he flung the drawing-room door open and entered. Immediately the chatter died away, and all eyes were fixed upon his white face. His startled wife rose to meet him.

"John—"

"Send these women away at once," he said, hoarsely.

Slowly the party broke up, each member of it congratulating herself upon the spicy bit of gossip it would be her good luck to spread about the town. Ruin had surely come upon conceited Mrs. Linton. She had been living beyond her husband's means; they had seen the smash coming for a long time!

"Now," Mary Linton cried, angrily, as the hall door closed behind her last surprised guest, "perhaps you will explain your conduct!—Are you mad?"

"Not yet," her husband answered, grimly, "but I am a ruined man, disgraced and desperate. Mary, a hundred times I have pleaded with you to curtail your expenditure, but you have always refused. Now the end has come."

"What do you mean, John?"

"Is not my meaning clear? Money you had to have—had to have—and I, like a dotting fool, got it for you from Mr. Markham's safe."

"A thief! Oh, John, John—"

But he had left the room, and with a moan she sank down among the rich silk cushions of the settee. Bitterly she regretted the past, for, in spite of her butterfly existence, she loved her hus-

"WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN—"

THE "IDEAL" PRIZE STORY

Adapted from the Film by IVAN PATRICK GORE

band, and dreaded, for his sake as much as for her own, the hardships which would follow the detection of his sin.

"Mr. Roger Markham!"

She hurried across the room to greet the man, then, as the servant retired, seized his hands feverishly.

"Roger, you know."

He smiled cynically. "My dear Mary, I've known how you and Linton contrived to keep up such an elegant establishment on his screw for quite a long time; but, believe me, when the old man found out, I did all in my power to protect John—for your sake!"

"That was good of you—very good of you. Oh, if I could only see a way to help him raise the money!"

Roger Markham's evil eyes gleamed.

"I can show you a way—an easy way," he whispered, passing his arm around her supple waist. "Mary, I've always hated Linton because you were his—to have and to hold. I have no sympathy with him; but I hate to think of you in want—perhaps without a decent dress on your back and if you'll agree to give me what I want I'll find the money and save your husband."

"What do you want?" she faltered.

Her tormentor laughed. "The last time I told you you ordered me from the house. You won't do that to-day, eh? These are my terms, Mary—yourself, body and soul; and in return your husband shall retain his reputation as an honest man. What is your answer?"

Mary raised wild, imploring eyes to his, but found no mercy in the glance that devoured her.

"You shall have my answer to-

morrow," she moaned; "and now, for God's sake, go!"

Left alone, she struggled with the grief and deadly shame that bore her down. Surely there was some other way to save her husband's honour than by sacrificing her own. Madly she racked her brains; then her eyes fell upon a letter brought in earlier in the day by her maid and forgotten. She took it up and opened it mechanically. A moment later she was on her feet, laughing and crying alternately.

"Thank God, our honour is safe!" she cried. "Markham will be repaid his money, then John and I will go far away together and begin a new life!"

Running from the room, she hurried to her husband's "den."

"John, dear John," she called softly.

No answer came from within, and, with a strange foreboding tugging at her heart, she entered. A second later her piteous cry of heartbroken horror rang through the house, for John Linton, seeing nothing but black shadows gathering round him, had taken the only path his fevered brain showed to be open, and had crossed the Great Divide to face the Judge of judges.

The following months did much to deepen Mary Linton's grief, but the tragedy had changed her life; for, whereas before she had thought only of her own pleasures, she now devoted her life and fortune to pointing the way to happiness to others; and in this great work she was ably assisted by the Vicar, a strenuous young cleric of the "fighting" school, whose partiality for his pretty parishioner was certain to set the tongues of the local scandalmongers wagging furiously.

One day, about a year after John Linton's death, he came to her. "I want you to do something for a young girl," he said, gravely.

Mary smiled at him. "Anything concerning the welfare of others less fortunate than myself is my duty. Tell me, what is this particular trouble?"

"The greatest trouble a lonely girl can face," the Vicar answered. "Think well, Mrs. Linton—it is no nice task for a young woman like yourself. The people round here are censorious, and—" He hesitated as he saw her heightened colour.

"They already spend much of their time in discussing my affairs, criticising my friendships—well, let them. Where is this poor girl?"

"In the hope that your help was to be had for the asking, I brought her with me. She is waiting outside; I will bring her to you." He bent over her hand.

"God will surely bless you, Mary." Then, without another glance at her face



"NOW THE END HAS COME."



"YOU SAY IT IS TIME YOU MARRIED?"

crimson with the blushes called up by his first tender use of her Christian name, he went to the door, and called to the girl who waited.

As she slowly entered the room Mary sprang to her feet with a cry, for the pallid face, with its dumb, piteous appeal, was that of Alice Repton, her maid in the old days.

"Alice—oh! my poor girl!" With a sob she drew the trembling girl into her arms; then she turned to the Vicar. "Leave us, please; but—I shall be at home to-morrow." Slowly she drew the sad story from Alice Repton—that oft-repeated story of a chance meeting, of girlish infatuation, of promised marriage, quickly followed by the fulfilment of the filer's desire—and then the black despair which wrote "Finis" to a girl's dreams of the future, and as she listened her heart beat quickly in womanly sympathy for the fallen.

"And the man?" she asked.

She had to stoop to hear the whispered words; then, as she heard them, her head bent lower still in a prayer of thankfulness. A few days after her servant brought her a card, and as she read the finely-graven words on it her lips set with a sternness never seen by the poor and suffering among whom she moved.

A moment later Roger Markham, as well-groomed and as debonair as ever, stood before her.

"My dear Mrs. Linton," he began, airily, "it's awfully good of you to see me. I half feared that—er—after what happened some time ago you—"

"I have tried to forget that!"

"The best thing you could do," he continued, mistaking her tone. "We were both younger and more foolish than we are now, and I can only plead my love as an excuse; but now," he rattled on, unconscious of the impending doom so plainly written on her white face—"you are free, and I have come to ask you to resume our old footing. The fact is, my dear Mary, I think it's time I should marry and—"

"Come I want to show you something," she answered quickly.

Wondering at her mood, he followed her. Throwing open a door, she pointed to a bed on which lay a girl-mother with her new-born child.

"You say it is time you married—I agree with you, Roger Markham; there lies the poor girl who should be your wife. That is my answer." White with rage, he turned on her. "Birds of a feather," he sneered; "the young light o' love brings her trouble to her more experienced sister. Oh, you can't fool me, my dear. You were willing enough to forget your marriage vows once, and now that his coward suicide has freed you from them you shall come to my arms—you shall, I say!"

Laughing brutally, he tried to embrace her, but a second later found himself in the strong grip of a man who had entered the room unnoticed.

"The parson—" he gasped.

"Yes, the parson," the Vicar added. "Don't raise your fist to me—or, by Heaven, I shall forget the clothes I wear, and give you a thrashing. Now go!" he said contemptuously, handing the discomfited villain his hat.

CHAPTER II.

Slowly but surely the hatred of Roger Markham provided the poison which he hoped would ruin the life of the woman who had twice escaped the meshes woven by his passion, and whom he now knew to be safe, protected by the love of the good man whose name she was soon to take. By every means in his power he circulated his lies against Mary Linton's character until one day the churchwardens thought it time to move in the matter and bring their Vicar to his senses.

The "fighting parson" laughed when he read the curt command to appear before them at a special Vestry Board.

"So it has come at last—good, we'll fight this thing to a finish!" Then his face became grim. "They'll rave like wild animals to tear a woman's character to shreds, to pin a man's soul to the rack of their conventional hypocrisy. Will they, though? We shall see!"

When he arrived at the meeting he found them all there—smug-faced, well-

fed, typical pillars of a church that threw on convention, but only suffered such of the teachings of the Christ as gave its followers social haloes to enter into its "Christianity," and calmly ignored all the broader teachings of the Teacher Who died that all mankind might live.

By common consent, Sir Marmaduke Long—the most obedient of the Mammam-worshippers—opened the attack.

"We regret—er—deeply regret," he said, pompously, "that I—me—my friends"—this as a slight sop to those whom he ranked as miles behind him, but on whose aid he now depended—"should have found it necessary to call you before us, but—really, sir—this state of—er—things"—he looked round anxiously for support—"must not continue."

"This state of things?" the Vicar looked round with cold enquiry. "Kindly be more explicit, Sir Marmaduke."

"This 'ere young woman what 'is 'anging after," hoarsely prompted Mr. Levi, a gentleman whose dealings with the poor brought many diamonds to the fingers of his unclean, fat hands.

"As my friend Mr. Levi says, this young woman you are—I mean with whom your name is being coupled—this young person who chooses her associates from a class which unfortunately we are compelled to put up with—"

"Go on, Sir Marmaduke. I am becoming interested. Go on!"

"Well, can't you see yourself that it is impossible? You—our Vicar—to—er—be friendly with a woman who accepts as a guest a girl of the town who is nothing better than a common—"

"Stop!" The Vicar was on his feet. "You have said enough. Now you shall listen to me. . . . This lady, Mrs. Linton, is my promised wife, and, as a man, I shall protect her good name against the world; but, if this was not the case, who are you—you—to be her judges? What does the Book say?—'Whoso is without sin, let him cast the first stone.' . . . Whoso is without sin! . . . You, Sir Marmaduke; do you feel yourself competent to be her judge? You who have



"SMUG-FACED, WELL-FED TYPICAL PILLARS OF A CHURCH"

made your fortune by the blood of the poor; you whose hovels—high class dwellings—God help their inhabitants, and you their owner—are a disgrace to civilisation—you whose agent extorts the rent—Caring nothing whether sickness or death is in the house, he roughly enters, caring nothing how the money he seizes for your pockets is earned, providing it is there—will you be Mary Linton's judge? . . . You, Levi— you usurer; you who thrive on the sin and sorrow of the poor; you whose hands hurl the men to theft and desperate deeds, the women to prostitution, in order that they may pay the interest, the heavy illegal interest, on your paltry loans—will you be Mary Linton's judge? You, Mr. Markham, you sweater, whose machines are fed by the life-blood of men and women? And you, Roger Markham—the libertine covered beneath the blaze in the strong man's eyes— "what of you? What of the hopes you have wrecked, or sought to wreck; the lies you have told, the sacred promises you have broken to gratify your hell-sent lust? Think of that girl—the creature of the town to whom a good woman gave love and shelter in her terrible trouble. Think of the child, that nameless little one. Answer me! Will you assume the judicial right? Will you be Mary Linton's judge, ye whitened sepulchres?" For a moment silence reigned, then the stern voice rang out again. "Go! all of you! This is the House of God, and His roof cannot shelter such as you!"

"I told them what I thought pretty well from the shoulder!" the Vicar said later in Mary's cosy drawing-room, "and doubtless they'll do all in their power to get me deprived of the benefice I hold; some of them—Sir Marmaduke, for instance—has much influence with the Bishop. I don't care a rap of the fingers for that; but oh, Mary, to think that all my work is fruitless!"

"Hush, dear," she whispered; "you must not say that. What of the poor?"

"Oh, God forgive me, in my trouble I had almost forgotten them—every day I thank Heaven for the power that has enabled me to win *their* hearts; but, my dear, if I could only win my fight in the name of Christianity with the others—if I could only see them turn from the path that ignorance, avarice, lust compels them to travel!"

"Then why not make a new start?"

She began to draw his ring from her slim finger. "They do not think me worthy to become your wife—I know I am not—so I set you free, dear."

"What!" With a cry the Vicar seized her hands, and replaced the ring. "No, never that! Worthy or unworthy, you are the woman I, the *man*, love—and, by aid of the love you've given me, the parson will win in His good time."

CHAPTER III.

Meanwhile in the town matters were rapidly approaching a climax. The firm of Markham with every day became more exacting, the treatment of Sir Marmaduke's agent towards his master's tenants was intensified in its ferocity, and Levi's extortionate demands drew on his head the curses of the populace,

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without either softening or fright-
 ning the adamant money-lender.
 Daily, almost hourly, Mary and
 he Vicar moved among the masses
 of humanity, in which the flame
 of revolution was rapidly being
 fanned into a blaze. At many a
 meeting she addressed them, sym-
 pathising with them, and pleading
 with them to be strong and wait.

After one of these meetings a
 rugged-faced man, dirty and un-
 scrupulous, approached their benefac-
 tress.

"You don't know me, m'lady,"
 he said, nervously twisting his
 greasy cap from hand to hand;
 "but I do you—aye, and I wish to
 thank you for all you have done
 for us, and—*her!*"

Mary wondered who he meant.
 "Heaven bless you both!" he
 continued. "As for me—well, I
 know what you did for my little
 lass."

"Your lass? Surely you can't be
 Alice Repton's lover?"

"I am that same, m'lady—John
 Lee, the man that loved her—aye, and
 trusted her—before you
 smiling Judas sought to play with her
 soul."

"Do you love her now? If so, come to
 her, for she needs you sadly."

The man drew a grimy hand across
 his eyes. "Aye, I love her, and ever
 shall; but I'll not come to her until I've
 made the blackguard pay the price."

Without another word he dashed away,
 and Mary proceeded home, strangely
 comforted by the man's words, but also
 troubled by the manner of his mates,
 who stood muttering in groups.

That night Roger Markham left his
 club in an exalted frame of mind. He
 was thinking gleefully of the shy light
 in the eyes of the pretty shopgirl he
 had just been leading towards destruc-
 tion.

"She's a pretty kid, and I don't think
 I shall tire of her soon—" He broke
 off in surprise as a hoarse murmuring
 fell upon his ears, and his eye caught
 the lurid glow that was spreading in
 the sky. "What's that? Good Lord!
 can those rascals be attempting to
 fire the old man's place?"

Throwing his cigar aside, he broke into
 a brisk run, and a few moments later, on
 turning a corner, he came full upon a



OH, MARY, TO THINK THAT ALL MY WORK IS FRUITLESS!

maddened crowd of men and women
 who howled wildly as they battered at
 the heavy gates that barred the private
 road to his father's mansion.

Roger Markham rushed into the mob.

"How dare you—" he cried, harshly.

A howl rent the air as they recognised
 him. "Dare!" they shouted; "we'll
 show you what we dare!"

"Aye, what is sauce for the goose is
 sauce for the gander," a man cried facing
 him. "Lads and lasses, we never ex-
 pected such luck as this." A roar of harsh
 approval greeted the words, and like a
 flash the wretched man saw that he was
 absolutely in their power.

"Listen," he cried, desperately; "I'll
 see that things at the works are altered.
 Men, if you are human," again they
 howled uproariously "my mother and
 sisters are in the house."

"We'll broil them in its flames then—
 and fling you in to help the blaze!"

"Your mother and sister?"—a
 heavy fist struck him in the mouth.
 "Yours? Be they different to
 ours? But what cared you or the
 old screw for their sufferings?—
 Maybe theirs will help us to forget
 them, though?" Another fierce
 blow sent the libertine into the
 dust.

"Down with the gates, lads, and
 bring Mr. Fine Gentleman along."

"Stop! What madness is this?"

The sweet voice rang through the
 uproar. "And you, Lee, of all
 men!"

"You forget my lass."

"I forget nothing. But will you
 help her—will you aid your future
 happiness by having such a crime
 as you contemplate at your door?"

"Mrs. Linton speaks the truth,"
 the Vicar cried, striding up and
 taking his place at Mary's side,
 "and in your hearts you know it.
 Has she said anything, done any-
 thing but what has been for your
 good? Remember that; and for
 her sake—for the sake of her who
 within a week will be my wife—
 go home now."

Muttering, they crowded round; then
 suddenly an old woman's voice rose
 querulously from their midst. "Parson
 is right, lads. We'll go home, and leave
 the straightening of our lives to him
 and her. . . . God bless you, my
 dearies!"

As the mob scattered, Roger Mark-
 ham staggered to his feet.

"You did this for *us*!" he gasped.

"For you and for them. Go you home
 too, and thank Heaven that Providence
 saved your loved ones to-night!"

A few seconds later they stood alone.

"It is the beginning of the end—the
 dawn of a new era," the Vicar said, as
 he held Mary to him, "and to-morrow
 the last Sabbath I shall spend alone,
 please God—I will speak to them again
 as man to man. . . . Whoso is without
 sin—' Ah, Heaven grant my words
 will find an echo in their hearts!"

THE END.



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Below you will find the fifth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in *Pictures* on sale Feb. 5th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

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Name

5th SET.

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17. Scene from
Letters used: **A E H I M N R**



18. Scene from
Letters used: **A D E N O T W**



19. Scene from
Letters used: **A E J N R Y**



20. Scene from
Letters used: **A C D E I L M O R T U**

THE FILM PLAYER AT HOME

Gerald Ames is Interviewed for "Pictures"

By BILLIE BRISTOW.



GERALD AMES "AT WORK."
in *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

know I was on the legitimate stage for years, and, like many others, I started my career with Benson, playing over sixty different parts whilst with him. Then I played Sir George Alexander's part in *The Importance of Being Earnest* for a long time. I have also appeared at Drury Lane, the Criterion, and Prince of Wales's. I have taken up film work seriously since the outbreak of war, although in my spare time I played for pictures before the war: in fact my first appearance before the camera was soon after the Olympic Sports at Stockholm in 1912, where I represented England in fencing. I was with Sir Charles Wyndham at the time, and when the London Film Company approached me for a fencing scene I almost refused. I am glad I didn't."

"What were you doing when war broke out?" I asked.

"Only a fortnight before I was playing in Paris in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. I was due to appear in the autumn drama at Drury Lane, but of course the war knocked that on the head. Three days after the outbreak of hostilities I tried to enlist; but, alas! was refused on account of an injury received when I was a boy. Since then I have tried several times, but without success to get in the Army."

"He's awfully mad about it," broke in Mrs. Ames, "and he worries over it no end; but I think he is doing his bit, for he is an Inspector in the Special Constabulary, and is also a Fencing Instructor to recruits. Many of his pupils, after returning from the firing line, have told him that his teaching had saved their lives. His sister is a nurse, you know. She has just sailed for Salonica. She has been out in France for ever so long, and was one of the first to be sent up to a clearing station. Isn't it nice of her?" I agreed with her; then, as if in answer to the question, there was a crash—

"Bombs!" queried Mr. Ames.

"No; that's not a bomb," replied his wife, "I know the sound well, for I have been in every raid up to the present."

There was no further crash, so we resumed our conversation. "You are fond of fencing, then?" I remarked.

"Rather! I'm in my element when I have an epais in my hand. Look at this," Mr. Ames showed me a beautiful foil. "I've fought for England with that," he added, proudly.

"I've played in a number of fencing scenes too. There are the two fights with Henry Ainley in *Rupert of Hentzau* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and a fine one with Charles Rock in *The Cage*; and in the Recruiting film *You* I played the

Bayonet Instructor. Oh! I must tell you this little incident. When we were filming *Rupert of Hentzau* I had to jump my horse into a small stream about four feet deep. Well! I mounted my gee (Mike by name) and took him up to the stream. Then to my amazement he rose into the air, and came down flat on the top of the water on his stomach. By the time we staggered up on the opposite bank the producer was on the scene in a bad temper because of the waste of film, and the owner of the horse who accompanied him seemed to realise that I required an explanation, for he said, "Oh! I forgot to tell you that Mike is a performing horse, and for the last three weeks has been doing a high dive at the Palladium." Evidently Mike thought he was still high diving.

"Any more little reminiscences?" I asked.

"Well, we were doing a war film, and it was about the time when the police were keen on German spies. In the picture it was arranged that two men had to follow me in a boat across a river—I was swimming. We tried that scene quite a dozen times, because every time I'd got nicely into the river, and the pursuers were firing at me, the police rushed up, and, cold and downhearted, we would have to dash away up the stream, where most probably the same thing would occur. You remember the rope-ladder scene in *The Prisoner of Zenda*? In that I had a fearful time. While swimming in the water my feet slipped half-way up my big boots, and when I came to mount the ladder I could not find my feet. The producer kept shouting, 'He'll have you! Hurry up!' (referring to Henry Ainley, who was pursuing me), and in the end I came up chiefly by my teeth."

"Will you enumerate some of the chief films in which you have played?" I asked.



A MASTER OF FENCE: From a fine pastel drawing of Gerald Ames by Frank S. Eastman.



GERALD AMES AS "HASTINGS" IN *She Stoops to Conquer*.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Ames, puffing away at his beloved pipe. "*The Derby Winner, The Middlemen, 1914, The Cage, She Stoops to Conquer, The Fringe of War, Sons of Satan, Brother Officers, The Shulamite, The Christian, England's Menace, His Majesty's Service, and The Game of Life*." But I think my favourite part is in the film we have just finished, and that is *Arsène Lupin*. Oh! it's a fine picture, and I'm sure you will agree with me when you see it."

"What do you think of the future for the cinema?" I asked. "Both my wife and I think the future is a great one. Legitimate stage actors and actresses are rapidly losing their patronising opinion of the screen, and are gradually beginning to realise that film acting is a real art. But I believe that there are only a few artistes on the stage to-day who are absolute failures on the screen. Compare them to an artist who, having painted in oils all his life is suddenly asked to try his hand at water-colours. That, I think is why many stage players are not such a success as they might be. They are not accustomed to the absence of the applauding crowd, the lights, and the familiar atmosphere of a crowded theatre. It is so difficult when acting before a camera to know what effect you are producing. On the stage you play to hundreds of people, and you know in an instant whether you are pleasing the onlookers or not; in filmland therefore it is necessary that the actor and producer should be on the best possible terms; the actor is the horse, and the producer the jockey riding him. The horse must be so well trained that the slightest twitch of the reins will pull him into position."

Before I left Mrs. Ames showed me an album full of "stills" of her husband. "I collect every likeness of him," she said, "because I'm still in love with him."



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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later



AT THE TORRENT'S MERCY.—Kine drama. Three reels. A magnificent Highland story. Ask your manager to book it.
—*Kinetograph Trading Co., Ltd.*

THE BIGGER MAN.—Metro drama. Five reels. A wonderful tale of bridge building and a strike intermingled with a love romance.
—*Rugby's Enclosures, Ltd.*

HOGAN'S MUSSY JOB.—Keystone comedy. One reel. Charles Murray. A ragtime dance destroys the ceiling of the room, and Hogan is employed to repair it—with tragic results.
—*Western Import Co., Ltd.*

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY.—Lubin drama. Three reels. Features Lillie Leslie. A business man poisons his partner to provide funds for his midnight carousals—see the result.
—*Gaiety Film Service, Ltd.*

THE SILENT WITNESS.—Reliance drama. One reel. Arthur Mackley and Claire Anderson. An extremely dramatic and sensational crime story of circumstantial evidence refuted by the camera.
—*New Majestic Company, Ltd.*

IT WAS LIKE THIS.—Flying "A" comedy drama. One reel. Edward Coxen, Winifred Greenwood, George Field. Describing how a crook was saved from arrest by the advent of a son and heir at the house he was burgling.
—*American Co., Ltd.*

THE WHITE PEARL.—Famous Players' drama. Four reels. Marie Doro. A story of a wonderful pearl, the adventures of a beautiful American girl, including a shipwreck, and her ultimate happy return to the land of her birth.
—*J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*

HIS BELOVED VIOLIN.—Big U drama. One reel. Muriel MacQuarrie. A pathetic story of how a wonderful musician was obliged to pawn his beloved instrument, how he lost the pawn-ticket, and in the end recovered his precious possession.
—*Trans-Atlantic Film Co., Ltd.*

CASTLE.—Turner comedy. Four reels. Sir John Hare as "Eccles." A clever picturisation of the famous stage-play, which tells of an aristocrat's marriage beneath his rank, how he was disowned, and how all came right after many trials. Do not miss it.
—*Ideal Film-Renting Co., Ltd.*

THE GIRL AND THE MAILBAG.—Selig drama. One reel. Tom Mix and Victoria Forde. An exciting film, introducing some magnificent riding and driving. Your hair will stand on end when you see the coach-and-pair driven at terrific speed by the heroine.

THE ONLY MAN.—Homeland comedy. Three reels. Billy Merson, Winifred Delevanti. A film full of fun, and never at any time vulgar, this picture will prove a great laughter-producer. The film was referred to in our Christmas Number, a few copies of which may still be had.
—*The Globe Film Co., Ltd.*

THE LADY OF THE SNOWS.—Essanay drama. Three reels. R. C. Travers, Edna Mayo, and Ernest Maupain. Depicting a thrilling attempt to wreck a train. A desperate raid on a gambling saloon is included in a well-conceived plot that is logically and convincingly developed.

THE EBONY CASKET.—Vitagraph comedy. One reel. William Duncan, Anne Schaefer, Myrtle Gonzalez, and Alfred Vossburgh. A laughable tale. A gambler, being hard up, steals a casket in which his aunt was known to keep her jewels; on opening it he finds it contains —. See it for yourselves, and then you'll know.

CHIMMIE FADDEN.—Jesse L. Lasky comedy. Four reels. Victor Moore. A picturisation of E. W. Townsend's famous comedy. The story of New York Bowery where Fadden proves to be a wild boy. The finale shows Fadden restored with the lasting friendship of the family and the love of the French maid who played opposite throughout.
—*J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*



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WE HEAR

THAT those clever comedians, Sidney Drew and his wife, Jane Morrow, have been secured for Metro pictures; and

THAT Metro intends before long to release one short Sidney Drew comedy per week.

THAT *The Wild Duck*, the second of Gertie de S. Wentworth-James's novels to be filmed, is likely to prove top hole

THAT *Caste*, in which Sir John Hare appears, is already booked by over 300 theatres, and

THAT we shall shortly publish some pen sketches made by our artist after seeing this splendid film.

THAT Sir John is making his second screen appearance as Dr. Primrose in the Ideal film version of the famous novel *The Doctor of Wakefield*.

THAT Ruth Roland and Henry King will be co stars on the screen once more in Balboa pictures.

THAT D. L. Don is the name of a new Lubin comedian who will, it is promised, sweep the board with merriment in *Up Against It* released next month.

THAT a Pathe Gold Rooster *The King's Game*, is the next picture in which Pearl White and Sheldon Lewis will appear.

THAT Jess Willard, the famous heavy-weight, has been filmed in America in *The Making of Fubon*.

THAT the name part was played by the Fulton, the Minnesota giant, and that clinking fight scenes have resulted.

THAT the Trans-Atlantic serial to follow *The Broken Coin*, is entitled *The Mills of God*.

THAT Stewart Rome, the Hepworth player, badly wants a bulldog for companion, and is looking out for one.

THAT *Stimulus*, an announcement of which appears elsewhere, is Kalem's twelve-episode series adapted from E. W. Hornung's famous book, and therefore ought to be O.K.

THAT the X.L. Film Company have just cause to feel proud, having moved into new and commodious premises in Denmark Street, W.C.

THAT Lily Saxby was in the Thames the other day, and, although wet and cold in consequence, was highly pleased with the successful scene which she was making for a coming picture.

THAT it is easy to "find the film" if you visit the cinema regularly and watch your scenes.

THAT many managers are pleased over the enthusiasm which our new competition is creating among their patrons.

THAT a munition factory has decided to erect a cinema and concert hall for the benefit of its workpeople.



The Story of

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(By A. E. W. MASON)

was told in this paper a fortnight ago. If you liked it, and intend to see the film, we will tell you where it will be shown in your district, or will try to arrange for it being included in the programme at your favourite Cinema. A postcard will bring you this information, as well as a booklet containing many striking photos from the film.

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(By BRET HARTE),

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EDITORIAL

SAVE your sets! Of course, I refer to our great competition "Find the Film," and the order "Save your sets" is imperative because several readers, who have misread the rules, have been sending me odd sets which are so much waste paper. Due notice will be given of the date on which all the sets are to be pinned together and sent in for judgment.

A Feast of Films.

The list of Famous Players releases for the next six months makes pleasant reading. Mary Pickford will be seen in *A Girl of Yesterday*, *Esmeralda*, *Madame Butterfly*, *The Fiddling*, and *Miss Jenny*; Marguerite Clark appears in *Sister Sisters*, *Helena of the North*, *Still Waters*, and *The Power and the Passion*; Pauline Frederick leads in *Sold*, *Zaza*, and *Bella Donna*; and Hazel Dawn will be seen in *The Masqueraders*, *Charissa*, *The Fatal Card*, and *The Heart of Jennifer*. I have seen nearly all these subjects and know that this feast of films is one that picturegoers will enjoy.

An "Apex" Super Production.

The new series to be issued by the Apex Films, Ltd., has begun well with a five-part adaptation of the play by Edward Sheldon entitled *Salvation Nell*. It was produced by the Californian Motion Picture Corporation, and, like most efforts which come from the land of sunshine and picture-making, *Salvation Nell* has been really beautiful and artistically turned out. Beatrice Michelena, an actress new to me, but whose charm and acting power are of high degree, appears in the leading part—a slum-girl who joins the Salvation Army and becomes one of its most earnest and enthusiastic members.

From the Essanay Studios.

With four studios working this year, Essanay producers and artistes are looking forward to a strenuous time. Among the strong releases coming over are *The Abster Case*, a mystery drama; *A Daughter of the City*, a love romance; Charles Chaplin in his burlesque of *Carmen*, and Henry B. Walthall in *The Raven*, *The Strange Case of Mary Page*,

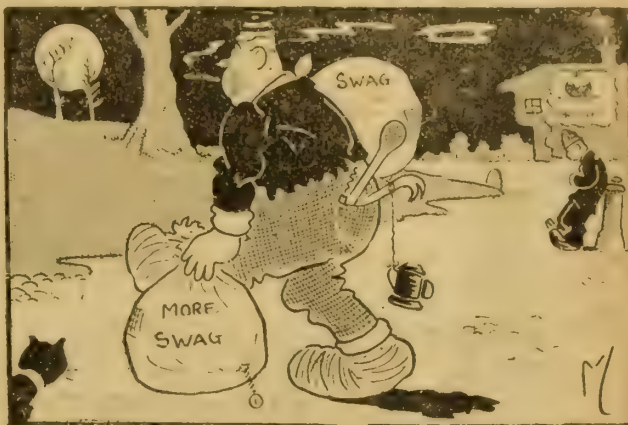
and *Lord Justice*. And there are others all good and interesting, and ready to meet the hungry appetite of the most discerning picturegoer.

Billy as a (Defective) Detective.

You must see Billy Merrell as Sherlock Blake. Oh! there is no hurry for the film *The Defective Detective* will not be released yet awhile. But if you like a good burlesque detective drama, you must see Billy. I have seen him, but then I am privileged. I see most film things before you do. Imagine a burlesque detective stringing one of the gang and passing in the midst of the struggle to answer the phone. It is one of countless incidents that will make you laugh. It is the fourth "Homeland" production, and, like the previous three, is being released when the time comes, by the Globe Film Co., Ltd.

Sir Herbert Tree in "Macbeth."

I rejoice to learn that Sir Herbert Tree on his arrival at Los Angeles for



FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED. No. 19. "The Flight of a Nightbird" (Trans-Atlantic). Drawn by Alice Morley.

the filming of *Macbeth* at the Fine Arts Studio was met with a great ovation. At the studio his welcome was equally hearty, his car being surrounded by real Western cowboys, who fired a salvo from their six-shooters. David W. Griffith and staff received the distinguished guest, who was accompanied by his daughter Iris, and later Sir Herbert said:—

"I am more and more convinced that the selection is an ideal one, and I am eager to be at work on the production. *Macbeth*, apart from the power and beauty of its dialogue, is a highly pictorial narrative. Its characterisations are strongly developed, and it is throughout a story of action. It is, too, one of the world's great classics, and to be taking part in its photo-dramatisation is at once a responsibility and a distinguished opportunity."

Personally I have always considered *Macbeth* to be one of the most unsuitable of all Shakespeare's plays for film purposes, but—we shall see. F. D.

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EXISTED "THE COMMUTERS?"

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Produced by LARRY TRIMBLE
Featuring Hilda Trevelyan

Booklets on application to Turner Films, Ltd., Walton-on-Thames.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



A CHILD CHAPLIN.
(See "Uncle Tim's" article.)

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Below I am able to give you the result of the Elisabeth Risdon Competition, and on the front page of this issue you will see this popular actress holding aloft the beautiful doll which is now being presented by her to the winner of the first prize. Miss Risdon is dressed as Glory Quayle, her part in *The Christian*, and you will notice that she has dressed Miss Doll also to represent her in this great rôle.

A smaller doll, dressed, too, by her, is going to the second girl winner, and jigsaw puzzles are going to the two boy winners. Their names are: Molly Lees (first), and Mary Lytton (second); Stanley Highton (first), and Freddy Halford (second). So this settles that.

You know how I love to tell you about clever juvenile artistes. Well, I have just discovered there are some in the Juvenile Film Company, of New York. They include a child Chaplin, a funny little fellow who is such a born mimic that he can impersonate the great and only Charlie to the life. You will see him, I hope, with other clever children in their film, *A Chip off the Old Block*, which the Ideal Company in London are releasing. The story of the film is quite simple. A little street arab, selling newspapers, stands to admire a cardboard cut-out of Charlie, when a pair of tiny lovers pass him. The little arab falls in love

with the girl, and that night dreams that she is playing heroine, and he, in the guise of Charlie Chaplin, rescues her from the wicked villain and wins her love. For children so young the acting (especially the boy Charlie) is really wonderful.

I am told that a second film, called *Chip's Elopement*, by the same children, is to follow this one, and that it is equally successful. Again the action is mostly in dreamland, and Chip, as Charlie, becomes the hero. "Be ready to elope in two minutes!" calls Chip beneath the window of his beloved. A rope made of bed-sheets is flung from the window, and down it glides the maiden. A kiss, and they are off. Whilst Pa shakes his six-year-old fists at the runaway couple, the three-foot high rival runs after the car and hangs on behind; and when a grey-haired little Ma of five is all a-flutter at the window, Pa jumps into a fly and pursues the runaways furiously. Then two little policemen take up the chase, and — But I won't tell you how it finishes. You must look out for these two ripping "kids'" films and find out their endings for yourselves.

Talking of "ends" brings me to my Competition in which I asked you to say what made Willie happy after losing a shilling, given him by his mother to go to the cinema. The question brought the most interesting replies that I have ever

had in any Competition. Nearly all the competitors made "money" the cause of the happiness, and one smart reply was as follows: "When he arrived home he found a letter waiting for him, and on opening it discovered to his great delight a money prize from his favourite paper PICTURES. He paid his mother her shilling a good many times over, thanks to the competition which he entered."

The winners of the Prize Books are—
Tom Johnson, 581, Attercliffe Road, Sheffield (8).

Elsie Vidler, 99, Gilmore Road, Lewisham, S.E. (13).

Hilda Barstow, 5, Eltham Avenue, Woodhouse (12).

William Conway, 111, Makin Street, Walton, Liverpool (14).

They gave the following reasons: The shilling was a foreign coin and did not matter; he unconsciously posed for a picture camera which happened to be near; a kind old lady gave him half-a-crown; the cinema manager made up his loss and admitted Willie free.

AWARD OF MERIT. (A Special Prize when won six times): Sybil Moseford (Cardiff), Ivy Neal (Watford), Albert Johnson (Attercliffe), Coralie Denning (Bolton), Elsie Booth (Bare), Miriam Thornton (Shipley), Gladys Hogwood (Walthamstow).

FREE SEATS FOR THE CINEMA!

Here is a competition I have never yet given you in PICTURES. Write on a postcard the name and address of your favourite cinema, and say *why you like it better than any other in your district*. I will present the boy and girl who send the neatest and best answers *two free seats each* at the Cinema named by them. Give your age, and be sure and put correct addresses, and post your card to "Free Seats," PICTURES, 85 and 83, Long Acre, London, W.C., on or before Monday, February 7th. As Consolation Prizes I will send nice books to the four next best answers.

Now don't forget! You all have a chance of winning free-gratis-and-for-nothing-tickets and seeing pictures at your favourite Cinema at the expense of

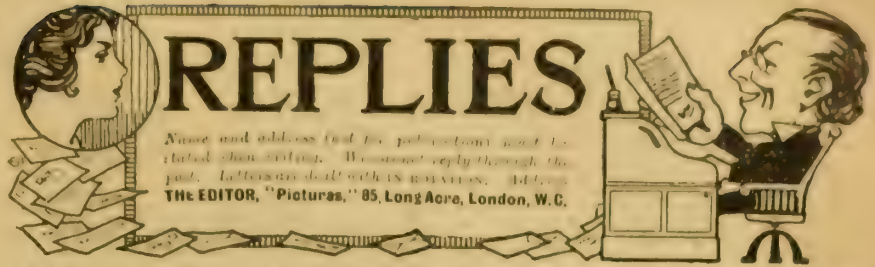
UNCLE TIM.



IMITATION

"What is the matter with your little boy? Is it convulsions? Look how dreadfully he twists his face."

"Oh, there's nothing the matter. He's been doing that ever since he saw Ford Sterling at the pictures."



APPLE (Peterson).—Thank you for photo, which makes a nice addition to our collection. Glad to hear of your success on the screen. We do not make any charge for publishing photos in PICTURES. Those that appear in our paper are selected by the Editor.

WALTER (Bridgend).—Say he has seen 500 films, has the casts of 1,167 films, and the names of 3,000 pictures—so threatens to do the Answers Man out of his job. We are not the teeniest bit frightened, Walter.

SYDNEY (Edmonton).—We know nothing about the Film Co. you mention. Sorry.

ETHEL (Reading).—Thanks for all your nice, kind wishes. Yes, you are quite an old friend.

BLANCHE (Middleton).—The Pyramid Films, Ltd., are at Towers Hall, Bradford. We know of no studio nearer. Trans-Atlantic have a studio near London.

CERIE (Lutney).—Thanks for return of PICTURES. Mary Pickford has never been in England, but hopes to visit us after the war. Immediately we get coloured postcards of her we shall announce their arrival in PICTURES. No reliable information available about her reversion.

LEETE (Lytcham).—George Walsh, who played in "The Headliner," appears also in "The Queen of the Fand," "A Massive Movie Mermaid," and "A Bold Impersonation." Many thanks for cigarette; your choice would do credit to an expert—perhaps you are one. So the Marquis Serra has almost recovered from his illness; consequently on the torpeding of the *Jaconda*. We are glad to hear it. And so we must do without a photo! Cruel women! Thanks for long letters.

IVY N. (Watford).—For all your good wishes many thanks Ivy. Hope your namesake may prove an acquisition.

KIRIWAJA (Selby).—Having a relation owning a picture palace, you ought to be able to get any quantity of cinema literature. PICTURES is our only publication. Address: Harold Lockwood, c/o American Film Mfg. Co., 6, 227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A.; Dorothy Gish, c/o Reliance Film Co., 537, Riverside Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A. A. Johnson is the Lubin player you refer to. We have only the last two bound volumes (Nos. 7 and 8). The earlier ones are out of print. Have sent the desired autograph, also a postcard list, and expect a list or letter. We like typewritten letters.

LAURA (Bethnal Green).—Oh, yes, a player can play two or more parts in one scene. It is done by means of a double exposure of the film. Polidor and Wiffles have not left the screen. The war, no doubt, has been responsible for the absence (temporary, let us hope) of many players on the screen. Some of our readers have had replies from Charlie Chaplin, so why not you? We shall be pleased to sign your autograph album.

CITICAL (Brighton).—We quite agree with you that producers should so arrange their films that the public can easily follow the story. The play you mention we have not seen, but, judging from your description, it must have been very involved and difficult to follow.

PEARL (Swansea).—T. H. Macdonald played in "Five Nights," and Eve Balfour was "The Model." The full cast was not given. Glad to hear from such an old reader as yourself.

NOCK (Guernsey).—Our *Stanzas* published by the Amalgamated Press, of London, and your news-agent can obtain it for you from his agent.

RIE GRANGE (Fife).—*Letters for the Cinema*, price 1s. 2d., post free, and *How to Write a Picture Play*, price 2s. 6d., from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., will help you materially in writing your picture play. Having done so, send them typewritten to any of the English Companies.

NEW YEAR EVE (Fulham).—Will Evans is Pimple's uncle. Mary Pickford played in "The Bishop's Carriage." The Answers Man will be pleased to sign your autograph album.

AUTHOR (So nowhere in Clonno) would like to correspond with a few readers (preferably leading film authors), "just to cheer him up a bit on damp days." Who will oblige? We will forward any letters.

MAMIE (Wallasey).—Always pleased to hear from new readers, and old ones too, of course. Henry Amley's address is given to another reader. He is now playing lead in "Who Is He?" at the Haymarket. Have sent "the tightest of hugs and the sweetest of kisses" to him and Jane Gail.

DORIS (Erdington).—"Jane Eyre": "Bertha Mason," Gretchen Hartman; "An Admirer," Hector Sarno; "Her Brother," Kenneth Davenport; "R. Chester," Franklin Ritchie; "The Muse," Mrs. L. Varnie; "Jane Eyre," Lucie Vale; "Mrs. Reed," Mrs. Wright; "John Reed," Herbert Barrington; "Rochester's Housekeeper," Kat Bruce. The other cast was not published. We are sure you will do the straight thing by your friend Lorna.

COQUETTE (Nottingham).—Address Henry Amley c/o Hepworth Mfg. Co., 2, Denman St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W. He might reply to you. Next time you write to us, please comply with the rules at the top of the page.

D. W. (Sheffield).—Madeline Travers and Pearl White are American artistes. Address the latter c/o Pathé Co., 25, West 4th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

AUTHOR (Dublin).—Whilst the proverb "To err is human" remains true, so long will little mistakes occur, even on the films, as producers are but human. It is rumoured that Mary Pickford gets £4 a week, and Charlie Chaplin £1,000, and as there is no means of verifying these figures we must let it go at that. Why not give your cinema proprietor a hint that they would like to see a Lasky or F. Mous Players film occasionally? Ruby Benson and Violet Hopworth are not the same. B. and C. is short for British and Colonial Kinematograph Co., Ltd. Wally Van and Beatrice Van are not related. We know of no studios in Baltimore, U.S.A. Thanks.

PIPPIN (Croydon).—Thought you had joined the Army and forgotten us, Pippin! The conundrum about David, his mother, and Pope Pins in "The Eternal City" we must give up. The Answers Man has dreamt of nothing else ever since your letter came and is quite a wreck trying to find the answer. Thanks for all the love.

IGNORANT (Eastleigh).—The Western Import Co., of 4, Gernard Street, London, W., are the English agents of Kay Bee. The other information you require is not available.

LILY (Small Heath).—We have not seen Arthur Finn on the film recently. No postcards of either Dustin or Allan Farnum. Domino rarely publishes their casts.

ARCHIE (Newport).—The trick photo of yourself in two different positions is quite interesting—a little over-exposed perhaps; the other one is much better. Your friend who secured third prize in the Charlie Chaplin competition at your cinema must be a top-notch "knut." Our best and kindest to him. Thanks for chatty letter.

MUMPS (Sussex).—How horrid for you—on your birthday too! "Barnaby Rudge" is the play your friend told you about, and our charming souvenir, packed with illustrations, of this Dickens masterpiece is exactly what you want. The price is 2s. 6d., post free from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

F. A. F. (East Ham).—"Gladys Green" (Famous Players)—"Lolly Erskine," "Marguerite Clark," "Sgt. W. Chetwynde," "Arthur Hoopes," "Lord Trevor," "Lester Chambers," "Capt. Caribiff," "G. Stoddell," "Lady Chetwynde," "Helen Luffell," "Col. Hooker," "J. A. Hall," "The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning" (British Empire)—"Wille Mason," "Ronald Adair," "James Harcourt," "Henry Lansdale," "Richard Fenton," "C. Collins," "Jack Fenton," "Wingold Lawrence," "Johnny Walker," "Andrew Burn," "Bill Slater," "Sidney Sall," "Poppy Slater," "Eva Dare," "Vesta Le Cleve," "Nina Lynn," "Lucy Fenton," "Mersey Hatton," "Sophie," "Alice Belmonte."

F. H. (Denaby Main).—"The brooch you have was the badge of the 'Pictures League' run by the proprietors of the old 'Pictures,' but this scheme was not continued by us when we took over the paper. Thanks for pencil drawing; it must have taken you quite a long time to do."

RACHEL ERYAN (Glasgow).—Wm. J. Elliott and Wm. Elliott are two quite different persons, Ray. Our publishers have sent you the copy you wanted. The story of "Her Triumph" appeared in No. 80, August 28, 1915. Thanks for kind wishes.

HAY-DEE (Liverpool).—Marshall Neilan played "Keith" in "Rags." The other cast was not published. Postcard list sent you.

MAVIS (Blackburn).—"The Answers Man, or the Man of Mystery as you call him, returns thanks for kind wishes. Address F. X. Bushman, c/o Metro Film Co., 1465, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. See also reply to "D. W."

SKETCHY (Hitchin).—Billy Reeves did at one time play in "The Mummied Birds." The X in Bushman's name stands for Xavier. "The Birth of a Nation" is almost certain to be seen in the provinces later on. Glad you liked our Christmas Number. Yes, we love typewritten letters. Our kind regards to your "best girl."

EDITH (Blackburn).—If your photo tells the truth, Edith, you must be a merry little girl. Charlie Chaplin was on the stage before he played for pictures, but whether or no he made his debut at your village we cannot say. George Anderson played "Grandon" in "Little Pal."

VIOLET (Hightown).—You would no doubt get replies from most of the players you wrote to. Several of our readers have been very successful, and quite likely each player would give you the list you want. We have a beautiful coloured postcard of Blanche Sweet and ordinary ones of Henry B. Walthall and Eve Balfour, price a penny each postage extra. We always like to hear from our readers. Thanks for new readers.

DARKIE (Saltley).—No, Charlie Chaplin is not engaged, and if you wrote him c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333, Argyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A., the chances are he would reply to your letter.

VERONICA (Stamford Hill).—All orders and enquiries for current or back numbers should be addressed to our Publishers, Odhams Ltd., 93 and 94 Long Acre, London, W.C. You are indeed a staunch supporter of PICTURES.

THE ONLY JONTS (London).—is a great admirer of Mary Pickford and wants to write and tell her so. Her address is c/o. Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd Street, New York, U.S.A., and the chances are you will get a reply.

M. S. (Bury).—Henry Edwards played the son's part in "My Old Dutch." We have no postcards of the players you name. We much appreciate your kind wishes.

F. M. O. (London, S.E.).—Have put Sidney Drew's name on our "Interview" list, and sent you on our catalogue of postcards. Pleased to hear your graphophone prize is still "going strong."

INQUISITIVE (Glasgow).—Most of the casts you want are of Biograph films and are not published. The others we hope to give you later. Syd Chaplin played "Gussie." (Have sent you one of our latest postcard lists. (This reader would like to know some other picturegoers living in the same town—south side. Any offers?))

DRUMY (Forest Hill) thinks our Xmas Double Number was a *Trick* Number. The competition in connection with "The Exploits of Elaine" is not run by us; you should get particulars from the manager of the theatre showing the film.

H.L. (Nottingham, aged sixteen, wants to join the Army. "Plucky lad" Father refuses permission. Father's right, Hal. Have sent your love to Chrissie White and Bob Leonard, and we ourselves shake you by the hand.

W. P. (New Brighton).—Have sent you our postcard list, and despatched New Year greetings to Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson your favourites in "The Black Box"—and a very good choice too.



VALLI VALLI, the charming young actress of the Metro Company. This is our new postcard of her.

IVY (Rosherville).—"The Exploits of Elaine" are in thirty-six episodes. Your joke about the Germans digging trenches in the North Sea made us shiver.

PLAYWRIGHT (Taunton).—Our little pamphlet *How to Write a Picture Play* price 2d. post-free, would be of great assistance to you. Always typewrite your plays.

RAE (Stamford Hill).—Charlie Chaplin's eyes are violet with black lashes. Halves if you win bet.

H. L. D. (Huddersfield).—The *Photoplay Magazine*, published by Photoplay Publishing Co., 353, N. Clark Street, Chicago, U.S.A., is the best American paper for you. Write to our publishers (Odhams, Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.) about back numbers of PICTURES. We can supply bound volumes (Nos. 7 and 8, price 3s. 9d. each, post-free from this address (PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London). There is only one PICTURES, and as the first and oldest picture paper for picturegoers in this country, PICTURES is beyond competition.

W. H. P. (Groat Yarmouth).—(Dear old blosters!) Have sent your letter on. So you are going to read PICTURES until your hair is grey? Greyious, goodness! but we are pleased!

DINAH (Cardiff).—Mabel Cunard, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.; Mary Pickford, c/o. Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd Street, New York, U.S.A.; and Charlie Chaplin, c/o. Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1,333, Argyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A. The other player has recently left the Universal Co., and we have not her new address yet. Always pleased to help you, Dinah. We do not reply by post.

A VITAGRAPH LOVER (Brighton). Like yourself, everybody liked our Xmas portrait supplement of Florence Turner. Have despatched your love to the players you mentioned.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
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SMILES

The New Lady Doorkeeper.

"I wish my husband would come back from the war."

PATRON: "To take your place?"

"No; to look after the children."

'Nuff Said.

TRAVELLER: "Now, what ought a little boy to say when a gentleman gives him twopenny for carrying his bag?"

LITTLE BOY: "Give us another penny an' I'll go to the pictures."

The Cinema Cure.

FIRST MAN: "I've been eating onions, and I've got to meet a girl at seven. What shall I do?"

SECOND MAN: "Go to see *The Hazards of Helen*, it will take your breath away."

The Young Picturegoer.

LITTLE BOY (watching a picture): Auntie, what's them fins?"

AUNTIE: "Those are sheep. Your pants are made of their wool."

LITTLE BOY: "Then why is mummy making 'em out of Jimmy's old ones?"

A Place of Darkness.

SUPERIOR PERSON: "Pictures are all right, you know; but I treat this place like a bath."

HIS FRIEND: "Why?"

S. P.: "Because its nice and comfy but I'd not like to be caught in it."

The Sabbatarian.

BRIDGET: "The new neighbours want to cut their grass, mum, and ask the loan of your lawn-mower."

MISTRESS: "Lend them our lawn-mower to cut grass on the Sabbath! Certainly not! Tell them that we haven't one."

The Real Picture and the Real Picture.

ON THE FILM—SHE: "Oh, Jack! how I love you!"

HE (pinching her cheek): "How much?"

IN REAL LIFE—SHE: "Oh, Jack! how I love you!"

HE (diving hand in pocket): "How much?"

Breaking it Gently.

PRODUCER: "What is your age?"

APPLICANT: "I am past twenty."

PRODUCER: "Please be more explicit."

APPLICANT: "Between twenty and thirty."

PRODUCER: "No more trifling; state your exact age."

APPLICANT: "I shall be thirty the day after to-morrow."

The First Shall be Last.

SCENE: A choppy sea on which are two boats. One contains two actors. Suddenly the boat upsets and both occupants are precipitated into the water. Then a raucous voice from the other boat to actor No. 1: "Come closer, and I'll haul you out."

"I can't; water's seven feet deep."

"Go on; it's only up to your armpits."

"But I'm standing on the man who fell in first!"

WEEK ENDING
FEB. 5, 1919.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER



Violet Hopson
"the dear delightful villainness."

Infatuation

A Master Picture

A Young Girl
who hungers for
love loses her
heart to a star
of the travelling
Theatrical Company
There are many
exquisite effects
in this remarkable
picture.

Margarita Fischer

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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}

PRODUCED
BY THE
FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO.
ANNOUNCED
PRESS

Daniel Frohman

presents

MARGUERITE CLARK

in

"SEVEN SISTERS"

Released Feb. 11th,

and

HAZEL DAWN

in

**"THE
MASQUERADERS"**

Released Feb. 17th.

Both Produced by

FAMOUS PLAYERS

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The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and J. D. Wickers may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of 3/- post-free.

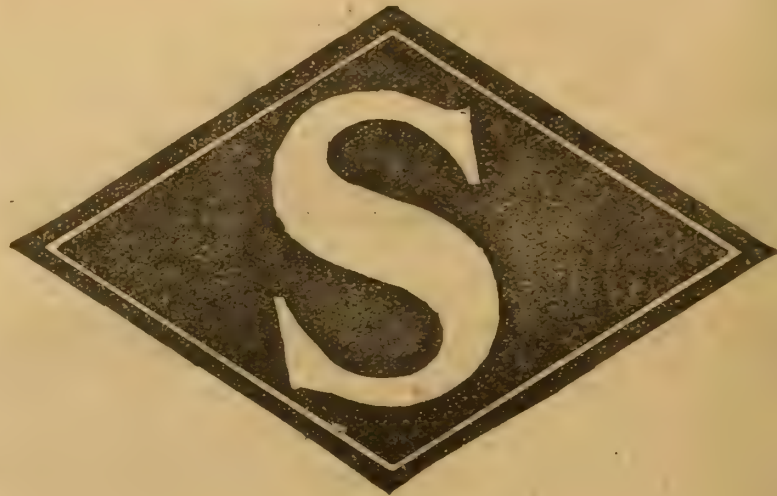


CHRISSIE WHITE

A new and charming portrait of this very popular Hepworth player

(See note on page 446.)

The Mastermark of Filmdom



When you see this on the screen you
know there is something good appearing

Selig's Famous Artists:—

KATHLYN WILLIAMS
EDITH JOHNSON
STELLA RAZETTO

BESSIE EYTON
BABY LILLIAN WADE
TOM MIX

A Complete Set of Six Coloured Postcards—in four colours—sent
post-free upon receipt of 4½d. Only a few sets now left.

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VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1916.

New Series, No. 104



IS THIS THE GLAD EYE? IRENE FENWICK

The delightful American actress whom you will see in *The Spendthrift* and *The Commuters*, two films to be released by the Globe Film Company.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

MORE film scenes on page 459.

Go often to the cinema and watch the film titles. Your search for scenes may be handsomely rewarded.

"Keep it dark" is the outside order these nights. It also applies to inside - the picture-theatres.

Heard in the dark: "Abraham, get your hat; this show is a cheat. Three times we've seen that same picter!"

Some cinema theatres have been turned into munition factories. It's a hard world for young lovers nowadays.

A party of picture-players recently gave up a moonlight climb up the mountains around Los Angeles. The snow was too deep to be safe.

Bryant Washburn, at lunch, discovered a pearl worth £50 in an oyster. How dare an oyster wear jewellery! It deserved to be robbed.

Violet Hopson, "the dear delightful villainess" of the Hepworth players, interrupted the work of an important film a fortnight ago in order that she might see her brother, who was home from the Front on short leave. He was with the Australians at the Dardanelles.

"I want to be the first to jump off the Woolworth tower in a parachute," wrote a Brooklyn man to the Metro Film Company. He wanted to go up to come down. Most players prefer to remain up if they once get there.

Some of the flowers that bloom next spring will form a bridal bouquet for Mae Marsh. While she and Robert Harron have been playing together at the Griffith-Triangle Studios at Los Angeles, Cupid has been shooting their hearts full of holes. You'll remember *The Birth of a Nation* is one of the many plays in which Mae has died.

Broncho Billy's Birthplace.

A WRITER in the *Nottingham Express* has "discovered" that G. H. Anderson was born at Beeston, near Nottingham. You're wrong, siree, and we guess we can put you wise right here now. Broncho Billy was, sure, raised in Pine Bluff, a cute little burg way down in Arkansas. Yep, sir!

Tom Moore is in Pictures.

THE celebrated husband of Alice Joyce, brother-in-law of Mary Pickford, &c., has signed on with Lubin, and announces that "you couldn't blow him out of pictures with all the guns of the united armies in the universe." The

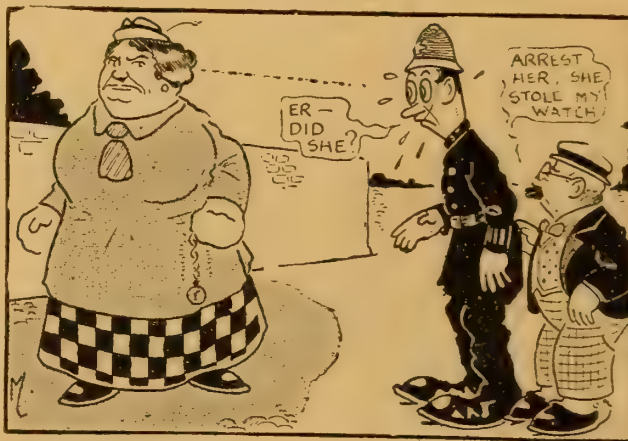
guns referred to are otherwise engaged as we go to press. Besides, everyone is glad to have Tom remain in pictures.

A Player's Presents.

THEDA BARA, the William Fox star, received one thousand two hundred and thirty-nine presents for Christmas, the majority coming by mail, parcel post, or express, from her admirers in every corner of the United States. They ranged in value from a five-cent postal card mailed by a three-year-old girl in Dallas, Texas, to a seven-passenger touring car representing an outlay of two thousand pounds.

Lily Langtry to appear in Films.

LADY DE BATHE, better known as Lily Langtry or "The Jersey Lily," has accepted the offer made to her by her former leading man, Tom Terriss, son of the late William Terriss.



FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED. No. 20:
"The Woman Who Did."

Drawn by Alan Mackay.

the famous actor), now an American film manufacturer, and president of the corporation which bears his name, to become a screen star. At the conclusion of her vaudeville engagement she will be presented in a picture version of a celebrated English novel.

Our Cover Portrait.

CHRISSIE WHITE, whose latest portrait appears on our front cover, has been one of the Hepworth players for two years more than has Alma Taylor, and her whole career has been distinguished by continual progress. From comedy (as the first "Tilly Girl") to such great parts as Lavender in *Sweet Lavender* she has earned her way by sheer force of steady, enthusiastic effort. It is two years since our interview with Miss White appeared in our columns, but we have another one in hand which we shall publish shortly.

Preachers and Thinkers.

THE Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy, of Bradford, according to the *Daily Sketch*, when preaching at the City Temple, London, the other day, lamented the fact that "in these times of suffering the popular hero of the British public was not in the order named a

preacher, a writer, a soldier, or a thinker but one called Chaplin, a clown." That is, that a preacher does not figure as a popular hero must be very galling to the reverend gentleman, but why did I say "a thinker"? We are personally acquainted with several preachers who are preachers and thinkers.

The Screen in Siam.

PICTURES are no new thing in Siam. Fifteen years ago a picture house was opened in Bangkok by Japanese and is still one of the popular places of amusement. About six years ago a second house was opened, known as the Phathanakorn, under the management of Siow Siang Wan (writes a contributor to the *Kinemaograph*). Still the demand for pictures went on apace, until about four months ago the Phathanakorn Company took another house, known as the Phathanali, previously a Siamese theatre, where the company now produces pictures interspersed with Siamese plays. Recently this theatre was engaged for Horace Goldin and his company, who played to record houses, including three command performances before His Majesty the King of Siam. The most favoured pictures are serials, and some of these run for weeks. Max Linder, For Sterling, and Chaplin are among the favourites here.

Stories of Popular Songs.

What promises to be one of the most popular features of *Everywoman's* is the series "Days with the Famous," by the Char-Lady, and in the issue of Tuesday next, February 8th, the subject dealt with is entitled "With the Burns's a Batterer." Horatio Bottomley gives another "Straight from the Shoulder Talk" to women entitled "What I Would Do for Britain Now." Herman Darewski writes the third of his series of stories of popular songs "Won't You Come and Play With Me?" giving the words and music from the original manuscript. The number also includes the second page of entrants in the Beautiful Children Competition, in which cash prizes of £150 are offered.

DON'T NEGLECT

PAGE 459.

It is only in Great Britain that Hepworth all-British picture plays are made.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **BULGARIAN PRISONERS** captured by Allies at Strumnitza arrive at —. 2. **KULTUR!** Ravished by the Huns' guns, only the skeleton now remains of that magnificent pile the Cathedral of Arras. 3. **LORD MAYOR OF LEEDS** pays a visit to the Leeds "Pals" Battalion in camp near Mansfield. 4. **TO MAKE LONDON SAFE:** Mr. Pemberton Billing, who stood for an airman M.P.-ship for Mile End, and failed to get in. 5. **SAVE! FROM THE INVADERS:** The Serbian peasants' flocks of cattle and sheep at Ghevgeji. 6. **THEIR BILL OF FARE:** Good cheer for "G" men—bacon for breakfast. There is also beef for dinner, and celery for tea, but we have no room for the photographs.



THE LOST MESSENGER

Adapted from the Selig film by WILSON CARLISLE.

"OH! you little darling!" cried Kate Gladding excitedly, picking up a baby leopard from the ground and hugging it tenderly to her breast. "It's a shame to let them take you away."

Where wild animals were concerned Kate knew no fear. The daughter of an animal trapper, she had lived in the jungle all her life, and was *au fait* with the habits and customs of practically everything that possessed legs.

She put the baby leopard back into its cage and wandered down towards the hunting station. Here she found a crowd of niggers busily engaged in transferring their various wild animal captures from "bagging nets" to temporary cages, and was soon occupied viewing the new arrivals.

"Hello, Miss Gladding!" pleasantly interrupted a voice behind her. "And how are you this morning?"

Kate swung round. "Mr. Clancy!" she exclaimed. "Good gracious, what a fright you gave me! Do you know, you are the very man I'm looking for. How long have you been back from the hunt?"

"I've just returned this very moment," replied Charles Clancy, smiling. "You see I've got all the animals I can carry this trip, I guess; and as tiger-catching for an American

circus is not the healthiest amusement I know—well, I thought I'd turn it up for a while. I hope it is nothing serious you want me for, however?" he inquired suddenly.

"Well, yes, it is rather. Two days ago father was taken seriously ill, and I don't quite know what is the matter. I do wish you would come round and have a look at him."

"Sure!" returned Clancy quickly, slipping his arm through Kate's. "Let us get along there right now."

As they turned to the house, Clancy led Kate over to a large cage standing away from the rest. "Now what do you think of that?" he asked, lifting up one side of the cover.

"Oh! what a beauty!" cried Kate, kneeling down to better examine the captive. "Why, he's a full-grown tiger!"

"Precisely; and he gave me more trouble to lay than any other beast in these parts. But gee! he's worth it, don't you think? Look at his coat."

"Magnificent!" agreed the girl; then, urging her friend to hurry, they soon arrived at the house where Clancy found old John Gladding pretty bad.

"Got a touch of fever, haven't you, sir?" he suggested thoughtfully. "Been down near the big swamp, I reckon."

"Yes, my lad, I believe you are right," answered old Gladding weakly. "This

part of the jungle seems to be doubly cursed."

Clancy nodded.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked. "I am in no violent hurry, you know, to get back again, and a day or two won't make much difference," he added, looking across at where Kate was sitting. "Especially if I can be of any use."

"No, no, my lad; thanks all the same," rejoined Gladding. "I shall be as fit as they make them again in a day or so, and I know you want to get along with those beasts for the circus. I'm very much obliged to you all the same."

"Right ho!" echoed Clancy, rising. "Only if you change your mind in the meantime, just let me know." And, picking up his hat, he made for the door, followed by Kate.

Once outside, Clancy seemed undecided how to proceed, but a glance from Kate instantly reassured him, and, taking the bull by the horns, he made a dash for it.

"Look here, little girl," he began lamely, keeping his eyes on the ground and twisting his hat with his fingers. "It's like this, you see! Well, as a matter of fact, I've had something I've wanted to say to you for some time. I er—"

"Yes?" remarked Kate, shyly.

"I—er—have fallen in love with you, Katie—hopelessly. Will you marry me? There! now I've said it."

Kate slowly raised her eyes to his. "Why, of course I will," she answered smiling; "whenever you want me," and burying her face on his breast, she stayed there for what her old father thought was quite a long time.

Next day Clancy took his departure. "Don't forget now should anything go wrong," were his parting words. "Just let me know, and I'll come right back at once."

Shortly after he had gone, Gladding grew steadily worse. Developing the dreaded symptoms of the "plague," he grew weaker and weaker, and, in spite of Kate's devotion and careful nursing, the poor old fellow died.

At the news of his death the whole station was in a turmoil, and the moment the natives learned of the nature of Gladding's disease, they fled from the place terror-stricken.

The latter event accentuated Kate's trouble a hundredfold, for, with the exception of an old and faithful servant



"WILL YOU MARRY ME? THERE! NOW I'VE SAID IT."

the family had had with them for years she was now left entirely alone.

Instinctively her first thought turned to her lover. She must find him at once and bring him back to her side as quickly as possible.

Taking a card from her desk in the corner of the room, she hastily scribbled a brief message upon it, and summoning her only remaining servant, carefully instructed him how to proceed in his search for Clancy.

This done to her satisfaction, she promptly despatched him with her blessing. But the fates were indeed against her, for scarcely had her messenger half completed his journey when a huge lion surprised and killed him.

During the weeks that followed, Kate became almost distracted. The failure to return of her messenger, and the non-appearance of her lover, broke down all her remaining hopes. She was helpless, unprotected, and alone.

Living from day to day by the side of her gun, with which she kept at bay the wild beasts that attacked the house, she gradually began to realise that her end was rapidly approaching.

"Oh, God! send them to me," she prayed, "and send them quickly."

But Clancy had never received her fateful message. He was hunting one day in the jungle, when he happened by chance to come across a heap of human bones lying in the short grass.

"Poor devil," he mused, bending over them and turning the skull with his foot; "whatever beast did that I guess it made a clean job of it, anyhow."

As he turned to leave the place, his eyes fell upon a small white card shining brightly in the sunlight. "Odd,"

he muttered, picking it up, "probably the poor beggar's name." Then his face underwent an extraordinary change.

"Come at once—am in terrible trouble," he read; "Alone in the jungle—Kate." "Good heavens!" he cried, "this may have lain here for weeks."

With an oath Clancy rushed back to his encampment. "Strike! boys," he shouted, hoarsely, "there's not a moment to lose; we must reach old Gladding's station by daybreak to-morrow at all costs." The order was instantly obeyed, and in less than half an hour the whole encampment was "under way."

After a long and forced march, Clancy at length came in sight of Kate's house. "God grant I may not be too late," he murmured fervently, as he pushed onwards. Upon reaching the house he found it barricaded. A cold sweat broke out upon his brow as he tried the door. A terrible feeling of dread overcame him. Supposing she was dead.

With a forced laugh, he hammered the door loudly. At any rate he had done his best. Next moment, however, his fears were set at rest, for the door flew open and Kate fell into his arms.

"Thank Heaven, I am not too late," he cried, embracing her passionately; "the fear that I should lose you has nearly driven me mad!"

"Oh! why didn't you come to me sooner?" implored the girl, hysterically clinging to her lover. "It has been terrible! terrible!"

"My poor little darling!" burst out Clancy, pushing her gently aside and setting her down in a chair. "I never saw your mes-

sage until two days ago, little one, and after reading it I have not rested until I reached you."

"You did not get my message?" she repeated, vacantly. "But I sent it weeks and weeks ago."

"Yes, my own, I know you did, but your messenger never reached me. I found his bones with your card while hunting in the jungle two days ago," he continued, quietly. "He must have met his death on the way."

Kate covered her face with her hands. "Horrible!" she moaned. "Horrible!"

Clancy drew her towards him and put his arms about her.

"Now little one," he laughed, "Now that I have found you, you must try and forget the terrible happenings of the past few weeks, and come back to civilisation with me. We will spend a day or so getting all the things together that you may require, and when you are ready we will start without delay."

Kate looked amazed.

"But you?" she asked. "Surely you must stay in the jungle."

"Not a bit of it," replied Clancy; "I'm sick of it, and am going to give it all up. With you as my wife, little one, there are many fields open besides the jungle. So come! Let us away!"

And it did not require the big passionate kiss that followed to convince Kate that the future was going to become that was well worth waiting for.

Wonderful scenes of wild animal trapping are shown in this one-reel animal feature drama. It will show you, too, how a woman is able to control ferocious leopards. Vivian Reed played the part of Kate, and Earl Fox has made a bright and breezy character of Clancy.



Vivian Reed, the Selig player, who fondles ferocious leopards as if they were tame house-cats. The above is an actual scene from *The Lost Messenger*.

THE LURE OF THE STARS

A Fourteen-Year-Old Picturegoer describes how he crossed the Atlantic to meet his Favourite Picture-Players.



I AM told that when I was only four years old I displayed the keenest interest in any play that I was taken to see. I remember seeing *Romeo and Juliet* at the Royal Theatre, Glasgow, when I was only five. That is twelve years ago, so you can guess my age now. I always had a great desire to go on the stage, and even now I would like to make it my livelihood, but the right chance has not come my way. A well-known theatrical interviewer, whom I met quite casually, wrote the following: "Hugh Elliott is a boy of resource and determination. His ambition for a theatrical career must sooner or later be fulfilled. I have seen him, and must admit he has every qualification to justify his desire. His manners are remarkable, and I am confident that his determination will make him what he would like to be."

I must say I was flattered with this, but as the writer says, I am really determined to get on. I once had a strange desire to see two live picture players, and I did see them. Romaine Fielding in a letter to me said: "It was certainly a very severe undertaking for one so young. But it shows the true steel of your courage in your efforts to get on, and success awaits those who try."

Now I will tell you how I visited America to see John Bunny and Florence Turner. Between three and four years I ago, went to the picture house, where a Vitagraph film was showing entitled *Her Diary*. When it was finished I said to my sister beside me: "Isn't she a splendid actress?" My sister replied: "Yes, but she's an elderly one." Although the chief character was an old woman I seemed to have been hypnotised by her. So cleverly and touchingly did she act that I got the manager to engage another picture of her. Then, to my great delight, I found that the old woman I had seen was played by a girl. I thought I should dearly love to shake hands with her. She was such an appealing creature. I asked the manager of the cinema if I could do so, but he replied: "I am afraid you will never have the pleasure. That girl is Miss Florence Turner, and her company is far away in America." My heart sank. I had not thought of America. I thought then that most pictures were made in London, so, for a time, I gave up all hopes. One week later I saw a film with John Bunny in it. Now, I had always been fond of him, and the mad idea seized me that I would like to meet him in real life. Then it occurred to me that to see Florence Turner would mean seeing John Bunny also, as they were both with Vitagraph. For weeks I planned

and thought, but I had no money, and got no nearer to America.

One day I met a friend who was an assistant-purser on an Atlantic liner. He told me of the places which he had visited, and mentioned New York. I told him that was the very place I was dying to reach, and he suggested work-



HUGH A. ELLIOTT, "THE BOY WHO DID."

ing my way across. I thought it was a good idea. After a lot of trouble I obtained a berth as a steward on a liner. My mother was not pleased to hear of my new situation. I assured her I would take care of myself well enough, and at last she gave her consent. The great day came, and I went aboard. The work was hard, but I did not grumble.

The first and second days passed all right, but the third day I shall never forget. I rose at five as usual, with the most awful feeling any one could have. My head ached and my temples throbbed. I started dressing, but found I could not stand up. I staggered about like a drunken man. What was the matter with me. I got upstairs and drew in breaths of fresh air. I lost my balance and fell, giving myself a nasty crack on the head. The ship was heaving terribly.

Then I felt as if something was choking me, and I realised with horror that I was suffering from sea-sickness. I soon forgot my troubles when I thought of New York and the players, though.

Soon after we arrived I got leave, and went ashore. I strolled round the great city, and for hours I was lost in admiration. Presently, on a huge building, I saw "General Long Distance Telephone." So I went up and spoke to a gentleman on the stairs. He asked me if I was a foreigner, and I replied that I was a European who wanted to find John Bunny. By a stroke of luck this man was a friend of Bunny's. He took me into his office, twenty-nine stories up, and put me on the 'phone to Bunny. Of course the great star was amazed when I told him I had come all the way from England to see him. At his invitation I went to the Vitagraph studios, and, to my great disappointment, discovered that Miss Turner had left for England. Anyhow, I had got Bunny, and he was delighted to see me. He treated me very well indeed, and gave me some splendid advice. But alas! I was compelled to leave New York sooner than I expected.

In my serious moments I think I was a fool not to have stayed in America. In a letter from an American gentleman he says, "You ought to have stayed, Hugh. You would have been independent now I know. I do not mean a Rockefeller, but you have been described to me as a boy with a Napoleonic strategy." I have laughed at this letter, and thought over it a lot. I have no high school education. I am just an ordinary citizen. I can carry myself through the world free, and can turn my efforts to help myself in any manner I think fit. When I was introduced by Ambrose Flower, the well-known actor, to Lydia Bariatinsky, and told her I was in a baker's shop, she replied, "Really! I thought you were something in the profession."

Since then I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Turner in Glasgow, and found her a most jovial lady, not filled with the empty pride that many great players are. Yet she is so talented that one moment you are shrieking with laughter at her comedy, and the next you are crying over her pathetic acting.

Thus my desire was fulfilled, but my ambition is not realised yet. I hope to go to America again. I have a great friend in Arizona Romaine Fielding. In all his letters he addresses me as his dearest pal. I have already met Mabel Normand, Mary Fuller, Sidney Drew, Maurice Costello, and Anita Stewart.



TAKE YOUR BEST GIRL TO THE COMMUTERS

Our Picture Players' Portrait Gallery



MARIN SAIS, who is playing the leading part in the Kalem serial *Stowaway*, shortly to be commenced in this country.

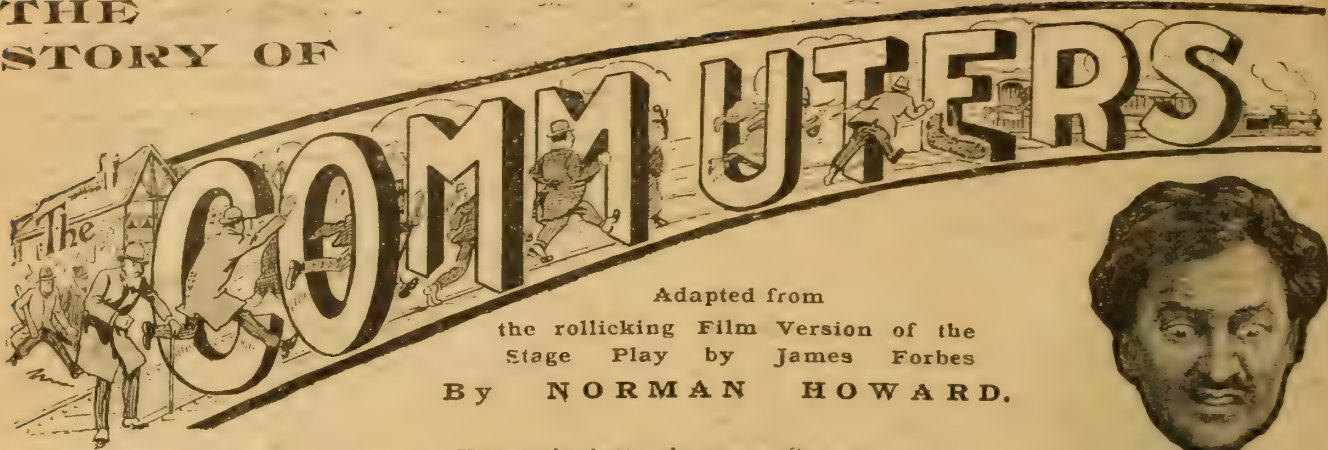
EDDIE LYONS, the Nestor star of the Trans-Atlantic Co. His clever comedy parts have amused millions.



CHAS. E. RAY, a popular player, and one of the finest athletes at the New York Motion Picture California Studios.

JOAN RITZ, who has scored in many British Neptune productions, among them *The Lotus Messenger*, in which she played Babbie.

THE STORY OF



Adapted from
the rollicking Film Version of the
Stage Play by James Forbes
By **NORMAN HOWARD.**



"THE COMMUTERS," except for a longing and frequent glance at the office clock, toiled feverishly on.

They were not a pirate gang, as the name at first glance might imply, but merely a respectable branch of the American community, who, spending their days at business in the City, and their nights residing in the suburbs (with various "detained at the office, darling," exceptions), would in England be known as "Suburbanites."

Knecking off work and racing home, kissing their wives (their own mostly), and eating their dinners, and tumbling into their respective beds usually comprised their average day's work.

"Going straight home to-night, old bird?" queried Rolleston, peering over Larry Brice's desk anxiously.

"Of course I am," replied Larry, with a grin. "Good Lord, I've only been married a month, so I can't cut out the 'devoted' business yet awhile. Why do you ask?"

Rolleston shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Look here," he commenced, "I've no blessed time to stay here all night talking sentiment, I'm going on the bust, and you've got to come with me, see? There are tons of late trains home, so what is there to stop you?"

"Oh, it's not that," protested Larry, wearily. "It's the wife. You see—"

"No, I don't see, sonny, at all. There's a gala on at the club to-night, and it's going to be the 'goods.' So just 'phone the missus and tell her there's a board meeting on, and that you won't be home until late in consequence."

Larry reached down the 'phone. "Oh, well, if I must, I must, I suppose. But there will be a devil of a row all the same," he grumbled, calling for the number.

An hour later Larry and his tempter had installed themselves into the thick

of it. Bottles of wine were popping merrily and often, and reels of serpentine-paper were being thrown all over the place, until at length one of Larry's well-directed missiles caught Mons. Anatole

Vermont (better known as Sammy), the musical director, squarely in the left optic. "Ze devil" cried the Frenchman, hopping about with both hands glued tightly over the unfortunate orbit. "I lose ze vision. I have no longer ze glad eye. How dare you to insult me, sir! Yes! No!"

"I am awfully sorry, old chap," apologised Larry profusely, "I er—" "It is not ze sorrow I require" yelled Sammy distractedly. "It is ze satisfaction, ze duel, ze death."

"Look here Sammy," mildly broke in Rolleston, considering a little diplomatic fencing to be necessary. "Don't be so darned melancholy about it. We merely attempted to attract your attention with a view of asking you to join us. It's not etiquette my lad to go dancing about demanding blood in this way."

In a second Sammy's rage changed to great joy and understanding.

"With pleasure," he cried, bowing to everyone and everything, and incidentally torpedoing a stout and inoffensive waiter who was standing near. "With ze greatest joy I join you."

"Hurrah!" gurgled Larry, realising that his impending transformation into a pincushion had for the time being passed. "So say all of us!"

Thus the fun grew faster and more furious until, every one having recited their past life in confidence, closing-time put an end to the merriment.

"You must come home and be introduced to the wife, ole man," hic-coughed Larry, benevolently, kissing and embracing Sammy as he struggled into Rolleston's bat.

"I feel ze honour, sir," replied Sammy, going through his course of Swedish exercise for the seventy-fifth time, and stuffing as many unopened bottles of wine into his pockets during the performance as were available. "I have once more ze great happiness."

How the three reprobates got as far as the station and into the train no one will ever know, and it was not until they were awakened by one of the train conductors five miles past their destina-

tion that they recovered slightly from their state of semi-consciousness. Immediately a few strong arguments and impromptu wrestling bouts followed, and upon the conductor summoning further assistance, they were politely and forcibly thrown off the train.

"Come on, you fellows," deliberately coughed Larry. "Pull yourselves together, and follow me. There's nothing for it but walking home, and heaven only knows what will happen when we get there."

"Ah! ze wife—to Madame," toasted Sammy, extracting one of the bottles from his pocket and attaching the neck to his patent non-skid thirst. "To ze most beautiful and—" But the bank was sloping and slippery, and Sammy was somewhat tired. With a rush he tobogganed to the bottom. When they finally did arrive at Larry's domicile, their appearance was, to say the least of it, grotesque and of wondrous leant. "Good-bye, you fellows," muttered Rolleston, keeping his throttle well closed, and unhitching his steering-gear from the garden railings.

"See you to-morrow, with luck."

Left to their own devices, Sammy suddenly collapsed upon the grass outside the front-door. "Come on, you silly ass!" bawled Larry, tugging at him with all his might. "What on earth are you looking for? Worms? Do buck up, for Heaven's sake."

But Sammy could only grunt, and make strange noises. "Ze honour!" he spluttered. "Ze honour, he has over-come me!"

Upsetting everything movable that came their way, and climbing up the stairs on all-fours, sublimely unconscious of having made a sound, they came to the guest or visitors' room, where Sammy was destined to spend the remaining fraction of the night.

"Tumble in, old son," hisped Larry, optimistically, pushing Sammy through the door and over a couple of chairs. "You'll be as right as rain in the morning, should you live to see it. So don't worry."

"My friend, my preserver," gushed



Get in line
with "The Commuters!"



"YOU MUST STAY IN THIS ROOM," SHE COMMANDED.



SAMMY COMES DOWN AMONG THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Sammy incoherently, kissing Larry's feet and wondering whether he was leaning up against the wall or lying on the floor. "Ze good God bless you for ze regard I have— he is colossal."

And, spraying tears all over the carpet, Hetty with a mighty effort finally deposited himself upon the bed.

Larry, deeply touched by the parting, sorrowfully weeded his way to his own room, and totally ignorant of the presence of his wife upon the landing, was soon between the sheets.

Next morning the awakening was terrible. Finding himself fully dressed and without the remotest idea of what had occurred the previous evening, Larry crawled down to his breakfast.

A hasty kiss for poor Hetty, his wife, and a cup of weak tea completed the morning's programme. Rushing away from the house to catch his morning train, he met Rolleston.

"Hello!" asked that worthy; "where's the other one?"

"Other one?" exclaimed Larry; "what on earth are you talking about?"

"Why, Sammy, you idiot! What have you done with him?"

"Gee! whiz! I'd forgotten all about the chap," gasped Larry. "He is still in bed, I suppose, and I forgot to tell Hetty he was there. There's no time to do so now, anyhow, for I'll miss the train."

Rolleston collapsed. "Don't worry," he roared. "It will be all right. I guess, when he is found."

His prophecy, however, was far from correct. The shrieks of the maid upon discovering Sammy in bed soon brought Hetty, and between them he had a pretty sticky time.

"But, Madame," he declared emphatically, "I am ze guest of honour. Larry, he bring me here last night. I come—

I enter, I sleep. Ze next I know not."

But Hetty was immovable.

"You must stay in this room at all events," she commanded, "until Larry returns to-night. I have a Suffragette meeting on in this house in a few minutes, and you must on no account be seen here. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Madame," replied Sammy, reluctantly agreeing to Hetty's proposals. "It is ze honour again," was all he could think of saying.

The temperature of the guest-room, however, was far below the one Sammy thought conducive to his general health, so, being unable to stand it any longer, he quietly opened the door, and set out in search of pastures new and warmer. But misfortune soon overtook his efforts, for, walking round a corridor, he crashed into an animated collection of Suffragettes. During the terrific struggle which ensued Sammy had the time of his life, and he was devoutly thankful when the arrival of the police terminated the fray.

"I am not ze burglar," he remonstrated; "I am ze guest." But his entreaties and appeals were of no avail, and, had it not been for the timely arrival of Larry upon the scene, he would have been marched off to the "lock-up" for the night.

"Let him go," cried Larry, pushing his way past the crowd to where his friend stood. "You have all made a mistake—he is a friend of the family."

Like a shot Sammy was once more round his rescuer's neck. "My benefactor," he raved, excitedly. "You have saved ze life of myself one—two times."

But the "friend of the family" story did not go down with the suffrage gathering, and, declaring themselves to be greatly surprised and shocked at the class of male friends Hetty had, they left the house in a body.

"Thank Heaven for that!" groaned Larry, as he sank down into a chair and picked up the unopened telegram which was lying at his elbow upon the table. "What the devil is this about, I wonder? Great Scott!" he cried, springing to his feet and seizing Sammy by the neck. "You must clear out of this at once. Do you hear? My wretched mother-in-law is coming, and if she finds you here it will put the lid on the whole business."

"Ze lid?" queried Sammy, vacantly. "Ze lid! Ah, yes! I understand. We remove ze lid and eat. Is it not so?"

"Eat, you fool!" yelled Larry. "Not eat! Clear out!"

"But I have ze hunger," persisted Sammy, deliberately. "I cannot go until I eat." Larry was at his wits' end. "Come with me," he flashed. "Perhaps Rolleston will take us for a spin in his car. If he can, we will dine out."

Rolleston was soon found, and, being perfectly agreeable to join the pair, they set off *en route* for the first hostelry at top speed. From one place they went to another, until Larry swore that Sammy was getting round-shouldered pushing the various doors open; and, finally deciding that the course would be clear, they returned once more to Larry's house by moonlight.

The performance was much the same as that of the previous night, and all probably would have been well had not Sammy tumbled into bed in the guest-room on top of Larry's mother-in-law. The scene that followed may better be imagined than described.

Larry could stand no more.

With a terrible curse, he seized hold of the hapless and much-maligned Sammy, and, opening the door, threw him out into the night.

When Sammy had collected his scattered senses,



Hast thou
commuted with "The Commuters?"



MOTHER-IN-LAW DISCOVERS "THIS" IN HER BEDROOM.

and sorted out his wearing apparel to his entire satisfaction, his thoughts at once flew to the railway-station. But, alas! upon his arrival there he discovered that the last train had departed.

For a moment he was nonplussed. Then, dashing the tears of anguish from his eyes, and tucking his coat-lapels round him, he raced along the railway-track.

"Me for zat dear Broadway!" he sobbed frantically, and, increasing his speed, was soon lost to sight. He had

finished with the "Commuters" for ever.

This side-splitting four-reel farce is quite one of the funniest "screams" on the screen. Brilliantly acted, and wonderfully produced, it teems with genuine comedy and exerceiating situations, and should on no account be missed by fun-loving picturegoers. CAST—"Hetty Brice," Irene Fenwick; "Larry Brice," George Le Guere; "Sammy," Charles Judels; "Rolleston," Dan Moyles. Controlled by the Globe Film Co., Ltd.



SAMMY'S EXIT INTO THE NIGHT—FOLLOWED BY HIS BOOTS AND CLOTHES.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Jack Tars Enjoy Films.

"I have received a letter from my brother, an officer in the Navy and at present on the briny. He says that they have just had a small cinema installed on board their ship (which is one of the biggest), and that all sorts of films are shown. The men never get tired of seeing the same pictures over and over again, and comics get just as much applause after twenty runs as they do when they are first shown. They must be sick of the monotonous life, poor fellows! as for weeks they are within sight of the shore, and yet are not allowed to leave the ship."

C. S. (Finchley).

"Stage Stars on the Screen."

"Regarding Mr. Dench's article in your recent issue on 'Stage Stars on the Screen' the list he gives is far from complete, and I have pleasure in appending a few more: George Robey, Daisy Dormer, Bros. Egbert, Ellaline Terriss, Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, Miss Tittell-Brune, Mrs. Sidney Fairbrother, Lewis Waller, Lillian Braithwaite, Teddie Gorard, Gus Yorke, and Bob Leonard, Whimsical Walker, Mme. Rejane Rutland Barrington, Constance Collier, Billy Armstrong, Elsie Janis, Lou Tellegen, Mlle. Delysia, Violet Graham, Billie Burke, Fanny Ward, Bert Clark, Anna Held, Annette Kellerman, Vesta Tilley, Emily Stevens, Lionel Barrymore, Charlotte Walker, Alexandra Carlisle, Gaby Deslys, Tom McNaughton, and many others."

A. C. H. (St. Peter's Park).

From a First Prize Winner.

"I enclose herewith receipt for £10, the value of first prize in your recent 'Screened Stars' Competition. I can assure you that I will do my best to recommend your paper, and several of my friends have already placed standing orders with their newsagents. Please accept my very best thanks for your congratulations and straightforward manner in which you dealt with the matter. My advice to all your readers who enter your Competitions is to try hard, and they are bound to win something. I myself have entered most of them, and the last one in which I was successful in winning a book as a consolation prize was 'Playlets.' I think it right to tell you that I have done my share in the Army, and was discharged on medical grounds last October, after six months' service as an Army clerk in the Depot, Middlesex Regiment."

(Signed) CYRIL E. PARKER.

In case you have difficulty in obtaining "PICTURES" regularly, hand this order to your newsagent.

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Please deliver "PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER" to me weekly for the next three months and afterwards until further notice.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

MOUSTACHES ON THE SCREEN

An airy article about Hairs
BY LANGFORD REED

THE above title may be misleading because screens do not wear moustaches; we have to keep 'em clean-shaven so that pictures may be seen.

I am really writing about moustaches worn by actors on the screen, but that is so long for a moustache—I mean title.

Now that Charlie Chaplin has set the example of wearing a moustache in his various screen impersonations, face fittings for film-actors have become quite fashionable. Henry Walthall, John Barrymore, Billy Ritchie, Syd Chaplin, and a host of smaller men appear with their lips upholstered in almost every variety and shade of labial fungus.

Speaking generally, moustaches on the screen may be viewed under the following heads. (Yes, gentle reader, I now they are never viewed *under* any head, for if they were they would be heads: I merely use a figure of speech, so don't try to be funny.) There are the Soustrainer, or Walrus; the Kaiser, though that is never worn now in polite society; the Spiky, the Toothbrush, the Eyebrow, the Might-be or What-is-it, the Fly-catcher, the Chaplinesque, and finally, the Walthallian.

The first three varieties are much affected by "villains," while the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, an eighth are each favoured by various comedians—actual and alleged. The ninth species has become almost as much an institution as its wearer, and finally we come to the last, the Walthallian.

This growth undoubtedly derives its name from Henry B. Walthall, the famous Essanay actor, who, more than any other man, has been responsible for popularising it, and has devoted much time and study to its tillage.

He first introduced it to the British public on the opening night of that fine spectacle *The Birth of a Nation* in which, as most picturegoers are aware, he plays the leading part. In some respects Mr. Walthall's moustache is like the Chaplinesque, inasmuch as it is small and natty, and is no inconvenience at feeding time. But it is longer, flatter, and less curly, and is not placed quite so close to the nostrils. In this respect it resembles the Eyebrow moustache, though here, again, it lacks the curvature of that species.

To avoid splitting hairs where moustaches are concerned, I will admit that the Walthallian moustache is a distinct class by itself. Its chief characteristics, apart from its "genuineness," are pretentiousness, compactness and modesty; it cragles not, neither does it obtrude. In short, it is just the moustache to set off a well-shaped mouth and good teeth taken altogether, not that you could take it hair by hair—it is a fascinating moustache and one that is capable of many emotions.

I have seen it in turn genial, sultry,



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argumentative, flippant, angry, hypocritical, languid, vehement, and scores of other things. For it can reproduce with great fidelity the feelings of its master.

With reference to the prolificness of this species of moustache, though it never attains bigness, it usually reaches maturity in three or four weeks. Indeed, its champion has publicly stated that he can raise it to its full perfection in a fortnight, and that he will do this in connection with Essanay's forthcoming serial, *The Strange Case of Mary Page*.

Not since the epochal occasion some years ago, when Arthur Bourchier cultivated a rufous and rather naughty beard for his impersonation at His Majesty's Theatre of the eighth King Henry, has there been manifested such public interest in a celebrity's whiskers. Thousands of ardent picture-goers in America are divided into two rival camps, composed of those who think Mr. Walthall will make good his vaunt, and those who believe his chances of success are impossible—I mean improbable.

Wagers are being made, and the excitement runs high, while it is rumoured that at the studio a daily bulletin of progress is to be issued in order to satisfy the curiosity of the crowd of Walthall's admirers who hang round waiting for news of his undertaking. According to a tip I have had from the stable—I mean studio—Mr. Walthall's confrères though not aviators, are keenly interested in this hair race, and believe that the competing hairs will not arrive at their destination in time, and that at the end of a fortnight Mr. Walthall's moustache will be too weak—I mean too weak—for the part, and that a "crape" understudy will be necessary. Mr. Walthall, on the other hand, says that, though he will certainly feel like wearing crape should his moustache be lost to him for ever, he would breathe much more freely in real air—I should say hair—and that his well-known reputation for presenting everything true to life would in any case preclude wearing hair that was second-hand.

There is one thing certain. That is, that if Mr. Walthall does raise his moustache to its full scope in two weeks, he will have established the right, not only to be known as one of the best emotional actors on the screen, but to be also called the lightning moustache-raiser of the world!

1916

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Below you will find the sixth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in PICTURES on sale Feb. 12th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A **£10 note** will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10, and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

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THE NEW VALET.—Lubin comedy. One reel. "Billy" Reeves. The dreadful mistakes made by the new man and the results.

"SOME" BILL.—Eclair comedy. One reel. A laughable story of the desire of one Brown to possess a hanging lamp and the disastrous result.

THE MAN IN THE CHAIR.—Imperial drama. Two reels. Hobart Henley and Grace Thompson. A cripple fights to save his sweetheart's honour.
—*Trans-Atlantic Film Co., Ltd.*

THE WINNEP.—Crick and Martin drama. One reel. A tale of the prize-ring containing all the vim and vigour of conflict. Story in No. 100, January 15th issue.
—*Darwin's Film Sales Agency.*

THE GUNSHOT.—Pathé drama. One reel. A dramatic little story of the death of an only son caused by an accidental shot fired by his father. Go and see what happens to the grief-stricken parents.

IN LEOPARD LAND.—Selig drama. One reel. George Lewis. You must see the girl kill the leopard, the thrilling fight between the elephant and the leopard, and the wonderful display of other animals.

THE COWARD.—Essanay drama. Three reels. Sheldon Lewis and Nell Craig. A tense psychological problem-play depicting the soul-stirring struggle of a human being to overcome an enslaving weakness.

THE ANCH MAIDEN.—Reliance drama. One reel. "Billie" West, Eagle Eye, H. Moody. An old Indian legend graphically screened, featuring the well-known American-Indian picture player.
—*The New Majestic Company.*

WHEN CONSCIENCE SLEEPS.—Edison drama. One reel. Bessie Learn and Sally Crute. Telling how the husband falls in love with an actress, but, after an accident, is reconciled to his wife on account of a horrible dream of his wife's death.

MABEL AND FATTY AT SAN DIEGO.—Keystone comedy. One reel. Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle. Actually taken at the big fair in the show grounds, and including a funny experience of Fatty's and the Royal Hula Dancers.
—*The Western Import Co., Ltd.*

SCANDAL.—Universal Broadway drama. Four reels. Philipps Smalley and Lois Weber. Shows how the spiteful gossip of one's neighbours may lead to tragedy. Full story in issue No. 101, January 22nd.
—*Gaumont Film Hire Service.*

LIKE MOTHER LIKE DAUGHTER.—Trans-Atlantic drama. Four reels. Can a person born and bred in sordid surroundings and inheriting parental faults break loose from the inheritance that drags him down? A picture that makes you think.
—*Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd.*

SOLD.—Famous Players drama. Four reels. Pauline Frederick. A dramatic story of three art students dealing with the glory of success, the misery of failure, and the happiness obtained from perfect love. Full story in No. 100, January 15th issue.
—*J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.*

PROFIT FROM LOSS.—Flying "A" drama. One reel. Vivian Rich, Jack Richardson, and Louise Lester. A stern lesson on the evils of gambling. How a gambler lost all, thus compelling his wife to beg for herself and child, and how his losses, by a trick of fate, came back to his wife.
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WE HEAR

THAT *The Mischief of Lila*, an Essanay play in which Mr. Walthall and Edna Mayo will star, is described by an American journal as a stirring theme with a cave man in evening clothes, a woman primitive as the first mother, and the crashing, merciless battle of the sexes in the wooing of the pair.

THAT Kathlyn Williams's part in Selig's *A Soldier at the Desert*, released in March, is said to be one of the best she has ever played outside of *The Spadars*.

THAT during March Wheeler Oakman will be seen in a Selig version of the well-known hymn, *Just as I Am*, and, with Bessie Eyton, in a two-reeler *The Golden Spurs*.

THAT the famous song, "Sally in our Alley," the Turner version of which is being shown to the trade by Ideal, first appeared in the year 1700.

THAT the composer was Henry Carey, a son of the Marquis of Halifax, and Sally was a person in real life—the sweetheart of a shoemaker's apprentice.

THAT David Horsley, in his productions, has used his own invention, the axetitle, a device by which the words of the characters in a scene are printed directly on the film.

THAT the interesting novelty was first introduced in the Centaur Star feature, *Could a Man do More?* in which Crane Wilbur appears.

THAT Blanche Sweet will be seen in an entirely new rôle for her, namely, a "ragamuffin," in a Lasky film bearing that title.

THAT "The Pictures" is pleasing all and sundry at the Duke of York's Theatre.

THAT we do not refer to film or paper, *The Pictures* being a bright little curtain-raiser on the craze for cinema-going.

THAT *The Pictures* is followed by *The Parish Pomip*, which is far better than being under it.

THAT a first prize (contest) baby in Illinois plays a part in the William Fox production, *The Fourth Estate*.

THAT the Gaumont Film Hire Service have changed the title *Motherhood* (the B. and C. film featuring Fay Temple and Lillian Braithwaite) to *The Climax*.

THAT the milk-white steed, Stingaree's companion in the Kalem series of that name, has not yet been christened. Have you any names to suggest?

'L-KO BILL' BREAKS OUT AGAIN!

PREPARE for a comedy treat: get ready for smiles, giggles, laughs, howls, screams—long and uproarious. Here is the extreme limit of film fun. It begins with Billie following "the trail of the bottle": the arrival of the Gaiety Girls' Opera Company: Billie's flirtation from the stage box with Louise, the coquettish queen: the stolen midnight supper: and when Billie is finally caught he grabs a fire hose and keeps a cripple dancing on the top of the jet of water forty feet in the air.

There is not a dull second: the fun is fast, furious and unexpected. Every picturegoer in the land will laugh himself sick at this hilarious comedy. Everybody will breathe a sigh of relief when it is over, and they'll demand more—just like it.

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On and Off the Screen

Hunted, Not Hunting.

FOR the first time in his film career Herbert Rawlinson, leading man of the Worthington Company, is playing an altogether different rôle—a crook. The part is that of "Slim Donegan" in *The Scales of Justice*, an underworld story by James Dayton. In the serial *The Black Box* Rawlinson played the rôle of Sanford Quest, the criminologist. "Now it is a case of turn-about," he says; "instead of hunting the criminals, I have a rôle in which, as a crook, I am hunted. I rather like playing this part for a change. I am having no difficulty with it, as, during the long siege with the Sanford Quest rôle, I gave considerable study to crook characters."

A Motor-car Dressing-room.

IN order to make the quick changes necessary for the hazardous scenes in *The Girl and the Game* Helen Holmes has rigged up a portable dressing-room. Recently she suffered a severe cold following a plunge into the ocean because of lack of a place to change her clothes. But now she has solved the problem.

A limousine has been converted into a dressing-room. Equipped with running water, a dressing-table, and all the appurtenances of make-up needed by a

leading woman, this auto-boudoir *de luxe* is Miss Holmes's portable home, carrying her to outside locations, and housing her between scenes.

The Inseparable Twins.

THE beautiful Fairbanks twins, Marion and Madeline, have dropped their child rôles to star in ingénue parts in *An Innocent Traitor*, a play of Army life and the Secret Service. A unique thing about these youthful leads is that they positively refuse to appear separately. If one is to be featured, she insists that her sister share equally in the honours. This keeps the Thanhouser scenario department using its wits to devise clever plays of doubles and confounded identities in which Marion and Madeline can both be prominently cast. *An Innocent Traitor* shows what delightful work these two fascinating little girls are capable of. It is doubtful whether even their most ardent admirers will be able to tell them apart on the screen.

The Oldest Film Actor.

BLACK EAGLE, now nearly a hundred years old, one of the oldest chiefs of the Mohawk tribe of Indians, will be seen in a forthcoming William Fox feature picture. Black Eagle has been a remarkable character

all his life, not only during the time when he donned warpaint and led the members of his tribe against the white settlers, but after, when he became a "good Indian." He acknowledged to having the scalps of eight of his victims, but not boastfully, as he did once upon a time. His most cherished possessions—now are two medals, one given him by General Grant in 1876 when he was President of the United States, and another by Queen Victoria in 1885 in recognition of his being the best Indian actor to perform before her.

Black Eagle can read and write, and is moreover a confirmed picturegoer. He is tremendously interested both in the acting and producing of pictures, and never leaves what he calls the magic box only when he is actually working or when the camera man has taken it down after the



THE PICTURE PLAYER'S
HOLIDAY. No. 12.
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
AS BILLIE REEVES.

Catarrh of the Stomach.

Startlingly Rapid Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Edward Jones, 1, Riding's Yard, Wood Street, Middleton, Manchester, says:— "My trouble came on with pain after every morsel I ate, and soon I was too ill to work. I had medical treatment at home, and was then sent to hospital. There I was kept on special foods, for I could take nothing solid. Sometimes I threw up even my medicine, and I was in terrible pain; could not sleep for it. After three months in hospital I went to a convalescent home for a fortnight, and then came home. I was not cured, but perhaps a little better; so I offered myself as a recruit, but was discharged again. I was still suffering when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets; but after a few doses I felt better, and went on improving so fast that soon I was able to work. I am now as fit as ever in my life.



Mr. Edward Jones.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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INFANTILE PARALYSIS
NEURASTHENIA

SLEEPLESSNESS
ANÆMIA
KIDNEY DISEASE
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SCREEN SMOKERS AND THEIR SMOKES: Pen Puffs by Frank R. Grey.

day's work. Even then he is reluctant to have it go out of his sight, fearful that some harm will happen that will spoil the picture.

That Black Eagle is temperamental is shown in the fact that when signing a contract with William Fox he insisted on a clause being inserted whereby at all times, when he was at work, his acting would be accompanied by Indian music sung to the measured beat of the tom-tom. In this he displayed his business sagacity, as he created positions for his two children, one of whom sings while the other plays the Indian instrument.

Gentleman Bushranger in Pictures.

E. W. HORNUNG'S famous bushranger character "Stingaree" has been produced at the Kalem Company's studios in California, a region rich in backgrounds and eucalyptus trees that bear an amazingly close resemblance to Australian scenery. There are also desert scenes and sheep that can be utilised for showing the Australian sheep-breeding districts.

Determined to make their pictures absolutely correct in detail, the Kalem Company cabled to Sydney for a consignment of Australian saddles and mounted police uniforms.

The resulting pictures are considered to be the best series Kalem have made. There are twelve *Stingaree* subjects, each two reels in length, and, although connected by a love interest, every episode is complete in itself.

After Two Years' Absence.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE, after a two years' absence, will return to the screen. The announcement comes from the Universal Company, with whom she has signed a contract.

An adaptation of *Thalana*, Marie Corelli's novel, will serve as the vehicle for Miss Lawrence's reappearance.

It was in 1906 that Florence Lawrence entered pictures, and it was in 1913 that she retired. When she left the Universal-Victor Company two years ago, a European tour engaged her attention.

She visited all the important countries of Europe, as well as Egypt, India, and the Far East. Finding that travel offered few real opportunities for rest, she returned to her farm near Westwood, N.J., where she has since spent most of her time, enjoying the quiet of country life. Here she is said to have specialised in poultry raising, rose gardens, and fruit trees.

But the screen still called her, and a letter from President Laemmle, of the Universal, containing a request for her to call at his office the next time she happened to be in New York, led to her present contract with her old employer.

As a screen star Miss Lawrence is of course known to picturegoers the world over. She is said to have been the first actress employed by the Victor Film Company; in fact, she virtually organised it. The cameo trade mark used by this Company is a reproduction of the head of Miss Lawrence.

She was also among the first, if not the first, to introduce gowns to the screen. A Fifth Avenue dressmaker is not busy preparing a number of costumes which she will wear in *Thalana*.



Don't neglect page 459.



Sammy

A Familiar Name, but an
Unfamiliar Face.

You will all know
him shortly. He is
the guy that gets
into all the trouble.

You can't help laughing,
no matter how stiff-jointed
is your organ of risibility.
He is the orbit around
which revolves the plot of
"THE COMMUTERS"

Sammy tries to commute
for twenty-four hours, and
gets enough commuting to
last his life-time.

Look out for this film,
which features charming
Irene Fenwick, whose
portrait appears
on frontispiece.



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EDITORIAL



BEN TURPIN, THE ESSANAY PLAYER,
to appear as "Bloggie" in new comedies.

A FORTNIGHT ago I published the incomplete portrait of "Bloggie," the new name for an Essanay comedian, and offered a prize to the first sender of the real name of the artiste. Imagine my astonishment when on Monday morning after the Saturday of publication nearly two hundred post-cards were piled up on my desk, and wonder of wonders only thirty-six of them were wrong! No finer tribute to the keenness of PICTURES readers could possibly be given. The name of "Bloggie" is Ben Turpin, and I award the prize to H. Broughton, Coliseum Picture House, Leeds, whose correct card was the first one I looked at. His reply was "There is only one such neck on the screen, and that belongs to Ben Turpin." During the following days shoals of late cards came to hand, and quite a funny article could be written round some of the guesses. They included Dick Turpin, Mr. Turpin, Benjamin Turpin, Old Turpin, and Von Turpin (this last evidently thought of Tirpitz); Hughie Mack, John Bunny, Henry Ainley (poor Henry!), and Sterling Ford, whilst many readers seemed determined to drag in Billy at all costs. Thus they gave Broncho Billy, Billy Reeves, Billy Ritchie, and Billy Armstrong.

"Find the Film" Queries.

The extraordinary number of letters on the subject proves that this competition is as popular as any of them. In the fourth set under pictures 14 and 16, the letters in some copies were missing or indistinct, and in reply to the request of many competitors I reprint them here: (14) ADEHILMNT; (16) EHILTVY. Another query is. Does "each picture a different brand" apply to all or only each single set? Answer: To

each single picture only. The same brand may be used again but only once in a week in other sets.

Another Serial Coming.

Trans Atlantic serials always interest me and my readers. I am sure will be glad to know that their next serial in the making will be *The Princess of Egypt*. It is the story of the life of Ota Humphrey who became Princess Hassan of Egypt and the fact that the Princess herself plays the title-role lends added charm to the production. Egyptian pyramids and whole streets of houses have been erected for backgrounds.

Why Film a Nasty Novel?

I have never read *The Yoke*, the subject of which was so unsavoury that the police prohibited the sale of the book, but, in common with thousands of others, I learnt years ago the character of that notoriously banned novel, and therefore marvel greatly that a British firm has deemed it desirable to repeat the dose as a film play for the entertainment of the British public. I have seen this film, and possessing the common knowledge referred to, was able to follow the story, from which fact I may reasonably infer that the film version sticks fairly close to the original. Anyway, the name sticks in one's mind, and I am wondering what is to become of the industry if films with infamous titles are to be tolerated. As a disciple of all the accepted ideals of screen art, I devoutly hope they will not be. To produce such a film without endangering the good reputation of the cinema as a whole, and which the best firms are struggling to maintain, is, of course, impossible. Our enemies, ever ready to pounce on any picture they consider the least bit objectionable, will hail *The Yoke* as a friend and ally. True, the little community attracted by nastiness is swamped by a great and better cinema public, and, thank Heaven, there are producers at home and abroad who realise this and give us picture-plays clean enough for all to enjoy.

"Burnt Wings," by Broadwest.

The private showing of the latest Broadwest film, *Burnt Wings*, from the novel by Mrs. Stanley Wrench, revealed a most interesting story. True love restores the burnt wings of butterfly youth, the story concluding with a pretty child-picture of domestic happiness. The skilful manner in which Walter West, the producer, has skated over thin ice, and the many artistic touches he has given to the film are deserving of the highest praise. Eve Balfour, Lily Saxby, J. R. Tozer, and T. H. Macdonald have carefully and cleverly interpreted the principal characters.

Old English Romance.

You will be charmed with the Metro picture-play *Rosemary*, and especially with dainty Marguerite Snow, who is a dream in the rôle of Dorothy Cruickshank. The storm scenes, the fire in the barn, and the old English inn have been reproduced with wonderful realism, and it looks as if the drama in which Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore were so famous is in for a new lease of popularity—thanks to this version by Metro. I am publishing the story shortly.

F. D.

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Turner Films

announce

FLORENCE TURNER

as "DOORSTEPS" in

"DOORSTEPS"

Produced by HENRY EDWARDS

Trade Show Feb. 15.

and

HILDA TREVELYAN

as

"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY"

Produced by LARRY TRIMBLE

Controlled by "Ideal."



THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

How many of you have never seen a pantomime? Not many, I imagine, for the funny business between clown and pantaloon with which all proper pantomimes still conclude has always strongly appealed to the hearts of the children. I wonder if any of you have seen Whimsical Walker, the world's most famous living clown. For some years he has been appearing regularly in the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre, and because he is also appearing in Trans-Atlantic British-made film comedies I have published his portrait, and feel sure a few facts about his adventurous career will interest you.

Mr. Walker was born at sea on July 5th, 1854, and first appeared before the public at Burnley as a tiny clown who emerged from a carpet bag carried by another member of the company. In 1872 he was engaged for the famous Sanger's Circus in Westminster Bridge Road, London as a boy "Uncle Tim" saw and enjoyed many shows there, where a stage performance was given in addition to the circus. Mr. Walker admits that his stage efforts were so bad that he was sacked every night, but always re-engaged because of his skill in the circus. In 1874, an important period in



WHIMSICAL WALKER, the famous clown, wearing the pin presented to him by the Queen. He is now appearing in film comedies.

his career, he was engaged by Charles Hengler to appear at his circus in London, where he was christened "Whimsical Walker," and for fourteen winter seasons he appeared there regularly. ("Uncle Tim" also enjoyed himself on rare occasions at Hengler's, which stood on the site of the present Palladium.) In America Mr. Walker appeared with other circuses, including the great Barnum and Bailey shows, and was also commissioned to purchase the famous elephant Jumbo from the Zoo at a cost of £1,000.

Jumbo was an enormous success in America, many single day's takings amounting to as much as £3,000. The cash was poured into great wooden casks and sent to a bank in New York.

In 1882 Whimsical Walker opened a theatre of his own in New York with a pantomime called *Three Wishes*. Its success brought temporary misfortune, for the top gallery dropped a bit when filled with people, a stampede followed, and actions for damages reduced poor Mr. Walker to the clothes he wore and a few dollars. He had to borrow money to return to Liverpool, where he was again engaged by Mr. Hengler.

On Boxing Day, 1882, feeling in need of a refresher, Whimsical Walker chartered a horse at 7 a.m., and started off for a gallop. Before he had travelled far, however, the horse stumbled and fell, and the clown sustained a fractured leg, which laid him up for five months.

In a singularly adventurous career, this is the only serious accident he has ever suffered.

On February 26th, 1886, Whimsical Walker was honoured by a Command Performance to appear with his singing donkey before her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle. In commemoration of this visit the Queen presented Mr. Walker with the beautiful diamond tie-pin which he is wearing in the photograph.

In 1904 the great clown embarked for Australia for a long tour there, but on landing at Melbourne he was called for by Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane Theatre, and he returned immediately. The fact is that Whimsical Walker had been appearing every season in the Drury Lane harlequinade since 1890, and the reason for his sudden recall was that, owing to the death of Herbert Campbell, and the absence of Dan Leno from the east, Mr. Collins felt that he could not possibly do without the popular clown as well.

I hope these details have not bored you. The subject fascinates me. I should like to write a big book about Mr. Walker's life. Oh, I've forgotten to tell you that the first of those films in which he is now appearing on the screen is called *The Knav and the Colonel*, so mind you look out for it.

Why do my "Hidden Names" Competitions bring in such stacks of replies? The solution to my last one is (1) Nora, (2) Ellen, (3) Mabel, (4) Dora, (5) Emma, (6) Alice. After hours of study I have decided to award the prizes for neatness mostly, for they were nearly all correct) to:—

Walter May, 31, Cleveland Park Avenue, Walthamstow (11); Florence Nightingale, 22, Ermine Road, Lewisham, S.E. (14); Frances Douglas, 68, Queen Street, Fife (12); Kitty Webb, 250, Cowbridge Road, Cardiff (12).

AWARD OF MERIT. (Six to win a Special Prize): Lillian Burgess (Swancombe), A. D. Simmons (Cattford), Elsie Booth (Morecambe), Wilfred Dingworth (Sheffield), Edna Kerr (Seacombe), Peggy Webb (Cardiff), William Walker (Barrow), Norman Ackroyd (Bradford), Cyril Baker (London), Ray Alston (Lower Clapton), Arnold Barlow (Bolton), Harry Phillips (Lewisham), Irene Lade (Tunbridge Wells), Annette Wilson (Manchester), Nellie Gibbs (Greenwich).

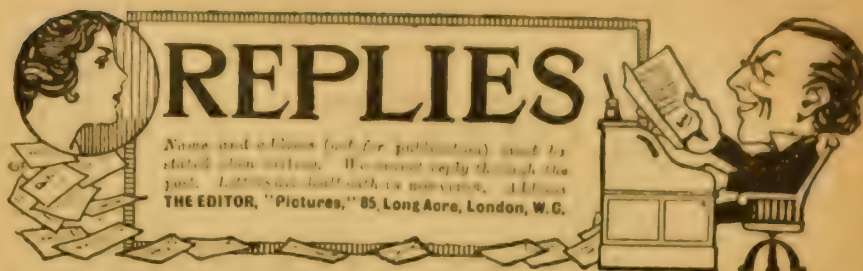
PRIZES FOR MORE "HIDDEN NAMES."

Betty Jones, a little niece, who believes in giving the boys a chance, has sent me the following sentences containing six boys' names:—

1. During the war, render all help we can to our fighting men.
2. If you want a lift in my cart, hurry up.
3. He w's a rich, ardent lover.
4. No woman, or man, or child can live without air.
5. There was once a landowner whom the people hated.
6. The boy liked sweet things—jam especially.

Write the names on a postcard, give your age, and post to "Hidden," PICTURES, 85, 86, Long Acre, London, W.C., by Monday, February 14th. Such a lot of readers have been disappointed, that on this occasion *Six Prizes* for the neatest correct answers will come from your loving and generous

UNCLE TIM.



Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with as received. All sent THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

RICHARD (Huddersfield).—With our large circulation the League, as run by the old proprietors of PICTURES, would be an impossibility. Thanks for appreciation of our Xmas No.

ZIEDELINGER (Sutton).—The cast you ask for was not given. So sorry.

IDA (Eltham Park).—The more you "trouble" us with postcard orders the better we shall like you, Ida. Sidney Rankin Drew is the player's full name. No postcards of Charlie Chaplin other than those in character.

JIM CROW (Oxford).—We have now in stock beautiful coloured postcards of your favourite player, Hazel Dwin, price one penny each, postage extra, and *The Film Life of Mary Pickford* is 2d. free.

THE GILLOTTER (Wandsworth).—The address of the Selig Polyscope Co. is now 38, East Washington Street, Chicago, U.S.A. Address Clara Kimball Young, c/o World Film Corporation, 136 West 36th Street, New York City, U.S.A. This talented player has recently come out top with over a million votes in a "Popularity" contest conducted by a New York paper, and wins an Seydler motor-car.

NORA (Preston).—Maurice Costello has left Vitagraph, but when he wrote us the letter which we published recently he had not fixed up with another company.

ANNIE (Sutton).—The cast required was not given. P. H. (Galway).—You can obtain *Cinema Stars* through any news agent or bookstall. It is not published by us.

MARIE (Westcliffe).—Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson played in "The Black Box." We have no postcards of Violet Hopson or Margarita Fischer, but expect new ones shortly. *How to Write a Picture Play*, is 2d., post-free from this office. Thanks for kind wishes.

HILDA (Nottingham).—You're a lucky girl to have an Uncle who owns a Cinema, especially if it is a successful one. Thanks for kisses. We have sent you a postcard li t.

QUEENIE (Winton Green).—You are such an old reader of ours, Queenie, that we are always pleased to have your kind greetings.



WHY SHIRKERS SHIRK.

—Jack Canuck.

PAT (West Ealing).—Sorry we cannot obtain the information you want. Better luck next time.

INQUISITIVE KID (Leeds).—"Master and Man," "Noster," "Jack Walker," "Gonzalez Scott," "Rob. Carlton," "Frank Tennant," "Harry Logan," "Prima Dely," "Jim Burroughs," "Douglas Payne," "Tom Honeywood," "Jack Denton," "Ruth Burroughs," "Daisy Cordell," "Little Johnny," "Bride de Burgh," "Kessiah Honeywood," "Stella St. Andrew," "Hester Chubbury," "Joan Ritz." We have four different postcards of Grace Cunard price one penny each.

N. B. (Smolham).—Address Francis Ford and Herbert Rawlinson c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., and it is more than likely you will get replies. We have no photo buttons of Ella Hall or Robert Leonard. Thanks for New Year wishes, same to you.

CLIFFORD (Morley).—Made an excellent New Year's resolution to get PICTURES every week, and having started taking our paper he says that "you can bet your life I shall stick to that resolution"—that's the talk Clifford.

JOK (Willesden).—The little book you want is "How to Write a Picture Play" price 2d. from PICTURES Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

C. S. (Leeds).—Address the Thanhouser Twins, c/o Thanhouser film Co., Main Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A.

ELSIE (Burnley).—Thanks for introducing PICTURES to your friend, who, we hope, to number amongst our huge band of "Constant Readers."

SCOTTY (Liverpool).—Our interview with Gerald Ames in last week's issue, will interest you much—he plays for the London Film Co., St. Margaret-on-Thames, Twickenham, where you should address your letter. The Hepworth Co. have brought out a paper to advertise their films and players, it is obtainable from them direct. Who is Mr. Bayford Hobbs, Scotty?

INQUISITIVE (Glasgow).—Apply to the Trans-Atlantic Film Co., 37-39, Oxford St., London, W., for the publicity particulars you require.

F. L. S. (Wolverhampton).—The Editor has autographed your slip of paper and returned it to you—doesn't he write nicely? No cast available of the film you mention. Thanks for compliments on our Christmas Number effort.

X. Y. Z. (Bridlington).—Congratulations on joining our ever growing band of readers. There are about a dozen British producing Cos. in regular work. Hope you will soon see the films you want. Everything comes to he who waits, they say.

MARIE (Leigh-on-Sea).—Don't believe all you are told. Maurice Costello is no Frenchman, nor an officer in the French Army. It is "rot," as you say. Thank you for all the nice things you say and those you leave us to guess.

DAISY (Stirlingford).—A synopsis is the story of the film told down considerably for trade purposes. Your cinema manager might be kind enough to get you any you wanted. No trouble.

REX OF BONG (Dulwich).—Lottie Pickford is Mary's sister. It is only courtesy to enclose a stamp for reply when writing to players, as every favorite gets thousands of letters every year, and even pennies mount up.

R. L. H. (Beverley Road).—Address Grace Cunard c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

ANNA (London, E.).—There is no other paper to compete with PICTURES. We believe you Anna. E. K. Lincoln now plays for L. bin. Have sent your love to Anita Stewart and Norma Talmaidge, and kept some ourselves, for which, many thanks.

CARMEN (Patriot).—If you write to the E. S. S. Co., 22, Soho Square, W., they will tell you at what h.l.s in your district you can see Chaplin films. The trade side of the question cannot be discussed in these columns. There are always people jealous of those who get to the top. Perhaps the writer of the article you mention was one of these. Hope you will like your new home—it is in a pretty neighbourhood.

P. C. (Liswell).—The name of the Selig player in the film you mention was not given.



Our Coloured Portrait Postcards of Hazel Dawn, Pauline Frederick, and Blanche Sweet.
ONE PENNY EACH FROM "PICTURES" POSTCARD DEPARTMENT.

M. B. (Dingle) has her friends, who are PICTURES readers, in to tea on Sunday. What a pretty idea, and how we should all love to join you. What time do you pour out? Twenty-one new readers for us is just grand.

ROBERT (Leith) is sixteen years old and wants to get into touch with some London film companies with a view to making a start as a film actor, and would like to know the wages given to starters. Alas! we cannot tell him, for every position there are hundreds of qualified players waiting, so your chances of attaining your ambition are of the slightest. Put your heart into the work you are doing, Robert, and "make good" in it. We do not reply by post.

ANNETTE (Nottingham).—"The Bedouin's Sacrifice," released Nov. 22nd, is the last film we can trace in which Edward Earle played.

FLOSSIE (Lower Clapton).—So sorry we trod on your pretty foot, Flossie, don't let's quarrel. Ah! now you are smiling, so we are forgiven for saying in a playful way that 999 out of 1,000 are screen struck; well, we will take it back and knock a few off. The Cusand Film Co. does not now exist; its studios were taken over by the Broadwest Film Co. The Rosworth Film Co. is at Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

ETHEL (Windsor).—Bound Volumes No. 8 can still be obtained from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., price 3s. 9d. each, post-free and The Film Life of Mary Pickford is 23d. The Answers Man is not a Woman. What a funny question, Ethel.

PATTY AND PRISCILLA (Liverpool).—"The Winning Trick" (Vitaphone).—"Florence Trevor, Lillian Walker," "Alfred Fletcher," Arthur Ashley; "Mrs. Trevor," E. M. Kimball; "Mr. Trevor," C. as. Eldridge. Robert Leonard played opposite Ella Hall in "The Boob." We do not think he has played opposite Margarita Fischer. H. B. Wallhall played lead with Wanda Howard and Nell Craig opposite in "The Vortex."

R. C. (Whitworth Road).—Riley Chamberlin and Helen Badgley played leads in "How Riley Won." The other cast we cannot trace. See also reply to "Carmen" about your other question. Thanks for seasonable compliments, but why call the Answers Man "poor chap"? He isn't.

DOROTHY (St. John's Wood) made a funny mistake in mistaking a naval officer for a cinema attendant. Don't do it again Dolly. Mary Pickford's beautiful hair is her very own. Thanks for kisses.

IVY MAY (Nottingham).—Harry Morey played in both the Vitaphone films, "The Vengeance of Durand" and "A Million Bid."

DOLLY (Hackney).—Charlie Chaplin has not joined the Army, he is at present in America playing for Essanay. It is quite probable that a film not an exclusive is shown at two theatres in the same district the same week, or even day.

MARY'S LOVE (Crouch Hill).—Mary Pickford has never been to England, but hopes to pay us a visit after the War. May it be soon!

INQUISITIVE (London) asks "is it true that Charlie Chaplin has gone mad?" Excuse us whilst we apply a wet rag to our throbbing temples. That's better. **NO!**

JULIUS (Hackney).—We have photo buttons of Anita Stewart, but not of Pearl White.

MOLLY (Sheffield).—(Name and address next time according to rules, please). Charlie Chaplin is not married, is not a Jew, nor in an asylum. Never believe all you hear, and lia. Wait me only half what you see. The Kalem Co.'s address is 235 to 239, West 23rd St., New York City, U.S.A. As you are writing to W. Lawson Butt you can ask him all the other questions. How could you be "a worry" with such a pretty name, Molly?

ALEX (Glasgow).—Mary Fuller is twenty-two years old, and her address is c.o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

N. C. (Chorlton).—The Matrimonial Editor, being single, has gone to the war, so we cannot tell you if the four players are married or not. Address Ed. Coxon, c.o. American Film Mfg. Co., 6, 227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. Your friend of fifteen years would be very foolish to run away from home, if her father refuses to let her play for the pictures; in any case it is by no means easy to get a position in a film studio.

ELSIE (Derby).—Pearl White and Arnold Daly played in "The Exploits of Elaine," now being shown. We have no postcards of either. If we get any we shall advise our readers in PICTURES.

LESLIE (Westcliff).—Address Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd Street, New York, U.S.A.

G. D. (Egremont). Robert Leonard of "The Master Key" is not the Robert Leonard of "Potash and Perlmutter." Glad to welcome you, new reader.

OLIVE (Dublin). Clara K. Young plays for World Films now. Charlie Chaplin is not married.

CARTOONIST (Leicester).—We are so relieved you have not forgotten us. Thanks for good luck wishes. You must be getting a fine postcard collection.

NEW READER (Bournemouth).—Address Mary Pickford, c.o. Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd St., New York, U.S.A. Thanks so much for getting us new readers!

E. E. (Whitechapel).—Edward Slomin plays for Gold Seal films; he was cast in "The Trey o' Hearts."

LILY (Strandtown).—We have two different postcards of Mary Pickford, but not the others you mention. Address Pearl White, c.o. Pathe Co., 25, West 45th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
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SMILES

MANY a misguided youth imagines that a girl is interested in his welfare, when in reality she is interested only in his farewell.

The Usual Comfort.

SHE: "Somehow I don't feel at all comfortable in these new shoes."

HE: "What's the matter? Don't they hurt?"

The Fruit of his Labours.

"Did the play have a happy ending?"
"You bet it did—some one from the gallery caught the hero bang in the eye with a bad banana."

Not Worth It.

"I told my boy that if he was naughty I wouldn't take him to the pictures."

"Did it work?"

"Yes; he said it wasn't worth it."

Nootral.

RECRUITING-SERGEANT: "One grand father living?"
ON YOUR mother's or father's side?"

RECRUIT: "E varies—sticks up for both of 'em—a sort of nootral."

Suspicion Aroused.

MOTHER: "I'm afraid I shall never meet you in heaven, Johnny, if you disobey me and stay late at the pictures."

JOHNNY: "Why, what have you been doing, mum?"

Another D for the Deaf.

HAWKER: "Who wants the Kaiser's face for tuppence?"

OLD LADY: "How much did you say?"

HAWKER: "Threepence each, mum."

The Silent Drama.

She was over eighty, and for the first time had been taken to the pictures. As she came out a friend met her.

"Hope you enjoyed yourself, Mrs. Jones!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the old dame. "I did. But I'm getting that deaf nowadays—I couldn't hear a word they said."

The Star of the Play.

A proud father was helping his children with a little picture at home, in whose plot courtships and weddings played a leading part. During the progress of the play he went behind the scenes, where he found his youngest offspring sitting quietly in a corner.

"Why, Marie," asked he, "have you been left out of the play?"

"I'm not left out," denied Marie. "I'm the baby waitin' to be born!"

Popularity Through the 'Phone.

MADGE: "He is very popular with his wife of late. And yet such a flirt! How does he do it?"

AUGUSTUS: "She called him up on the 'phone the other day and said, 'Hallo, darling!' and he recognised her voice and replied, 'You have made a mistake; I am not your darling. I have the dearest, sweetest, most beautiful wife in the world, and she is the only woman I permit to call me darling!'"

WEEK ENDING
FEB. 22, 1919.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER



Lionelle Howard
Hepworth Picture Player.

PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

1^{D.}

THE DEVIL'S BONDMAN



*"He has the Devils
own Luck—"*

LITTLE DID THEY REALISE THE TRUTH OF THE REMARK.
BUT THE "DEVIL'S LUCK" IS NOT TO BE RELIED UPON.

A Great Trans-Atlantic (British) Film
Produced by Percy Nash.—

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE,
6, DENMAN STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

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Vol. 9. New Series. No. 105. Week Ending SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1916.

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THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

The popular English actress as "Lady Cadby" in *The Climax*, a "Pall Mall" (B. and C.) drama of great human interest, to be released in due course by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

Listen!



YOUR Album is not complete without a Set of High-class Postcards of famous Selig Players. Opposite is a reproduction of the one of Kathlyn Williams, "The Girl Without Fear." There are Six in a Set, which include Tom Mix (the dare-devil cowboy), Baby Lillian Wade, Bessie Eyton, Edith Johnson, and Stella Razetto. ❧ ❧ ❧

Each card is printed in Four Colours.

Write NOW, enclosing 4½d. in stamps, to 93-95, Wardour St., London, W.

By the way, DON'T forget to see

"THE LOST MESSENGER"

(Released this Week).

Another positively wonderful Wild Animal Picture. Ferocious leopards marvellously controlled by Miss Vivian Reed.



PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1916.

New Series, No. 105.



A FRIEND IN HER LONELINESS: KATHLYN WILLIAMS

With her favourite camel on which she crossed the desert in a scene in the Selig drama, *A Sultana o the Desert*.
(See next page.)

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

THE paper shortage: Let us be thankful for our lot—even if it's not a lot.

Make sure of PICTURES by ordering it to come regularly from your news-agents. We cannot print waste copies.

A famous actress says women are loveliest at forty. Most ladies who were born about 1875 think the same thing.

"No peace till Huns have been stripped," says a newspaper headline. Our only objection is that the Censor won't pass the moving pictures of them.

Derwent Hall Caine, who is now appearing on the screen in his father's play *The Christian*, a "London" film, has arrived in America to study the motion-picture industry from all points.

A well-known General in shirt-sleeves digging trenches is seen in the fine picture, *With the Dardanelles Expedition*, specially photographed by E. Ashmead-Bartlett. The film is 1,200 feet long, and is being put out by Moss Empires Ltd.

A girl shirt-maker in the East End has written to Hepworth's to praise *The Sweater*. We mean the film, not the real article; but the film was so real she wondered how on earth the producers and players had succeeded in actually portraying the lives of the sweated.

"With all the young subs, sporting the Charlie Chaplin moustache (says *London Opinion*) the cinema lead in fashions has now been adopted by lots of flappers between the ages of fifteen and forty, who are wearing their hair in Mary Pickford mode. We are afraid this new fashion won't have much of an innings though, for, with the paper famine, wherever on earth will the poor girls get all their curl-papers from?"

"Damon and Pythias."

A WONDERFUL Grecian picture with this title has been completed by the Universal Company. It is lavishly staged, and contains realistic battles, the burning of the cities, the chariot-races, the games of the stadium, and the ancient classic dances. Over 1,500 people took part in these scenes.

Prince as Picture Usher.

A STORY worth relating (says the *Bioscope*) is that concerning the last descendant of Prince Potemkin, the celebrated favourite of the Empress Catherine. This personage was discovered in Petrograd employed as a cinema-attendant. He had scrawled the arms of his family on the wall of his wretched room, and showed a Press representative his family papers, which were all in order. It may be recalled that the Prince Potemkin, the grandfather of this man, was so rich that he bathed his horses in white wine. The former palace of the Potemkins was afterwards used by the Duma.

£150 for Beautiful Children.

NEVER in the history of our nation has the importance of children been so manifest as now, when we realise that the boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of the regenerated England after the war. This fact undoubtedly accounts for the great success of the Beautiful Children's Competition in *Everywoman's*. £150 in cash is offered as prizes, and the second selection of entrants' portraits, with the full conditions, are announced in the issue dated February 19th. *Everywoman's* is the woman's weekly which gives you free insurance against Zepelins' damage and all war risks.



ALMA TAYLOR and CHRISSIE WHITE
In *Sweet Lavender*, the full story of which we published in these pages a month ago.

British Pictures in Australia.

A MEMBER of the Hepworth publicity staff, whilst chatting with some wounded Anzacs near to their camp, discovered that Hepworth and Vivaphone singing pictures were extremely popular in Australia, and that our men from the Antipodes looked forward to the time when British pictures would hold sway in their country over American pictures, although they frankly admitted that the latter were very fine indeed.

Screen-Actor Hit by Shell.

"I THOUGHT you might like to publish the following extract from a letter which I received from a Canadian soldier at the Front," writes a reader: "I have been wounded rather badly, but hope to pull through all right. I had one of those rotten Jack Johnsons burst right in between my legs. The result is one leg is about four inches shorter than the other; but it's all in a lifetime. My one regret is that I shall not be able to follow the trails on my broncho in the Wild West again. You see, I used to play for the Western Vitagraph Company, and didn't we have

some rides over the prairies and hills! Good! The thought of it makes me better."

"Brains—Beau y" Contest.

A CONTEST conducted by an American magazine will decide the sending of eleven young ladies to the studios of the World Film Corporation, Fort Lee, New Jersey. There they will be given a thorough trial as film actresses, and those who show talent will receive contracts for a year, at least, and stars salaries. No doubt some of our dear girl readers' months are watering, but it is not an English contest.

A Struggle With a Lion.

WOULD you see a woman struggle for life with a full-grown lion?

This is what Kathlyn Williams did in a scene in the Selig drama, *A Sultana of the Desert*. Although not more than 1,500 feet, this thrilling drama is one of the best in quality and acting ever put out by this energetic company. A great scene is the passage through the lonely desert of the girl and her father to prevent a meeting with her lover. A fine portrait of Kathlyn and one of the camels of the caravan appears as our frontispiece.

Patriotism via the Screen.

THE patriotic film *You* gave much pleasure recently to Mr. Lloyd George, who, on being informed that the film was produced at the instance and expense of a staff officer "somewhere in France," and was handled by the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association on purely patriotic grounds, expressed his admiration of the public spirit of all concerned. Mr. Lloyd George added that a wide circulation of the film would reflect great credit on an industry which had already done much to assist the patriotic and charitable movements connected with the War.

Arthur Johnson is Dead.

OUR readers will regret to hear the news just to hand that Arthur Johnson, one of the earliest screen players and always one of the best, died at his home in Philadelphia on January 17th last. He had been incapacitated for work for some time. Death was due to tuberculosis, the end being hastened by injury in a recent accident. Mr. Johnson was one of the old-time Biograph players. For some time he also was with Reliance. About six years ago he joined the Lubin players, and remained with them until the end. He joined the Screen Club, New York, at its organisation, and was in fact its first vice-president.

There are seven
leading Hepworth
picture players.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.



1 and 2. **FLOOD HAVOC IN HOLLAND:** First pictures of the immense damage caused by the Zuider Zee bursting its banks and inundating thousands of acres of fertile lands. 3. **UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE:** Supplies are taken to the trenches at the summit of the Vosges by motor traction. 4. **WITH THE R.A.M.C.:** Scene during a smart stretcher and bandaging drill at Aldershot. 5. **A BOLD COUP:** Allied troops arrest all enemy Consuls in Salonica and occupy their offices. 6. **OUR NEW ARMY:** Escorted by proud friends and relatives, the men of the called-up groups leave for training. 7. **THE GREAT CHANGE:** The rapid transformation of the armistied man to the fully equipped soldier at Headquarters of 1st London Regiment.

BLOGGIE THE CHAMPION

The first of the one-act Bloggie
Comedies produced by Essanay.

Adapted from the Film
By MICHAEL DEANE.

"COME along, get a move on you!" Bloggie switched his swivel eye ferociously on to the buxom partner of his sorrows—his joys he was in the habit of regarding as his own property—while the threatening movement of his arms promised a more forcible method of argument should fair words fail. "You've been all the morning over this one room, and—"

"But, dear, my head—" his partner started to explain tearfully. "Your head!" with withering scorn. "What right have you to have a head in the morning? Here's your head."

He flung a broomhead at her feet, and dashed out of the room. A second later the banging of a door, which the poor woman knew to be the one leading to the pantry and a supply of invalid stout fresh in that morning, caused her to once more rest from her labours and give herself up to chasing the elusive memories of the days when her husband, now a tyrant, had been a knight errant who pointed to a path that seemed to be roses, roses all the way.

"S'morning!" a hoarse voice broke in on her reverie, and, turning, she saw one of her master's boon companions. "Where's the Blog?" It was on the edge of her mind to turn and rend the visitor by accusing him of being the direct cause of her man's backsliding; but the possible consequences deferred her.

"Do you want him?"

"Sure; d'you think I should have come along around if I hadn't! Just beat him up, and say, 'Jim's a-waiting.'"

But Mrs. Bloggie still hesitated. "It ain't dog-fighting, or—"

"It ain't; though I'll allow I might have wanted the loan of that tyke of his, if suthing more important hadn't slid in. Say," he added, mysteriously, "how'd you like an auto, or a trip to Europe?"

"An auto, or a trip to Europe!"

"Sure—and don't you forget it. Old Blog is the cove who can work it. Why with 5,000 dollars—"

"Five thousand dollars!" the great Bloggie exclaimed, as he entered the room. "Sure, son, you've been a-looking at them warm squash drinks again!"

"I ain't," his friend answered hotly. "You don't catch me bending my elbow when there's money to be picked up. First touch the dough, then shout your liquor; that's the motter of this child. See here, Blog—idd's easy." With a warning wink Mr. Bloggie spun round to look into the perspiring face of his spouse, who was listening intently. "Say, T'ida," he said, "you beat out for the kitchen and make that stove hair shine—beat it. Now, what's the game?"



BEN TURPIN—"BLOGGIE THE CHAMPION."

he demanded, as his wife very unwillingly obeyed.

The visitor stretched out a grimy hand and pinched Bloggie's biceps. "There's muscle for you!" he rapturously informed the ceiling, "there's 'Ercules in the flesh—"

"What's the—?"

"See now, don't get fresh. You're going to be a champion, you are—you're going to win five dollars, and take the belts and medals from the Roosian Bear, you are!"

"I'm what?" Mr. Bloggie's sound eye glittered ominously. "Don't you try and come any tricks with me, young fellow!"

"I dursn't, straight. It's Nicklestein's grand circus that's coming to Snakeville, and the durn management is offering any citizen five thousand dollars if he does the comehither on the world's champion wrestler in three rounds. Shucks, he don't know our Bloggie!"

A feeling that might have been prompted by modesty—no one would

have dared to suggest fear or even caution—prompted the Snakeville nominee to spring back. "Me?" he gasped, incredulously.

"That same. Me and the boys have fixed everything up, and they're waiting to get right away on your training. So bring your tyke and come on."

Visions of a triumphal progress up the township's main street flashed before Bloggie's eyes. "Well," he said, modestly, "I'm not as young as I was, but I'm your man. Why, I remember—Here, let's liquor up on it!" he suggested, hastily.

They set off, and, meeting the rest of the local sportsmen at the corner, at once proceeded to discuss the details of the proposed match against the hospitable bar of Slattery's saloon. After a sixth "squash" had been bought with the money Mrs. Bloggie had carefully saved for a new gown, they one and all agreed that it was all over, bar shouting, and the Russian Bear's downfall was certain from the moment the local champion placed his No. 12's upon the mat.

Outside in the street Bloggie's dog somehow or other got entangled in the chain of another dog which, escorted by a select party of humans, was coming from the opposite direction. Words between the parties soon led to hot argument, and only the united strength of his supporters prevented Bloggie from showing his metal then and there.

"Here," he said angrily, as the opposition walked on once more, leaving them alone, "what did you want to hold me back for? I'd have put his mouth behind his ear." As his supporters seized him firmly he made strenuous efforts to go in pursuit of the strangers. "What are you holding of me back for now?"

"It wouldn't do, Blog— Don't you go for to quarrel with him, Blog," pleaded Jim, his principal backer. "If you fight now you'll lose the championship—they'd never allow you to take the mat if they heard as how there was ill-feeling—"

"Ill-feeling!" Bloggie snorted; "what's me giving a hiding to a galoot that's got posh and stood me a round of back-slang got to do with it?"

Jim danced wildly on the pavement. "Galoot," he gurgled, "gee-hosaphat—you see that big chap—him that has the dog that fourteen stone chap—that's the man who's going to pay you hand-



HOW THE
DO COMMUTERS COMMUTE?

some for his whacking—that's the world-famous Rooshian Bear!"

Bloggie's left eye searched the speaker's face, while his right followed the retreating form of his opponent—to be down the street—then he carefully drew the remainder of his wife's dress money from his pocket. "Sure, boys, I didn't know, and I'm mighty thankful you held me back. Say, let's have another liquor up. The more I think of it," he continued a few moments later, as they started on yet another bottle of Snakeville Torchlight, "the more certain I am, hic, whatcha for I never started earlier beats me!"

"Strike while the hammer's in your hand," had for centuries been the family motto of the Bloggies, and with his customary way of doing things thoroughly, Bloggie decided to go into training at once. With that object in view they evacuated their position against the bar of Slattery's and proceeded to the back room, which his backers had decided should be their man's training-quarters.

But there disappointment overtook them, for the opposition party were already in the field.

"Ere," the Russian Bear demanded, in angry disgust, "wot does this 'ere bloke want? Get out of it. Face, before you're hit."

The coming champion squared his shoulders, and vainly tried to persuade his right eye to join the left in a contemptuous stare. "I'm—I'm Bloggie!" he gasped.

The Bear dropped a heavy bar-nail on the toes of one of his friends, and staggered back. "You're Bloggie *B-log-gie*!" he stuttered, while the local sportsmen noticed, with satisfaction, that he was seized with a strange trembling.

"Bloggie—B-l-o-g-g-i-e!" that worthy answered, "and I reckon I'm training here for the night that'll find me sleeping in your medals, Mister!"

"Arl a mo," exclaimed the professional. "There ain't no need to get 'aughty about it. 'Ere, watyer say to a 'omely little bout, jist to show there ain't no ill-feelin'?"

The suggestion was seized with acclamation, and after Bloggie had been disentangled from the embrace of a particularly violent punching-ball the floor was cleared, and the two men advanced for the first stages of what all present could see would be a Homeric struggle.

Def'tly they circled round each other, searching for an opening; then, as the Russian Bear hesitated, doubtless mystified by the new tactics the Snakeville Pet was introducing, Bloggie sailed in. . . . A moment later he whistled through the air, and descended neatly into the centre of the mat with a thud.

"What did you do that for when you know I wasn't ready?" he exclaimed.

"Go on, Bloggie!—Put it on him!—Break him up," his backers howled, drowning the Bear's apologies; and, revived and strengthened by their support, he rose and rushed in again. A second later he found himself securely held, while his feet slowly ascended from the ground. Finding his face pressed hard against the Bear's arm, he bit until his teeth almost met. A second later,

and he was free, another second and he was sprouting round the room followed by the on-lookers who howled their encouragement as they followed.

But he had had enough for one after-noon. "Homely little bouts" were good in their way but he would reserve his strength for the great night so, seeing the open door he dodged through it and reached the street.

"Boys," he said to his supporters, "I reckon I surprised them some. You, I guess Mr. Bear is about to say 'B, bye' to his medals and the dollar. Gee, it's a cinch!"

The days that followed were busy ones for the sporting fraternity of Snakeville. Early in the morning and late at night Mr. Bloggie formed the centre of attraction in the town as he went in systematically for the training that would lead him to success. He ran, he hurled weights about, wrestled with one or the other of his backers; while at home, in the silent hours of the night, Mrs. Bloggie "did her bit" as a swiftly dodging punching-ball, and one that had the advantage of yielding softly and not bouncing back. They were great days—reporters vied with one another in their endeavours to interview the victor-coming champion; while at Slattery's a barman with the brain of a Wall Street financier reaped a golden harvest by showing the exact dent in the wood-work made by the great man's head on that memorable evening when he had slipped on a banana-skin placed on the floor. Once, too, he was approached by the "greatest firm of motion-picture producers in the world," but his managers stepped in and forbade it the clicking of the camera might have taken Bloggie's mind off the work in hand—and all the best mail order tutors and text-books agreed that if the trick was to be done it would be done by concentration and pluck.

At last the great night arrived. After a hearty meal and a chilly drive taking from the wife of his lion he set out for the marquee where the combat was to be held. Already every seat was crisscrossed by the sporting Snakeville, who stood the routine performance with ill-concealed irritation; then, as the number went up for the great event, a mighty shout rent the air.

"Bloggie! Bloggie for Snakeville!" Standing there in all the glory of vest and shorts, Bloggie's heart swelled at the sight of their enthusiasm and for a moment he thought of making a speech, but the cheering died away, and his seconds dragged him back as the manager advanced.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "you are 'ere to-night to witness the greatest sporting event of any age—a wrestle to a finish between the famous Russian Bear and your esteemed fellow-citizen Bloggie, of Snakeville. On my right 'and the Bear, winner of innumerable medals, cups, belts, and other trophies in every country of the world. On my left and Bloggie—Bill!" (this excitedly to an attendant) "just fetch them little Snakevillers what 'as their 'eads, a-poking under the canvas. Shake 'em to see if they 'ave any chips what'll admit 'em to the grand marquee honest like, and, if they ain't, jist larrup 'em 'ot and 'earty."

"Seconds out! Time!" A deafening cheer arose as the combatants sprang to their feet, and the Bear sprang forward with the evident intention of hugging his opponent. But Bloggie was not to be caught. Def'tly twisting away, he pranced gaily round the limits of the mat.

"Good-fellows Bloggie! Race him till he's winded, son! Then do it on him, well and truly!"

The Snakeviller seemed about to take the good-natured advice, but after the fourth lap the voice of the referee



BLOGGIE'S TRIUMPH IS COMPLETE WHEN HE TICKLES THE FOOT OF HIS OPPONENT.

started on a solo which, rising above the delighted chorus of his friends, brought him to a halt. Angerily he switched his left eye on the offending official, while with his right he thanked his friends. A maddening shout went up. Too late! Before he could summon up his original winning tactics to his aid once more he was in the grip of the mighty Russian. "Now I've you—now I'll learn you—" hissed the Russian. But Bloggie's blood was up—the memory of the champion's medals over which he had even been allowed to run his fingers, gave him the courage of a Roman legion and, even as he hit the boards, his teeth found flesh and met in it. With a howl the Russian Bear released his hold and rolled over. In a flash Bloggie was on him and again his teeth caught and held.

Down in the auditorium wild enthusiasm swayed the onlookers. "Bloggie—Snakeville and Bloggie!" they howled. "Kick him in the jaw—Bite his neck!"

Vainly the recumbent man fought and struggled but, intoxicated by the lust of battle, Bloggie held on and bit, until at last the professional rolled over striking the boards wildly in a mute signal to the referee that he had met his match. His day was over—brute strength had yielded to determination and the science of Snakeville's leading dentist.

"Bloggie!"

As the referee's voice rang like music on his ears, the champion staggered up and back into the outstretched arms of his friends, and when finally he started on his homeward way hugging his medals little he cared that, on calling for the prize-money, his friends had discovered the circus manager to be missing, as were the dollars he had won—for the morning would bring fame. Already he saw himself considering offers to appear on the world's greatest stages at a staggering salary, while cinema-producers sent humble ambassadors—but all in his own good time.

Still dreaming, he entered his house, and, standing in the hall, sniffed. No aroma of the princely meal he had commanded greeted him, and with the language of a man who had never known defeat he strode into the room.

"Woman, how dare you

Bang! Crash! A million stars . . . Without language he staggered up, only to sit again, while through a mist he saw the form of Mrs. Bloggie, and on her hands were things which the text-books had taught him were boxing-gloves—only these were larger and heavier than any he had ever seen described—then anon, as from a great distance, he heard her voice.

"So you dare to come home, do you?" it said. "Try to get up, you little beast, and I'll smash the home up with you! So you're the champion, are you my word?" the voice grew soft and sweet. "So am I, dear the champion of this house. While you were training I trained too. My! but don't these Professors teach you things? Don't you dare to get up—don't you dare to get up, I say! Lie down at once!"

And Bloggie the Champion having heard, and thinking one victory sufficient for the day, obeyed instantly.

Stitch ! Stitch ! Stitch ! Stitch !

Twelve Hundred Women make Fifteen Thousand Costumes for a Film Spectacle.

IN August, 1915, four shiploads of actors, actresses, technical operatives, girls who were to play costumed parts, and still others who were to be undraped mermaids sailed from New York for Kingston, Jamaica.

These southbound passengers were but a fraction of the total number of people who will appear on the screen in William Fox's motion picture featuring Annette Kellerman.

In this gigantic land and marine spectacle the cost of which is stated to be over two hundred thousand pounds, more than twenty thousand persons will be seen. No fewer than fifteen thousand of the players required special costumes, and the making of these was not the least wonderful part of this great undertaking.

It was Herbert Brenon, the director-general of the picture, who began the work by reshaping and rebuilding portions of the island of Jamaica, but to William Fox himself fell the task of providing the costumes according to the drawings and specifications.

He called in a famous New York costumier.

"How long will it take to deliver 15,000 costumes?" he asked him.

"I think, maybe, we can do this in six months; but I am not certain," replied the costumier, whose mouth watered at the prospect of such a remarkable order.

"Out of the question, my dear sir," was all the poor man got from Mr. Fox, whose enterprise, with £40,000 already spent and a weekly salary pay-roll of close on £4,000, could not be permitted to lag. Overhead costs were too heavy. So, within forty-eight hours, Mr. Fox organised his own costume department. Mrs. Irene Lee was given general supervision of it and sailed immediately for Kingston, where the actors were waiting. She took with her six able assistants—not to be seamstresses, but inspectors of the work and directors of cutting and fitting.

At Kingston Mrs. Lee gave employment at the very outset to four hundred native sewing-women, but two weeks later her pay-roll of busy stitchers provided wage envelopes for a total of *twelve hundred* women. Every available sewing-woman on the island got busy at sewing-machines and with needle and thread.

How many miles of thread were actually used is not recorded. A great number worked in the newly-constructed Fox workroom. Still more worked under canvas awnings, and others filled the lawns and followed the shadows around the trees to escape the tropical sun.

The wife of the Governor-General of Jamaica found it necessary to change her plans for a society *féte* requiring costumes, as there were no sewing women left to make them. Jamaica was listening to such a "symphony of stitches" as it had never heard before and hundreds of women were crowding over their work as do the labourers in the Latin-American tobacco factories.

In six weeks, during which the women worked day and night, every costume was finished to the ultimate stitch, and when the last basting thread was drawn Mr. Brenon was able to switch from photographing aquatics and permit his several hundred mermaids to have their first breathing spell since landing in Jamaica.

Entire Island Works for Picture.

When the Fox players arrived in Jamaica last August they found it under martial law. It was heavily garrisoned; all sorts of restrictions were laid upon strangers, even those of British birth; and into this conservative atmosphere of strictly British colonial red-tape, came an invading army of actors and actresses, camera men, electricians, property men, scene painters, carpenters, and even a staff of book-keepers and auditors. In addition there were heavy flanking artillery in the form of cameras, the ammunition pertaining thereto, tons of chemicals, and properties enough to stock Covent Garden Opera House for a Wagnerian season. As if all these were not enough, and by way of makeweight, an entire menagerie was thrown in, consisting of lions, tigers, elephants, camels, and other creatures calculated to lend proper atmosphere when the right time came.

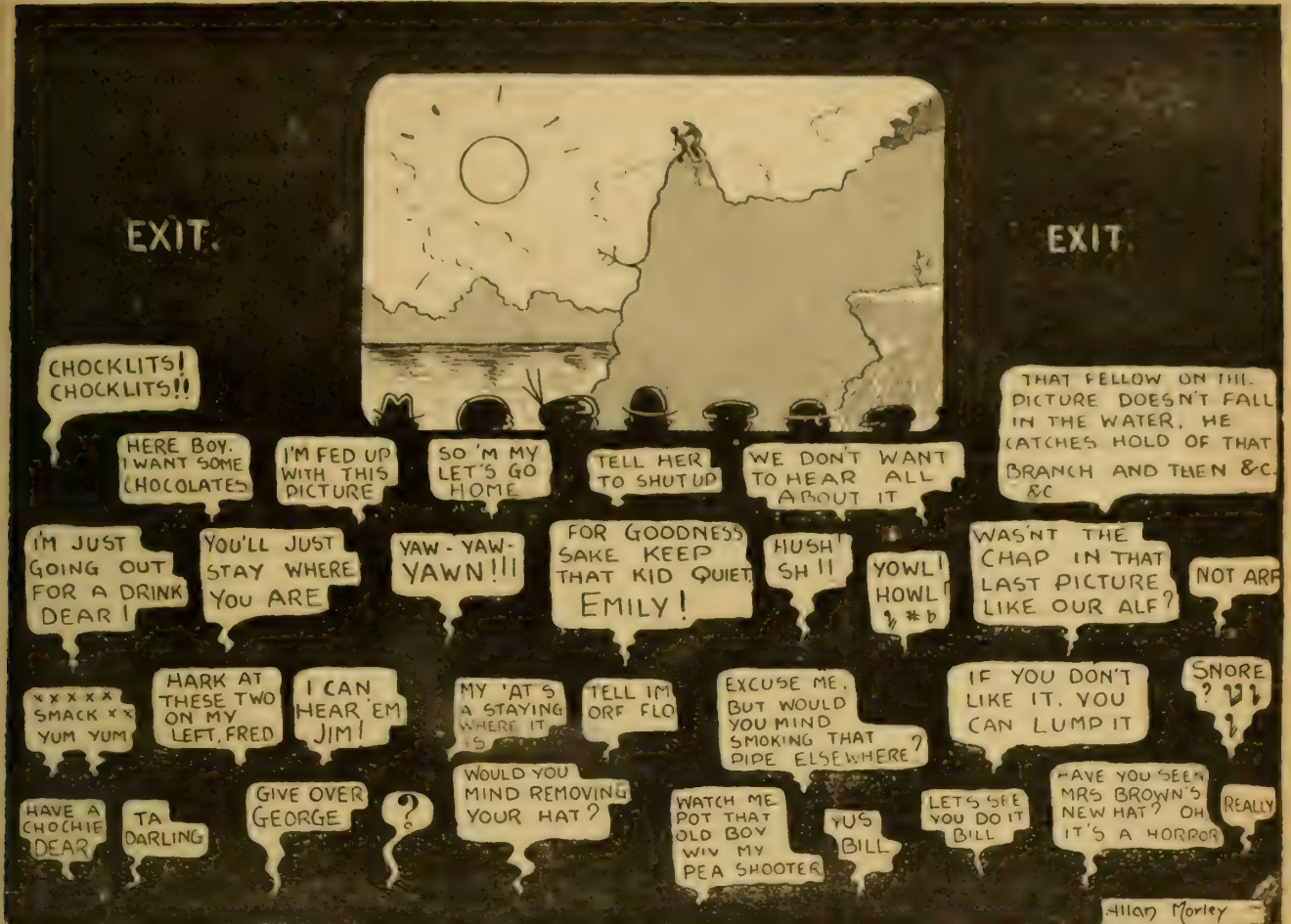
Then and there began the operation of what the Britishers called, indignantly at first, "Yankee swank." Before long, however, there appeared a marked change in the attitude of the Colonial officials towards the Fox companies. Shopkeepers, hotel men, lumber men, and in fact the entire population of the island began to feel the healthy glow imparted by the free distribution of American dollars.

In a period of great industrial depression, aided by war conditions, thousands of persons were set to work drilling and marching to take part in the great battle scene, which is one of the most extraordinary features of this extraordinary picture. Five hundred more unskilled natives were set to the task of clearing brush and jungle at Fort Augusta, a huge abandoned fortress with mighty



COMPUTE CAREFULLY OF THE COMMUTERS

OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. No. 50: "OUT OF THE DARKNESS."



Pictures are often amusing, but the conversations of picturegoers are very often more so. Our cartoonist presents a sample of what he has overheard at sundry cinemas.

walls, built by the old Spaniards, within whose confines in less than a week an Oriental city with skyscraping minarets 85ft. in height began to rise. In constructing one of the largest buildings here 150,000ft. of lumber, 1,500 sheets of compo board, 3,500 yards of burlap, and 250 barrels of plaster of Paris were used.

At the Rose Gardens, Jamaica's most famous resort, an immense open-air stage—the largest in the world, 550ft. by 200ft. was constructed, and, by the way, this stage is unique for another quality than its size—namely, the expensive material of which it is built, its boards being of solid native mahogany of a rich reddish hue.

But the most important factor in the entire situation is described in the words of the Governor-General of the island, Sir William Henry Manning:

"Mr. William Fox has, as Americans say, 'made over' this island. His companies leave the natives endowed with a new spirit. Unskilled labourers have been turned into craftsmen in the best sense of the word, and a spirit has been implanted which can never be eradicated.

We hope to publish more about this great picture, which up to the present has not been christened, in future issues.

A GOOD OLD "ANNUAL"

OH, that "Annual Rumour"! Have you heard that Mary Pickford is leaving the Famous Players? Of course you have. Well, she isn't!

The Famous Players inform us that not only is Mary not leaving the company, but that in future she will be the company. In other words a special company has been formed—The Famous Players Mary Pickford Company, in which "the World's Sweet-heart" is to have a half interest.

Towards the end of her last contract Miss Pickford was the recipient of some startling offers from rival companies—the highest authenticated offer being £1,200 a week. But she refused it.

In an interview Miss Pickford said:—"I am afraid that there will be a great many people who will never understand my determination to reject such a tremendous offer, but my only answer is that money is not everything in this world. I have my future reputation as an artiste to consider, and it is to my best interests to ally myself with an organisation that has already firmly

established itself in the eyes of the world as a producer of photo-plays of the highest order of merit. It is not a matter of being starred in a few excellent productions, but of appearing in plays in a never-failing high standard of excellence. I have been associated with the Famous Players for three years, and I realise that their productions have won them a reputation for consistently artistic work.

Mary Pickford Her Own Double.

ONE day when Mr. Zukor, the president of the Famous Players Company, paid an unexpected visit to the studio he observed a group concerned in the production of *The Foundling*. The central figures were Daniel Frohman and Hugh Ford, and several children. Both men were talking to one of the little girls, who was busy sucking a lollipop.

"That child is a regular Mary Pickford," exclaimed Mr. Zukor; "we ought to put her on a long-time contract."

Just then the "child" caught sight of the speaker and came running over.

"Hello, Mr. Zukor. How is 'Madame Butterfly' going?" she called out to the astounded president.

It was Mary Pickford

DOUGLAS MUNRO IN 'LONDON' FILMS

A STUDIO SNAPSHOT BY DOLLIE TREE

DOUGLAS MUNRO his friends call him "Duggy" left the stage for pictures when one of the Edison Companies came to this country in the summer of 1913 and secured his services to play in all their productions. He liked the work so much that on leaving Edison's he signed a contract with the London Film Company, and is still there.

Among the prominent film parts which Mr. Munro has played there stands out the character of "Joseph Chandler" in *The Middleman*, the heartless manager and owner of the potteries, who grinds down his employees, turns them off at a moment's notice and steals his old workman's invention, being finally shamed and ruined. In his interpretation of this terrible character Mr. Munro succeeded in bringing out the spiteful, greedy, selfish nature of the man to the life.

In contrast to this was his part as the Jewish Variety Agent in *The Heart of a Child*, in which he became the vulgar, showy, cunning creature that one sees so often on the stage, and sometimes, unfortunately, in real life too!—one of the type of men who puff a big cigar, display diamond cuff-links, and seem good-natured enough in their oily, fatuous way.

He was also the Rev. Bagot in *Trilby* with Sir Herbert Tree, and the Bookmaker with Henry Ainley in *Jells*, that fine version of the play which the London Film Company produced quite lately. Another parson of his was the canting, hypocritical priest of a fashionable West-end church.

But he is not always the villain—oh, no! Sometimes Mr. Munro is everything that is good! Only the other day he was a henpecked husband, with a Suffragette wife. Poor "Duggy!" How he ran when she and her militant friends chased him



with hammers and other cheerful weapons! Round the studio they went, until hubby, run to earth, received the full strength of their wrath on his head and elsewhere. In truth he was black and blue the next day.

As another husband, and this time a bridegroom at the altar, he was the cause of an amusing contretemps. The happy couple were being married, the clergyman was solemnly exhorting them to "love, honour, and obey," the camera handle was turning, when—Where was the ring? The "taking" ceased; the

best man looked in his pockets, Douglas Munro looked in his pockets, they shook out their handkerchiefs, they searched the floor, the producer (metaphorically) tore his hair, everyone joined in the hunt for the missing ring. Excitement was growing in chunks, when suddenly the ring was discovered by one of the crowd. *It was on the bridegroom's finger!*

When peace and order were restored, the picture was continued. Duggy vowing that it was the best man's fault. Recently Mr. Munro was cast for a part in *Vice Versa*, the London Film version of F. Anstey's play and novel of the same name. Imagine, if you please this big, serious-looking actor in an Eton boy's suit and collar and a school cap several sizes too small for him, careering through the streets of the West-end on a child's scooter, with Maurice Elvey, the producer, and his camera man following in the cosy seclusion of a taxi, and a whole crowd of amazed pedestrians accompanying the actor. The scene actually happened near Charing Cross. In the same play "Duggy" was compelled to eat six bags of halfpenny buns, and *after lunch too!*

In a long and varied stage career, Mr. Munro played the part of Spettigue in the original company of *Charley's Aunt* some two thousand times and never missed a performance.

For two years he was with Weedon Grossmith, and six years with the late George Edwardes, playing leading parts at the Gaiety, Adelphi, and Prince of Wales's Theatres in London, and in his companies on tour.

Some of his last stage appearances were in Granville Barker's Shakespearian Season at the Savoy, and at the Vaudeville in *Little Miss Llewellyn*.

He is very hopeful indeed as to the future of British films, and is sure that in time England's output of really good pictures will equal that of foreign firms. He hopes that he will continue to play before the silent eye of the camera for a long time yet, and he is quite content in the knowledge that he is doing his share in helping to entertain the vast public that the cinema has claimed for its own.

A "MATCHLESS" GAS LIGHTER.

AN ingenious and almost unanny contrivance for all who use gas is the Automatic Gas Lighter described in our last issue. The Editor has used one nightly at home and finds that it never fails to light the gas simply by coming in contact with it. A shilling sent to the Automatic Appliance Co., 9, Tunnel Road, Retford, Notts, will bring you one, and in these days of dear matches the money will be well spent.



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DOUGLAS MUNRO AS HIMSELF

Our Picture Players' Portrait Gallery



BEN. F. WILSON, whose "Detective Cleek" role in *The Chronicles of Cleek* will always be remembered. He now plays leading parts in Trans-Atlantic films.



CORA WILLIAMS, a very well-known Edison player. She is usually seen in comedy, a fact which seems to be amply verified by this pleasing portrait.



MARIE

DRESSLER,

known in America as the funniest woman on the stage. We believe her latest film effort was in *Tillies' Tomato Surprise*.



SVEND AGGERHOLM, the great Danish actor. He has contributed many fine performances in Nordisk picture-plays, and drama perhaps is his especial line.

INFELICE

Adapted from the film of Augusta J. Evans-Wilson's story

By **MOLLIE GUYTON.**

"THE long story begins twenty years ago, when I was a boy," said my old friend the lawyer, at whose house I was paying a long-deferred visit. I replied I did not mind how long it was, and settled down prepared to hear his story to the end.

"In a little village just outside London," he began, "lived an old lady and her granddaughter. They were rather poor, and to keep the little home together they ran the laundry for the laas at the nearby college.

"Cuthbert Lawrence, a young undergraduate there, used to meet the old lady's granddaughter (Minnie Merle her name was), and before long he fell in love with her, regardless of the great difference in their social positions.

"In the same village lived Peleg Paterson, a young wood-carver, who in his simple way loved Minnie to distraction, but his slow nature never suggested to him that he should attempt to woo her.

"One Sunday afternoon by the river Cuthbert asked Minnie to become his wife, and, accompanied by her lover, the girl went back to the humble cottage to tell the glad news to her grandmother. 'Grannie, I'm so happy,' she cried; 'Cuthbert and I are to be engaged.'

"Peleg saw the young couple enter the cottage, and followed them.

"You'll be sorry for this," he said coldly. "He won't think about you, a simple, country wench, when he gets back to his fine friends in the city."

"Minnie's heart sank under the stinging words, and she looked appealingly at her lover.

"Clear out of here at once!" commanded Cuthbert, and Peleg, who never could stand harsh words, made himself scarce.

"As the door closed behind him Minnie turned to her sweetheart. 'Darling, you'll never be unfaithful to me, will you?' she pleaded.

"Never, Minnie, my own. I will always be true to you," was Cuthbert's reassuring answer.

"A month passed all too quickly for the happy couple. Then one morning Cuthbert received a letter from his father, General Lawrence, who expressed the hope that whilst home on his vacation his son would become fond of Abbie Ames, a rich heiress. The thought of being tied down to a Society woman, however, was more than the young undergraduate meant to put up with, and, hurrying to his sweetheart's home, he told her how important it was that they should be married quickly.

"That evening, with the old grandmother as a witness, Minnie and Cuthbert became man and wife. After the



PEGGY HYLAND AS "MINNIE"
during her stage career as "Odelle Orme."

ceremony, Minnie, for safety's sake handed the certificate into the safe keeping of the Vicar, after which the happy couple spent the night at the cottage.

"The course of true love never runs smooth, and in their case the third person appeared on the horizon once more. Thoughts of jealousy and revenge had already entered the heart of Peleg, and on the day after the wedding he hastened to London and went straight to General Lawrence's house. There he told the astonished father the story of Cuthbert's marriage. Peleg left the old gentleman almost stunned with the shock of his son's deception, and he at once set about to remedy the blunder and separate the young couple.

"That afternoon Cuthbert received a telegram to the effect that he was to go home at once.

"Minnie and her youthful husband parted without a thought for the future. Little did they know that their fond kiss and close embrace would be the last for many years to come.

"A few hours later found Cuthbert in the power of an autocratic parent.

"I will not have it," stormed the old General, as he paced the room. "To think that you should go and tie yourself to a poor country wench when a rich heiress is waiting for you with open arms. No, young man, it shall not be so. Cuthbert, we leave for the Continent next week."

"But, Pater, I love—," began the son.

"Silence!" roared his father. "I have told you my plans. Please get ready to carry them out."

"And Cuthbert, his heart aching for his country lass, wrote to tell her to try and be happy without him, and that in two years' time he would return to claim her as his wife. Minnie read this sorrowful message more than once, and, with tear-swollen eyes, she told herself that she must be brave despite the taunts and jests from Peleg and the neighbours.

"A year passed. Minnie heard nothing from her husband, but a little daughter arrived to console her aching heart.

"Poor Minnie, she had a hard time, and when her grandmother died she was of course forced to earn her own living. Leaving Regina, her baby, in the care of some nuns, she obtained a post as housemaid in a London mansion.

"Two more years had come and gone, when one day Minnie heard that her faithless husband was married to the rich heiress.

"She pulled herself together, and remembered her determination to be brave. Her employers took kindly interest in her and sent her to me for advice. I shall never forget the day Minnie came to me: she looked so miserable. She told me her story just as I have told it to you, and we set to work and obtained a copy of the marriage certificate (unfortunately the original was stolen by Peleg, and sold to the General for a paltry sum). The poor girl was penniless and I had no money then to spare. The best I could do was to obtain a more lucrative position for her in a theatrical company. Before leaving England she went to see little Regina who was still at the Convent.



LOVE ATTACKS
EVEN

THE COMMUTERS

By the merest chance she met Peleg who still having an unquenchable longing for the possession of his one and only love, offered to take her away from all her trouble to America. But Minnie refused. She would never forget that she was still the lawful if not recognised wife of Cuthbert Lawrence.

"Fifteen years later Minnie had made rapid strides in her theatrical profession, and was then reaching the height of her popularity as 'Odelle Orme'."

"Regina was now living with the mater and myself, but she was still ignorant of her mother's origin."

"By jove! Regina was a lovely creature. I don't wonder at myself for falling in love with her."

"One day news came from a friend of mine in America that Peleg was dead, and that before he died he had confessed that he had sold the marriage certificate to General Lawrence. I heard afterwards that, whilst the General and Cuthbert were in Paris, the old man went to the theatre and saw 'Odelle Orme' on the stage. The General fell in love with the popular actress, and through a friend obtained an introduction to her. Concealing her identity, Minnie encouraged his attentions."

"On the day following their meeting Minnie lunched with her admirer."

"'Odelle,' he said, as they sipped their coffee, 'you must know I love you! Don't you see that I want just you to make my life a little paradise, dearie. Will you consent to be my wife?'"

"Minnie sighed. 'I will give you my answer at supper,' she told him, 'on the night of the first presentation of my new play, *Intifrice*.'"

"Some time elapsed before the production of the new play, during which Minnie, who daily received passionate letters and bouquets of flowers from her ardent lover, had written and asked me to take Regina to her in Paris. You should have seen Regina when the letter came. She was just wild with excitement. Three days later we left for the



"SILENCE!" ROARED HIS FATHER.



MISS EDNA MAYO

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The CINEGOER

FIRST ISSUE MONDAY, FEB. 21st

THIS new and beautiful Picture Paper for those who go to the Pictures will contain in early issues not only many full-page Portraits of Film Stars with interesting biographies and other features of peculiar interest to those who go to the Cinema; but will also contain the Film Play Stories of the following new films to be seen in the Spring and Summer of 1916—amongst others:

'The Dop Doctor'

FROM RICHARD DEHAN'S FAMOUS NOVEL.

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A FINE STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

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THE FIRST ISSUE IS FEBRUARY 21st NEXT.

French capital, and on the evening of our arrival 'Odelle Orme' presented to the public for the first time her wonderful play, *Intolice*.

"I assure you it must have been a revelation to many. It was nothing less than the story of her own life, her desertion, the revenge of Peleg, the deception and intrigue on the part of her lawful husband. Revelation to many! Yes, but more than that to Cuthbert, who with his father occupied a private box. Cuthbert dared not tell the General that he recognised the beautiful actress.

"During the performance Minnie sent a note round to her admirer which read: 'I shall expect you and your son to supper with me to-night at my house.'

"Eagerly the General accepted. 'Then,' he murmured, 'I shall have my answer from the wonderful woman who has all Paris at her feet.'

"After the performance Minnie prepared for the crisis. She knew that Cuthbert would accompany his father; she knew there would have to be a recognition, but she would chance all to restore to her and Regina their rightful name and honoured place in Society.

"When we arrived home (for Regina and I had been to the theatre, remember), General Lawrence and Cuthbert were already there. Regina and I waited in silence in the hall, whilst Minnie went into the lounge. Very soon the old man was saying to her: 'Odelle, darling, what is your answer? It must be "Yes".'

"General Lawrence," replied Minnie, coldly, 'you do not know what you say when you ask me to be your wife. I am already lawfully bound by the ties of matrimony to your son—Cuthbert.'

"Cuthbert blushed scarlet. The tense silence was broken only by the rapid breathing of Minnie, who stood rigid and white. Then she spoke again.

"Yes, it was I he married when he was still at college; it was I whom you forced him to disown. For me it did not matter, but there was someone else—



"He won't think about **you**, a simple country wench, when he gets back to his fine friends in the city."

his daughter, who is here now.' Minnie called Regina, who at once entered the room.

"The General stood flabbergasted. 'My God!' he exclaimed, but a stroke seized him, and before he could utter another word he collapsed in a chair, and in a few minutes was a dead man. I've never seen anything so dramatic, either on or off the stage. I did the best thing possible under the circumstances. I brought Regina and her mother over here to England. I had grown more devoted to the little girlie than ever while we were away, and when we returned we were married. . . . Yes, and we have lived happily ever since.

"As for Minnie, poor dear, about three months ago I had a long letter from Cuthbert telling me of his wife's death.

"I never cared for her,' he told me, 'but Pater insisted on the match'.

"That settled it—I cabled him to come over and spend a holiday with me. You can just imagine the scene when Cuthbert met Minnie again. At first she was relentless, but she has a very tender heart, and when her husband reminded her of the happy days they had spent together she determined to live them over again, and now they are down here seeing after a house in the old village."

My friend the lawyer paused in his story as a light tap came on the door, and Regina herself entered, attired in a magnificent evening gown.

"Well, old darling," she said, placing her arm affectionately round her husband's neck, "you'd stay here all night puffing away at your cigars. You must both come into the drawing-room now and tell me what you've been talking about while I have been busy reading."

We willingly acceded to the first command, but I will leave my readers to draw their own conclusions as to whether we told her the subject of our conversation or not.

This five-reel Samuelson drama was produced by Fred Paul, who also played the selfish part of "Peleg." Peggy Hyland, in the rôle of "Minnie," has put in some extremely fine work. Bertram Burleigh is the young lover who deserts his lawful wife. Richard Vaughan is the old "General," Queenie Thomas is "Regina," and Rowland Moore is the lawyer-husband who tells the story in these pages. The film is handled by Moss Empires, Ltd.



General Lawrence obtains an introduction to "Odelle Orme."

The New Game of "Hide and Seek." Start playing it to-day. Rules and List of Prizes on page 485.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Chest Weakness and Difficult Breathing.

A Mother's Praise of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Mrs. BINGHAM, Court 6, Church Street, Oldbury, says:—"I am ever so glad to have found such a splendid medicine as Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I shall never use any other in my family. It is only quite recently that I first tried Veno's. My little girl, Nellie, had caught a severe cough, and was quite choked up with it. Her chest was very weak, and her breathing was difficult. I was afraid she was going to be extremely ill. I had medicine for her, but it didn't do the child any good; besides, she didn't like it and I had difficulty in getting her to take it. It was then I got Veno's for her, and I can say it quite astonished me. I could not have believed it would act so quickly. Almost from the first dose it relieved Nellie, and before the bottle was finished she was quite well again. Veno's cured positively like magic."

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FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED No. 21.
"Sold" (Famous Players). Drawn by Allan Morley.

IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

Parachuting for Pictures.

THE number of persons who are willing to do almost anything to break into motion-pictures is past counting. Here is one who wants to "drop in" the business, and, in the further parlance of the street, stands ready to "fall for motion-pictures."

"My dear Mr. Hooper," he writes, "I want to be the first man to jump off the Woolworth Building in a parachute, and I want your advice if you will be kind enough to advise me. What I want to know is, how to go about it. That is to notify different film companies, and who to see. Also what price to charge. You will greatly oblige me by sparing me some of your valuable time."

Ease for Essanay Artistes.

ESSANAY'S new studio, built on the extreme west of the Essanay property in Chicago, is nearing completion, promises being made by the contractors that it will be ready for occupancy this month. One of the novelties of the new building is a green-room for actors and another for actresses in which those waiting to go on the floor will not be compelled to wait where action is going on. A system of telephones with automatic exchanges is being installed so that an assistant-director may call his cast together without leaving the floor. The whole building will be devoted to the executive offices and the studio, with gymnasium, reading-rooms, and a few dressing-rooms.

What Cyril Maude Will Not Do.

THE first time I ever saw myself in moving pictures I had a sensation as though I were looking at my own ghost," said Cyril Maude, the famous stage actor (who has been appearing in Minneapolis recently in *Greengage*), after he had witnessed for the first time his own five-reel production of *The Greater Will*.

"I've discovered two things that I will never do again in acting either before the camera or the footlights," continued Mr. Maude; "I'll never again cast my eyes heavenward in that sanctimonious manner. It shows the whites of the eyes too plainly; it's quite ugly."

"The other thing I'll never do is to play for a film without first seeing myself in 'make-up.' Those eyebrows are impossible."

Sir Herbert Tree Pleased.

"It is quite wonderful," said Sir Herbert, after his first day in *Macbeth*, at the Triangle Fine Arts Studio, "how many things can be done in pictures for the Shakespeare tales that cannot be done on the stage. With all due reverence to the master dramatist, it is possible to illuminate and accentuate many details so as to produce a marvellously truth-telling commentary on the text and at the same time heighten the dramatic values."

"That is what I have learned from my first day's work with

Nurse CARTER "CICFA" writes:—

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IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you think. You know how worry of an affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety or a fright. If you are worried at present, who is not worried? your digestion is being weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking Cicfa to assist digestion, because Cicfa is a one contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible, and make Digestion perfect and certain.

DO YOU KNOW

that when you take anything which neutralises the acid in your Stomach, you stop digestion, for the Gastric Juice, which Nature pours into the Stomach to digest the food is very acid and if you neutralise that acid you destroy its power to digest food and thus cause Indigestion? These are not our ideas, they are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion.

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Director Emerson upon the scenario. The pictorial possibilities of *Macbeth* grow, as one studies it in the light of this strange new art, into something very beautiful and wonderful—not precisely a play in the Shakespearean sense, perhaps, but a dramatic narrative of great power.

"I should like to call this series of productions 'Tales from Shakespeare.' If we can bring to the dramas some such reverent and illuminating interpretation as did Charles Lamb, I shall be happy indeed to have entered upon this enterprise. The motion-picture studios are naturally strange places to me, but I am delighted with the kindly spirit of welcome and co-operation manifested, and the amazing vitality of the industry. I know now that I am going to like it immensely."

Tiger and Leopard Chew Each Other Up.

ACCORDING to the manufacturer's announcement, a fight to the death between a royal Bengal tiger and a leopard will feature *Thou Shalt Not Covet*, a Selig Red Seal play. Kathlyn Williams, who has the leading rôle, is said to have performed several hazardous feats for the picture, among them a plunge from a runaway horse, a leap from a sinking ship into the sea, and a struggle with a leopard.

Players Caught in a Blizzard.

OF the many narrow escapes recorded in the making of films, the experiences of the Equitable Motion Picture Company appearing in *Her God* reached the zenith of hazardous experiences recently when Gail Kane, star of the company, and 110 other players were caught in the foothills on the edge of the great American desert in Arizona in a terrific blizzard and during the height of the storm wandered six miles out of their way, and were compelled to seek refuge on a cattle-ranch, where many of the Mexicans and cowboys employed by the company were compelled to sleep in the corral with the sheep in order to keep warm because the small hacienda, or ranch-house, could not accommodate over sixty-five people.

The company left Jerome, Arizona, at nine o'clock in the morning for a location near Springdale, a small settlement twenty-two miles up in the foothills. The storm broke with terrible fury about half-past ten, and in the blinding snow and wind even their guide became confused, and instead of travelling to the north the company—nearly frozen, wet to the bone—finally reached a ranch known as Hacienda 104, and were given such shelter and succour as the conditions warranted.

George Sheer, the company manager, who remained at Jerome, after failure of the company to report for three days, communicated with President Spiegel, of the Equitable concern, and arrangements were made for one of the officers of the company to go to the West, as the worst was feared; but while arrangements were made one of the cowboys of the company returned to Jerome, and when the storm abated the entire company returned none the worse for its trying experiences, except a number of bad colds and several cases of threatened pneumonia. Miss Kane suffered greatly from privation and exposure, but preferred to remain with the company, saying she would rather work under stress of illness than remain in the desert any longer.

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Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once.** Thus even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the seventh set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in "Picturegoer" on sale Feb. 19th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions. £5 to the next best and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Name

7th SET.

Address



25. Scene from
Letters used: **A E I L P T**



26. Scene from
Letters used: **A D E H I L N O P S T V**



27. Scene from
Letters used: **A C D E F H I L P R T Y**



28. Scene from
Letters used: **D E H I L N O P S W**

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INFELICE

By A. J. EVANS-WILSON

on page 478.

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mended by the Editor. They are sure
to reach your cinema sooner or later



GARRISON'S FINISH.—Selig drama. Three reels. A story which
will specially appeal to racing men. It is exciting and realistic.
—*Garrison Film Hire Service.*

HASH HOUSE MASHERS.—Keystone comedy. One reel. Roscoe
Arbuckle. The story of how "Father" discovered a reel wedding to
be a real one.
—*The Western Impart Co., Ltd.*

PIMPLE'S GREAT ADVENTURE.—Piccadilly comedy. One reel.
Fred Evans. An ingenious idea of a German's English wife causes
the capture of her spy husband.
—*H. A. Brown and Co.*

THE FLASHLIGHT.—Selig drama. Two reels. A romantic story of
the abduction of a beautiful English girl by an Indian Prince, and her
escape from captivity by the aid of a young newspaper photographer.

AN ENEMY TO SOCIETY.—Metro drama. Five reels. Lois
Meredith and Hamilton Revelle. A thrilling story of a master-crook,
his love for a beautiful girl, who reforms him.
—*Ruffell's Exclusives, Ltd.*

A STRANGE ADOPTION.—Beauty comedy-drama. One reel. Neva
Gerber, Lucile Ward, and Webster Campbell. A romance of a mount-
tainer's cabin, some drawings, and a threat, which, however, is not
carried out.
—*The American Co., Ltd.*

OLD MOTHER GRAY.—Reliance drama. One reel. Mrs. Crowell,
Teddy Sampson and W. A. Lowery. A story that will delight even the
most blasé picturegoer. It deals with the wickedness of a never-do-
well and his wife.
—*The New Majestic Company.*

THE WIDOW'S BREEZY SUIT.—Edison comedy. One reel.
Sally Crute, Raymond McKee, and Yale Benner. The merry widow
goes to the seaside for a holiday, and is pursued by dozens of admirers,
who, however, do not interest her.

KINDLING.—Jesse L. Lasky drama. Four reels. Charlotte Walker
and Tom Forman. A pathetic story of tenement life in the New
York slum district, and how the better feelings of a selfish woman
were touched by the sordidness of the workers' surroundings.
—*J. D. Walker's World Films.*

WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN.—Ideal drama. Four reels. Hilda Moore
and Milton Rosmer. A powerful tale of a woman who, having driven
her husband to suicide by her extravagance, is transformed and
becomes devoted to deeds of charity. Full story in issue No. 103,
February 5th.
—*Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd.*

THE TELL-TALE HAND.—Essanay drama. Three reels. G. M.
Anderson, Marguerite Clayton, and Lee Willard. A desperate hand-
to-hand struggle on racing horses, an enthralling man-hunt; but
throughout there is an undercurrent of pathos, which conveys intense
human appeal.

CHARLIE AT THE SHOW.—Essanay comedy. Two reels. Charles
Chaplin. A clever comedy dealing with "two Charlies," who both
visit the theatre and cause a great deal of disturbance. In the end
the "gallery" Charlie drenches the "stalls" Charlie with the
water from a fire hose.

JOE MARTIN TURNS 'EM LOOSE.—Rex comedy. Two reels.
Described as an outlandish, funny, thrilling, unusual, hair-raising,
nerve-racking, uproarious, ridiculous picture. Lions and laughter,
terror and tigers, giggles and goats, jubilation and jaguars, elation
and elephants, chuckles and camels, guffaws and a gorilla—but you'll
have to see it. Joe, the gorilla, unlocks all the animal cages and
turns 'em loose.
—*Trans-Atlantic Film Co., Ltd.*



Ask your Cinema-Manager to book

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

You'll be delighted, so will he:—TRY.



WE HEAR



THAT *Submarines of Society* is the title of a new Essanay drama; the company has already produced *The Destroyer*.

THAT "Cruisers in Vice," "Dreadnoughts of Evil," and "Minelayers of Virtue" suggest some more suitable titles.

THAT the new editor of our trade contemporary, *The Screen*, is James A. Cotter, who will be remembered by many as editor of PICTURES prior to its amalgamation with PICTUREGOER.

THAT Mr. Cotter has resigned the Secretaryship of Turner Films, Ltd., to devote himself again to film journalism.

THAT a few copies of Butcher's "Primus" Film Diary for 1916 still remain, and can be had free for one penny stamp by any cinema proprietor or manager if PICTURES and the name of the theatre are mentioned when applying for same.

THAT Lloyd George having seen the film called *You*, has praised the clever handling of this simple story of patriotism, and hopes it will be shown in every cinema theatre.

THAT Charles Urban stated recently that a moderate tax on tickets will not keep the public from going to the pictures.

THAT in the opinion of a host of readers, "Find the Film" is the most interesting Competition ever run in PICTURES.

THAT a reader who visited a cinema expressly for the purpose of "Finding a film," found instead a missing brother whom he "spotted" on the screen in an American production.

THAT the Neptune Company have recently completed a four-reel film entitled *In the Grip of the Sultan*.

THAT the scenes were under the personal supervision of one of the very few Englishmen who have ever been in a harem.

THAT *The Birth of a Nation* will shortly go on a world-tour.

THAT the engagement of Miss Gertrude Spoor, daughter of the President of the Essanay Company, to Lieutenant Douglas Weart, of the U.S. Engineer Corps, has been announced.

THAT the Thanhouser twins will shortly appear in *The Bachelor's Picnic*, in which we hope they are not naughty girls.

THAT *The Diamond from the Sky*, the wonderful serial referred to in previous issues, and which has done such remarkable business in the States, is to be released in this country by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

THAT there are thirty-two parts in this "Flying A" production, and every one of them is top-hole.

THAT a complete Life of Stewart Rome is being prepared.

THAT the staff projection-room at the Hepworth Studios is being rebuilt to remove all danger of fire at their fortnightly private exhibitions.



THIS scene is where a man, who was afraid, makes his first step in the winning back of his good name.

Harry Faversham, disguised as a native, has arrived only just too late to assist his fallen comrade, but without revealing his identity is able to lead his other comrade, who has been blinded by the sun and is wandering helplessly about the desert, back to his company.

"THE FOUR FEATHERS"

(By A. E. W. MASON)

is full of such thrilling scenes, which we know you'll like.

Ask your hall-manager to show it, or write to us for the address of the nearest Theatre in your district where it is to be shown.

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LUCOQUE Ltd.,
Film Renters,

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Write for Synopsis.



Potash & Perlmutter—

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This impersonation is the third of the series of

BILLY MERSON COMEDY FILMS.

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your favourite Cinema?

If not, a postcard to us will bring you
a reply stating when and where it will
be shown in your district.



THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.
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DON'T MISS

THE STORY OF

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE,

OR, THE

Divinity of Motherhood

IN THE ISSUE OF

"PICTURES"

Published on 26th February.



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this great Nordisk 3-reel Drama at your
local Cinema! Tell the Manager you
want to see it and he will book it.

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Mix, Hank Mann, Billie Ritchie, Eddie Lyons.

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THE PICTURES, LIMITED,
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EDITORIAL



LOUIE FREEAR, the famous comedy star
who appears this week in Trans-Atlantic's
All-British film *The Slave's Legacy*.

SAVE your sets in the "Find the
Film" Competition. Again I would
state that those who send in single
sets are only wasting postage. Due
notice will be given of the closing date.

Big Things Up Their Sleeves.

I am informed by the Gaumont Film
Hire Service that their list of coming
screen attractions is the strongest they
have ever had, and picturegoers and
exhibitors alike should watch these
pages for details, and rejoice in due
course. I am betraying no secret by
referring to two chunks of their great
programme. One consists of the big
"Flying A" serial *The Diamond from the
Sky*, announced elsewhere in this issue,
and the other comprises the "Blue Bird"
photoplays, a series so distinctive in
power of conception and brilliance of
production that it will raise the art of
the photoplay to a plane of magnificence
hitherto undreamed of.

Let the Public Judge.

In a long, strong, and sensible article
in *The Cinema* anent the proposal to
prohibit all imports of foreign films, the
writer says: "This is not war upon Ger-
many. This is war upon our livelihood,
and the most popular recreation of the
masses. All the money that could
possibly be obtained by the prohibition
of foreign films would keep the war with
Germany going for but a few hours. In
a few months' time the majority of the
cinemas would probably be compelled

to close and a few months later the
remainder would be forced to shut
down. . . . The public must be told
with what danger their favourite almost
their only amusement is threatened. . . .
they must defend their own entertain-
ment or that entertainment may vanish.
They must bombard the local Member
of Parliament with strong letters of
protest. . . . the danger will not wait. It
is immediate and threatening. Clearly
the industry could not get along with-
out its foreign sources of supply, and I
hope and trust it may never be faced
with such a quandary.

Film as Curtain Raiser.

A rumour is afloat that a West End
theatre may shortly introduce a three
or four reel film drama as a curtain
raiser to the legitimate stage portion of
their programme. If the innovation
were to get a new fashion, cinema pro-
prietors would have a new and unex-
pected rival to contend with. But I
don't think it ever will. Playgoers
go to the theatre to hear the players,
and more likely than not would make a
noise if they found them silent.

Canal and Circus Life.

Dainty Marguerite Clark has once
more increased her list of film accom-
plishments. In the Famous Players
drama *Still Waters* I found her alto-
gether charming. As the granddaughter
of a barge-owner, and whose life from
babyhood is confined to the limited area
of the barge and the canal banks, she
drifts into a romantic love match with
a young doctor. Lively and realistic
circus scenes form strong contrasts to
the peace and quiet of the waterways
which provide most of the scenery. I
hope to publish the delightful story of
this comedy-drama in PICTURES.

An All-Stage Cast.

Like many another old play and
picture goer, I am looking forward
keenly to the screening of one of
the most famous of stage plays, *The
Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, in which Sir
George Alexander will play his original
part. A splendid theatre cast, including
Hilda Moore, Marie Hemingway, Mary
Rorke, May Leslie Stuart, Norman
Forbes, Rowland Pertwee, and James
Lindsay will support him.

Newest British Film Studio.

On a flying visit the other day to the
studio at Ravenscourt Park of Regal
Films, Ltd., I found Dave Aylott busy
on *The Price He Paid*, a three-reel
drama written and produced by himself.
A temple set, including a golden Buddha
(beautifully made by Mr. Windridge,
the well-known scenic artist), was being
photographed, and promised much for
the success of the drama, in which
Letty Paxton, Lionel D'Arragon, Win-
gold Laurence, and George Foleys
appear. I was agreeably surprised with
the new and commodious studio which
has been specially built for Regal
Films. It stands in picturesque and
useful grounds, and is up-to-date in
every part of it. Many improvements
now in studio construction were in
evidence, and given the right work-
some of the best British film studio
result.

F. D.



"THE COMMUTERS WILL MAKE
SOME STIR!"

Turner Films

announce

FLORENCE TURNER

as "DOORSTEPS" in

"DOORSTEPS"

Produced by HENRY EDWARDS

Trade Show Feb. 15.

and

HILDA TREVELYAN

as

"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY"

Produced by LARRY TRIMBLE

Controlled by "Ideal."



THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER



DEAR BOYS
& GIRLS,
The "bird"
at the side
was drawn by
a little
nephew who
says it illus-
trates a
player's

name. For the life of me I can't think who it is. Can you?

Last week I received a letter from a niece who wrote, "Why don't you give us children some picture-puzzles. Uncle Tim?" "I will," thought I, and lo! the next minute our Editor brought me a clever set of puzzles drawn by a reader in which were the names of many popular players. "The very thing!" I exclaimed; and herewith (on the opposite page) I present you with the puzzles, and make them my

HIDDEN NAMES PRIZE COMPETITION.

You need not solve all. Find as many as you can. They represent the Christian and surname of each player. Write the names and numbers on a postcard, and post to "Puzzle Names," PICTURES, 55 and 56, Long Acre, London, W.C., before Monday, February 21st. Please

give your age. To the senders of the most correct solutions I will award Six Prizes, in addition to the Award of Merit to the next best.

As I have started with a Competition I will keep the subject going. A week or two ago I asked you to tell me the name of your favourite child player and why. The prize answer was:—"Helen Badgley. First of all, she is such a beautiful child, and so young. Then she does not act—she just *is* the parts she plays. Every movement of hers is so essentially childlike and natural that one simply cannot help loving her."

The winner is A. P. Levenson (15), 30, Ravensdale Road, Stamford Hill, N.

Eleven competitors gave the winning player's name, and therefore receive the consolation prizes. Their names are:—Nellie Cooper, Lower Ince; Charles Wright, Newport; Eva Preston, Stoke-on-Trent; James Eve, Victoria Docks; Sybil Mossford, Cardiff; Betty Jones, Glamorgan; Lillian Stell, Halifax; Lillian Burgess, Swancombe; Edith Raffe, Westminster; Vera Warner, Fulham; Irene Hockey, Cardiff. Other players chosen many times were Bobby Connelly, Tiny Tim, Baby Lilian Wade, Helen Costello, and the Thanhouser Twins, and the reasons given would make quite a long and interesting article.

Now I am on the subject of little players let me write a little about two children who are making a name in

American pictures, and will be well known over here in due course.

Anita Snell is being watched with interest, not only by members of the profession, but several scientists. This five-year-old prodigy has just completed playing a child part in the big Metro photoplay, *Men and His Soul*, in which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are starred.

Baby Snell was born in Minneapolis Minn., and displayed many signs of extreme precociousness, when at first she began to lisp only a few words. At school she proved a marvel from the beginning, and could write and form sentences before she was four years old. She has developed a taste for the best things in art which is almost uncanny. The little one considers it a holiday when her mother will escort her to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, where she knows the names of many of the paintings and sculptures and the names of the artists who made them. Her comment on pictures and statuary in the museum invariably attracts a crowd.

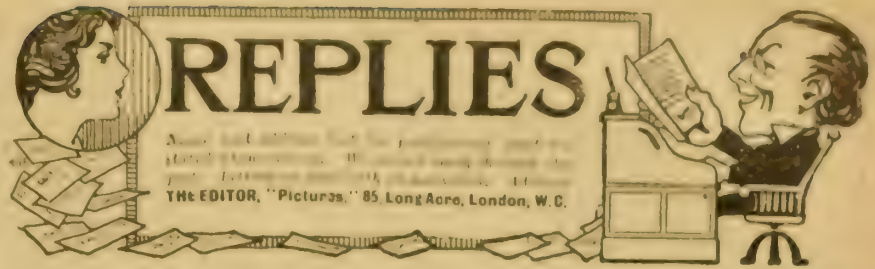
Baby Jean Fraser possesses an unusually attractive screen personality. She is a native daughter of California, having been born in Los Angeles about two years ago. Her parents are non-professionals, and have never been connected in any way with stage or motion-picture work. A member of the Selig scenario staff lived in the same apart-

ment house with Jean and was so impressed by her winsomeness that he wrote a story around the child and introduced her to the director who was to produce the picture, and since then she has seldom been idle.

Baby Jean Fraser is known to the Selig studio and her friends as "Steve," a name bestowed on her at birth by her father, who underwent a period of keen disappointment when he found the newly-arrived infant was not a boy. He remarked philosophically, "Well, I'm going to call her 'Steve,' anyway," and "Steve" it is to this day.

Her first appearance in motion pictures was in *Tiger Bait*, in which she worked with a ferocious Bengal tiger and talked lovingly to the animal, calling the beast "my big kittie." Jean is absolutely fearless, and has played in a number of animal pictures. Her eyes are blue; she has a wealth of sunny, golden hair and an enchanting smile. Some of the later Selig picture-plays she has appeared in include *Juvenile Lovers*, *Orders*, *The Baby and the Leopard*, and the Selig Red Seal play *Sweet Alphonso*. She is exclusively engaged by the Selig Company.

Portraits of these and other child players will be published in later pages.



F. A. E. (East Ham).—None of the casts you ask for are available. Sorry.

Benny (Brighton).—A few months back we published a beautiful frontispiece portrait of Anna Stewart and her aunts together. Charlie Chaplin's mother lives by the seaside somewhere. It may be Brighton. PICTURES and THE PICTUREGOER were amalgamated two years ago.

GARTH (Sharpness).—and others. Sorry some of the "Find the Film" letters were mislaid in your copies. Here they are complete. No. 8, ACDEGHIOSTV. No. 14, ADEHIJLMN. No. 16, EHIJLTV. Stewart Rome is not married. The consent of author or publisher of the poem, perhaps both, would have to be obtained before you could base your plot on it.

R. G. E. P. (Barnstaple).—Address: Fred Paul, Winton Hall, Isleworth, Middlesex. Most likely you would get a reply from him. Cinema players are good-natured people. The other address we do not know. No postcards of Pearl White yet.

Florida (Liverpool).—Address Mrs. Sidney Drew, c/o World Film Corp., 130 West 46th St., New York City, U.S.A.

MOTION PICTURE GIRL (Birmingham).—Ella Hall plays for Universal. Playing for the pictures is more difficult than acting on the stage, in fact many successful stage players are screen failures. On the stage the artist's have the use of space to convey their meaning, but actions only are possible for a film story. By having a process block engraved of photo or sketch you can have it printed on a postcard.

MINNIE (Liverpool).—Glad you are content to read, keep it up. How nice to have autographed portraits of Florence Turner and Mary Fuller.

GERTIE (Battersea).—Address Arthur Ashby, c/o Vitaphone Co., East 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. Always pleased to hear from you and your friend, Gertie.

E. S. D. (Forest Hill).—A letter addressed D. W. Griffiths, c/o Reliance Film Co., 537, Riverdale Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A., would find him. The cast you want was not given.

NIL DESPERANDUM (Sheffield).—Mary Dibley played lead with Gerald Ames in "The Shulamite." See our interview with the latter in a recent issue.

GEORGE (Liverpool).—We have picture postcards of the following "London Film" players—Edna Fegith, Gerald Ames, and Charles Rock. We have no record of the cast you mention.

J. C. D. (Hull).—Our publishers have dealt with your subscription. Thanks for interesting letter. The Answers Man is unusually happy after reading all you say about him. Glad to hear your sailor brother and yourself are doing your bit. May you soon be a reunited family.

F. H. (Southampton).—Maurice Martin Picture Co., 1,000, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. and New Marston Co., 1, General Street, London, W. Maurice Cambridge, Estelle Maude, Irene Mills, Mary Church, and the Costelloe children played in "The Lost Mac" Co. (Vitaphone). The other was not published.

NANCY (Sutton).—Address: Mary Prescott, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 567, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd St., New York, U.S.A. She is twenty-two years old in April. Florence La Roche was not married last August, but may have taken the plunge since, Nancy.

HILDA (Sheffield).—Add: East June Road, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Kisses duly noted.

CHERRY (Highbury).—Pearl White is not married. We shall publish an interview shortly. The staff is invigorated with your "foremost bean."

H. R. (Bromley).—The Company you name does not publish their casts, so we are helpless.

ALICE (Bedford Park).—Glad you are "getting along nicely," and have heard from Charlie Chaplin. Good luck to you, Alice.

HILDA (Southampton).—Address: Anna Little, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City. Have sent your love to Edie Lovers.

H. G. (Wallingford).—says, "Is it possible for any one having the idea of being an actor or actress to communicate with the manager of a certain company as to his or her desires." In other words, you want to act for the pictures. Let us know which Company you wish to apply to and we will give you the address.

B. K. (Farnworth).—writes, "I have an Irish terrier to give away. Will you be kind enough to find somebody who can give it a good home. It is a good house dog, and does not bite children. Answers c/o PICTURES."

Wm. (Westcliff).—"The Country Boy"—"Tom Wilson," "Marshal Norton," "Jane Bellman," "Florence Dagmar," "Amy Leroy," "Dorothy Green," "Mrs. Wilson," "Lola O'Connor," "Mrs. Bannan," "Mrs. Lewis McLeod," "Merle," "H. B. Carpenter," "Wenstern," "Edward Lewis," "Judith Bellman," "Ernest Joy," "Hazel," "Tex Driscoll," "Michaelson," "Al. Ernest Garcia," "Wanda and Wine"—"Dick Seamon," "William Elliott," "The Woman," "Cynthia Day. No postcards of these, Wm."

ALICE (Wolverhampton).—Amongst the 12,000,000 odd titles of films in our registers we do not trace one with the name "Jose" in it. Send us a better clue, Alice. Herbert Rawlinson is Irish, and Anna Little American.

E. C. B. (Gainsborough).—We have sent your love to Blanche Sweet and Jackie Saunders, but we cannot undertake to ask them and the Hepworth players if they will answer your letters. We have quite a lot to do, E. C. B., in getting out PICTURES every week.

C. V. H. (Hignton).—We heartily agree with you that it is very aggravating for the episodes of a serial to conclude in the most exciting part; but that's the idea—the more you see, the more you want to see.

BETTY AND BABS (Sunderland).—So you think our Christmas Number was great—so did we. It was. GWYN (Richmond).—We think little Mary must have at least a dozen secretaries to send off all those portraits on a regular basis, and you are a lucky one. Why do you need pluck to write to us? We are no relation to Kuss or Bill.

EVIE (Birmingham).—(We hope you escaped the Zepus.) Indeed no. We shall be like P. and P. to be published daily. The Editor and "us" get very little leisure time as it is. The crosses at the bottom of your letter are foreign to us. What do they mean?

ENTHUSIASTIC READER (Kensington).—Thank you for all good wishes. Also they could not be conveyed to our office by post as is usual. Better luck next time. That Solar cast is great.

REXALD BARTON (Waltham).—Thank you, Ronnie, for your photos of Charlie. It's great. Look out for a man early issue.



HIDDEN NAMES IN PICTURE PUZZLES
Find the full names of the players illustrated above. Prizes for children who find the greatest number.

MERRY AND BRIGHT (Wallasey).—(Always?) In our World's Greatest Film Artists Contest Vivian Rich occupied 20th position in female players with 7,100 votes. "Flying A" films is one of the brands of the American Film Mfg. Co., of 6,227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. The first film was shown to the public about twenty-five years ago.

C. S. B. (Birmingham).—Thanks for photo, which we have added to our gallery.

A CHEERFUL ONE (Stockport).—Address Betty Nansen, c/o. Fox Film Corporation, 130, West 46th Street, New York City. Have sent your love to Florence Turner and Gertrude McCoy.

CINEMAGOGUE (Leeds). Mary Fuller is with Universal, Flora Finch until lately was with Vitagraph, and Maurice Costello has not yet fixed up with another company since leaving Vitagraph. Much obliged for New Year wishes. Same to you, dear boy.

ELSIE FINDLAY, of 3, Cromwell Road, off Stuart Road, Walton, Liverpool, England, would like to correspond with another girl reader living in America.

LILIAN (Leyton).—"The Christian" is already released, so perhaps you will soon see it. Overjoyed to hear from you, Lilian.

QUEENIE (Dublin).—Marguerite Clark played lead in "The Crucible." Write, Famous Players Co., 166-170, Wardour Street, London: tell them you are a PICTURES reader, and ask when you can see new films of Mary Pickford in your city.

ERNEST (Bedford).—Thanks for letter. You do indeed put in your "bit" for our country. Glad you like "Find the Film" Competition.

FREDDY LI. (Cardiff).—Address Warren Kerrigan, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Courtenay Foote is with the Fine Arts Film Co. The other information is not available.

FAD (Muswell Hill).—We have postcards of Hazel Dawn, and have sent you our list. Address Mae Marsh, c/o. Reliance and Majestic Film Co., 4,500, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. Olga Petrova played title role in "The Vampire." Alec Worcester did not take part of "Stirling." Thanks for kind wishes for 1916.

PICTURE LOVER (Birmingham).—"The Exploits of Elaine" is in thirty-six episodes, each containing two parts. You ask us to accept the mistakes in your letter as kisses. Alas! there were none.

DOLLY (Dulwich).—Address F. X. Bushman, c/o. Metro Film Co., 1465, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., and Ruth Roland, c/o. The Balboa Film Co., Long Beach, California, U.S.A. Of course we shall be pleased to see you, but not on Thursday please, as that is press day.

PRIVATE JOHN LAWSON, 6745, Royal Scots Fusiliers, St. Margaret Ward, St. Mary Hospital, Duxhurst, near Reigate, appeals for back numbers of PICTURES to help him and his comrades get well. Will any of our readers respond?

VICTOR (Willenhall).—You can make a gallery of your film favorites from our stock of postcards (list sent you). We have twelve different ones of Billy Merson, and hundreds of others.

JESSICA (Maida Vale).—James Morrison of Vitagraph is not married. We have not heard that he has joined the Army. We have postcards of him (one kind). Send your orders to PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, W.C.

ANXIOUS (West Bromwich).—We know of no film studio near Birmingham.

FLORRIE (Belfast).—Our sincere sympathies are with you in your hard lot, but cheer up, Florrie, you are young yet, and jollier times are sure to be in store for you. The Manchester Company you mention is a Film Hire Firm and not a producing company.

FLUFFY (Ealing).—Address Gerald Ames, c/o. London Film Co., St. Margarets, Twickenham. We have picture postcards of him, 1d. each. The Answers Man, being still a man and not a lady, appreciates the cabalistic signs in your letter.

BRADFORDIAN (Bradford).—Charlie Chaplin was with Fred Karno's Company in "The Mummified Birds" before he played for the films, so it is quite likely he appeared in Bradford.

A LOYAL CITEM (East Ham).—Address Ella Hall, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. We have postcards of her, one penny each (postage extra). As you are such an old reader of PICTURES you ought to have written to us long ago.

L. R. (Croydon).—Two readers have suggested explanations of your riddle and we publish them in our Letter Bag; and as you are such an ardent reader of PICTURES you have, of course, seen them.

M. B. (Walthamstow).—Write to the Trans-Atlantic Film Co., of 37, Oxford St., London, W., and ask them if any of their films are appearing in your district.

JOHNNY (Worcester). Vol. 8 of PICTURES (with index) can still be had from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London. price 3s. 9d., post-free. Postcard lists on application.

A. W. S. (Capham).—Thanks for your letter which we have published.

CONSTANT READER (Finchley). I am Johnstone played "Dick Savage" in *The Face in the Mirror*. The cast you ask for was not given. We have no postcards of the two players mentioned.

P. N. (West Hampstead). The Trans-Atlantic Film Co.'s London Offices are at 37 to 39, Oxford Street, W.

MAEIE (East Ham).—Address Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., and F. X. Bushman's address is given to another reader on this page. We can supply postcards of Violet Mersereau.

NELLIE (Shepherd's Bush).—Your pleasure in having an autographed photo from Helen Holmes is also ours. You are quite a good girl to secure six new readers.

P. & O. (Grimsby).—Address G. M. Anderson, c/o. Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1,333, Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A., and the postage there is one penny per ounce. Exercise great caution in paying money to cinema schools for tuition.

C. A. R. (Bow).—We have two black-and-white cards of Mary Pickford, and hope to have coloured ones later on. Have sent her your kindest greetings.

JIM CROW (Somewhere or Other).—The following to be had from us will help you a good deal in writing a picture-play. *Paywriting for the Cinema*, price 1s. 2d. post-free, and *How to Write a Picture-play*, price 2½d. post-free. Send your address next time, please.

* * Many replies are unavoidably held over.



MIGNON ANDERSON
the charming Thanhouser player. We stock this postcard of her.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
85 & 86, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone—Gerrard 2595.

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SMILES

Nothin' Doin'.

"So you don't believe in advertising?"
"Emphatically. No! I got my wife through it—bad luck to it."

The Price of Care.

FIRST LITTLE DEAR: "I don't believe you'd care if your husband died and left you."

SECOND LITTLE DEAR: "How much?"

A "Cat"-astrophe.

GIRL: "What's your new gov'nness' name?"

BOY: "Dunno. I call her 'Miss Jones.' Dad calls her 'Dear,' Ma calls her 'Cat.'"

The Principal Party.

MAGISTRATE (to unshorn tramp near the witness-box): "Are you the defendant?"

"No, your worship. I'm only the bloke what stole the cow!"

A Playful Promise.

OLD LADY (at the pictures): "You see that girl on the screen? Well, she promised her mother she'd never be an actress."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "She isn't."

Suspicious Signs.

EDITOR: "Have you submitted this poem to anyone else?"

POET: "No, sir."

EDITOR: "Then how is it you have a black-eye and walk on crutches?"

Behind the Scenes.

KITTY: "Jack didn't blow his brains out the night you refused to marry him. He came over and proposed to me."

HETTY: "Oh, then, he got rid of them in some other way!"

Too Good to Die.

MANAGER: "So you want a week's salary in advance? But suppose you were to die to-night?"

OLD ACTOR: "Sir, you misunderstand me. I may be poor, but, thank Heaven, I'm honest."

Fun at the Pay-box.

MANAGER (to young woman with a baby in her arms who has handed him a ten-shilling note): "Is this your smallest?"

YOUNG WOMAN (quite embarrassed): "Y—e—s, sir. I've only been married a year."

The Looks that Mattered.

"Algy, you must shave off your moustache."

"You wouldn't like me any better without it."

"Oh, it's not your looks that matter but your moustache brushes away my complexion."

His Only Chance, Perhaps.

LITTLE GIRL AT THE CINEMA. Mother, will that missionary go to heaven?"

MOTHER: "Why, of course, dear."

LITTLE GIRL: "And if the cannibal eats the missionary, he'll have to go, won't he?"

More Film Scenes on page 485.



S t e w a r t R o m e
a man in Pictures"



GREATEST OF ALL SERIALS

THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY



**The Story that moved a
Nation has been acquired
by The**

GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE

**Release Dates and Full
Particulars will be adver-
tised shortly.**



PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}

PRODUCED
BY THE
FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO.
LONDON
1915

Famous Players

— CHARLES FROHMAN CO.

presents

The Emotional Star

**PAULINE
FREDERICK**

in

a Superb Production of

"ZAZA"

The Dramatic Sensation
of the Century, by
Berton & Simon.

In Four Acts.

Released Feb. 23th.

**FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO., LTD.,**

166-170, Wardour Street, W.

THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine
of Famous Players, Jesse
Lasky and J. D. Winters
may be obtained by the
public for an annual sub-
scription of 3/- post-free.



A TOUCHING SCENE IN "ZAZA"

Seeking revenge on her lover, Zaza (Pauline Frederick) breaks down over
his little child. (See story on page 497.)



EVERY Picturegoer is familiar with the standard set by Selig Films. When they see the famous trade mark on the programmes they know there is really something "worth while."

Now we will tell you the secret of our success.

We never film a story unless it is logical in its construction, adaptable to the screen from every point of view, and of the kind experience has taught us the public want.

The same applies to the three categories—viz., drama, comedy, and comic.

We never put a film into circulation unless it has passed a severe test with flying colours.

Now you know why the Selig Films that you see are always *par excellence*.

This is apart from the number of successful screen stars who act for Selig Films.

Tom Mix, for instance, is admittedly the greatest and most versatile of all cowboys.

On March 2 and onwards he appears in

THE FOREMAN'S CHOICE.

A veritable thriller. Visit the theatre which screens it and see his gallant and daring rescue of a girl hanging on to the face of a cliff.

Then the following week see him in

THE CHEF OF CIRCLE S

One of the funniest Tom Mix Comedies ever released.

SELIG FILMS, 93-95, WARDOUR ST., LONDON, W.

PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER.

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1916.

New Series, No. 106.



PRETTY IRENE HOWLEY, WHO IS STARRED
With Lionel Barrymore in the Metro picture-play, *A Yellow Street*. Her part is brimful of surprises.
(See page 508.)

Don't Close our Picture Theatres!

"MOVIES" THE WAR-TIME MEDICINE FOR THE MASSES.

AT the moment of going to press the chief topic in film trade circles is the *Evening News* campaign in favour of All-British films. As many readers must be aware, that paper published a few weeks ago a special article in which it stated that "if the Government found it necessary, they would not hesitate to prohibit the importation of foreign films," most of which of course come from America. Two million pounds it asserted was sent from this country to the United States for films last year.

Since the article appeared, other special articles have been published in the same paper deploring the deluge of American films and imploring picturegoers to ask their managers to show British films; from which it is clear that, whether the Government decide to stop American films or not, the *Evening News* at any rate thinks they ought to be stopped to prevent money leaving this country for articles not necessary to our national existence.

At a meeting in London of representatives of every British firm importing films it was pointed out that should this drastic proposal become an actuality the Government would deal a death blow to the entire British cinema industry. In other words, our much loved picture theatres would close, and their audiences would vanish.

What do our quarter of a million readers, all staunch British picturegoers, say to that?

We have always stood up for British productions for all they were worth, and always will do so. But, unfortunately, the films that are worth much would not go far to feed the four thousand odd theatres. Indeed, if all the British film companies suddenly decided to work day and night in order to turn out films with the rapidity of a munitions factory, the output would provide but a mere drop in the ocean. In point of fact, the increasing dearth of men in this country has already brought the activities of some British firms to a standstill, and the *Evening News* itself has stated that one British firm is advertising for women to play men's parts.

Where America Scores.

Compared with the American industry the British film-producing business is merely in its infancy, and cannot get much (if any) "forrader" whilst the war lasts. The wonderful climate on the Pacific Slope, and the great variety of scenery and producing facilities of all kinds, are natural advantages which render it extremely improbable that the British industry will ever be able to compete with the American industry on level terms.

The film industry is essentially international in character—a large percentage of the leading actors and actresses appearing in American films are British, and, conversely, many of the actors and producers employed by British firms in this country are American.

Exactly the same position applies to British authors, dramatists, and scenario writers. The American industry is prepared to pay fair prices for good work, and has purchased quantities of British copyright novels and plays.

British brains and British talent figure prominently in American films.

Assuming that the Government is fully aware of what would occur if imported films were prohibited, it remains to be asked if the country can get along during the war without the cinema theatres. The cinemas have proved themselves to be a great reservoir of national confidence. They have put good heart into the masses and given them incalculable cheer. They have not only assisted to counter the natural depression caused by the war, but they have countered the artificial depression caused by that section of the Press which seeks to injure them. The depression of war and the eager patronage of picture-palaces are obviously two sides of the same medal. All the world knows or should know how much the cinemas have done to diminish the drink evil. Suppose they were compelled to close down, is there a Chief Constable in the country who would be responsible for what might occur when the millions who now patronise this cheap and healthy recreation are left to their own devices in the gloomy streets? Surely the possibilities contained in that reflection are worthy of very serious consideration. The rich can pursue their pre-war pleasures with little or no inconvenience. But what of the working-classes? Truly a blow aimed at the cinemas is a blow aimed at the masses.

"Base Ingratitude."

There are also considerations which give a savour of base ingratitude to such a drastic measure as that under discussion. The cinema theatres have given enormous help to recruiting. One exhibitor alone secured two thousand recruits, and his achievement is typical of many.

The trade has organised the Cinema,ograph Trades Ambulance Fund and subscribed nearly 10,000£, enabling them to present a complete motor-ambulance convoy to the British Red Cross Society. This fund was very liberally supported by American film-producing companies.

The theatres have also been placed unservedly at the disposal of those working for charitable funds connected with the war. In the Queen's record of charitable work during the war, edited by Mr. E. W. Dowding, a high place is given to the cinema theatres. The organisations in the cinema industry for providing amusement for wounded soldiers and sending supplies to prisoners of war are also extensive. As at home, so at the Front, the cinema has proved itself to be an unfailing tonic, and here is no more popular recreation with our Army in Flanders. The programmes for the Army cinemas are

supplied free by the trade. If the cinema industry were forced out of existence by the stoppage of imported films all these useful and patriotic activities would necessarily cease.

What about Munition Workers?

Leaving aside the large revenue which would be lost to the Government in the shape of taxes on film imports and various other taxes affecting the cinematograph trade, one must also consider whether it would be wise to deprive the millions of munition workers of an entertainment which has proved so popular with them. That the Government appreciates the necessity for this cheap and innocent amusement is proved by the fact that cinemas have already been installed at some of the large munition works.

If American films were prohibited the result would be, to quote the words of one of the leading British picture-theatre proprietors, "that the majority of the picture-theatres would have to be closed down, because the running of a theatre without a varied programme would no longer be a commercial proposition," to say nothing of the fact that the livelihood of many thousands of people in this country would be seriously affected.

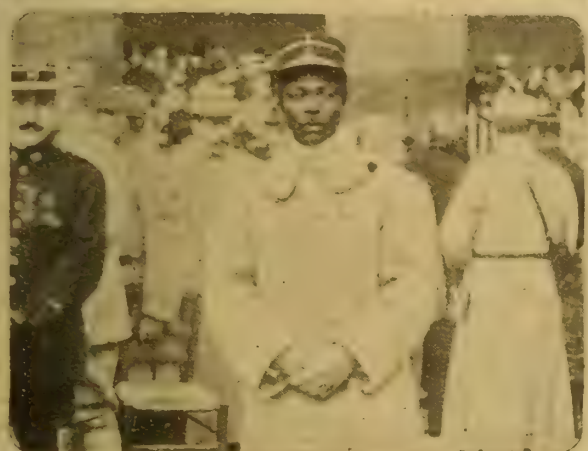
Moreover, there are only four firms in the world manufacturing the celluloid base and raw stock on which films are printed, and none is in England, nor is there any adequate reserve stock in this country, and if it were prohibited the British industry as well would come automatically to a standstill.

In a spirit of patriotism we are content to leave the question of restrictions or prohibition in the hands of the Government, but we do not believe the Government will wish to deprive the masses of what undoubtedly provides the best and greatest relief from the depression of the war for the sake of a sum of money that would keep the war going for but a few hours. It is estimated that £20,000,000 sterling of British money is invested in the industry in this country, and we do not believe that the Government would wish to jeopardise this capital by introducing a measure that would force the closing of our picture-theatres, in spite of the persistent "hints" in Lord Northcliffe's group of newspapers.

A Special Constable nearly got promoted in London last week. He tried to line up the crowd that was waiting to see "THE COMMUTERS." It was too big a job for him, so he arrested a stray kitten for the sake of appearance.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **HEROES ENJOY ONE:** Despite their affliction, our blind men at St. Dunstons enjoy themselves on the river as usual: Here they are seen going down to the boats. 2. **"JUMBO"—LATEST WAR WORKER:** This elephant is constantly at work in the field hauling loads weighing 8 tons. 3. **A DARKEY DECORATED:** Dinah Valifou receives the Cross of the Legion of Honour for bravery in action. 4. **KING "TINO"** reviews his troops at Athens. 5. **AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE:** The Governor-General reviews thousands of Australian troops on their departure for the firing-line. 6. **WHERE THERE'S A WILL—!"** Officer: "Sorry, my lad; chest too small; try the Y.M.C.A. course. He does, and becomes a soldier."

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

IN reply to many, we have no connection whatever with any other film paper, good, bad, or indifferent.

The circulation of PICTURES continues to increase by leaps and bounds—especially leaps, this being Leap year.

What are the titles of the films illustrated on page 507? There are £65 worth of prizes.

Constance Collier makes her film debut in *The Tongues of Men*. Something to talk about! What?

On an average Marguerite Snow writes three hundred letters a week. Many of them go to our readers.

Robert Warwick's boyhood hobby was collecting birds'-eggs. Even now he is frequently "up a tree" whilst the camera waits.

Allan Morley, our cartoonist, has just moved to Hendon, and would like to meet a reader living in that district who is interested in art and pictures. Letters may be sent care of this office.

Henry Walthall is starring in *Mary Page*. In appearing in a serial he has turned another page in his career. Will he, as the story progresses, turn the page down or turn it to a happy ending?



BILLY MERSON AS CHARLES CHAPLIN.

Drawn by Victor Marston, a reader only sixteen years of age.

Gas bombs are not only used at the Front. One was actually employed in *The Larking Peril*, a Kalem drama, in which the actor had to don a respirator.

It is rumoured that Edith Storey intends starting a private detective agency in New York City. Is this because Edith has been sleuthing for a Vitagraph picture during the past month, or is it only a story?

Eleanor Woodruff, the Vitagraph star, recently made bread and biscuits from the wood of several trees coarsely ground up, and served them at a banquet held at her own house. Was it rough on the guests or the wood?

Those film fun-makers, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew, have begun work on their first Metro one reel comedy, *Sweet Charity*, and Mr. Drew appears in thirty-four of the thirty-five scenes! We can't have too much of a Drew who will draw anywhere.

The illusion of the films is complete. When *The Red Circle* (Balboa's big detective story) was being shown in America recently, and Ruth Roland was about to step into a trap, some one in the audience shrieked to warn her of apparent danger—just as if she were present to hear.

Where is Tweedledum?

THE question has often been put to us. Now we can answer it. The famous comedian now belongs to the Vim Company in America, and some startling films in which he appears may be expected in the near future, with Elsie McLeod as his leading lady.

Good for Hepworth's.

"TWO notable productions (*Lois and A Welsh Singer*) shown to the trade," says the *Moving Picture World*, "are the vanguard of many others from the same source to follow. If those to come match in all-round quality these two subjects the position of Hepworth pictures in the American market should be secure."

Clara goes to Cuba.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, the World Film star, will shortly go to Cuba for a big picture adapted from a noted French novel, the name of which is being kept a secret for the present. She won the New York *Morning Telegraph* Popularity Contest, with a total of 1,001,538 votes, or more than all the other contestants combined. All of which proves that she is *some* player.

Mix the Miraculous.

IN another one of those daring Western dramas, *The Passing of Pete*, the bandit hero, Pete, is assailed by real bullets, which kick up no end of a dust around the desperado. Finally a bullet is supposed to hit Pete, who pitches headlong down the side of a steep declivity. He who pitches is Tom Mix, the Selig cowboy. Oh, Tom, Tom! The risks you run!

Why not Picture Prisons?

THERE are some things which the prisons of this country have to learn even from the prisons of Siberia. There, said Mr. J. Foster Fraser, in a lecture on "Russia" at His Majesty's Theatre, every prison has its theatre, and all convicts with a two months' record of good conduct enjoy the relief thus afforded from the monotony of everyday routine. The theatre, one governor told him, maintained discipline better than a hundred warders.

Wanted—a Handsom Man.

The Universal Company of America want a handsome man, and in a Contest which closes on April 1st (Yes, we notice the date) offer the winning handsome one a year's contract as a picture star. Among the photographs they have received is one of a Korean Prince whose name is Pong Yee, who was banished from Korea at the age of twelve. He says he wants to write the story of his life for the films, and that he would call it "Prince Pong Yee's Struggling Life." The struggle to see Pong Yee on the screen would no doubt be a mighty one.

His D but for "Triangle."

H B WARNER has completed his first play, *The Raiders*, with Triangle and is nearing the completion of the second, *The Beggar of Capri*. In the second play he has to wear a beard. An actor considers his face his trademark, and he wants his trade mark to be easily identified. However, H. B. made no kick. "If I can't act the part well enough to overcome so small a handicap I don't deserve it at all," he said. "All I want is a chance to do a real characterisation. If it's good, Warner won't be overlooked!"

England has never sent a more popular young actor to America than Henry B. Warner. As the star of *Alvin Jimmy Valentine* he played a whole year to capacity audiences in New York, and to equally large businesses for several seasons thereafter on the road. More recently he was the star of *The Ghost Breaker*. He is tall, lithe, good-looking, an expert horseman, a man of cultivation, grace, and modesty. *The Beggar of Capri* will afford him special opportunities, for he had relatives in the East Indian Army, and India is as familiar to him as London, New York, or Los Angeles.

Three big Pinero films have been produced by the Hepworth company.

ZAZA

Adapted from the Famous Players Production
By PATRICK GLYNN.



PAULINE FREDERICK AS "ZAZA."

A LITTLE girl danced on the kerb to the rollicking strains of a barrel-organ, and M. Francois Cascart, of the Théâtre des Folies, paused in his walk down the Rue d'Orsel to watch her movements.

Cascart had seen many dances in his time, but the natural grace and *chalance* of this child, who twirled and twisted into a half-dozen different shapes in almost as many seconds, amazed him. An amateur could tell that the girl was untrained. Her ragged dress, thin face, and disordered hair suggested nothing but what she was—a Parisian *gamin*; but Cascart instinctively knew that here was good material for the making of a first-rate dancer, and he slouched in the shelter of a lamp-post, and watched her appreciatively.

From a doorway an elderly woman with good-humoured, round face tinged with the suspicion of dissipation called out:

"Come in, Zaza, you lazy rascal, and clean the rooms up. I'll make you dance a different tune when I get you!"

"All right, Aunt Rosa," shouted the girl defiantly.

Her Aunt rushed out and caught the girl by the arm with the intention of dragging her indoors; but Cascart, who had seen enough, now came forward.

"Just a moment, *Tante*," he said familiarly to the woman. "Here's a franc piece to let your niece dance another tune. I want to see what she can do. From what I have seen already, I think she can do something better for her future living than washing rooms or dancing on the kerb. Give us another tune, organ-grinder." Cascart threw a half-franc to the man, who grinned and obeyed.

Zaza obliged again, this time putting in a few self-taught special movements for the benefit of the stranger.

"Fine!" he ejaculated. "Now, my little Zaza, with your kind auntie's permission, allow me to hand you my card. Call at the address of the Théâtre des Folies, and I'll see what I can do towards licking you into shape."

The next morning Zaza, chaperoned by Aunt Rosa, put in an appearance at the theatre. After an interview, Cascart promised Zaza a two years' training on condition that she signed a six years' contract to appear under no other person than himself, and to this Zaza and Aunt Rosa agreed.

The curtains parted again for the final round of deafening applause. From all parts of the theatre shouts of "*Encore, encore! Zaza!*" drowned the crashing notes of the orchestra, and the favourite of the music-hall public smiled her pleasure and gratitude. She was tired, far more tired than the enchanted audience suspected, and they were forced to remain content with a bow and a smile as the curtains swung together for the last time. Zaza's performance had been a revelation. Her impetuous, wild nature which still remained untamed in spite of her theatrical training, possessed just the spice of *diablerie* that pleased. When she returned to her dressing-room, Cascart entered it smiling.

"Congratulations, my dear Zaza," he said, "we have been getting on since I first discovered you, eh?"

"Yes, my friend," replied Zaza; "your little speculation turned out good. We shall come to the end of our six years' contract in another few months."

"I want to renew it," said Cascart hastily.

"Very well, my friend," replied Zaza; "we shall look into the matter again."

She left the theatre a famous woman. All Paris was talking about her dancing; Zaza was the sensation of the hour.

On her way home a little child, who ran into the road after a truant puppy, collided with a gentleman, whose brutal instincts made him raise his stick to beat the child. Zaza's temper burst forth and she told the gentleman what she thought of him—a circumstance which made him transfer his wrath from the child to the woman. He raised his stick threateningly, but he found himself pushed suddenly back and the stick dragged from his hand. Another stranger had opportunely intervened.

"Monsieur!" said the brute angrily, "since you will interfere in what does not concern you, here is my card!"

The stranger replied in kind, and cards were exchanged, after which Zaza turned to her and the child's protector.

"Monsieur," you must not fight a duel with that beast on my account!"

"Madame, it is a pleasure to fight sometimes. And that beast, as you rightly remark, deserves what he will get!"

The pair bowed and parted. The stranger had dropped one of his cards on the pavement when handing another to his opponent, and Zaza, picking it up, read "M. Henri Dufrene, 64 Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris."

Without losing any time, Zaza went to seek Cascart for the purpose of asking a particular question.

"Oh! Cascart," she remarked, "where do they fight a duel here in St. Etienne?"

"The last one took place in the Bois," replied Cascart.

The next morning Zaza ordered a fiacre, and drove to the Bois with the intention of stopping the duel if it were possible; but she was only just in time to see its conclusion and to discover that Dufrene was wounded.

Zaza's interest in her unknown defender had deepened. On seeing him fall she rushed forward and placed his head on her lap. The doctor in attendance made a quick examination, thinking the new arrival was the wounded man's wife, and reassured her. "The wound is in the shoulder and not mortal, Madame."

On hearing this, Zaza had the injured man conveyed to her carriage, and taken to the hospital. Here she gave precise instructions as to the care to be taken of him, and then she went to the theatre to play her part; but through it all she could see the man's pale face as it had rested on her lap.



"A SOUVENIR FOR YOU!" ZAZA IN HER DRESSING-ROOM.



ZAZA MEETS HER LOVER'S WIFE AND FLIES FROM THE HOUSE

She made many inquiries at the hospital, sometimes in company with Cascart, until one day the patient was well enough to return home. For several weeks she heard nothing; then Cascart came to her one evening after the performance.

"Your hero has been discharged from the hospital," he remarked chaffingly. "He is in front to-night."

"Ask M. Dufrene to come to me," replied Zaza, excitedly.

M. Dufrene came in, looking none the worse for his recent experiences. Zaza's impetuous nature overflowed, and for the rest of the evening she was "not at home" to any one, even to the Duc de Brissac, whose silly old head was full of love-schemes in which Zaza was to be the principal figure. Dufrene thawed under the charm and vivacity of Zaza's manner, and very soon found himself conversing with her as though he had known her a lifetime. At her invitation he accompanied her home to tea, after which she remarked sily:

"I can never learn my songs without a prompter; since my maid is not here, won't you help me?"

A few minutes later Dufrene found himself accompanying this unsophisticated young woman, and putting her right when she forgot her lines. A little later the Duc de Brissac was announced. He came into the drawing-room with an ingratiating smile and a bunch of hothouse flowers.

"I am engaged, M. le Duc," announced Zaza, brusquely.

"Only let me salute your hand, charming Zaza."

"There," replied the girl indifferently, extending her hand, upon which the old *roué* bestowed a chaste salute. With a polite bow he retired, whilst Zaza turned to Dufrene.

"Why will the old fool insist when he knows I detest him," she pouted.

Dufrene departed, with a promise to return the next evening. The friendship ripened into love on the woman's side, and before long it was known in theatrical circles that a left-handed alliance existed between Zaza and Dufrene. All Zaza's love was bestowed on the hero who had fought a duel for her and endangered his life.

The one thing that puzzled Zaza was that the visits to her country house, where she and Dufrene spent their happiest hours, were curtailed by sudden calls to Paris. He made a plea of business visits, and one of these absences lasted several weeks without her hearing anything of him. But her love, though disquieted at times, overpowered every fear and scruple, and when Dufrene furnished a villa for Zaza within easy reach of Paris she was quite happy in his love, and imagined that he was free of all ties.

A condition of things had come to pass which did not please Cascart. The promised renewal of his contract with Zaza was dropped for the time being, for Zaza's whole time and attention was given to her lover. He frequently pleaded with her to renew her contract, but Zaza was obdurate, for rehearsals and performances took time, which would make her time at Dufrene's side all the shorter. Cascart could see that the girl was thoroughly infatuated with her lover, and he was about to throw up the idea of Zaza ever returning to the

theatre when he learned a piece of news that sent him back in hot haste to Zaza's villa.

He came ostensibly to ask her once again to renew her contract, and, on receiving the expected refusal, he leaned back in his chair and delivered the knock-out blow.

"Your affair with Dufrene cannot last for ever. Suppose he was married?"

"Married!" echoed Zaza. Her face became pale, and she turned on the man like a panther. "What do you mean? Married! Of course not. He told me he wasn't."

Cascart laughed. "What else do you expect him to say, my dear?" he continued. "Listen to me. Last evening I was having a cup of chocolate outside the Café Madeline, and our friend Dufrene, with a delightful young woman, sat down at a table near me, and ordered chocolate for two. They were so domestic in their manner, that afterwards, when I heard the dear lady was Madame Dufrene, I was not surprised."

"It's a lie!" burst out Zaza with jealous anger.

Cascart thought he had said enough for the moment, and wisely left the now enraged Zaza to herself. Soon after his



THE HAPPINESS OF WHICH ZAZA NEVER KNEW

departure one of her stage friends called, and Zaza put out her story. Louise, who had married happily, a thing that Zaza secretly envied when she thought over her own alliance with Dufrene, murmured her sympathy, but could give no advice, as there seemed none to give.

Zaza put on her outdoor costume, and, seizing her friend by the arm, said: "Come with me to Paris, Louise. I believe Cascart lies; but if Dufrene is married, I'll soon sour their chocolate for them."

The two started out, arriving an hour later at the address on the card which Zaza had kept. Zaza was raging inwardly, whilst Louise was quaking, for she hardly liked the prospect of leaving a deceived wife and an angry husband. But perhaps, after all, Cascart had lied to induce her to return to the theatre. She would soon know.

They knocked at the door, and the servant on opening it, said: "Are you the Madame Dunoier who is expected?"

Zaza looked puzzled for a moment, then she realised that they had been taken for some expected visitor. She seized the opportunity to study her position before committing herself, and answered, "Yes, I am Madame Dunoier."

"Come into the drawing-room," continued the maid, showing them into the house. "Madame Dufrene will be down in a few minutes."

Zaza's eyes flashed, but no sound escaped her lips. The visitors went into a cosy drawing-room, whilst the maid went upstairs to announce "Madame Dunoier's" arrival. Zaza looked around her with ironic interest. The room was certainly charming, and showed all the evidence of a woman's thought and care.

"I suppose this is where they sometimes have their chocolate?" remarked Zaza, sarcastically.

"What are you going to do?" asked Louise.

"Do!" cried Zaza, bitterly. "I won't give him up. I'll give her cause to free him. He belongs to me."

The door opened, and Zaza rose with set lips, expecting to confront Madame Dufrene. Instead, she saw a little girl of four, who walked over to Zaza with a quaint air of proprietorship, saying "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" stammered Zaza, looking keenly at the child. One look convinced her that the child was Dufrene's.

"I have just been out," continued the child. "We went for a long ride. I enjoyed it very much, but I am glad to get back to Papa. He is coming home to-night."

"Is he?" echoed Zaza at last. "Do you love your papa?"

"Yes," replied the child, artlessly. "She ran over to the piano. 'I'll just play you some new tunes I learned.' The piano tinkled a nursery rhyme, after which the player began to talk about her father again.

"Will we see Indians in America?" she asked, leaning her head on Zaza's lap.

"I expect so," replied Zaza, smilingly. "Why do you ask?"

"Because Papa is taking us to America next week, and we shall be away for a couple of months. It will be nice to see the Indians. Have you a little girl?" the child asked suddenly, looking up at the woman.

"No," replied Zaza in a low tone. Her eyes were full of tears, and she rose to her feet. She had come with ideas of revenge in her mind, but what availed it when it would not only ruin Dufrene and his wife, but also ruin this child's chances of future happiness. She was about to leave the room, when the door again opened. It was Madame Dufrene.

"I was about to go, Madame," said the ready-witted Zaza after a keen glance at the woman whom she now wished to avoid. "It's all a mistake, caused by my name being also Dunoier."

"It's all right," replied Madame Dufrene pleasantly, as Zaza and Louise fled amid profuse apologies. When they got outside, Zaza, with a sob in her voice, turned to her companion. "I came for revenge. See how I carried it out."

"What do you mean?" asked Louise wonderingly.

"The child stopped me. I couldn't do it," replied Zaza, with a new expression in her eyes.

That evening Dufrene called to see Zaza. That young woman was a consummate actress, and her manner towards him was the same as ever. Before parting he looked a little constrained, and said to Zaza, "I leave shortly for America on business, but I'll soon return."

"Yes, I know," replied Zaza, quietly, "your child told me all about it."

Had a bombshell fallen at Dufrene's feet he could not have looked more astounded. A sudden rage shook him, and,

seizing her by the shoulders, he said, hoarsely: "You dare I take to my home and talk to my wife and child. You!"

"Yes," replied Zaza with equal passion, "and I told them so!"

"My God!" said the man, placing his hands to his eyes.

"What infamy! You have sold me. How can I go home now?" Zaza's rage at being classed as something much less than his wife to him had stung her bitterly. Heretofore her romance was over. She would give up this man once and for all, and going towards the husband, she handed him his hat and umbrella, and pointed to the door.

"Go home without fear," she said, sternly. "I lied. I left your home as peaceful as you found it, but not for your sake."

Zaza's calm anger awed the man more than the most violent outburst. Without a word he left the room, and Zaza threw herself on the couch, and cried bitterly.

The next day she renewed her contract with Cascart, and again the newspapers became enthusiastic about the public favourite. There was little change in her manner. Few who looked at Zaza would have suspected that she had gone through the fire; but a calm air of restraint succeeded her previous boisterousness, and only Cascart knew the cause.

Two years passed away, and one night Zaza, leaving the theatre, was about to get into her motor-car, when her attention was aroused by the figure of a gentleman near by, who was holding a child by the hand. For a second Zaza's heart ceased to beat, then raced madly. The gentleman approached and raised his hat. It was Dufrene, and on his left sleeve he wore a mourning-band. The child was also dressed in black.

"My wife is dead," said Dufrene simply. "I have been in the theatre to-night, and waited here to speak to you. I have been thinking of you a good deal lately, Zaza, if I can say I have ever ceased to think of you. Will you come to my side again—this time as my wife?"

Zaza looked at him as though her thoughts were far away. Dufrene had never known how she had suffered at the first parting, and that the only antidote to her grief had been the hard work she had put into her theatrical career.

"I can never take up my life as I left it with you," said Zaza.

"This will be different," pleaded Dufrene. "You will be my wife. Of course, you will no doubt give up the theatre then."

"I gave it up for you once before," replied Zaza, "and it became my only solace when you went away. Don't mistake me, I love no other man. You are the last I shall ever know. I think of you as dead. Leave me alone with my memories. Good-bye."

"No, not Good-bye. *Au revoir!* Perhaps some day."

But Zaza entered her car, and a few seconds later Dufrene found himself with his child, alone on the pavement.

Those of our readers who have seen Pauline Frederick in *The Eternal City* will not need to be told that she is a consummate actress. In the rôle of "Zaza" you will find her magnificent, as also is she in *Belladonna*, a film to follow. The rest of the Zaza cast is "Dufrene," Julian L'Estrange; "Cascart," Mark Smith; "Madame Dufrene," Ruth Sinclair; "The Child," Helen Sinnott; "Louise," Blanche Fisher. The film, which is in four acts, is controlled by J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.



"YOU DARE TO TAKE TO MY WIFE AND CHILD. YOU!"

"DOWN IN FRONT."

MOVING PICTURES AND MOVING CONVERSATION.

By Hazen Conklin.

Illustrations by Thorndon Fisher.

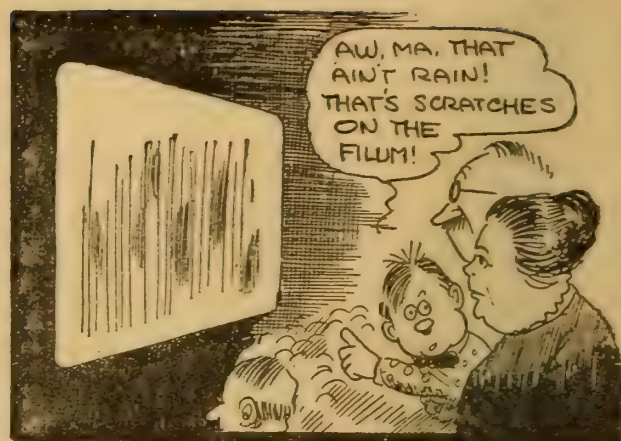
Reprinted from the "Moving Picture World."

THE McGABBS ENJOY A WAR DRAMA.

(Stout, red-faced Mrs. McGabb leading; stout, thin, submissive-looking Henry, her husband, following, and red-haired, dog-nosed Willie fetching up in the rear, the McGabb family trails down the aisle in search of a seat; house in darkness, last hundred feet of a comedy flickering on the screen.)

Mrs. McG.: Here's three seats, Henry. You and Willie go in first so's I can have the aisle.

WILLIE: Aw, Ma! Cum on down front more! I wanna go down front where I c'n watch the pianna feller wiggle his ears!



WILLIE: Oh, lookit, Pa, there's gonna be a battle! Zowie! Lookit the sojers gettin' shot. Hey Pa, when they fall over dead, ain't they supposed to stay dead? Didja see that feller die and then open his eyes when the horse almost stepped on him?

Mr. McG.: He didn't want to get hurt. He's got to fight again in the next battle.

WILLIE: Aw, Pa, them ain't real sojers. Why, they shoot without aimin' or nothin'. That skinny one shot way over the head of the one with whiskers and the one with whiskers fell right off his horse! Oh! lookit, they're gettin' licked. They're running away. The General told 'em all to beat it! Say, Pa, I thought Generals had armies of thousands and thousands of men and this one ain't got but forty—I counted 'em. And some of them is dead!

Mrs. McG.: I think it was a shame to make them actors fight battles in such a pourin' rain! The poor things might get pneumonia and die in real earnest.



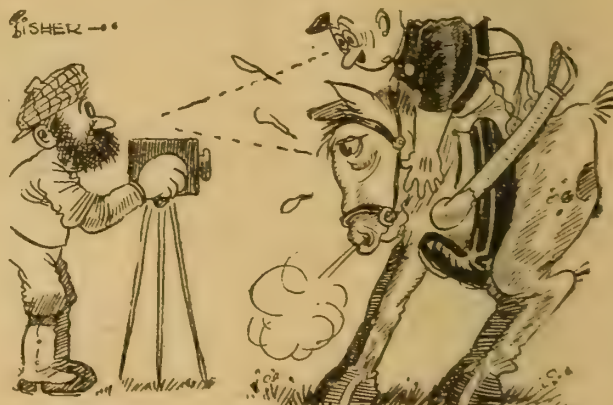
Mrs. McG.: We'll sit here, young man! The pictures is easier to watch a little ways off.

WILLIE: But I wanna see the soldiers die, Ma!

Mrs. McG.: You can see 'em die just as dead here as you can in here. There! It's a comfort to get off my feet.

WILLIE: Oh, goody! This is the war pitcher, now, Ma! The *Caion Spy*. Tomny Jones says it's great! Oh, lookit, Pa—lookit, the sojers on horseback! Are them real sojers, Pa, or just actors? Hey, ain't the horses fat! Is that what makes the sojers legs stick out and makes 'em bounce so? Lookit 'em gallop. What makes 'em look so scared, Pa, is the enemy comin'?

Mrs. McG.: Not yet, I guess. I guess they're afraid they'll fall off.



THE HORSES DON'T RECOGNIZE THE CAMERA MAN.

WILLIE: Aw, Ma, that ain't rain! That's scratches on the film—it's been used so many times it's got all scratched up. Gee, I'd like to've seen it when it was new! Say, Pa, I wonder what makes 'em wheel their horses like that every time. Didja ever notice how every time the sojers get on their horses, instead of ridin' right off, they wheel 'em around on their hind legs and then go off lickety-larrip?

Mr. McG.: It ain't the soldiers, Willie, it's the horses themselves. Probably the cameraman hasn't shaved for a week and the horses don't recognise him. They think his face is a bunch of hay and then when they see it ain't they're scared to death.



AIN'T THEY SUPPOSED TO STAY DEAD?



Look out for the Story of

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

in "PICTURES" soon.

Launching an Exclusive

*** A Peep Behind the Scenes ***
By DUNCAN KEITH.

EXCLUSIVE to this Theatre" has a world of meaning to those interested in a particular film. When you see that announcement upon the posters issued by your favourite local picture-theatre, don't you wonder what it means? Probably you realise, quite unconsciously, that the film can only be seen there; but what is behind the phrase? Come with me, and be initiated into one of the difficult branches of the cinematograph business.

The ramifications of the trade are many, three distinct sections being drawn upon to provide you with each programme. There are "open market," "topical," and "exclusive" films. The first term includes all the smaller films, the second the news-films and films illustrating local happenings or great events, such as earthquakes, wonderful ceremonies, and pictures from the seat of war. The third term embraces the big film of the programme—that which occupies an hour or more in projection.

How does your local theatre secure it? Certain of the distributing agencies—renters is their trade name—handle distinct "brands." Other firms, more numerous by far, purchase films here and there. It is with the activities of the latter that this short article will deal.

There is nothing haphazard about the purchase of an Exclusive. Infinite care and patience, allied to a knowledge of the "pulling" power of a picture, are exercised in the decision to accept or reject a film. Some manufacturers introduce a notable subject to the trade by means of a trade show, but that is not always the custom, it is rather the exception. The average trade show is the private exhibition of a film already purchased by a renting firm, who select this method in order that exhibitors and "viewers"—the men who advise exhibitors to book or decline—may witness the projection of the story under the most favourable circumstances.

The other kind of trade-show is where the British producer, or the agent of the American manufacturers, exhibit the film to renters and exhibitors in order to find a customer among the former and advertise the film among the latter. The exhibition has been very carefully advertised, and renters who are on the look out for a really good subject are represented by an expert viewer, who may be in a position to make an immediate offer for the film, or, on the other hand, repeat favourably or unfavourably upon the film. Such a method as this is only adopted in the case of films well

above the ordinary run. Really outstanding films are few and far between.

How Films are Sold.

Usually the practice followed is to send the film to the offices of renters until a purchaser is found. Care is taken that the subject is received on the recognised viewing days. Firms handling a big volume of business set aside hours on certain days for viewing new productions. You might imagine this to be a pleasurable task. Occasionally it is so, but it is no exaggeration to say that the viewing experts of a big firm have a poor opinion of many of the films they see.

Competition is so keen that nothing but the best offered will satisfy them,



FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED: No. 22.

"The Three Feathers" (Lacogue). Drawn by Allan Mooney.

and even then the best sometimes results in financial loss, or an almost negligible profit. This is not because their judgment is at fault, but is due to the existence of a barrier between the producer and the public—the exhibitor. Many films of more than average merit reach comparatively few picture-theatres because the exhibitor or the viewer, acting on his behalf, holds the opinion that the public would not like them. For this reason many a good film, especially if it seeks to point a "moral," is "turned down."

You readers of PICTURES will one day wipe out the power of this class of exhibitor, and will succeed in doing this when you demand that a picture highly spoken of by its producers is screened at your theatre.

But this is a digression.

Behind the Scenes.

Now come with me into the private projection theatre of the firm whose guest you are. Accustomed to a large theatre crowded with people, and appropriate music being played to a

picture on a large screen, it strikes you as peculiar to be sitting in a small room, comfortable and admirably adapted to the purpose though it be watching a new film being screened at a much faster rate than you expected. You whisper, "Why so fast?" and learn that there are twenty thousand feet to get through; more than two whole programmes!

Mid-way through the first reel the silence is broken. "Who is that merchant on the left? He keeps popping in." One answers, "That's the brother of the girl." "No, it isn't, it's the father." What does that convey to you? It settles a question you have been dying to ask. The story isn't clear.

That's just it. The sub-titles are badly written and the plot is hidden in doubt.

"Ease down a bit," is the order to the operator, and a little later—perhaps in the second reel—comes the query—"How many reels, four? Stop and put on the last reel." That is a curious way of viewing you think, but there's method behind it. The action right through has been good, and if the final part is thrilling the film will be re-viewed on the morrow. Then if it passes judgment it will be purchased, edited, and re-titled. The next to be screened is an American film from a first-class firm of producers. Now your experience no different—during the titling; the story is beautifully told; the photography is perfect and the acting good. You are delighted, and when "The End" comes, and the light floods the room, you think "They will buy this." But you are wrong. Listen to the conversation: "Too slow." "No money in it." "So-and-so's conception of the part is excellent, but the girl—no good." "I rather like it," remarks another. "So do I, but we have one now on the same theme." The result is that within a week or two that film will be handied by a rival firm.

Next in order is one of the sensational brand. Such a contrast to the last, and the silence is soon broken by undertone conversation. "What about it?" asks a voice. "Not a bit of good." And the operator grins as his assistant puts four reels aside.

"Pay particular attention to this and tell him to run just over theatre speed," is the order as the pick of the bunch is put on the machine. Whatever the

I commute.	We commute.
Thou commutest.	You commute.
He, she or it commutes.	They commute.

But how on earth is it done?

inequalities of the others, you are certainly viewing a "winner" now—a film that will be the talk of the country in moving-picture circles. Amid almost perfect silence the projection continues. Plot, acting, photography, and "grip" are first-class, and you are quite sure that the picture will be bought.

"Well?" asks the same voice. "A winner; but too long." "How much do they ask?" "What can you book it for?" come the replies. The last question is important.

"Cut down to five we ought to do so much" is the answer. "I'll offer so-and-so," naming a figure which staggers you. "Do you all agree?"

The remainder of the batch are ordinary films, the net result of the view being two acceptances on terms to be arranged. You have been fortunate. For a month nothing really worth while has been seen. A few days later the film has been purchased and the first stage in the public life of a new Exclusive concluded.

Future operations will prove whether the judgment of the experts has been sound, but there is still a long way to go. When the film—it is known as the "show copy"—has been reduced in length and, if necessary, a new main title decided upon, the publicity side of the business gets busy. "Release, date," the first day you will have an opportunity of witnessing a public exhibition, is decided upon. It may be three months ahead, the selection of the day to avoid clashing with any other big film being carefully considered.

Immediately the date is fixed advertisements appear in the trade papers and a trade show for exhibitors is arranged for.

Meanwhile the film has again been viewed, and the scenes best suited to posters selected. The synopsis is in active preparation—this being the story of the film illustrated with the most striking scenes.

Then, having been shown in London the film goes on its travels throughout the country. If the firm has provincial branches the "trade" see it in their own projection theatres, if not a picture-theatre is engaged. The film you have seen is a "money-maker;" exhibitors realise that, and competition to secure early runs is pretty keen. Supposing the firm handling it are wide awake, you read the story in PICTURES, not a plain, unvarnished narrative, but a living story in which you spend over again your evening in that little theatre.

Another evening you go to the cinema and renew acquaintance with the film; you so pleasantly remember.

"THE COMMUTERS"

DON'T ALL GO HOME

ON THE 5.15.



MINIATURE MARVELS OF THE "MOVIES"

By LANGFORD REED.



THERE are few picturegoers not interested in films containing an appealing "child interest," yet how many people can say that there are any real juvenile "stars" on the screen? Over and above that type of alleged infant prodigy which, in business hours, wears baby socks and indulges in the vernacular of the nursery, but away from the studio is often a bored adolescent, there are few children on the film who play any but extremely minor parts.

Amongst the tiny minority high place must be given to the six-year-old Mackenzie Twins, Ida and Ella, the youngest screen stars in the world!

Discovered by Broncho Billy.

As we related a week or so ago, the children were taken to the Essanay studio to keep them out of mischief by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, who are also artistes attached to the company, and, more for a joke than anything else, Bob Mackenzie suggested that one of his children should play a part in a film, and the producer took him seriously. Little Ella showed such remarkable aptitude that after playing in this role she was engaged for others. Then of course Miss Ida wanted an opportunity, and she proved herself no less capable than her sister. The attention of G. M. Anderson, the famous Broncho Billy, was called to them, and in a few weeks he had enrolled both little girls as regular members of the stock company. He also arranged for a series of one-act dramas to be written, in which they could be specially featured in the "star" parts.

Their First Film.

Their first film, released a few weeks ago, is *The Little Prospectors*, a charming romance of the old mining days, showing how, paradoxically enough, bad luck is often the road which leads to fortune. The story runs as follows: Broncho Billy had prospected all the available ground in his district, but not a speck of the precious metal rewarded his search. Disgusted, he and his young wife decided to strike new territory. Meanwhile their tiny son and daughter had gone "prospecting" on their own account. The boy discovered his father's blasting powder, and set the explosive near some rocks. But the charge exploded prematurely, and the little prospector and his sister were knocked down unconscious. They were discovered by their distracted parents and taken home, but on the arrival of the doctor their fears were happily allayed, for he pronounced them in no danger. Then, revisiting the scene of the accident, an old servant discovered the ground strewn with nuggets, evidently dis-

lodged by the explosion, and which the parents in their anxiety had overlooked. And that was how the vein of gold was struck through the efforts of the "Little Prospectors."

Other films in which they appear are *The Snakeville Twins*, *The Lullaby's Narrow Escape*, *Broncho Billy and the Posse*, and several more, through the medium of which they hope soon to make the acquaintance of the great picturegoing public. Already the Press are taking a lively interest in them.

The Terror of the Studio.

Far from being colourless little persons, Ida and Ella possess very striking individuality. Their comedy powers are particularly remarkable in children of such tender years—their facial play, as shown in close-up views, being really wonderful. While perfectly willing to be taught their craft, they have their own original and childish mannerisms in connection with it, and these, of course, add immeasurably to the charm of their pictures. In the studio they are the mingled delight and distraction of all the company, and seem to act on the proposition that all work and no play would soon make the Twins very uninteresting little actors indeed.



BRONCHO BILLY AND HIS PROTEGE.

(One of the Mackenzie Twins.)

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

A Good Investment.

Best wishes from an old friend of PICTURES. You will be glad to hear that your paper was responsible for putting me into the way of scenario writing for the films. I never knew a thing about pictures until I saw your journal in a newsagent's window one day. I bought it and have bought it every week since.
E. G. Kelso.

We Always Said So.

I have decided at last to air my grievances. During the past week I have seen two very good pictures but one thing spoiled them. The sub-titles were all in red lettering. They may be pretty but red letters on the screen are very hard to read, and personally I consider that plain black and white is very much better.
H. D. Workson.

Why Spoil the Show?

Our town is crowded with Canadian troops. The consequence is that the few picture halls here are also crowded whatever the programme be like. Result, the managers do not trouble what sort of films they get, some of them are awfully odd. Don't you think that they might try to show decent films when they do such fine business?
M. L. J. (Folkestone).

Will You Cheer Them?

As regular readers of PICTURES my chin and I thought you might be interested to know that your popular weekly is thought so much of thousands of miles from home. We have it sent from home as often as they can send it. If you know any readers who would like to write us a few lines please refer them to us. A letter from the homeland goes a long way to cheer a chap up. Our addresses are Driver W. Holt, 9282 B Battery, 169th Brigade, R.F.A., Mediterranean Exped. Force, and Driver L. Clark, 16389 of the same company.

More Grumbles.

Last evening I went to the pictures and out of the seven subjects which were shown five of them were topical war films. They were very interesting. I must admit, but we know that there is a war raging only too well, and do not want to see war, war, war when we expect a little relief from the continual horror of slaughter and devastation. One of the other two pictures was a morbid one, whilst the other was supposed to be a comedy. Do you think the manager of the theatre would mind if I wrote and told him what I thought of his programme?
B. S. (Highgate).

In case you have difficulty in obtaining "PICTURES" regularly, hand this order to your newsagent.

SAMPLE OF
NEWSAGENT

Please deliver "PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER" to me weekly for the next three months and afterwards until further notice.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

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Here is a story of intense human appeal vividly depicting how the past life of a young wife threatens her happiness, and how Providence, with a master touch, saved her from death and disaster.

THE OLD SIN

A SOCIETY DRAMA IN 3 ACTS



Look for the Artistic Posters announcing this film at your favourite Cinema or mention it to the Manager.

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Our Picture Players' Portrait Gallery



JACK RICHARDSON, of the "Flying A" Company. He is probably the most beloved villain on the screen. A recent film, *The Smugglers' Cave*, shows him in a fine part.



LILY SAXBY, the beautiful English player. She had a strong part in the recently produced *Burnt Wings*, and is sure to be seen in many leading roles to come.



CLAIRE McDOWELL, of the Biograph Company. One of her best known parts was in *Flashes of Inspiration*. Her versatility and beauty have made her popular with all.



JOHN MacANDREWS, who has figured in hundreds of Hepworth films. In a typical "MacAndrew" part. He has just appeared in the Hepworth film *Fifty Thousand Pounds*.

THE CINEGOER

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HIGHAM

Will be on Sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls,
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ON

FEBRUARY 21ST,

but

IF you desire to have a copy of this new weekly paper devoted to the most interesting events in the Film World of 1916 you must order a copy from your local newsagent or at any bookstall *to-day*. The edition is, owing to the condition of the paper market, necessarily limited. 2d. weekly or 9/- per annum post paid.

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Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once**. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the eighth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions get the next set in PICTURES on sale Feb. 26th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A **£10 note** will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Name

8th SET.

Address



29. Scene from
Letters used: **A D L N O S T W**

30. Scene from
Letters used: **A E G H N O R T U**



31. Scene from
Letters used: **A E F G H L O R S T V Y**

32. Scene from
Letters used: **A C E H I L N R I Y**



Mer-y Maids in *Midnight at Maxims*, the big, bright Kalem production now being shown.

PEOPLE IN THE PICTURES

In the Dark.

THE occasion was the celebration of Queen Alexandra's birthday at Sandringham, and Herman Finck tells of his experiences in playing to pictures from a dark corner from which he was unable to see the screen.

"During the change of scene from the *Follies* to the play," says Mr. Finck, in *Town Topics* "the bioscope was to be shown, and from my little corner I was to play descriptive music on the piano. As I explained to George Ashton, in the case of descriptive music it is just as well for the accompanist to be able to see the screen, because, after all, there is some sort of an art in appropriate descriptive music to pictures. It is not exactly a case of 'anything will do,' and I did not want to make the 'howler' of the American piano-thumper who saluted a Scriptural picture of the Walking on the Waters with 'A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep.'"

"That's all right," said Ashton; "I'll stand in the wings and call the pictures to you."

So on we went.

"River!" hissed Ashton, and the river music rippled.

"Train!" came the voice, and the journey started; but hardly was it under way when the voice sounded again, "Cavalry! The train's over!"

I was gradually approaching nervous prostration when I became conscious of strange things happening around me in the darkness. Dim forms were moving, muffled thumps and voices were sounding.

"Boat!" whispered Ashton appealingly, when some one else in tones of muffled thunder asked: "Where the devil is that table! Put it here, you!"

"Zoological Gardens, quick!" pleaded the prompter, and "Put that infernal chair away!" countered the echo.

"Review!" and on I pounded, when "For heaven's sake take that piano out of the way!" cried a spirit voice, and the piano rose and left me. I followed it into the darkness, tripping, stumbling, perspiring, but still reviewing, till the pace grew too hot, just as Ashton cried "Curtain."

What's in a Name?

IRENE HOWLEY, who will make her *debut* in Metro pictures in *A Yellow Streak*, and whose portrait appears as our frontispiece, was recently taken into custody by a stern limb of the law in a small upstate town for fast driving. A slip of her tongue and a skid of her machine lost Miss Howley her liberty for the time being. The company of players worked on some exteriors until late in the afternoon, when they turned back with New York City as their goal. It was about forty miles away, which usually means one hour to Miss Howley. She was driving her own Simplex roadster of recent vintage, but the constable who saw Miss Howley coming down the pike thought two hours to New York would be a better speed. He halted the machine and took the young lady to task. After her arrest the constable inquired the make of Miss Howley's car.

"Simplex!" she replied. Then she wondered why he became peevish. Only through the intercession of the diplomatic Mr. Barrymore, who appears with her in the film, was she allowed to go.

Miss Howley was born in Brooklyn, but she doesn't brag about it. She made her *debut* in motion-pictures with the Reliance Company. Later she was engaged by D. W. Griffith, then with the

Biograph, where she appeared in feature pictures for two years. She was starred in *The Moth and the Flame*, with the Famous Players, and appeared in support of Hazel Dawn in *The Heart of Jennifer*. In vaudeville she was known as "The Manhattan Girl."

An "Elaine" Favourite.

CREIGHTON HALE, who is appearing as Walter Jameson in *The Exploits of Elaine*, was playing in *Indian Summer*, a Broadway stage-play, under Charles Frohman, when his work was first noticed and approved by a Pathé director. An attractive proposition was made to him, which was accepted, and since then he has played continually for that company.

This popular actor comes by his dramatic ability naturally, since his ancestors for generations have been on the English stage. His father for years was a favourite with English playgoers, and Creighton embarked on the same career when quite young. He went to America as a member of the Lady Forbes-Robertson's *The Dawn of Tomorrow* company, and liked the country so much that he stayed there.

A Picture Queen's Story.

PEARL WHITE, the heroine of *The Exploits of Elaine*, the Pathé serial now running, although of American birth, is half-Irish and half-Italian.

ARE YOU
ONE OF
'THE COMMUTERS'

? ? ?



CREIGHTON HALE, who is "Walter Jameson" in *The Exploits of Elaine*.

the Irish being on her father's side. She was born in Redalia, attending school in that town and St. Louis. Her early training for professional life began when quite a child in the circus, and formed a physical training from which she benefits to this day. Pearl is a most versatile person. She played in many productions on the legitimate stage before going into pictures, and had the pleasure of being Nat Goodwin's lead-

ing lady. She is vivacious, and has a keen sense of humour. When asked how she came to act, this red-headed, beautiful-complexioned goddess will recount the following story: "When I was about five I was carrying some water one day from the well to the house when a man on horseback asked me if I knew where he could stay for the night. I took him home with me, and he was put in father's cabin. He told us while we were having supper that he was the manager of *Loch Lomond's Cabin* travelling company. Then, seeming to realise my chance, I recited Hamlet's Soliloquy. My effort so pleased him that he offered me five dollars a week and my grub for my services. Next day, clinging gleefully to the back of his horse with my arms tight around my new manager, I sallied forth in search of the big pot of gold that lies at the end of the theatrical rainbow. I was given the part of Eva, and with this company I remained a year. When I got back to Chicago, which had been our starting-point, I found a letter from my mother telling me they had left the old home and gone to a little village. Thither I went, and there, like a very dutiful daughter, I put in six years at school. Then a circus came to the village. Gee! I couldn't resist the temptation; so I applied for a job and got it as a bare-back rider this time.

For several years after that season I returned to the stage, playing with some of the worst and some of the best com-



PEARL WHITE, who is "Elaine" in *The Exploits of Elaine*.

panies. My offer from Pathé came two years ago. I had then already played for Universal and Thanhouser.

"Elaine" always refuses to disclose any of her hairbreadth escapes, but it is not an unknown fact that this gay, vivacious young person is a demon when she gets on to the road with her big yellow car, and it is a strong rumour that several times the police have held her up for exceeding the speed limit.

NEXT WEEK!

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST FILM OF MODERN TIMES

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE

or, THE DIVINITY OF MOTHERHOOD

will appear in the issue of PICTURES published on Feb. 26th.

THE WONDER PICTURE

THE WONDER PICTURE

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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing, and recom-
mended by the Editor. They are sure
to reach your cinema sooner or later



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. Broadway Trans-Atlantic feature. Four
reels. Nat C. Goodwin. A picture that all should make it their
business to see. *Walterdale Co., Ltd.*

THE BROKEN WORD.—Edison drama. One reel. Herbert Prior
and Nellie Grant. A story of the desert, a Mexican settlement, and
a school-teacher's love.

EMMY OF STORK'S NEST.—Metro drama. Five reels. Mary Miles
Minter. An intensely dramatic story of a deserted mountain cabin,
some counterfeiters, and the love of the country girl for the City man.
—Rogell's Exclusive, Ltd.

HE WOULDN'T STAY DOWN.—Keystone comedy. One reel. Ford
Sterling. This is the first of a new series featuring Ford so be sure
you see it. It is a tale of an insurance claim and an extravagant wife.
—The Western Import Co.

MIKE MURPHY, V.C.—Martin comedy. One reel. Ernest Wests.
The tragic results of a big supper. Mike dreams fearful and
wonderful things with regard to the Huns. *Davison's Sales Agency.*

THE MASQUERADERS.—Famous Players drama adapted from the
successful stage play by Henry Arthur Jones. Hazel Dawn in the
role of Dulcie will be loved by all who see this perfect picture-play.
—J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.

THE SLAVEY'S LEGACY.—Trans-Atlantic comedy. One reel. Louie
Frear. The famous stage comedy star appears in this delightful
farce, which has been specially written. Her countless admirers will
all want to see her in this picture.

ON SECRET SERVICE.—Flying A drama. One reel. Winifred
Greenwood, Ed. Coxen, and Geo. Field. A fascinating story of the
eternal triangle and how the third "angle" was rubbed out.
—The American Co., Ltd.

PIRATES BOLD.—Majestic comedy. One reel. Violet Radcliffe.
Carmen de Rue, and Jack Hull. Another juvenile comedy which
almost ended in tragedy. This picture shows how the "intrepid"
kids embarked on a very perilous adventure.
—The New Motion Picture Company.

SEVEN SISTERS.—Famous Players comedy. Four reels. Marguerite
Clark. A good comic based on a Continental marriage custom. The
popular actress is as fascinating as ever in this delightful film. Full
story in No. 103, February 5th issue.
—J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.

THE LOST MESSENGER. Selig drama. One reel. Vivian Reed
and Earl Fox. Positively the most wonderful scenes of wild animal-
trapping ever shown. There is no faking when the heroine marvel-
lously controls the ferocious leopards. Full story in No. 104, Feb-
ruary 12th issue.

THE CONVICT'S THREAT. Essanay drama. Two reels. G. M.
Anderson, Marguerite Clayton. Honour among thieves has never
proved to be a very potent virtue, and in this story is shown how the
base instincts of an old criminal led him to turn a friend's trust to his
own advantage.

THE FABRICATION OF CHAMPAGNE WINE. Eclair Educational.
One reel. Showing the famous Epernay Champagne Works, which
have been destroyed by the Huns during their occupation of this
district.

THE ORGY.—Lubin drama. One reel. Tensely dramatic situa-
tions caused by the hypnotic power exercised by a middle-aged man
over his young ward. *—J. F. Bockliss, Ltd.*

DOROTHY.—Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Features two old
favourites. Leah Baird and Maurice Costello.
—General Film Hire Service.



Potash & Perlmutter

the "Two and Only" in

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."



WE HEAR



THAT the Hepworth Company have had an application for the *P.P.P.* from a Mohammedan employed by the Consul at Alexandria, Egypt.

THAT Charles Rock has terminated his three years' engagement with the London Film Co. amicably, of course.

THAT from what we know of his successful work on the screen, Charlie Rock will not be long idle.

THAT Jack London, the well known novelist, has written a romantic melodrama for a British producing firm.

THAT the "Blue Bird" photo plays which the Gaumont Film Hire Service are to release are each submitted to a jury of critics before being labelled *A. B. C.*

THAT exciting fighting scenes are contained in *The Serrano*; or, *A Prince of Persia*, to be released by the G.F.H.S.

THAT Bobby Connelly, the six-year-old star, is busily engaged in the Edna May Vitagraph picture.

THAT Julia Swayne Gordon is playing the part of a good woman for the first time for two years, and for Vitagraph.

THAT after being such a confirmed villainess, she does not feel at all at home in her new *role*.

THAT so successful is the advance booking of *Ullas: the Man from the Dead* that the Gaumont Company are now at work in London on a second instalment of hairbreadth escapes and amazing adventures of this daring gentleman.

THAT Clara Kimball Young has presented a large new motor car for Red Cross work.

THAT Harold Shaw, the famous producer, has himself stated that he is leaving the London Film Company.

THAT Edna Flugrath is to sail for America at an early date, but will appear in one more "London" film.

THAT Alma Taylor herself asked for and obtained permission to photograph a famous castle and gardens for the Honey-moon scenes in Hepworth's *And I Am a Woman*.

THAT Edna Mayo thinks her three best screen performances are in *The Scapegoat*, *The Little Deceiver*, and *The Little Street Wife*, all Essanay productions.

THAT Dorothy Bell, who has forsaken the screen for the footlights (it is usually the other way about), is making quite a name in stageland in *Romance* at the Lyric Theatre.

THAT *Leung*, the film after the story by John Strange Winter, and also two Trans-Atlantic films featuring Hobart Bosworth—*The White Slave* and *Fatherland*—have been purchased by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

THAT the popular English picture actor, T. H. MacDonald has joined the Artists Rifles.



"SALOMY JANE."

In 1849 the great rush to the Gold Diggings in California brought men of all temperaments together. The story centres round the fortunes of Salomy and a "Stranger," who finds in her impulsive love for him the strength to run straight through great and serious difficulties.

The tale is full of romantic interest, and the efforts of the *vigilantes* to keep order has been remarkably well portrayed.

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Mrs. Smith.

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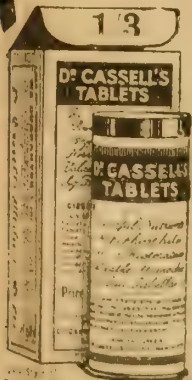
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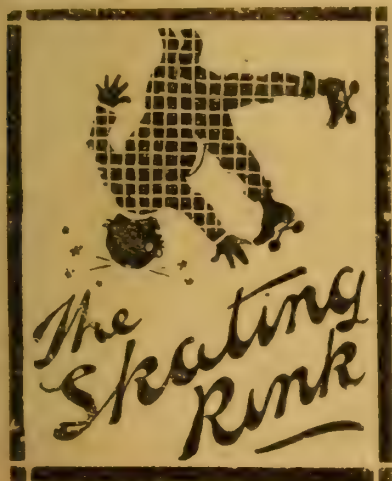
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EDITORIAL



PRINCESS AHMED TOUSSON.

THE lady whose portrait appears above was Ola Hamphrey, a distinguished actress, before becoming the wife of Prince Tousson. Her fascination and charm on the stage first attracted the attention of the Prince, and after their marriage she entered the Royal harem. Her thrilling adventures are shown in the latest Trans-Atlantic serial only a six-week one this time, *The Purple Isis*. This Company has done well in serials. First we had *Lucille Love*, then *The Ties of Hearts*; *The Master Key* followed, to be succeeded by *The Black Box* and more recently *The Broken Coin*. Now we have *The Purple Isis*, and if it is the shortest of all of them it is certainly the richest in grandeur. The colour, glamour, and thrill of the Orient are present throughout most of its twelve parts, and many exquisite pictures are the result. I have never seen finer realism than the sandstorm in the desert. You can almost feel the blinding sand as it is whirled around in the teeth of the gale. Princess Tousson, is a most accomplished actress and very beautiful.

Our Mary as "Molly O."

Another film which gives unlimited scope to Mary Pickford's powers of pathos and comedy is the latest Famous Players production, *The Foundling*, which deals with a baby girl abandoned by her father, heartbroken by his wife's death. Brought up in an orphanage, the child Molly O. becomes a drudge, but is finally restored to her repentant father. "Molly O." is a typical Mary Pickford part, and her performance will easily rank with her several best.

A Strong British-made Drama.

Until *The Ties of Hearts* was shown to the trade the other day I had a lurking suspicion that the film was a funny one. I suppose it was because that quaint couple Patsy and Paul matter were in the cast. But, the film being funny, I found it an exceptionally strong dramatic story. Indeed a well-known viewer told me that his eyes became moist more than once whilst the picture was being screened. Augustus Yonke and Robert Leonard, the creators of the before mentioned P and P, have made an instantaneous success in this their first film. Look out for the story.

The Chalice of Courage.

This is one of the good things which come from over the Atlantic. In truth it is one of Vitaphone's best, and that is saying some. *The Chalice of Courage* is a picturisation of the very Cyrus Townsend Brady's novel of the same name, and if the book is as good as the film I want to read it badly. Some marvellously thrilling scenes, including a rain and snow storm, a flooded river, and the rescue from a bear of the heroine whilst bathing, give plenty of scope in the daring line for Myrtle Gonzalez, an actress both powerful and pretty. But the human interest of the theme itself is strangely fascinating. I promise you a genuine treat when this Blue Ribbon Feature comes your way.

"Pictures" Our Only Paper.

Inquiries necessitate my stating again that we have no connection with or interest in any film paper other than PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER. The new *Champion* advertised in our pages is not, as so many readers suppose, our paper, and is issued chiefly to illustrate the plays and players handled by our friends Pathé Frères, Ltd. They have no desire to attempt to compete with PICTURES—the oldest and most widely read film paper in the kingdom.

A "Reel" of Reality.

Judging from my recent visit to the London Hippodrome, the "cinema" scene in *Joufflard* produces some of the biggest yells in the laughter line. The screen is a cut-out whilst the actors are performing behind, but closes up to enable the titles to be projected in the ordinary way. Thus we get the real thing looking like the "real" thing. Harry Tate galloping through forests on his fiery steed (his own legs) to save the harassed heroine is worth a tub of his ride in the dark, "Zepp" notwithstanding.

The Golden Brand.

I am beginning to feel sure that the good things promised in Pathé Gold Rooster plays look like being realised. I saw another one of these recently, called *The Spender*, and although a more appropriate title might have been chosen, I found it first-rate in story, acting, and photography. Sam Ryan as a bricklayer's labourer who "struck it rich" gives one of the most delightful character studies I have ever seen. I shall look out for more Gold Rooster plays. They will bring gold to their owners. I wish I was one of them.

F. D.

Turner Films



"DOORSTEPS."

THE AUTHOR—HENRY EDWARDS.

THE PLAYERS—FLORENCE TURNER,
HENRY EDWARDS,
CAMPBELL GULLAN
AMY LORRAINE,
and others.

THE PRODUCER—HENRY EDWARDS
(Producer of "A Welsh Singer").

THE STORY—Tells of a little overworked servant who, after a long struggle, "makes good" as an actress—of a dramatist who owed her more of his success than he realised—of the ups and downs of both their lives—and of the happy reunion in which their troubles finally ended.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

If I had not been always well-informed in the matter I should have been astonished to learn that there are so many magnificent picture-theatres in the Kingdom. But I am not, for, having kept in touch with the cinema business since its birth, I know most things that are worth knowing in connection with it. What *does* astonish me is the knowledge my little readers have of the architecture and decorations of the picture-houses they go to.

You will have guessed by now that I am referring to my recent Competition in which I offered free seats and prizes for the best description of your favourite cinemas. If the managers of all the halls about which you have written could see your letters, I am sure they would feel pleased.

In a Competition which produces piles of replies it is difficult to award prizes, and in this case I have had to take neatness and care into careful consideration. To Muriel Francis, 36, Brookholm Road, West Norwood, S.E., and Edmund Wadge, 72, Brook Green, London, W., are being sent two seat tickets for the cinema they like best.

Their efforts were as follows:

"THE PALLADIUM," BRIXTON.

"I think it is better than any other anywhere, because the programme is

good, they always have the newest and best pictures, and the orchestra is simply fine; the music they play seems to describe the pictures. There is a musical interlude in the middle of the programme, and the conductor is a magnificent violin player, and if you send up a request for a certain piece he is always most obliging. You can have tea at a very small cost, and there is no trouble in holding the tray, because you can hang it on to the back of the seat in front of you. It is a large building, prettily decorated, the prevailing colours being pink and gold, and it is well ventilated, which adds so much to the comfort of it. The screen is large, the pictures clear, the seats well raised, and as the place is always full, with queues waiting outside, my favourite must be the general favourite.

Muriel Francis (age 13).

THE "BLUE HALL," HAMMERSMITH.

"It is a very nice one, being all in blue, with blue lights and blue carpets. It has statues of the King and Queen each side of the screen. A fine orchestra plays classical music. They have a *cath* attached, and a lounge with a good many papers and magazines, for people to read. There is a telephone-box for the use of patrons, and a big shed for the accommodation of cars, cycles, &c. Two years ago they had another hall built, which is the sister one to this. Each hall seats about 2,500 people, but on Saturday night both halls are full to overflowing, so you can imagine how popular these two halls are, and I may say that only once during my many

visits there have I known the film to break. They somehow capture all the latest films, and if the audience like it they have them running for six days. Three days at one house, and the next three days at the other. The average performance lasts about three hours, and I can tell you it is 'some' performance."

Edmund Wadge (age 14).

The Consolation Prizes are won by E. C. Brewn (Gainsborough), C. Dawson (Llandudno), E. Isaacs (Camden), and Olive Hill (Canonbury). The Award of Merit is won by Rosie Stanley (Dublin), Bessie Flook (Newport), Lawrence Beak (Ealing), Lizzie Saunders (Ealing), Hilda Wortek (Dalston), George Morrell (Devonport), Betty Jones (Nantymoel), Sybil Strington (Wimbledon), Connie Lewis (Newport), E. Greenwood (Blackburn), R. Nicholls (Ilford).

Last week the Editor told you of a wonderful Fox film being made in Jamaica in which that famous swimmer and actress Annette Kellermann is appearing. I have obtained particulars which will interest you of the share in which children are taking in it.

Just fancy, there are one thousand Jamaican children, ranging from two to nine years of age, appearing in the scenes of the Gnome village, which is to form one of the features of the picture.

The Gnome village itself was specially built on the banks of Roaring River, one of the beauty spots of the West Indies. A force of sixty carpenters and masons spent three whole weeks in its construction. Innumerable thatched huts were erected to serve as the homes of the Gnomes; raised bowers in which

the Gnomes might make love; giant toadstools on and under which they could disport themselves; and mills and shops in which they were supposed to ply their respective trades.

The children who took part were drilled for several weeks before the making of the scenes was attempted. They were divided into groups, with a supervisor for each group. Certain children were assigned to play the part of fishermen, millers, boatmen, or shepherds as the case might be.

The Gnomes were dressed in little brown jerkins, wore peaked caps, and were made up to have long grey beards, white eyebrows, and fawn-shaped ears. Fifty make-up specialists were employed to turn the children into Gnomes.

The total cost of this Gnome Village scene alone was nearly six thousand pounds, and part of the sum had to be expended in temporarily diverting, for film purposes only, the Roaring River from its beaten channel.

How do you like the exquisite picture at the bottom of this page? If you have seen *Jewel*, the film from which it is taken, you will agree that it is an excellent likeness of Ella Hall, who played the name-part. If you have not seen *Jewel* you have a treat in store.

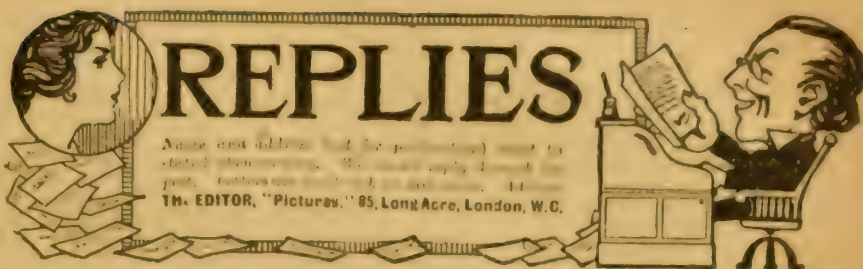
PRIZES FOR A PICTURE TITLE.

On a postcard send me what you think is a good title for the picture below. State your age, and post the card to "Dolly," PICTURES Offices, 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C., on or before Monday, February 28th. Two prizes for the best titles, and the "Award," which wins a prize after six awards are won, will again be presented by your regular weekly prize-giving

UNCLE TIM.



WHAT IS YOUR TITLE FOR THIS PICTURE? "Uncle Tim" offers prizes for the two best titles. The scene shows Ella Hall as "Jewel" in the film of that name.



L. H. ROBERT'S PARKY.—Thank you for copy, which we have published.

PINCEY (Inverness).—Are we comfortable in our new offices? Thank you kindly, Percy, quite comfy.

RICHARD (New Zealand).—Pleased to hear it is a reader so far away. Our publishers are taking the matter you refer to with the agents for New Zealand. To make certain of having *Pictures* regularly a subscriber (25, 2d. per picture post-free from here) would ring it every week. The postcards of places near your home each week.

MERRY AND BRIGHT (Plymouth).—The postage rate from U.S. America to this country is one penny (two cents) per ounce. You can obtain from your post office an international stamp voucher to enclose for postage.

MARY (Goddalming).—*PICTURES* and *THE PICTUREGOER* were amalgamated 1 February, 1914. We have postcards of Henry Ainley, but not the others. The Shaftesbury Pavilion is often used for trade shows. It does not belong to J. D. Walkers. Copies can be made from the original film, to the life of which there is practically no limit. Mary Pickford has not played under the name of Marie Pickering. The latter played in London a year ago. Have not heard of her since.

KATHLEEN (Long Eaton).—We have picture postcards of Gerald Ames, one penny. We published his interview in our July 5th issue. With such a sweet name how could we have anything to forgive?

X. Y. Z. (London).—We cannot undertake the responsibility of advising you to throw up "a certain £300 a year" for a problematical successful screen career. Why not study cinema acting in your spare time first, and try for an occasional appearance with a London producing company?

CONSTANCE (Birmingham).—Address: Despatch Bidsdon, c/o London Film Co., St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.

JOHN (Mossburn Ash).—We have collected 1 postcard of Margaretta Clark, Charlotte Woodcock, and Harold Dwyer, and known ones of Pearl White, penny each, postage extra, but none of the others. We believe Irene Wardwell is still playing.

CARLOS (T. Wells).—The story of "The Black Box" has not appeared in *PICTURES*. Anna Lupton is away with Marjorie Film Co., 11, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A. A "Mistaken Identity," so to speak.

JACK (Huddersfield).—Say, eh? I would not like to be without *PICTURES*, as it keeps her up to date with film and matters. You certainly know English and American producing camps are interested in us much. Sorry east is not available.

GERTRUDE (Totter).—Orders for back numbers of *PICTURES* should be addressed to G. H. Jones, Ltd., 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C., but bound volumes (Nos. 8 only in print) can be ordered from *PICTURES*, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., 85, 9d. each, post-free. Good girl, Gertrude, to get us so many new readers.

CAROL (London, N.).—You too, dear friend, have brought in more readers. Again, our best thanks.

LYDIA (Chelsea).—The photos of yourself are lovely, and you certainly deserve the signed photo which Harold Lockwood has sent you. Here's wishing you success on the screen. With our best to the lad for fortune, you should climb rapidly. The Editor and Answer-Man are not always the same "passions," Lydia.

CURRY (Sheffield).—The *Film Log of Mary Pickford*, price 2d., post-free from this office, will tell you all about "The World's Sweetheart."

CAROL (W. Didsbury).—Our old girl's affections are engaged elsewhere, dear boy, but what's the matter with the Didsbury girls?

ADRIAN (or GOOD ACTING (Earl's Court).—We published an article on Mae Marsh in our issue dated Dec. 19th. We have no postcards of her.

ALFRED-MIXER (Pontypool).—The Stathier Brown Co. is not now, we believe, in existence. Even Biffour produced a film called "Lone" at the Neptune Co.'s studio. We have heard of no other films of her name. The Highbury Film Co., 18, Station Rd., Highbury, Yorks. The other Company we cannot trace.

JACK (Plymouth).—Before you start you should read *How to Write a Picture Play*, 2d., post-free from *PICTURES*, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London.

CHARLES (Liverpool).—Mabel Normand is not married. The Cine Co., we believe, is still producing. Many readers get replies from Mary Pickford, so why not you? Try, Charles, anyhow. The other information was not given.

VALENTINE POPPERS.—"The Smuggler" Majestic: "Connors," "Revol. War," "Betty," "Belle Walsh," "John Samson," "Ralph Lewis," "Wilson," "Jack Dillon." The Majestic Motion Picture Co.'s Studio address: 1509, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. A letter to America costs 1d. an ounce.

CAROL (N. Wales).—We have new postcards of the players you ask about: Henry Arney, Christine White, Alma Taylor, Violet Hopson, (these three are different poses to those you have already had), Margaret Clark, Charlotte Burton, (no postcard yet), Pearl White, all 1d. each, postage extra.

J.W. H. (Harrow).—Maud Fealy still plays for the pictures. A portrait of her appeared in our May 24th, 1914, issue. Thanks for offer of portrait; we have a room for it at present, however.

H. V. L. (Dublin).—In a recent letter from your favorite he told us that although he had left Vitagraph his plans were quite unsettled. Came Willer is now co-director and author for the Horsley productions. He has just finished a lead in "Vengeance is Mine," which has not yet fetched this side of the hearing pond. That Reagent east not available. Matho's part in "Solomon" not cast. What you have to say is interesting, and the writing legible, which is seldom the case with the sweet "chappies" who write to us.

LET (Bilham). Write to the Essex Co., 14, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. for particulars.

A. T. J. (Bristol). We have still a few of our War Souvenir Albums, beautiful, gilt and enamelled, with real photos inside, price one shilling. It would make a dainty present for your bracelet.

FRANK M. NOL (Birmingham).—We have two different postcards of Mary Pickford—head and shoulders and full length. No postcards of Charlie Chaplin as himself are not published yet.

CARTONIST (Leicester).—The Pathé Co. has branches in England and America. Arnold Daly and Pearl White are Americans. "Exploits of Elaine":—"Craig Kennedy," Arnold Daly; "Elaine," Pearl White; "Tayton Dodge," W. R. Hatch; "Aunt Josephine," Bessie Wharton; "Perry Bennett," Sheldon Lewis; "Walter Jameson," Raymon Owens; "Butler," Lee Roy Barker; "Clutching Hand," —.

GWENDOLINE (Shepherd's Bush).—Address Pearl White, c/o. Pathé Co., 25, West 15th St., New York City, U.S.A.

MRS. J. (Swansea).—Who is Jean Chesney, please?

PIERRE (Kensington Cross).—Owen Moore, Mary Pickford's husband, plays for Fine Arts.

LYLEAF (Sheffield).—How can we guess your age, sweetheart, without even a photo. Anyhow, we wish you many happy returns of your birthday. Address Jane Gail, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway New York City, U.S.A.

BOMBARDIER (Newcastle).—Blanche Sweet played lead, with Mae Marsh as her sister, in Griffith's film, "The Escape."

LILY (Strandtown).—Sorry the postcard list went astray; have sent you another. Pauline Friederick played lead in "The Eternal City." See also reply to "Gwendoline."

ELLA (Birmingham).—Your letter was forwarded on January 11; hope you will get an answer.

TESSY (Bootle). Have returned the photo and letter you received from Edna Flugrath—you should be a proud girl, owning such a keepsake. Thanks for getting four new readers. Keep it up please, Tessy.

WALTER (Kirk's Lynn). We are always stocking new postcards (see replies to "Elaine" and "Crab"). In time you will get all those you want, Wal er.

PHYLLIS (Bournemouth).—We published an interview with Gerald Ames a few weeks ago, but Ben Webster has not appeared in PICTURES. We have postcards of the former, but not the latter.

J. A. G. (West Bromwich).—Please give company's name, and we will try to trace film.

C. W. V. J. (Neyland).—Pathé's London office, 84, Wardour St., W., may be able to help you in the matter. We have postcards of Pearl White.

PERPLE PANSIES (Halifax).—A short advertisement in our Preamble Column might bring you a purchaser of your photos.

CARRIE (Birmingham).—No postcards of Gregory Scott. New additions to our stock are announced in PICTURES.

BILL (Norwich).—Cast you require is given in another reply.

ZENA (Bradford).—With all your trials and troubles you must have a stout heart to be so cheery. Coloured postcards of Blanche Sweet and Kathlyia Williams are penny each, postage extra. Love equally divide it. Quite acceptable in these times.

MOVIE FANATIC (Birmingham).—We have postcards of Henry Ainley and Blanche Sweet—sweet ones too they are—and we shall illustrate them shortly on this page. Another lucky receiver of an epistle from C. C.

WINNIE (Stroudham).—"One banana between three of us, not enough for one of us"—but as it was a nice big one you each had a big mouthful. Cheers! Hope your brother arrived home in good time from his foils in the trenches. Good lad! he deserves a rest. I tried to enlist some time ago, but when the recruiting-sergeant saw me, he said, "Scry, old man, but it's not so bad as that yet." Remember, I'm seventy-nine.

ROBERT (Glasgow). You will be able to get information you require from Hepworth's address above. We have postcards of their players and also the booklet *Bicycle Road*, 24d., post-free.

ANXIOUS (Gloucestershire).—Pearl White played for Pathé in "The Exploits of Elaine." For the cast see another reply. So you want to play for pictures, well, you are a long way from a studio, which is no much consolation, is it?

LESLIE (Birmingham). Address Henry Ainley, c/o. Hepworths Mfrs. Co., Dorman St., London, W., and Gerald Ames, c/o. London Film Co., St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex. Those casts *must* be found although we have turned the office upside down.



PEARL WHITE, whose "exploits," as Elaine, are being followed by countless thousands. This charming picture is one of our thousands of postcards.

FRANCES (Shepherd's Bush).—We shall be pleased to see your pen and ink sketch. Enclose stamps for return in case it is unsuitable. The price paid for short film plots runs from half a guinea to two guineas, according to merit.

AN ENGLISH MAID (Brighton).—(Full address, according to our rules, next time, please.) It is difficult for an amateur to get a start on the screen, so many experienced players being available. Your friend would stand more chance if she knew someone in the profession who could show her the ropes. We know of no studio nearer you than suburban London.

BERT (Birmingham).—Write Trans-Atlantic Film Co., 37 and 39, Oxford St., London, W., for a synopsis. Welcome to you, old reader, and send your address next time, please.

ANXIOUS LILY (Walthamstow).—No charge for replies in this column. Send your questions and we will try to answer them. We have four different picture postcards of Francis Ford.

WALTER (Chiswick). Address P. X. Bushman, c/o. Metro Pictures Corporation, 1465, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. PICTURES is the only paper published by us.

M. (Shields).—Alas! casts of the company you mention are not given, so this time we cannot help you. We like to ring from our readers so you need not call yourself names. Thanks for love, etcetera.

EDNA (Oldham).—Pyramid Film Co., Towers Hall, Bradford, is the nearest producing company we know of. We do not reply by post.

FLAPPER (Glasgow). No, Anita Stewart is still fancy free—but don't get frightened, Flapper—she is too far away to spoil your chances. We love typewritten letters.

CINEMA LOVER (Hampstead).—One more aspirant for the cinema stage. You read our replies each week? Well, you know our answer, I'm sure.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
85 & 86, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
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SMILES

"A Gentleman of Leisure."

SHE: "Can't you tell me what kind of work would suit my husband?"

HE: "He'd make a good stage hand at a cinema theatre."

Not What He Wanted.

POLLY: "So Gray visited the slums for 'local colour' for his production. Did he get it?"

PERCY: "Oh, yes; he came home with a black eye and a red nose."

He Didn't Suit.

SUITOR: "Willie, how much do you want to leave me alone with Beryl this evening?"

LITTLE BROTHER: "Nothing! 'cos sister has promised me a shilling to stay."

A Sleepy "Sixpenn'orth."

"I call it disgraceful," muttered the stout woman with three children as she left the pay-box; "he asked me to pay tuppence for each of my children to see the pictures, and they'd go to sleep as soon as they got inside."

Might Buy the 'Bus.

SMALL NEPHEW: "Uncle, do you know the difference between pears and an omnibus?"

UNCLE: "I'm afraid I don't."

SMALL NEPHEW: "Good thing Auntie doesn't send you shopping!"

Nothing Doing.

A manager wrote to his renters asking them to forward a certain film. The firm wired back:—

"Cannot despatch goods until last consignment paid for."

This brought a wire in reply: "Unable to wait; cancel order."

A Watch Story.

EXAMINING MEDICAL OFFICER: "Do you hear this watch ticking?"

RECRUIT: "Yes, sir."

E. M. O.: "Stand farther back. . . . Do you hear it now?"

RECRUIT: "Yes, sir."

E. M. O.: "Then your hearing's bad. The watch hasn't gone since yesterday."

Good Better—Best!!

The producer was showing his best girl the making of a moving-picture. "That's a fine actor," she exclaimed, pointing out a man in officer's uniform.

"Yes," said the producer, "and he'll do better. I hope to see him our best man before long!"

"Oh! Jack," she answered, blushing, "when?"

Out of the Darkness.

"Galonghigowngwingfangyipow-sayahowmukbinghowyangongkow?"

"No, George. I don't think so."

"Mmm . . . mm" "Mmm?"

"Mm!" "Mmmmmmm—mm?"

"Oh, dry up! You two sound like a leaky sink!"

"Ouch—MY RING! . . . you can hold the other fingers, dear."



Alma Taylor
"the girl who believed."

Hepworth Picture Player

CHARLES DE LARUE

CRIME INVESTIGATOR



Series 1.

On the Track of the
VAMPIRES



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PICTURES

AND

The PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^{D.}

WILLIAM
FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO.
LONDON
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DANIEL FROHMAN

presents

HAZEL DAWN

in

'CLARISSA'

An exciting
Drama in
Four Acts.

Released March 6th.

Produced by

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166-170, Wardour Street, W.

THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and J. D. Walkers may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of 3/- post-free.



LIONELLE HOWARD—THE VILLAIN & THE CHILD

Our Special Interview with this Popular Hepworth Actor
will be found on pages 526 and 527.

The Funniest Tom Mix Comedy Ever Released!



THIS is a bold statement in view of the past work of the Great Selig Cowboy, but in

The Chef of Circle S

he makes you laugh till the tears roll down your face.

For once he deserts his famous cowboy outfit and favours feminine attire. As a female Tom is screamingly funny.

Don't miss this on any account. If your manager has not shown it you during the week commencing March 6th, jog his memory.



Get a Set of Six Coloured Postcards (in four colours), including TOM MIX and KATHLYN WILLIAMS. Send 4½d. in stamps to 93-95, WARDOUR ST., LONDON, W.



TO CINEMA MANAGERS.

THE Trans-Atlantic Film Company's newest serial production, "The Purple Iris," gives you another glorious opportunity of making your patronage steady and certain for six solid weeks.

"The Purple Iris" is a remarkable story of thrilling adventure in a rich Eastern setting. The daily life of a Princess in a royal harem is revealed with fascinating realism.

"The Purple Iris" serial photo-play will run for six weeks. Each episode is 2,000 feet in length, and Episode One, "A Princess of the Harem," will be released on **Thursday, April 6th, 1916**. There will be a grand array of publicity props absolutely FREE.

You know that Trans-Atlantic serials PAY. Be sure to book "The Purple Iris."

Write to us for a free copy of the magnificent advertising campaign book of "The Purple Iris."

TO PICTURE PATRONS.

THE Trans-Atlantic Film Company has given you many hours of unalloyed enjoyment with their magnificent series of serial photo-plays, including "Lucille Love," "The Trey of Hearts," "The Master Key," "The Black Box," and "The Broken Coin," and now they have produced "The Purple Iris," an alluring Oriental photo-play story, rich in romance and redolent of the magic atmosphere of the East.

It is the true re-enactment of the amazing adventures of Princess Toussen during her sojourn in a royal harem, and Princess Toussen herself plays the leading rôle.

Ask the manager of your favourite theatre to arrange to show "The Purple Iris," and then tell all your friends about "The Purple Iris," which is the most magnificent, brilliant, expensive, dazzling and enthralling Oriental serial photo-play ever produced.

Six
Enthralling
Weekly
Episodes.



The Purple Iris

6 WEEKS -- 12 REELS

Episode One
Released
Thursday,
April 6th.



THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM COMPANY, Ltd.

Managing Director: J. D. TIPPETT. "The Home of Serials," Universal House, 37-39, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

PICTURES

AND THE
PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH. 4, 1916.

New Series, No. 107.



DANISH ART ON THE SCREEN

Miss Sangburn posing as "Salome" in *The Cigarette Maker*, a Nordisk production the story of which appears on page 524.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

NEXT week we shall publish the story of the long-announced film, *The Tailor of Bond Street*.

Last few weeks! Of course you go to the pictures; but are you watching for those film scenes?

Four more scenes on page 531. Favour us with titles. It will fascinate you to fix 'em, and there is no fee for finding 'em.

"Pictures" in the making. In next week's issue we shall begin a series of cartoons of members of our staff.

Other great British pictures: *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *A Welsh Singer*, and *Doorsteps*. They're Turner films, and, having seen them, we know they're great.

April 1st is Ali Fools' Day. On April 6th wise picturegoers will see *The Purple Iris*, the six-week serial which shows a princess in a royal harem.

We read that the film trade in Austria is very active, and that a great film, *The Moore House Mystery*, is being prepared by the Oesterreichische Film-industrie Company. Another mystery!

A dainty dish. Four-and-twenty dancers from American vaudeville will form a beauteous chorus in Essanay's coming five-reeler, *Captain Sinks of the Horse Marines*.

It is possible that Spain will produce a film version of *Don Quixote* to commemorate the tercentenary of Cervantes' death. If the idea materialises the Spanish Government will grant one hundred thousand pesetas (about £4,500) to pay for the production.

In America an "eyesight bill" is being promoted to ordain that a ten-minute interval should follow each thirty minutes of pictures. We presume that a professional waker-up will be employed.

It is stated that China sends annually to the United States £6,000 of peanuts, the shells of which are distributed in the cinema theatres. British shells are fortunately distributed among the Germans.

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* no one between the ages of fourteen and eighteen may now visit German picture-theatres. The reason given is that immorality on the screen has ceaselessly increased. Trying to catch up with the German Army, we suppose.

The Two Mrs. Tanquerays.

THE first appearance of Sir George Alexander in the cinema halls is creating a lot of interest. Sir George is appearing in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, in his old part of Aubrey Tanqueray. The name-part is being essayed by Hilda Moore, and a novelty in the production is the appearance in the film of a character which only existed in imagination in the stage-play—namely, the first Mrs. Tanqueray. This part is being played by Minna Grey.

A Real Resemblance.

A NEWSPAPER writer has discovered a facial resemblance between the hero in *His Worship the Mayor* and the redoubtable Mr. Horatio Bottomley. There is some sort of resemblance between the features of Horatio and the honest Mayor in this American production, but the Ideal Company, who own the picture, assure us that the resemblance was unintentional.

Our Film Stories.

FULL stories of the following film have appeared in our February issues: *Seren Sisters*, *Whoso Without Sin*, February 5th; *The L. Messenger*, *The Commuters*, February 12th; *Blaggie the Champion*, *Little*, February 19th; and *Zaza* February 26th.

The Boxing Hepworth Star.

WHEN Stewart Rome was in training for his strenuous fighting part in *The White Hope* he was easily the most pleased man in Walter Courteen's and calm in private life his friends and acquaintances all suspected that his new power as a boxer might lead him astray. Fortunately nothing happened, and the film which he made will be ready on March 8th.

"Jimmy" will be a Success.

"JIMMY," the most recent B. and W. film, now belongs to Gaumont Film Hire Service. This film version of John Strange Winter's story was produced by Eliot Stannard and A. Bramble. Great care was taken to obtain the correct atmosphere, at various fitments (for advertisement rates apply to Managers) were used to ensure reality in various scenes. We call this film a good one, and consequently it should book well.

A Courageous Camera-man.

J. T. RUCKER was sent to photograph an experiment in burning film: Leonia. The Trans-Atlantic has much at stake. They wished to determine before they built their studio, factory, and laboratory just what resistance to explosion the walls should have, at what apertures should be made in them. A vault was made, and filled with million feet of waste film. The aperture was covered with glass, and there was a electric attachment to set off the fire. Rucker was told of the hoped-for course of the flame, and took his place with the camera some fifty feet from the aperture and about fifteen feet out of the direct line. Then the fuse was fired, and, like a flash of a mammoth cannon, the flame spurted out in a horizontal line. The million feet of film burnt itself out in fifteen minutes, and inside of three minutes the spurt was opposite where Rucker stood turning his crank. The heat was terrific, and Rucker's eyebrow and the hair on his wrists were singed and his skin burned before he consented to move his camera back. The flame eventually reached seventy-five feet from the mouth of the vault.



THE TWO CHARLIES: "Mr. Pest" of the Stalls and "Mr. Rowdy" of the Gallery. Both parts are played by Charles Chaplin in *Charlie at the Shoec*.

Cecil M. Hepworth
himself produced
Iris, and *Sweet
Lavender*.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. MILES OF BARBED WIRE—described by a famous soldier as "that invention of the devil" on its way to the Front. 2. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON on his way to open the new War Hospital Supply Depot at Muswell Hill. 3. A NAVAL WEDDING: Marriage of Captain R. Domville, of the "Saucy Arethusa," to Miss A. Vander Heydt, at Tamworth. The film is of special interest as, since the happy event, the famous "Arethusa" is no more. 4. AFTER GALLIPOLI: Two of the famous Maori contingent now recuperating in England. 5. A HERO'S RETURN: Corporal Bessett, the first New Zealander V.C., had a great reception on return to camp. 6. KILLING GERMANS: A crack-shot sniper's post where the enemy trenches are only 35 yards distant. 7. GETTING THEMSELVES AGAIN: The Maori "HAKA," or war-cry, at a football match.



The Miracle of Life

Adapted from the "Flying A" Master Picture

By GEORGE W. SMITH.



M A N Y
centu-
ries ago
one brilliant
star shone
out which to-
tally eclipsed its fellows, and
by its wonderful light and
magnetism drew the attention
of three men. They were the
three Wise Men of the East.
The star compelled them to
follow its light, and led them,
and it has led the women of
the world ever since. Through
love, self-sacrifice, joy, pain,
devotion, it guides humanity
to the shrine of all the ages—
the child.

That this miracle of life may
be perpetual the multitudes
of men and women toil, striving
by their labours to make the
earth a fitter place to cradle the
races, and to win for future
generations a fuller, freer life.
But yet many a young wife,
aglow with vitality and happy
in the possession of love, has
recoiled with horror from her
trust at the first tiny whisper
of the voice of the Angel of the
Annunciation.

It happened thus to Eleanor
Seawell. Through her girl-
hood she had lived in the garden
of love; one swift impassioned
flight through its wonderful
paths, with Cupid in winged
pursuit. Eleanor had had just
one auspicious love affair, and
had known full joy without
ever having tasted of sorrow.
Danforth Seawell had been her
only love. He had taught her
the sweetness of a caress, the
power of an embrace, and she
had revelled in Cupid's arms.

When her wedding came she
accepted it in her simple, child-
like way as being one continual
vista of social pleasures and
gaiety. Danforth was delighted
to see how brilliantly his beau-
tiful wife took her place in his
exclusive social set. Such a
child before marriage, and with
a simple faith in everybody, so-
cial activities proved dazzling
and fascinating, and just be-
cause Eleanor found herself im-
mediately in a whirlpool of
approbation this novel life filled
her thoughts, dominated her
very existence, and absorbed all
her exuberance and ambitions.

For the first six months of
wedded bliss she had drunk to
the full of the cup of pleasure.
Every whim, every mad fancy
had been gratified by her adoring
and lavish husband.

Then came the night of her
first great social ball celebrating
the half-year of her wedding.
Eleanor, surrounded by admiring
men, captivating them by her
bewildering beauty and simplic-
ity, suddenly felt dizzy and faint.
She rushed from her coterie of
admirers and sought relief alone
in the moonlit garden. In the
stillness of that beautiful place
there came to her a whispering,
so soft, so gentle, yet all too plain.
It was the voice of the Angel of
the Annunciation, telling her the
greatest of life's secrets. She
listened, at first amazed, then
horrified, then in a rage, as the
kindly voice told her of the coming
of a little one; and cupid fluttered
near by. The cherubic little face
lit up with intense joy, to change
to sorrow and mortification, as
the woman cried aloud in her
passion and revolt against the
coming of love's messenger.

"No! No! No!" she cried
hysterically, tearing at her bosom
in her wild anger; "Motherhood
will mean the sacrifice of every-
thing I have learned to live for.
Society, the adoration of men,
the rounds of luxurious pleasures!
I cannot give them up. I won't! I
won't!"

And over her swept a wave of
revulsion against her husband.
Oh, that this hateful burden should
fall upon her! The tears welled
up in her eyes, scorching and
searing as they trickled down
her pale cheeks. Something softly
touched her, then



An actual scene from the film.

enveloped her. It was her husband's arm lovingly placed around her.

"I missed you, dearest," he whispered. "Why, Ellie, you are crying! What is the matter?"

She forced herself from him with hate and loathing in her action. Her wet eyes demanded reproach.

"What—have I done?" faltered Danforth. "Answer me, Ellie—it is agony to see you like this."

With one withering look of scorn, Eleanor fled, leaving her

stupefied husband gazing after her. Dismay was in his heart and the first shaft of sorrow hurt horribly.

Long before the glittering assemblage had dispersed Eleanor had vanished. She had not waited to see her husband, leaving him alone in his anguish, seeking to find the reason for his wife's furious outburst.

Midnight found her sitting in her boudoir with a small bottle clasped in her hand. It was labelled "Poison." She raised the phial to her lips and braced herself for the effort to drink the concoction, but her courage failed. Several times she essayed to drink, and as many times faltered. Then came the final attempt, and she felt her senses leaving her. A terror claimed her; and, although she tried to scream aloud, no sound came. One quivering sigh, and she fell limp and senseless upon the bed.

The fatal phial was still held tightly in her hand.

As Ye Sow, so Shall Ye Reap.

Eleanor lay a pallid wreck. Her wonderful beauty vanished, for illness, sudden and overpowering, had claimed her. Her condition puzzled the specialist who had been called in; but not so her husband. He sat in his magnificent drawing-room, conjuring up a vision of the little one that would be soon with him. It was his crowning joy. He mentally forgave Eleanor for her harshness and sudden hat-



"SOCIAL ACTIVITIES . . . ABSORBED ALL HER EXUBERANCE AND AMBITIONS."

against him. He thought he understood the cause. His impatience grew with the non-arrival of the specialist, and, unable to bear it any longer, he made his way to Eleanor's bedroom.

The specialist had questioned her mercilessly. He knew now the reason for her illness, and furthermore had discovered the phial. Eleanor pleaded with him to keep the information from her husband, but all to no avail. As Danforth entered, he could see that something was amiss. He soon learned from the doctor all there was to know. His hopes of a child were shattered with one cruel blow, and only the skill of the physician had saved Eleanor's life.

Brokenhearted, he found solitude in his study, and fell into a troubled sleep; he dreamed of what might have been. The gay laughter of childish voices, their sweet prattle and innocent mischief. He saw them with him, romping, teasing, caressing. When he awoke, the visions had cut deeper into his already wounded heart. He cursed his fate, and pitied his wife for her antagonism to Nature.

Later, when Eleanor recovered, he took the only course open; he absolved her from her lonthsome marriage and left her alone in the great house.

Then she soon returned to Mrs. Fels Martine and her lively social set. Her butterfly wings had healed from the scorching, and her soul was untouched.

Danforth went another way. A nobler woman filled his life, and later he revelled in the possession of two lovely children. They made up for all he had lost; compensated him for the bitter blow he had received.

Years passed, and Eleanor fluttered on into the barren middle life and a fruitless old age. Time and time again she sat deep in thought, seeking in vain to find consolation in her lonesomeness. One persistent vision would come to her—



that of her one-time husband surrounded by his laughing children and an adoring wife. The menfolk no longer sought her companionship. Mrs. Fels-Martine's set was as good as closed to her. That astute society culture had no room for faded beauties.

One glorious summer's afternoon, sitting alone, forsaken by all, Eleanor fell to brooding. She was startled by the mysterious appearance of a little girl. The soft rounded limbs, clinging curls, and charming, winsome little face seemed to have taken form out of the very air. The tender apparition held out a pretty hand.

"I am little Might-Have-Been," she murmured, "the child you chose never to have. Come with me and I will show you the world as it would have seemed to you if all your life long you had me to guide you."

Compelled by some subtle influence, Eleanor took the child's hand. The touch was a balm to her bittered heart. She felt a longing, a yearning to have little Might-Have-Been with her always.

They passed out into the brilliant summer sunshine, hand in hand. Eleanor's eyes, old and dim, beheld a new heaven and a new earth. Everywhere in the kingdom of Nature was life. The plants were sending out sturdy shoots, the birds twitting and fluttering as they fed their young, the hungry little bills wide open to receive a dainty morsel of worm or crumb. Farther on a mare kicked playfully at her foal, and the

IT WAS LABELLED "POISON."



Eleanor is taken by little Might-Have-Been to Babyland, where cooing babies lay in immense lily cradles, in dense shrubbery, and in gorgeous flower-cups.

foal, long-legged and awkward, neighed in sheer delight. A cow sat with her calf lazily chewing the cud, and stopping now and again to lick the young one at her side, her great velvety-brown eyes full of adoration for her offspring. Here and there were human beings glorying in their children, busily rearing them, tending them with infinite care. Through all the pain and weariness, the struggle and self-sacrifice of parents, shone such a happiness as the childless woman had never known. For the first time that brilliant Star of the East shone in upon the darkness of her soul—alas, too late!

"You have seen what is ordained by Nature," murmured little Might-Have-Been; "come, now, and wander with me in Babyland."

Instantly Eleanor found herself in a beautiful garden. In sheltered pools, cradled in immense lily-pads, lay cooing babies. They kicked with all their puny strength, and grasped the air with tiny, plump fists.

Clinging ivy-vines parted to show the tiny forms nestling and crooning in the joy of life and sunshine. In dense shrubbery, in gorgeous flower-cups, the little mites lay, awaiting patiently the visitations of the angels who should carry them to their homes on earth.

Eleanor would have taken up one of those pink babies, but little Might-Have-Been forbade her. She was prohibited the joy and ecstasy of holding one. How her heart ached, with that dull longing, that craving for a tiny life. Great tears sprang to her eyes, choking sobs shook her frame. She closed her eyes to shut out the beautiful sight that seared her soul with remorse.

When she opened them again little Might-Have-Been, had



A SOFT CHEEK WAS PRESSED CLOSE TO HIS.

disappeared—and in her stead stood the grim spectre of Death. One long skeleton arm pointed to the heavens. The clouds rolled back, and she saw women and children toiling up the stairs of Paradise. Smiling angels bade them enter. Their work on earth was done, and their reward was at hand.

Eleanor tried to climb alone, but she was waved back—Paradise was not for her. Death, with a mocking smile, told her of Hades, its horrors and terrors and everlasting pains. She pleaded for a brief lease of longer life, only to repair the wrong she had done, but Death was merciless. Her time on earth was finished. The good work she had been set to do neglected, the little life she should have reared destroyed. She felt the end approaching. A hoarse rattling was in her throat, her limbs grew stiff and cold, her eyes glassy. She fell down—down into a bottomless pit. A brief return of vitality, and she clutched despairingly at the walls of the abyss. Her fall seemed stayed—then suddenly she fell. . . .

Eleanor awoke. She stared at her surroundings, looking for the flames of hell and the roaring of fire. They were not there. What had happened? Then she saw that she was lying upon her own white bed, the phial still clutched in her hand, untouched.

With a cry of unbelieving joy she sprang to the window, and emptied the poison out, where it fell upon a rose, withering it and destroying its magnificent beauty. A minute later and she was downstairs.

Danforth, sunk in a bitter reverie, was roused by two arms clinging around his neck. A soft cheek was pressed close to his. Eleanor whispered her secret, and spoke joyously of the coming of the little one, that would make their lives so sweet in unity.

Her experiences and adventures had been nothing more than a terrible nightmare for Eleanor, but the nightmare had taught its lesson. It had forced her to see the Divinity of Motherhood.

The Miracle of Life, in four reels, is described as an "American Distinctive Creation." It is scenically one of the most beautiful pictures ever put out by the famous "Flying A" firm. The theme described so well in these pages is powerful, sensational, and inspiring, and a superb cast of players was employed to interpret it. Margarita Fischer is "Eleanor," Joseph E. Singleton is "Danforth," Lucille Ward "Mrs. Fels-Martine," and little Katie Fischer the Angel Child. The United Kingdom rights of the film are controlled by the Kinematograph Trading Company, Ltd., 55-59, Shaftesbury-avenue, W.

"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 13. CINEMA MUSIC.

HOW nice and nimble is the note
Of piccolo!



A skylark with a fluted
throat

Is piccolo!

He talks, and you can
take your choice
With him to grieve, with
him rejoice;
Constrains you like a
woman's voice
Does piccolo!

In sentimental plays I
like

The violin.

She seems to tap the
heart, then strike—

That violin!

In dramas, when the
mother weeps
Beside the stone where
sonny sleeps,
She gives my spine some
creepy creeps,
Does violin!



Yet what would pictures
be without

The human spell?

I hear a shrill melodious
shout

I would not quell.

It flies from floor to
echoing dome
In every proper Picture-
drome;

'Ah! but it makes one feel at home,
That baby's yell!

BRIAN LAWRENCE.

"WHY I BELIEVE IN COMPULSION."

"I AGREE with compulsion," says Muriel, Viscountess Helmsley, in the new issue of *Everywoman's*, "as I consider it the only fair way of getting all sorts and conditions of men. It left to the voluntary system, all the bravest and best go and the would-be slackers are left, which is a deplorable state of affairs. I would make all go through the training and discipline of Army or Navy, believing that both physically and morally it would be of great benefit to our beloved country. I should like to see all youths train directly on leaving school." Our readers should enter their children in the Beautiful Children £150 Prize Competition now running in every issue of *Everywoman's*, and get their friends to vote.



Potash & Perlmutter

ARE ABSOLUTELY "IT" IN

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

Pen Sketches of Picture Plays.—No. 5.

ECCLES AND THE MARQUESS ("To Mary Hayes")



MR. GERRIDGE AND
MR. HARE'S SALLY FORTH
TO PAY A CALL

SAM GERRIDGE STRAYS
FROM THE LINE



GEORGE D'ALROY
(MR. GULLAND'S PARTNER)
AND
ESTHER
(MISS FORTH'S FRIEND)



SIR JOHN HARE AS
'ECCLES.



SAM GERRIDGE

CAPT. HAWTHORNE

SALLY ECCLES

(MR. CAMPBELL GULLAND) (MR. DALTON M. LEWIS) (MISS ESTHER HARRISON)

BAR 1



MR. ECCLES RETURNS FROM A SUCCESSFUL
"HAWK HUNT THE OTHER"

"CASTE"



MR. ECCLES VERY MUCH ON HIS DIGNITY

FRANK R. GREY



ESTHER ACCUSES HER FATHER OF TRYING TO STEAL HER BROTHER'S
NECKLACE.



MR. ECCLES
READY TO RECEIVE
VISITORS

THE TURNER-IDEAL "CASTE" (NOW SHOWING) AS SEEN BY FRANK R. GREY.

THE CIGARETTE

Adapted from
The Nordisk Film

MAKER

By
BILLIE BRISTOW.



"HOW happy I am!" said Nita to her sweetheart as she packed away the remains of the picnic in the hamper.

On that glorious summer holiday Costigan (a foreman at the cigarette factory) had brought his cousin Nita (also an employee at the factory) and his blind mother into the fields and the fresh air. Their happy day nearly ended, they began to return home. They were well on their way when Costigan discovered that the picnic-basket had been left behind.

"I shan't be long," he assured them, and, leaving Nita with his mother, he hurried back to obtain it.

"Let us get across the road," suggested Nita. As she led her aunt into the roadway a motor-car swerved rapidly round the corner. The noise so frightened the poor old blind woman that she collapsed in a heap. The car pulled up only just in time to avoid an accident. Amidst some confusion the owner of the car descended from his seat.

"I do hope she is not hurt," he said, hurrying towards Nita. "Can I do something for you?" Then, as he recognised the beautiful girl as one of the employees at the Carino cigarette factory, "Why," he exclaimed, "I have often seen you in my father's factory, and have long wanted to know you better. Now perhaps I shall, eh, dearie?" he added. With his fingers under her chin, Esmé Carino looked into her eyes and smiled. Then, climbing into his car, he drove away, leaving the astonished girl standing by her aunt who had now quite recovered from the shock.

Just then Costigan returned with the picnic-basket. "Nita," he exclaimed, "I forbid you to have any more to do with that man. He may be the owner of a factory, he may have money, and he may pay his attentions to you, but, little one, if you have any self-respect—drop him like a hot coal. You know you have only to give the word and I'll marry you. Then you'll not have to work, and you'll be happy, if it

is possible for me to give you happiness."

After this well-meant advice Costigan left the subject alone, but in his heart he felt that Nita had changed. He did not know though that Esmé had taken Nita's heart by storm.

The next morning Esmé Carino entered the packing department where Nita was employed, and over which Costigan was foreman. Nita occupied an end seat, and when Esmé secretly slipped a note into her hand she was agreeably surprised. A thrill ran through her as she surveyed the tall, handsome man who stood beside her giving orders to the packers, and after he had left the room Nita, longing to know the contents of the note, slipped out by another door. Eagerly she read, "Meet me on the bridge to-night after hours." With her heart beating wildly, Nita crushed the letter into her blouse, and ran back to her work, unnoticed by all except her cousin Costigan.

"My darling!" murmured Esmé as Nita ran into his arms at the appointed meeting-place. "I was afraid you would not come—that your cousin would stop you."

"Please, please don't mention my cousin," she said, hastily.

"Then come along and have some supper," added Esmé, only too pleased to drop the cousin out of the conversation. "I know an awfully jolly place where we shall be quite alone."

"Alone?" echoed Nita, a little surprised, but, all the same, she trusted him implicitly.

Esmé was well known at the restaurant, and giving the waiter a tip the pair were conducted to a private room.

"At last, Nita, I have you to myself. Nita, my own darling!" he cried, as his arms clasped her closely to him. Esmé kissed her passionately. His kisses were new and pleasant to Nita, for Costigan had never kissed her like this, though he had often confessed his love to her.

"Now then, Esmé, old man, 'nuff o'

that," interrupted an intoxicated voice the owner of which was Carlo Bartino Esmé's artist chum, who with his model had burst in upon them.

"The waiter told us you were here with a lady," explained Carlo's companion, a dissipated, thick-lipped, black-eyed Italian girl, known to her friends as "The Humming Bird."

"Yes," replied Esmé, "but we've only been here a few minutes—this is Nita, and you're going to be pals, aren't you?" inquired Esmé of "The Humming Bird."

"It's all according," snapped the model. Already she had noticed that Carlo was paying marked attention to Nita, and of this she disapproved.

After a few minutes dinner was served. Nita, overcome by the novelty of it all, drank wine freely. She felt a strange burning sensation which had been unknown to her before, her legs seemed to give way under her as she tried to stand. She grasped the window-curtain, and as she did so she saw her cousin's face behind the glass. No! it was no wild phantasy of a drink-sodden brain—Costigan was there in the flesh. The room swayed, Esmé and the others became a blur, then there was a crash, and Nita remembered no more.

Next morning Nita awoke with a throbbing head and a swollen tongue. Like a flash the dissipation of the previous night returned to her. She was

If you catch the 7.46
you may see

'THE COMMUTERS.'

stiff and helpless she endeavoured to get up from her bed, where her mother had tenderly placed her the night before, but she could not move. A doctor was called, and Nita's raving over the vision of Costigan gave him the impression of mental derangement.

"She will soon pull round," the doctor assured her mother; "but she must not work for some weeks."

This was a disappointment to the parents, for Nita gave a large share of her wages towards the upkeep of the little home.

A fortnight elapsed, and although brought into constant contact with Esmé, Carlo had refrained from making inquiries about Nita. But one day he could withstand the temptation no longer, so he wrote him a note: "Can you find room for 'The Humming Bird' in your factory? I have set my heart on Nita as a model for my Salome picture. If you could let the H. B. have Nita's job I should be everlastingly grateful to you."

Esmé, although not a little astonished, agreed to the proposal.

"What does it matter?" he soliloquised; "either of them will serve my purpose. Both are devilishly pretty, so who cares?"

When Nita had recovered from her illness she returned to the factory and inquired after her post as packer.

"You have been away so long," Esmé explained, "that your vacancy has been filled. But Mr. Bartino is in need of a model. Go and see him, my dear."

His words broke Nita's heart.

"So this is all he cares," she thought. "This is how he rewards me for the love I have given him." She turned to leave the factory, and as she reached the door, Costigan saw her.

"Nita," he called, "have you decided?"

"Yes," she answered, simply.

"Ah! little one, you'll rue this day," he cried aloud as she left the building. Then as his temper rose, "I'll kill the man who stands between us!" he shouted.

When he reached home that evening he searched for a knife which had been unused for years, and leaving it a moment on the table, his blind mother found it.

"Costigan, dear, what are you going to do with it?" she asked.

"Nothing, Mother," lied Costigan.

"You promise that?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, dear mother, I promise," he answered her.

Nita called upon Carlo as arranged, and was immediately employed by him as a model. Months flew by, and as the picture progressed Carlo became more and more devoted to Nita, who, in turn, however, was cold and callous.

One day, after a long sitting, Nita told Carlo that she did not care for him, and the next morning she received a note to say that on the completion of the picture Mr. Bonita would require her services no longer.

Once more, Nita returned to the factory, and this time was allowed to fill a vacancy. "The Humming Bird" sat

next to Nita and when she realised that Esmé had paid Nita his attentions she became mad with jealousy. "The Humming Bird" had received a note from Esmé, and in order to invent a cause for her anger she slipped the note behind Nita's packing-board. Then after an interval she commenced a vigorous search for her letter.

"Where's my letter?" she shrieked. "Someone must have taken it. It was here a moment ago."

Suddenly she brought it forth from behind the board.

"You she-devil!" she cried, as she commenced to shake Nita. "You would steal my letters, would you? Well, I'll teach you not to," and with a wild cry "The Humming Bird" endeavoured to throttle her rival.

Instantly the room was in an uproar. Tables and chairs were hurled hither and thither in the struggle between the two girls. Costigan did his best to quell the disorder, but the girls fought desperately. At last Nita, utterly ex-

Bird" quietly entered at the other end of the room. She was arrayed in a magnificent satin gown beset with wonderful jewels, all presents from her doting Esmé.

Panther-like she watched the couple deeply engaged in conversation, then she gave a slight cough. Esmé started, and strode across the room towards her.

"So this is your intrigue, is it?" hissed "The Humming Bird," in cold superior tones. "You think you are going back to her, eh? but you won't." Before Nita could move a pistol-shot rent the air and reached its target.

Esmé fell heavily as Nita rushed to his side.

"Esmé! Esmé!" she cried; "speak to me, dear." But it was too late; Esmé had gone to live a new life—but not the one planned by him. "The Humming Bird" laughed when the police came to arrest her; she knew now that Esmé would never belong to any other girl.

A few weeks later Nita and Costigan pledged their troth, and "The Humming



COSTIGAN DID HIS BEST TO QUELL THE DISORDER, BUT THE GIRLS FOUGHT DESPERATELY.

hausted, sank on to the table. She and "The Humming Bird" were taken to the manager's office, and a detailed explanation of what had occurred ended in their dismissal from the factory.

Three months passed, during which Nita had found it difficult to obtain regular employment. Then one day she saw an advertisement in a newspaper—"Smart girl wanted. Apply personally." She hurried to the address given, and on being shown into the drawing-room was astonished to find Esmé confronting her.

"This is not my flat," he explained; "it is one I have purchased for 'The Humming Bird.' She has lived here ever since she left the factory; but I have grown tired of her rapid, heartless ways, and now I have called to bid her farewell."

"Do you mean you are going away?" inquired Nita.

"No, dearie, not that; I am going to start life afresh—to live again—that's all."

Unseen by them, "The Humming

Bird" flew out of their lives and the world for ever.

In this three-reel Nordisk drama the two leading actresses display undoubted talents to the greatest possible advantage. The performance of Miss Sangburn, especially, as "Nita" is sure to please all picturegoers. Like many Danish actresses, she is really wonderful. Her posing as "Salome" gives proof of her dramatic power, and a fine portrait of this pose appears as our frontispiece.

I commute.	We commute.
Thou commutest.	You commutats.
He, she or it commutats.	They commute.
But how on earth is it done?	

VILLAIN AND GOOD FELLOW

A "PICTURES" INTERVIEW WITH LIONELLE HOWARD

REFERRING to villains in drama, a famous producer once said in my hearing, "the dirtiest dogs that act in the films are among the decentest people we know." The words came into my mind one day a few weeks ago, when I elected to beard a "villain" in his den.

The name of this monster in crime who, though he has murdered, robbed, ruined innocent people, and died many times, still lives and smiles, is Lionelle Howard. His villainy, however, is merely to oblige the producer, and enthrall the picturegoer, for as I have already hinted, Mr. Howard out of film harness is one of the decentest fellows I know.

The "den" referred to above was his dressing-room at the Hepworth Studio, and on the occasion of my visit he happened to be a very mild sort of villain. Indeed if you think that Lionelle Howard can teach nothing but villainy in films, you are mistaken. It may be his chief occupation, but nevertheless he is a player of many parts, and an excellent player to boot.

Dressed in the pegtop trousers, swallow-tailed coat, frilled collar, and very tall hat of the mid-Victorian era (ready, in fact, for his part of Arthur Gower in *Trelawny of the Wells*), Mr. Howard greeted me with friendly hand-clasp and beaming countenance:

With the war ever in my mind, I immediately asked this tall, good-looking young man if he was eligible for khaki.

"I joined up during the first week of the war," he answered, "and was later on discharged as being unable to pass the trade tests. In my earlier days I was a medical student, you know, and for that reason I entered the R.A.M.C. as Sergeant-Dispenser. I went to Aldershot when we were all over strength in numbers and when food and clothing were scarce and organisation was anything but perfect. After eight weeks of it the Captain asked me what I was doing there. I told him I was Sergeant-Dispenser. 'Ever been in a chemist's shop?' he asked. I replied I had not, but



LIONELLE HOWARD
as a Clergyman in *The Sweater*.

that I had been a medical student. 'Then you can't be Sergeant-Dispenser. Try and get a commission,' was his rejoinder. I came back a nervous wreck, and although I applied for and was offered a commission in a Northamptonshire regiment my experience had made me physically incapable of accepting it."

"You have been with Hepworth's a long time?" I queried.

"Two years. And considering that my name never appeared on the screen during the first year I was mighty pleased to get all those votes in your PICTURES competition."

"They show how much our readers appreciate you, Mr. Howard. Now will you tell them, through me, something about your professional career?"

"With pleasure. Quite a lot of it was on the stage, and I have known the meaning of hard work. In a portable

theatre I played six parts and a piano per week, filling in my spare day-time by studying and rehearsing my parts."

"I once joined a small, bloodthirsty melodrama which left me and the other members of the cast stranded at Douglas, in the Isle of Man. Hungry, and without so much as a farthing in my pockets, I worked my way back to Liverpool by peeling potatoes in the cook's galley. My determined action brought me luck, for Charles Frohman gave me a small part and an understudy in London in *Are You a Mason?* and I was sent out with its first tour, playing juvenile lead—Frank Perry. I played the part on and off for five years, and only this week had an offer to go back with it."

"I have played lead and principal parts in *The Night of the Party*, *Facing the Music*, *Jane*, *What the Butler Saw*, *The New Housemaid*, *What Happened to Jones*, *Sunday*, *Captain Drew on Leave*—"

"Ready for Mr. Howard," shouted the call-boy.

"Come with me into the studio," said my friend, "and we will continue the story afterwards."

I followed the actor into the studio and watched him play a most interesting scene with Chrissie White, after which we returned to the dressing-room.

"I was giving you my stage career," he continued. "Eventually I drifted into stock at Kennington Theatre for two months, and I managed and played lead in an American sketch, *Other People's Money*, which we played at, among other theatres, the Hippodrome and Coliseum."

"I played in my first picture a leading part as 'Leonard Holt' in *Old St. Paul's*. Yes, a Clarendon film. Why? I met Mr. Noy of the Clarendon in the Strand. He said I was the build and age he wanted, so he had me. I appeared also in the pictures *Southern Blood* and *Secret Life*. Then I got back to the 'Halls,' appearing in *The Adder's Tooth*, the first sketch in which the cinema



MR. HOWARD (on right) as a villain in *The Golden Paverment*.



MR. HOWARD, as a lover in the comedy *Migg's Maid*.

was employed a chase being shown by means of the screen.

"And how did you join Hepworths?"

"Mr. Hepworth offered me the juvenile part in *The Mysterious Murder of Mr. Marks*. I was Alma Taylor's lover. Then I appeared as the Count St. Valery in *The Dead Heart*. From then onwards I played many parts (Oh, yes, 'villains' sometimes, but not always) with Hepworths, and am happily still with them.

"I wrote *The Lie*, produced by Frank Wilson, and played lead in it. I am proud to record that the script was handed in one morning and started on in the studio the same day. I have written four Hepworth plays in all, the others being two comedies, and a three-reel drama, *A Moment of Darkness*, which Mr. Hepworth produced."

Mr. Howard told me that he loved dogs. He has a prize Gordon setter and a little rough-haired Yorkshire terrier presented to him by Chrissie White.

That he receives countless letters from PICTURES readers goes without saying. "And the funny thing is," he explained, "that nearly all my correspondents admire me most as a villain, and particularly in *The Man who Stayed at Home* and *The Man from India*—in both of which I am a German."

"Last week I received a letter from a lady in Basutoland. She had seen one of our films and wanted my photograph. Who knows perhaps she is a dusky Basuto belle."

At that moment Stewart Rome entered the "den" with his finger cut to seek Lionelle's help. "All the fellows come to me for this sort of thing," he remarked as he deftly bound up the wound. "You see they all get to know that I possess some medical knowledge."

"Ever hurt myself in films?"

"No; I don't think so. I was nearly drowned once whilst swimming after a 'criminal.' Got caught in some weeds. I managed to extricate myself after a struggle, and paddled ashore, but I was done to the world for the time being."

"Are you married?" The words had hardly left my lips when the call-boy rushed in again to say that Mr. Howard was wanted in the studio.

"Tell your readers," shouted the actor as he hurried away, "that I am not married to Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, or Violet Hopson."

F. D.

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Below you will find the ninth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

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Name

Address

9th SET.



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34. Scene from
Letters used: **C D E F G H I L M O P R S T U**



35. Scene from
Letters used: **A D E G H I M N T**



36. Scene from
Letters used: **A B C E H I K L N R T**

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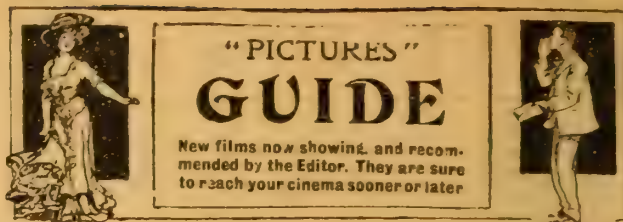
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THAT the Viceregal guests at Dublin Castle have for some weeks past paid regular visits to the cinema, which proves that attacks against cinemas find no approval in Dublin Castle.

THAT *A Boy's Best Friend* has been booked to 543 theatres. Mother will be pleased.

THAT Douglas Payne, who is in the Army Veterinary Corps at St. Albans, had to settle a bet the other day that *he* was the actor in a film then showing in that town.

THAT Harry Buss, so long associated with Hepworth's, is engaged by Luceque, Ltd., to produce all their comedies.

THAT E. Hay-Plumb, late Hepworth producer, has a commission in a Yorkshire regiment in training at Cambridge.

THAT Lily Sixby, the Broadwest player (whom we have just interviewed), has sold thousands of postcards of herself at cinemas for the benefit of our "Prisoners of War Fund."

THAT *The Goddess*, a fascinating twelve-part Vitagraph serial (we long since published a portrait of Anita Stewart and Earle Williams in this) is not only in town, but "booking."

THAT our "offis" boy, determined to do his bit, will present you with his first contribution to PICTURES next week.

THAT a new film factory, one of the largest and most complete in Europe, is to be built in Vienna, war or no war.

THAT Harold Lockwood, the darling of many readers, has signed on with the Lasky Co.

THAT the Fox Film Corporation of America may open in Great Britain both a printing plant and a producing studio.

THAT Alec Worcester, once a popular Hepworth player, has now joined the Army in India.

THAT charming Mlle. Regina Badet acts superbly in *The Golden Lotus*, a Gaumont-Eclipse Exclusive that will bring gold to all concerned.

THAT even if Kitty Gordon has insured her back for £1,000 and Charlie Chaplin has insured his feet for £30,000, there is no truth in the rumour that H. B. Walthall has insured his new moustache for £2,000,000.



SIX HALF-PLATE PHOTOGRAPHS

Taken from the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

P.O. or Stamps value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.



IF you could only read a few of the letters we get daily from Picture enthusiasts who have seen

"THE FOUR FEATHERS"

(By A. E. W. MASON)

you would register a vow to see this great film.

The **Desert Scenes** are very thrilling, and the love-story is absorbing.

Ask your hall-manager to show it, or write to us for the address of the nearest Theatre in your district where it is to be shown.

To Exhibitors—

We have several telegrams advising us of record bookings. The posters and publicity matter are top-hole.
HAVE YOU BOOKED?

CONTROLLED BY
**LUCOQUE Ltd.,
Film Renters,**

93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET,
LONDON, W.

Write for Synopsis.

PERFECT TEETH IN PICTURES

**Screen Artistes cannot hope
to succeed without them**

IT may be one of the little facts which have escaped your notice, but perfect teeth help to make perfect pictures. The hero or heroine of the picture play who could not display a perfect set of teeth would be like "Hamlet" without the Prince—a poor and expressionless sort of show.

Imagine a "close-up" on the screen of the smile of your favourite if he or she showed broken, missing, badly grown, or crooked teeth! It is too horrible to contemplate, and, as a matter of fact, is not likely to happen, because the man or woman stupid enough to so neglect their teeth would never be engaged to play the hero or heroine of a picture play.

We dare not say that all picture players have false teeth, but we dare assert that thousands of the world's artistes, both on the screen and on the stage, have been glad to seek the dentist's aid in order to possess beautiful rows of

TEETH which in themselves are MOVING PICTURES.

The purport of this column is to draw the attention of picture-players and picturegoers alike to the dentists awakening to the true art of dentistry.

"The state of people's teeth is appalling. I doubt if there is a single normal jaw in Great Britain," says Dr. Henry Campbell, in a London contemporary. But Mr. H. Goldberg, of 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, goes further and says:—"The idea of bad teeth amongst the civilised races, and especially the white races, has grown to be considered a natural heritage of manhood and womanhood, while a complete set of false teeth is looked upon with pride as a beautiful possession, many having really firm, sound teeth extracted that they may enjoy the possession of a complete set."

A True Exponent of Modern Dentistry.

Mr. Goldberg is recognised to be one of the greatest experts we have to-day in Crown Bar and Bridge work: indeed it is he who introduced to Londoners many years ago this great and forward movement in modern Dentistry.

By his own ingenious device he completely and successfully does away with "plates," which are not only uncomfortable, unsightly, and cause impediment of speech when worn, but frequently cause death to the wearers by strangulation as the result of accidentally swallowing the plate.

Mr. Goldberg's method of teeth repairing is to save every tooth, even when decayed to the root, and, by his very clever device of building up decayed teeth and linking up one tooth to the other, especially where false ones are necessary, by an invisible bridge at the back of the teeth, has successfully solved a hitherto very difficult problem. This bridge holds every artificial tooth in a "grip of steel," as it were, one that outwears the wearer should he live to the age of Methuselah.

The new system of dentistry which this wizard of the dental chair has introduced is certainly the last word in dental science. It is painless and inexpensive, and especially beneficial to those who value appearances. Perhaps this is one reason why so many of the feminine sex, both of title and stage, are amongst his clientèle.

MR. GOLDBERG'S message to you to-day is:

SAVE YOUR TEETH

**Mr. GOLDBERG'S HOURS are from
10-6, and his 'Phone No. is Mayfair 2022.**

Note from the Advertisement Manager of PICTURES:—"Mr. Goldberg has been falsely accused of being a German. We have investigated the matter, and the appearance of this announcement in our columns is sufficient contradiction."



RUSTIC: "Danged if Oi can make 'ead or tail 'ov it."

HER FIRST STUDIO DAYS.

PICTUREGOERS will find unusual interest in reading this letter from Rose Melville, creator of the famous character Sis Hopkins, who is now at work in Florida:

"Well, the first week and the first picture are over. And right now let me tell you that your *Hazards of Helen* girl cannot show me anything new in the way of bruises and sore muscles. I knocked my nose against something—was too busy to find out just what it was—and have a bruised lip and am sore all over from crawling from one room into another and running at full speed around tables.

"The first day outdoors found me more thoroughly frightened than I was on the night when I first stepped from the wings to face a Broadway audience. Just think of walking across the main thoroughfare of the thriving city of Jacksonville in full regalia and before a large crowd! I imagine they thought the circus had come to town. I can assure you I felt like 'the greatest show on earth.'

"But there is one good point about this acting in the open before crowds. You know whether the thing you are doing is funny or not, for the crowd takes the place of the audience of the theatre. But in the studio everybody is working just as hard as you are, and there's as much satisfaction in working as if they were stone men.

"The screen offers such unlimited scope for your efforts to please that it makes the stage feel like a Punch and Judy show in comparison. Why, there won't be a stage in the world big enough to hold me when I get through acting for the picture camera. This freedom of working on a stage that has no limits has gone to my head."



Ask your Cinema-Manager to book

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

You'll be delighted, so will he:—TRY.

PICTURE-PLAY WRITING

BY AN OPTIMIST.

THE number of people who think they can write picture-plays and who flood the manufacturers' manuscript departments with hopeless scripts, is tremendous. Manufacturers do not like to close their doors against outside writers who take the new art seriously, but they cannot be expected to wade through hundreds of scripts, all more or less void of technique, in the hope of finding one containing an idea sufficiently original to warrant its being placed in the hands of a staff writer. Consequently, much as it is disliked, the closing of the doors has to be done, and this hits the serious-minded writers—amateur and professional—who have done nothing to deserve the gradual restriction of their market which is now taking place.

How to clear out of the way the incompetent amateur—the writer who will not trouble to learn the technique, who sends in his ideas in synopsis form “on the off-chance, don’tcherknow” is a problem which is vexing the minds of the aforesaid serious-minded writers. Perhaps I may be able to assist in the campaign by setting forth my experience as a picture play writer, with a view to showing that the writing of picture plays is not the easy thing it is popularly supposed to be, and that hard work is necessary before success can be achieved.

I have always been interested in motion pictures—with me they superseded all other forms of entertainment and it seemed only natural that I should try my hand at writing for the screen.

I started with half-reel comedies, and achieved a fair amount of success. My technique was not of a high order, but I read everything dealing with picture-play writing that I could lay my hands on. All suggestions were carefully considered, and, if approved, adopted.

Room at the top, and the plodder will get there.

As will have been grasped, I was ambitious. I tired of comics. I wanted to write something bigger, so I turned my attention to drama, and there met trouble. I began with single-reel dramas, but nothing I could do was right—they always came back. Once or twice I returned to my first love, comics, and sold them; but, generally speaking, I have stuck to drama, gradually graduating from one reel to two and three reels. Although I have been told that I am improving, yet I have still to sell my first drama.

It is now exactly twelve months since I sold a picture play, but in this, if in nothing else, I am a plodder, and I am prepared to make the sacrifices demanded by that hard taskmistress, Art. I have several times been on the point of throwing up the sponge, but something always occurs which re-kindles the flame of my enthusiasm. This has happened not once nor twice, but four or five times, and it seems as if fate forbids me to give up picture-play writing.

The novice should take the word of an optimistic plodder, it is *not* easy to write picture-plays; what you have to do is *not* simply to go home from the pictures, write a play, send it off, & receive a cheque by return of post. No, it is nothing like that. It means years of steady application, a capacity for taking hard knocks without being discouraged, a thorough mastery of everything pertaining to the art, a lively imagination, dramatic instinct, and many other things.

But there is room at the top, and that is where "An Optimist" is going.



I TOOK **CICFA**—THE ONLY CURE FOR INDIGESTION

(in STOMACH & BOWEL).

**"Now I eat
whatever I desire."**

**"I wish
all Indigestion
Sufferers
to know that
every word I say
is true."**

READ THE EXPLANATION.

If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different; and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same—that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind, and Gas-Rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flashed Face, &c., while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but, whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY

CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY

WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S
DIGESTIVE FERMENTS. With

out these ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and **THOSE FERMENTS ARE**

FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Ciefa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your indigestion cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the small tubes. I had been suffering with indigestion for about 2½ years and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most won-

derful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures Indigestion as Cicfa has cured mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health, and for being able to enjoy life again.—
Yours truly, F. L. DAVID.

IN WASTE TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you think. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety or a fright. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is being weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking Cicfa to assist digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which when taken in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible, and make Digestion perfect and certain.

DO YOU KNOW that when you take anything which neutralises the acid in your Stomach, you stop digestion, for the Gastric Juice which Nature pours into the Stomach to digest the food is very acid, and if you neutralise that acid you destroy its power to digest food and thus cause Indigestion? These are not our ideas; they are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion. Price 1 3 & 3-. Get Cefcal now or test it

-ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address, with this Coupon, and **one penny stamp for postage**, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICEA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



THE CICFA COY.,
8a, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ. LONDON, W.
P. & PICTUREGOER, 43 1/2



“THE TAILOR OF BOND ST.”

is a really fine film, and remember

Potash & Perlmutter

are in it.



MISS
FAY TEMPLE,

a delightful actress on
both screen and stage,
has written to say that:

*"Oatine is without question the nicest toilet
preparation I have ever used. I consider it very
superior to any other face cream, and as a cleansing
agent it is far more thorough than soap and water.
It really does clean the pores of the skin."*

Oatine
FACE CREAM

It's the dirt that is **IN**, not the dirt that is **ON** that
spoil the complexion. Soap and water only remove
the surface dirt, and is quite powerless to remove
the dirt embedded in the pores. Unless this dirt
is removed skin health is impossible.

Get Oatine to-day at your Chemist's. 1, 1½ and 2, 3 a jar.

Get a Jar To-day and Prove its Worth!



See it
Tommy?
Mackintosh's!

Trust to the kiddies to find it in a window
crowded with other sweets. It's the sweetmeat
that Mother commends—yes, and turtively
samples herself—for the wholesomeness of
Mackintosh's is known to all the world.

Nothing could be more pure and wholesome than this
sweetmeat—which never satiates nor palls on the palate.

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich
Cream blended in the "Mackintosh
Way."

We take as much care in selecting
and blending our Peppermint as we
do of the other ingredients in
Toffee de Luxe.

4ozs., 4½d. and in tins at 1½, of all Confectioners.

© M6

COUGHS AND COLDS

**Veno's, the Family Remedy, cures Mother
and saves Children from Whooping-Cough**

MRS. PRUTTON, Church End, Arlesley, Beds, says:—"It is some years since I
first used Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I had caught a cold and a most
trying cough that nothing would relieve; it persisted all through the winter,
though I kept taking various remedies that people told me about. I was
getting quite alarmed about the cough, when one day my husband brought me
a bottle of Veno's, and I commenced taking it. Actually in two days it cured
me, though I had been coughing for months.

"After that I made Veno's my family cough medicine, and I cannot tell you
all that I owe to it. When whooping-cough was all about here I saved my
own darlings by giving them Veno's, and when I think of the sufferings of poor
little children from that terrible complaint, I wish I could tell every mother
about Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is just splendid."



Mrs. Prutton's Children.

**A SIXPENNY
BOOK FREE.**

Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no
sufferer should be without.

Address: Box 107, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.

**VENO'S LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE**

Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Sweetest Remedy for:—
**COUGHS & COLDS
BRONCHITIS
LUNG TROUBLES
INFLUENZA
DIFFICULT
BREATHING**
11½d.
a bottle.
**ASTHMA
NASAL CATARRH
WHOOPIING COUGH
OLD-AGE COUGHS
BLOOD-SPITTING**
Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- Size is the most economical.
Of Chemists and Stores the world over, including leading Chemists
in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India.

PICTURE REPAID

Abstracts MUST be prepared, and sent to PLUTARKS, Ltd., N. 1st Ave., London, W.C., by first-class letter, by express postpaid, before 5 P.M. daily.

EDITORIAL



F. D.

When he took her the next night to see this film she laughed and laughed and laughed, and then--she forgave him.



Turner Films

Three Great Pictures which you have not yet seen:—

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

(Thomas Hardy's Famous Novel.)

A WELSH SINGER.

(Allen Raine's Masterpiece.)

DOORSTEPS.

(Henry Edward's Stage Play.)

EACH ONE FEATURING

FLORENCE TURNER

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

My postbag, like that of the Editor, is constantly growing. Countless letters I receive call for no reply except a general appreciation conveyed to you through this page. A few, when time permits, I answer through the post. Occasionally I interest you all by referring to your letters on this page.

In reply to Winnie Gibbs (Croydon), who says she has received a lovely signed portrait of Ella Hall (I hope you liked the pretty picture of her with the doll last week), a two cent stamp is sufficient to enclose for a reply from America. The Clarendon Company have no stock players, juvenile or otherwise, but another Winnie (a child whose surname is Dangerfield) has often played for them. A single award of merit does not win a prize. You must have six.

Rosie (Finsbury Park) writes:—"The streets are so black at night it is horrible to be out in them. But I go out with my mother twice every week to the cinema, and oh, what a difference! The bright music and bright pictures make us forget the horrid war for a time. Pictures at the cinema and PICTURES at home are our only enjoyment." Hundreds say the same. Rosie. In reply to your question the Editor will publish another Mary Pickford story shortly.

"I have been reading 'Children's Corners' in other papers, but not one comes up to 'The Young Picturegoer,' says

Betty Jones (Glamorgan). I am most flattered to read this, and very, very glad. Betty has won two of my prizes, and means to keep on trying for more.

"Would you please let the children know in your Corner," writes Charlie Wright (Isle of Wight), "that I am writing a complete magazine, which I will send them for 2d., including postage? It is called the Wight Magazine. Please do. They will be ready by the 6th of February."

But why not call it the "Wright" Magazine, Charlie? And why have you not sent "Uncle Tim" a copy? I cannot advise readers to spend 2d. until I see what you propose to give them.

What a lucky girl is Grace Wheatley, of Leeds! She says she has received large photos from Warren Kerrigan, Mabel Normand, Elisabeth Risdon, and Henry Walthall, which she describes as being charming, pretty, lovely, and delightful respectively. Mr. Walthall's photo she would not part with for £ s. d., as he is the greatest actor she has ever seen.

It seems to me that American stars especially must spend a small fortune on photographs. Hundreds and hundreds of PICTURES readers have been lucky recipients of them for months past.

"What shall we do, 'Uncle Tim,' if foreign films are stopped from coming to England? The thought of no more Mary Pickford, or Charlie, or Pearl White, or Tom Mix is too horrible to

contemplate!" Thus writes "Ada," of Glasgow. But Ada must not anticipate misfortune. Even if new foreign films are entirely stopped (and I do not think that will happen) there are plenty in London to go on with. And good British films can be increased tenfold if it becomes necessary.

I have before me a clever little sketch of "Charlie" meeting a "glad-eye" on the front at the sea-side. It is drawn by John Hanson, of Leeds, and if it is his own and not traced from a drawing he is a very clever little boy. Is it Johnnie?

Some verses on "Our Pianist" have come to me from Ernest Hamblin (Hungerford), who is employed as chocolate boy at a cinema. "The pianist," he writes, "was an assistant to the clergy, and also a clerk in a corn shop. He was known among the boys as 'Feet.' I believe he left owing to the fact that the relief pianist was praised in the local newspaper for his splendid playing. 'Feet' had the cheek to practise during the performance. He could not read a note of music."

Will all those readers who have sent me photos of themselves as Charlie Chaplin please note that I shall publish the best of them shortly—perhaps next week? So look out for yourselves.

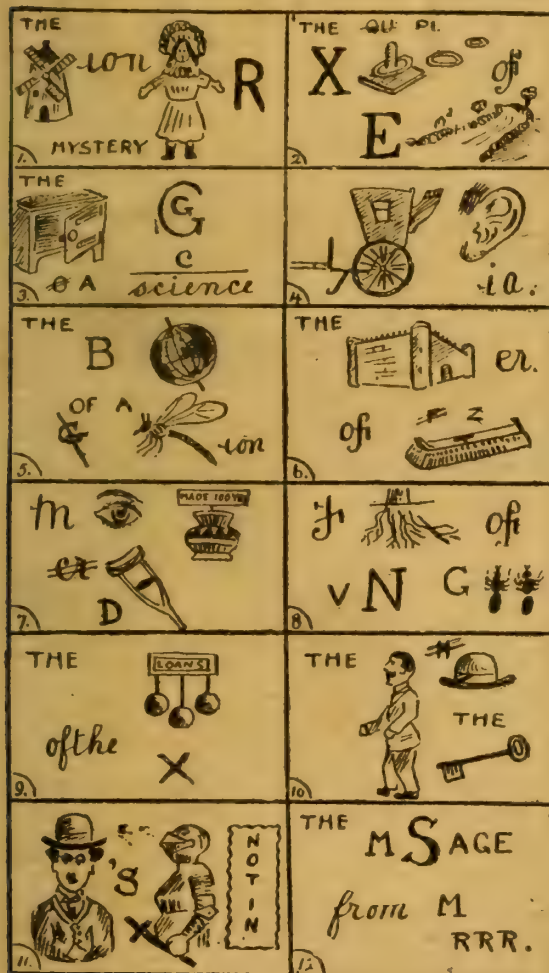
The "Hidden Names" Competition brought shoals of answers. The names were: Warren, Arthur, Richard, Norman, Alan, James.

The prize-winners are:—Bertha Preston, 24, Spode Street, Stoke-on-Trent (8); Gladys Petch, 31, Radnor Rd., Cardiff (8); Arnold Barlow, 18, Cotton St.

UNCLE TIM:



CINEMA CRAZED (Bedford).—Oh! —! NO C. C. IS NOT MAD. See him in "At the Show." Stewart Rome is not in the Army. Maurice Costello has left Vitagraph, but his place are at present unsettled. Your brother's love despatched to "Mary."



HIDDEN FILMS IN PICTURE PUZZLES.
Prizes for Children who find them. (See above.)

DELL AND HARRY (Leicester).—“A Welsh Singer” was filmed in North Wales. Majorie Dew plays for Lesky. E. K. Lincoln played opposite Anita Stewart in “A Million Bids.” Ray Gallagher (with a G) plays for the Nestor Co. Harold Lockwood played opposite Little Mary in “Hearts Adrift.” That Metro cast not given.

L. R. S. P. (Chiswick).—The Editor is always ready to consider original sketches (with the agent on the original). Our Film Titles Travestied sketches are still appearing.

CAMERAITE (London, S.W. 1).—Get some of the trade papers and study the advertisements of operators, &c., wanted. You do not say if you have had any experience.

LUCE (Lytham).—Quite right: source of quotation a mystery to us. Have handed over your children's saying to “Uncle Tim.” The one about Charlie Chaplin is very good, but we published one similar in our Smiles column a few weeks ago. The Editor and the Answers Man accept your kind invitation with grateful thanks (and a certain measure of curiosity withal).

PIPPIN (Croydon).—So glad to have your cheery letter. You are quite an ardent Film Finder. We purposely printed a part of your previous episode—the penalty of popular penmanship. Yours particularly, “Popping.”

GEOFFREY (New Brighton).—Don't write in pencil please, I'm ninety-nine. Mary Pickford's mother was not Mabel Love. Address Mae Marsh, c/o. Reliance Film Co., 537, Riversdale Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A.

NORA (Manchester).—Grace Cunard is unmarried, and Anna Little with Mutual—a mutual attraction, so to speak. We have postcards of Ella Hall and Gertrude McCoy. Sorry to hear of your bereavement—but all must cross the Styx, even your rabbit. R.L.P. Your photo expected.

HOPEFUL (Hull).—Perhaps one day you will have your wish fulfilled and see the filmisation of your two books. Your love sent to Warren Kerrigan. “Uncle Tim,” the Editor, and “us” had a tussle as to who should have bigger share. Result unpublishable.

PAV (Shooters Hill) thinks that PICTURES is “each week more interesting than the last.” Honor where honour is due. We do not advise our readers to send their autograph-albums to players for the signatures, but to enclose a sheet of paper the size of their album. We have new postcards of Henry Ainley penny each, postage extra. Chrissie White and Alma Taylor are not related. Don't forget promised photo.

AN ADVISER (Bootle) says that in his opinion the World Film Corporation productions are the first in the field—“Chacun à son gout.” Address Robert Warwick, c/o. World Film Corp., 130 West 46th St., New York City U.S.A. Thanks for compliments.

FLORENCE (Catford).—It was just sweet of you to write us that appreciative and chatty letter which interested us very much. The Editor has autographed your notepaper and returned it. You have indeed a good collection of autographs.

INTERESTED (Putney).—The Victoria Cinema Studios, of 26, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London, is one you can safely go to.

Mrs. E. J. (Paddington).—Glad to hear that PICTURES cheers you up whilst your khaki husband is away doing his “bit.” Thanks for distributing the back numbers. You evidently believe in, “never keep all good things to yourself.” Here's luck to you and yours.

IRIS (Wille-den).—Edna Flugrath would most likely reply to your letter. Address her, c/o. London Film Co., St. Margarets, Twickenham. Have sent your love to the World's Sweetheart. If it were solid I'm sure Mary could live on it.

CHUCK-A-DOUBLE (Do (Bacup)).—(Chuck, chuck-k-k.) A bound volume VIII, would cost you 3s. 9d., post free. Souvenir of “Barnaby Rudge” is 2d. Orders to PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, W.C.

HILDA (Chiswick).—Have forwarded your letter to Author (Somewhere in Camp) as desired. Yes! we're all fit. Thank you, Hilda.

D. (Elbow Vale). See reply to “Pauline.”

LILY (Strandown).—The subscription rate for six months of PICTURES is 3s. 3d., which, please send to our publishers, Odhams, Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London. We have two postcards of Pearl White (one coloured), 1d. each, postage extra. Address her, c/o. Pathé Co., 25, West 45th Street, New York City, U.S.A. No post cards yet of Arnold Daly.

SERVICES (Weston-super-Mare).—Sorry to hear of your difficulties in writing up your picture play. *Love to the Picture Play*, price 2d., post-free from PICTURES, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., would prepare an easy path for you.

M. A. T. (Westchiff-on-Sea).—Gerald Ames, c/o. London Films, St. Margarets, Twickenham.

ULTRA (Sheffield).—Glad you have at last written to us. Better late than never. The parts of the “Ugly Sisters” in stage versions of “Cinderella” are invariably taken by men. Have sent your love and kisses to Mary Pickford, and kissed all the ladies on the stuff for you.

BILLY (Bolton). Address Henry Ainley, c/o. Hepworth Mfg. Co., 2, Deanna St., London, W., and as you are writing you can ask him the matrimonial questions. We have new picture postcards of him. Tom Powers did not play in “After the Storm” (B. and C.).

L. M. (Bromley).—See reply to “Cinema Crazy,” then you'll win your bet. Address Roscoe Arbuckle, c/o. Keystone Co., Long Acre Building, New York City, U.S.A. The mail takes about a week in crossing, providing none of Tirpy's fleet is on the move.

FRANK (Cardiff).—King Paggot is with Universal Co., in America. Are you “Fending the Films”?

PICTURE LOVER (Manor Park).—Grace Cunard played last in “The Black Box.” You could most likely get the synopsis of this film from the Trans-Atlantic Film Co., 37-39, Oxford St., London, W. Anna Little, is American. The other player we do not know.

RUTH (Dublin).—Here are some addresses to send your film plots to:—Hepworth Film Mfg. Co., Walton-on-Thames; Turner Films, Ltd., Walton-on-Thames; Cricks and Martin Ltd., Waddon New Road, Croydon; B. and C. Co., Hoe Street, Walthamstow; London Film Co., St. Margarets, Twickenham, Middlesex. We do not reply by post.

GEMIS (Chorley).—Address Mabel Normand, c/o. Keystone Co., Long Acre Building, New York City, U.S.A., and Edna Purviance, c/o. Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1,333, Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. Edna is twenty-one years old. Pearl White is married.

ELVECI (Somewhere at Sea).—Thanks for your suggestion of a Competition; it would, however, be too easy. We have so many films to deal with in PICTURES that it is difficult to get in all we should like to. The film you mention was A1.

* * Many replies are unavoidably held over.



VIOLET HOPSON, one of our new postcard series of Hepworth players.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, “Pictures and The Picturegoer,”
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SMILES

At the Pictures.

REGGIE: “Why so sad, sweetheart?”

ROSIE: “I was just thinking how miserable I'd be if I had never met you.”

What's in a Prefix?

“Are you unmarried?” inquired the director of the young lady.

“No,” she replied. “I've never been ‘married.’”

Rival Supers.

MAY: “Thinks her face is her fortune, doesn't she?”

PEARL: “It isn't anyway. She's got one and ninepence in the Post Office Savings-bank.”

Little Money, Little Mice.

IRATE PATRON: “I insist on having another seat. There are two mice fighting under this one.”

MANAGER: “Did you expect a bull-fight for sixpence, madam?”

Professional Jealousy.

FIRST ACTOR: “Why did you break off your engagement with Minnie?”

SECOND ACTOR: “She insisted that her name should appear in bigger type than mine on the wedding invitation-cards.”

Nothing to Shout About.

“One hundred and one years old eh!” remarked the knut as he gazed at the centenarian on the screen. “Quite a record!”

“Dunno!” responded his companion. “His record's nothing. He's done nothing but grow old, and has taken a long time to do that.”

Possibly a Poser.

He was a member of a cinema orchestra, and he did not forget to brag about it.

“Why, man, we can play the most intricate airs at sight,” he was saying.

“Indeed!” said the unbelieving picturegoer. “I should like to hear you play the airs your leader puts on.”

A Black Business.

OLD GENT: “Pardon me, my man, but why are you following me?”

MAN IN BLACK: “Oh! I'm the new undertaker, and I wanted to know where you live.”

OLD GENT: “But there's nobody dead there.”

MAN IN BLACK: “No! but I heard you cough, and I'm hoping for the best.”

The Main Thing.

An Irish gentleman decided to give up horses in favour of a motor-car, and sent his old coachman to Belfast to learn all about the car he intended purchasing.

“Well, Paddy,” said his master, some weeks later, “I suppose you know all there is to know about motoring now?”

“Yes, sorr,” he answered, “I know everything thoroughly except one small thing. I can't make out, sorr, what makes the car go without horses!”

WEEK ENDING
MARCH 4, 1916

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER



Henry Ainley
in "The Outrage."

Hepworth Picture Player

CHARLES DE LA RUE

CRIME INVESTIGATOR



Series 1.

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VAMPIRES



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PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^d.



DANIEL FROHMAN

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**MARY
PICKFORD**

in

"ESMERALDA"

A Drama in
Four Acts.

Released March 13th.

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THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and J. D. Walkers may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of 3/- post-free.



VIOLET MERSEREAU, THE DELIGHTFUL "IMP" STAR

Of the Trans-Atlantic Co. She offers to marry the handsomest man in a contest now being held in America. (See page 549.)

SEE Kathlyn Williams' Encounter with a Full-Grown Lion!

THE SULTANA OF THE DESERT

This Beautiful Production
Merits Your Special
Attention.

Here are a Few of the Thrilling Incidents.

*The Journey Across the Desert
to the Convent.*

The Escape.

*Kathlyn's Encounter with a
Lion.*

*The Dramatic Intervention of a
Pirate of the Desert.*

*The Exciting Rescue of the Girl
by her Sweetheart, and*

The Death of the Lion.

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WHY



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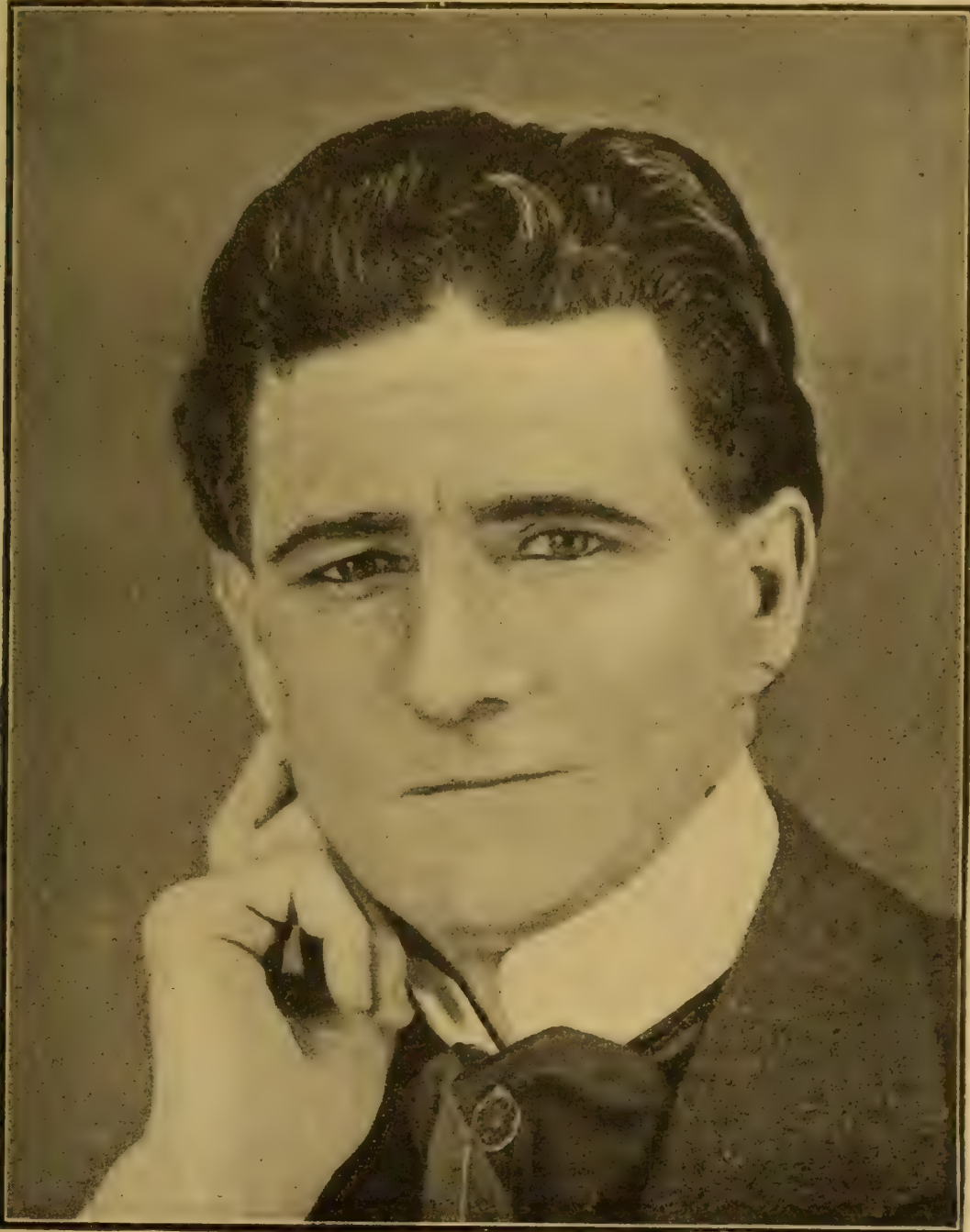
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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1916.

New Series, No. 108.



AURELE SYDNEY—THE FAMOUS GAUMONT ACTOR

Who has played the title rôle of "Ultus" (The Man from the Dead). The story of this unusually thrilling detective drama begins on page 547

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES



"THE PICTURES" STAFF.

No. 1. THE EDITOR.

ONLY three more weeks for finding the film and winning one of our £65 worth of prizes.

Last Monday morning's mail was a record! Over six hundred letters containing orders for postcards and—questions!

It is said that 121,000 feet were wasted in photographing *The Birth of a Nation*. The film as shown is 12,000 feet long.

In next week's issue: the concluding story of *Ullus: The Man from the Dead*, and a fine story of the Trans-Atlantic film *Her Prey*.

In the matter of notifying the inhabitants of big towns, or those of them in the picture-theatres, of the near coming of Zepps, the screen should once more prove itself a useful public servant.

"Betty," a chimpanzee, plays a leading part in *Crime and Penalty*, a "Martin" three-reel thriller, and Betty's fee for performing before the camera is stated to have been £40 a day. Betty has "pulled the strings," so to speak.

The Yell of the Yellow Press.

IF all the film imports (says *The Screen*) consisted of positive prints—the most bulky form in which pictures of a given value can be carried—the whole year's import—£1,200,000 worth—would occupy a space less than 100ft. long, 60ft. wide, and 20ft. high, or the equivalent of less than one small steamer, such as the packet-boats that ply between this country and the sister isle. So much for the freight and tonnage "argument."

Going to the Dogs.

A MOTION picture projecting machine has just been sold to a mining camp in Alaska. On the final stage of its journey the machine will be transported by an Alaskan dog team and sled over the snow to its destination. One might almost say that here is a case of "movies" going to the dogs.

The Two Spiders.

PAULINE FREDERICK will be seen later on in *The Spider*. A fine star and a fine title. Yes; but we understand the Essanay Company have produced a drama called *The Spider* which features Ruth Stonehouse. Another fine star, but the same title. We shall have two spiders crawling on the screen unless either company can substitute a bluebottle or some other creature for one of them.

"Why Women Must Save."

LET it be said with truth hereafter that the great world war of 1914-16 in defence of civilisation, justice, and humanity was largely won by the self-sacrifice of the women of the British Empire." This is the striking summing-up made by the Right Hon. the Earl of Meath, P.C., in an intensely interesting article by him, under the title "Why Women Must Save," which appears in the issue of *Everywoman's* dated March 11th, on sale on Tuesday next.

Is this the Smallest Cinema?

VANADIUM, Columbia, is so small that it is not even marked on the map. The seating capacity of its cinema is seventy-five, and two shows are given weekly. Henry B. Walthall and Edna Mayo pay frequent screen visits there, although to get to their destination they have to encounter great difficulties. As Vanadium does not possess a railway station the films destined for its cinema are thrown on the mountain side while the train is passing through. The returned films are carried fifteen miles on horseback to the express office.

Already "Made Up."

HERE is a letter received by the World Film Company of America: "Much against my families' wishes I have decided to be a movie actor, and as I like your pictures so much I want you should have the first chance to hire me. I would make a fine type for leading man, hero parts, first villains, comical characters and Jewish. Another reason is that you would save a lot of money on me in face paint. I understand all movie actors paint their face yellow. This would not be necessary in my case as I have the jaundice."

Prosperous Balboa.

THE rise of Balboa films is like a fairy tale. After an extensive theatrical experience, H. M. Horkheimer came to Southern California in 1912, determined to get into the picture business. At the time he had never seen

a cinematographic camera, but he took over the little studio vacated by the Edison concern in Long Beach, and started on a small scale. He was soon joined by E. D. Horkheimer, who had been an electrical engineer up to that time. Gradually the plant increased in size and capacity, and today occupies all four corners of two intersecting streets. There are a dozen buildings with an annual capacity for what will soon reach £1,000,000 in films. The weekly payroll already runs into £1,000.

"Greatness" on the Film.

IT is never wise to predict that the miraculous will not occur," says a writer in the *American Magazine*. "There may come a time when careful critics will award to some movie-players the treasured adjective 'great.' But at the present time certainly any such use of the adjective would be absurd. The movie drama has not yet shown itself capable nor given the slightest indication that it ever can show itself capable of affording an actor the chance to do great work." And we have persistently called many of our film stars "great" players. But our readers will agree with us that he who wrote the above is scarcely accurate.

"Not What Pictures Make Him."

PRESIDENT WILSON was the guest of honour at the First Annual Dinner of the Motion Picture Board of Trade of America to which nearly one thousand guests sat down. The following is quoted from the President's address, which was confined largely to his own contact with the industry: "I have sometimes been very much chagrined at seeing myself in a motion picture. I have often wondered if I really could be that kind of a guy. The extraordinary rapidity with which I walked, for example: the instantaneous and apparently automatic nature of my motions; the way in which I produce uncommon grimaces, and altogether the extraordinary exhibition I make of myself sends me to bed very unhappy. . . . But I am not what I appear to be in the pictures you make of me. I really am a pretty decent fellow, and I have a lot of emotions that do not show on the surface; and the things that I don't say would fill a library. The great cross of public life is that you are not allowed to say all the things that you think."

A complete cinema programme, changed weekly, can be produced by Hepworth.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **A SOLDIER BOXER:** Corporal Sullivan, of the London Scottish, trains for his big fight with Corporal Pat O'Keefe. 2. **A WAR TROPHY:** Birkenhead's "Own" captured German gun, on show in the Town Hall Square. 3. **WINTER WARFARE:** A regiment of Alpine Chasseurs mounted on Skis in the field. 4. **A HERO OF THE AIR:** Sergeant Guynamer, a twenty-one year-old pilot, whose "bag" of five German aeroplanes includes a Fokker. 5. **CONQUERORS ON THE MARCH:** A part of the Grand Duke's Army which attacked and captured Erzerum. 6. **DOGS OF WAR:** Teams of Alaskan dogs are now used to transport the wounded from the snowed-up battle-front in the Vosges.



HAROLD SHAW



"Pictures" chats with
the famous London
Film producer prior to
his return to America.



BEING deputed by my Editor to interview Harold Shaw, I hied me, one recent springlike morning, before the sparrow had left his nest, to seek my prey. But early as I was, when I got out at St. Margaret's Station Mr. Shaw was on the platform going to town by the very train I had arrived by. So we journeyed together, and my interview took place in the new electric car now provided by the London and South Western Railway.

Ever bright and cheery is Shaw, and with right good will he submitted to my questions.

"When did you arrive in England, Mr. Shaw?"

"I arrived in England for the first time in my life on June 7th, 1913, my good friend Mr. Northam having been sent out to America to secure me as general stage director for the London Film Company. I did not have his acquaintance long before I knew I had a pal. When we sailed out of New York Harbour, we both saluted the Statue of Liberty, and I know we saluted the Lizard when I first caught sight of Old England. I heard much from Northam on the voyage about Dr. Jupp and his associates; he had many kind things to say about them, and they were all borne out when I arrived among them.

"What was your first picture?"

"I started with *Clamartly*, but was never very pleased with it, for I knew that it did not contain my best work. Then came *Beauty and the Barge*, with that prince of actors Cyril Maude as Captain Barley."

"You like Mr. Maude, then?"

"It was a great pleasure to be associated with him, especially as, I believe, it was the first picture he had ever played in. My only regret was that my knowledge of England and that great humorous writer W. W. Jacobs was not greater at the time. I don't think I did him justice."

"I don't wish to contradict you, but I have seen the picture and I consider it excellent."

"Thanks, old man, that's good of you. Then came the preparation for the scenario of *The House of Temperley*. A rather tall order for an American who knew so little of England, especially the Georgian period. But Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had given me *carte blanche*, so I set to work. With the aid of a typist, I started at 10 a.m., and before seven o'clock that same evening the scenario as afterwards seen on the screen had been dictated. With such a splendid story and such a cast of characters, drawn from the best actors in England, I felt it was impossible to fail. Then came a rather nasty set-

back for me. Two days before the trade show of *Temperley*, which I was eagerly awaiting, I was operated upon for appendicitis; and here I must again speak of my good friend Dr. Jupp, for it was due to his advice and cheery company that I pulled through a very dangerous illness. He was more like a brother than a friend."

"*Temperley* was a success?"

"It was, and from that day the London Film Company was a firm to be reckoned with. After a period of convalescence, during which I had paid two visits to Paris and the seashore, I came back to work."

"I suppose the demand for London Film pictures then commenced?"

"Yes, and in order to meet the demand we sent for my friend George L. Tucker, with whom I had been working



HAROLD SHAW

An excellent likeness.

in New York. The success of this move is now seen on hundreds of screens showing his pictures."

"What, in your opinion, is your best picture?"

"*F.C.* is the most artistic, but of course *Temperley* is my favourite. Next to that comes *Bootle's Baby*, *England's Menace*, *The Heart of a Child*, and *The Derby Winner*. I have produced thirty-five pictures for the company. And nearly last but by no means least was the little patriotic play *You, Editor*."

Before I return to America I am taking a few trips to improve my knowledge of England, and I shall visit Ireland too.

"Now, what about the future, Mr. Shaw?"

"I have had several offers from this side and the other. I have not yet made any definite arrangements; but after I have taken a much-needed rest I shall

go to California to meet my father, whom I have not seen since 1907."

"Have you any regret in leaving England?"

"Hundreds! I am leaving hosts of good friends who have made me welcome and at home all the time. And here let me express my thankfulness for the support given me by the English actors and actresses who have so splendidly aided me in my work, and you may add that I and the management of the London Film Company part the best of friends."

"When may we expect you back?"

"That is uncertain; but the green lanes of Old England have a great call for one who has grown to love them, as the East has to one who has sensed the desert. Working as I have done for twenty-three years on the stage, the cinema, and producing, I am naturally looking forward to meeting many of my old friends when I go home. In conclusion you may say that I wish all Americans knew England and Englishmen as well as I do, and that if all Englishmen knew Americans there would no longer be any doubt about the Anglo-Saxon race marching shoulder to shoulder." ASHTON GRAY.

"POOR LITTLE PEPPINA."

FOR the first time in her screen career Mary Pickford is to appear in a seven-reel production, *Poor Little Peppina*, produced by the Famous Players Company. It is moreover her first appearance on the screen since the formation of the Famous Players-Mary Pickford Company, in the productions of which she retains a half interest. The picture will present Mary in novel garb—the corduroy trousers and coarse flannel shirt of the Italian peasant youth. As the stowaway on ship board, Peppina dresses in boy's clothes in order to avoid molestation, and she continues the disguise when she reaches New York because she finds it easier to find employment when she is clothed in male attire. Through force of circumstances she becomes a bootblack, telegraph messenger, and the general scapegoat of a band of counterfeiters who prove to be the very band who kidnapped her as a baby.

Are

'THE COMMUTERS'

coming to your favourite

Picture show?



ULTUS: THE MAN FROM THE DEAD

Adapted from the sensational Gaumont Exclusive

— By ALEC J. BRAID. —



Prologue—The False Friend.

"TO think that it is all over, that to-morrow—how sweet it sounds!—we start for home!"

"Yes, Dick," replied his companion. "I think we can cry 'Halt!' We go back to England with sufficient diamonds to make us rich men."

Years before, Dick Morgan and Gilbert Townsend had come to the Southern land to seek their fortunes. Long they struggled against a hard fate, but Goddess Good Fortune had come their way at last. No wonder Townsend was jubilant on this sunny evening when toil was forgotten in the desire to get home. "We have found the richest diamond-field in the world, old man," said he, slapping Morgan on the back. "Before dawn to-morrow we start for England and wealth beyond dreams."

"Right, old son, we'll go inside and pack up," and Morgan led the way to the hut in which they were to spend their last night. On the rough bed Morgan dreamt of the future. His partner sat brooding through the night.

"With Morgan alive—halves. Without Morgan—all is mine," kept hammering at his brain until conscience was deadened. "Dare I do it?" he asked himself as the first pale beams of another day began to lighten the hut. Conquering his fear, Townsend rose, determined to shoot his partner; but Morgan stirred, and courage ebbed. The chance had gone, and Townsend, sitting at the table, hid his tell-tale face.

"Wake up, old man!" cried Morgan, slapping the shoulder of his apparently sleeping partner. "It's time to start." Through the open door they stepped out into the Great Desert. Marching steadily side by side, the doomed Morgan and his scheming partner, with faces set firmly east, put weary mile after weary mile behind them. Five dreadful days passed. Days with a scorching sun eating into their very vitals. Days when the fast-driven sand bit into their skin, seared their eyes, and parched their tongues. Morgan suffered torments, but his were physical pains. The acid of greedy desire was consuming Townsend. "I must secure Morgan's diamonds" was the rhythm of the song his heart-beats sang. But how? First one scheme, then another was considered and rejected.

On the sixth day Morgan gave up. "I cannot go another yard. Water, Townsend! For God's sake, water!"

It was Townsend's opportunity. In his narrow soul he had no pity for the strong man struck down by hard fate. He pretended to go in search of water.

Tortured by the burning sun, Morgan waited for the return of his partner. Visions came to soothe and then to



CLUTCHING ANOTHER'S FORTUNE.

torment him. He bent at the side of the mill stream, and held out his hands to drink, only to wake to the dread of a death from thirst. Would Townsend never return?

"Morgan should be dead by this time," muttered the villain when he returned six hours later and found his partner had fainted. Stealthily his hand sought the wallet of precious stones, but the action was sufficient to arouse Morgan, who seized the wallet with his left hand, and fought gamely. "You —, you would rob me?" he managed to gasp.

"Yes, and kill you for such a prize." The brutal Townsend slashed the hand clutching another's fortune, and fled

with the shrieks of the wounded man ringing in his ears. Over the hummocks of sand he tore: over the sand to England, wealth, and what?

Part I.—The Vengeance of Ultus.

TO a lonely loft came a striking-looking man. That he was no stranger in it was evident. He walked to the table, and placing a note inside the cover of a book, departed quietly. Late that night men and women came to the loft and read:

"To my faithful friends—The Call! Five years have I waited for revenge! Townsend, feasted by society, is at the height of his ambition. To-night, I strike! In our House of Mystery, at the hour of performing our secret rites, meet me—"

"Ultus: The Man from the Dead."

The Call had come to those who had made the cause of Ultus their own. Little did Townsend, now Sir Gilbert, think that Morgan had returned to England—had come back from the dead—to exact vengeance for which he had waited five years. Morgan had not died. Rescued by a party of prospectors, he had been saved from death and nursed back to health and strength.

Sir Gilbert Townsend was in the public eye. A wealthy man, he had four years before become "the rage" in so-called society. Who he was, from whence he had come did not matter. The Townsend Diamond Syndicate was a huge success. The wirepullers demonstrated their thankfulness by nominating him for the most exclusive



"SEE THAT SCAM? YOUR MONEY, YOUR REPUTATION, AND YOUR LIFE SHALL GO, . . ."



'THE BANQUET TO THE TOWNSENDS.' One of the many big scenes in *Ultus*, and a fine example of British film production.

clubs. A substantial contribution to party funds had, a few months before Ultus revealed his hand, purchased a baronetcy.

Reaching England with abundant funds, Morgan went quietly to work, gathering round him men who owed Townsend a grudge, for the baronet had not won his rapid fame without making enemies.

Dramatic was the meeting of Ultus the Avenger and his comrades that night. Shrouded forms were standing round a table, the top of which was fashioned like a coffin-lid, when "The Chief" arrived.

"Greetings, comrades!" came in soft accents, as Ultus stood at the head. Leaning forward, he placed his finger on the hands of several of his comrades, and in stern tones said, "To you whose hands I have touched I give the honour of beginning my work of vengeance. Society and those who cling to its fringe are making a fuss of Townsend. We will show him that there are those who remember the days when he was simply Gilbert Townsend, the evil-doer."

Ultus had resolved that the first stroke of his vengeance should fall on the night of the banquet given to Sir Gilbert for the presentation of a gunboat to the nation. Flushed with the honour done him, Townsend, the false friend, should realise that the cup of social eminence also held the bitter drops of fear.

The Victoria Salon at the Hotel Royal had been the scene of many memorable gatherings, but the banquet to the Townsends would, the *Dispatch* averred, "be long remembered as one of the most enthusiastically patriotic ever held within the four walls of the idealistic

chamber. The speech of the First Lord encompassed the whole of the public activities of a baronet whose every thought was imperial, whose sole idea was the advancement of the British Empire, whose life was being spent for the benefit and uplift of the myriad races constituting the mightiest and most enduring empire the ages had sealed with the mark of pre-eminence and predominance."

An hour after the banquet Sir Gilbert and Lady Townsend were at home. The baronet had work still to do, and soon after he had kissed his charming wife good night and had begun to get busy an imposing figure stepped into the room.

"God! it's the ghost of Morgan," gasped the thoroughly alarmed man.

"No, it is Morgan himself returned. You scoundrel! I am not dead. From to-night I begin, bit by bit, to take back all you stole from me in the desert. I, who once was Morgan, am now Ultus—the Avenger!

"What do you want?" asked Townsend, hoarsely.

"Revenge, you villain! Were it not too light a punishment I would kill you now," and, seizing the baronet by the throat, he flung him to the floor.

"You shall hear of me until the name of Ultus haunts you. See that scur? Your money, your reputation, and finally your life shall go to the wiping out of that deed of infamy."

Without another word Ultus left the house.

Even while the banquet had been in progress he had begun his work of revenge. "Here," said Ultus to his comrades, "are the plans of the vaults of his

Diamond Syndicate. You have only the night watchman to deal with. Go, my brethren, and strike a firm blow."

Working quietly, the marauders rifled the safe, disappointed that their haul was so small. A hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds could scarcely be considered a great coup to effect in the stronghold of such a wealthy syndicate. A knock-out blow had put the watchman out of action, and when he recovered he could not give an effective alarm, as the telephone wires had been cut.

Sir Gilbert soon heard the news. Its import was greater than any one else knew. It was all too clear that Morgan was not idly boasting when he threatened to bleed Sir Gilbert of his wealth and wreck the position he occupied.

Whilst the papers were busy "working up" the mystery, a meeting of the directors of the syndicate was held, at which it was unanimously agreed to call in Conway Bass to their assistance.

Part 2.—The Crime Investigator.

SIR GILBERT TOWNSEND knew he could rely upon the detective to do his best to unravel the skeins of a fast-growing mystery and at the same time not to reveal too much.

The robbery was the talk of the town, and the imaginative writers of the sensational Press made the most of the opportunity.

Comfortably seated in his cosy flat, Ultus read the conclusions of the papers with a smile. Prate as the newspapers might concerning the old-fashioned methods of the police, the Avenger feared their steady plodding more than the brilliance of any private investiga-

tor, however famous. Ultus made a mental note to be careful of Conway Bass, and then turned to the only item of news contained in the papers. The intention of his enemy to give a ball gave birth to an idea. He resolved to become one of the guests and strike another blow at the man he had sworn to ruin.

When Bass was first called in he met the whole board of directors, and accepted the trust they placed in his hands. Two days he spent in following clues. Then he telephoned to the baronet asking him to call and confer with him as he had suggested.

"What do you think of it, Bass?" inquired Sir Gilbert.

"I scarcely know what to say. There is nothing upon which to form conclusions of any value."

"Then you have done nothing," said the baronet, in disappointed tones.

"If chasing all over the district for two days without result is nothing, I am inclined to agree with you."

"But there must have been a motive," suggested Sir Gilbert.

"Oh, there was a motive. The securing of a hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds is sufficient motive even for a gang working scientifically as these men were," was the detective's response.

"You believe there was more than one man?" asked Sir Gilbert.

"Decidedly. But why put the question in that form, Sir Gilbert? Is it possible that you can throw light upon the mystery? Is there any man who owes you a grudge? You know the man, Sir Gilbert? I see you do," said Bass, as he watched the terror of fear steal across the baronet's face.

"Yes, I believe I do. On the night of the banquet I was seated in my study, when a man I knew years ago came in and demanded a large sum of money. I declined to accede to his demands. He threatened that he would get the money whether I gave it to him or not. We fought, I beat him off, but before I could call the servants he had gone."

"A very strange story, Sir Gilbert. What was the man like?"

"A tall, striking-looking man, with a scar on his left hand," he answered.

"Under what circumstances did you last meet him?"

"Please don't ask me," almost shouted the baronet.

"I do and must, Sir Gilbert. You are hiding something. You must tell me all," was the stern reply.

Then Sir Gilbert told his story to the detective. "He had a fortune in diamonds," he continued, "and was dying. Mad with thirst, and with just sufficient strength to reach inhabited land, I tried to take them. He woke up and fought. I cut his hand and fled—oh, the horror of it all!" wailed the terror-stricken man.

"The man in me despises you," replied Bass, staggered by the recital; "but the detective will help you."

Bass did not go home, smoke a strong pipe, and look wise. He decided, now that he had a description to work upon, to endeavour to trace the criminals. The following day the newspapers held the following advertisement:—

£100 Reward. —If the chauffeur who drove some men to or from the neigh-

bourhood of the Townsend Mining Syndicate Offices on the night of the 27th ult. will call at C. B.'s, 3 Argyle Buildings, W., after 8 p.m., he will hear of something to his advantage.

Ultus read the note. "C. B." was no doubt Conway Bass. Disguising himself as a chauffeur, and taking with him a route map of London, Ultus called at 3, Argyle Buildings. To the servant he explained that he had come in answer to the advertisement. To him asked Ultus to stay in the waiting room for a minute or two. On the mantelpiece stood the indicator of a Morse instrument.

"Ah! a careful person this C. B. I must keep an eye open for a two-button push within easy reach."

His speculations were broken as the man returned. "Mr. Bass will see you. This way, please."

"So it is Conway Bass," thought Ultus, as he walked into another room.

"What information can you give me?" asked the detective quickly.

"I have an idea I drove a cab full of

sheet-iron that in his pocket and late the detective good night. Making sure that his man was carrying out the instructions given him, Conway Bass watched his visitor out of sight. Then he discovered the note Ultus had left. It read: "Do not use the Morse code when you have a mirror fire screen. See you at the Townsend Ball." Ultus.

"Tricked, by heaven!" gasped Conway Bass, who knew now that he had a criminal after his own heart.

On the night of the ball Bass provided both police in uniform and detectives to ensure the complete frustration of any plan, however daring. When all were in their places, he assured Sir Gilbert that the house was so well guarded that if Ultus did put in an appearance disaster would overtake him.

"Then, thank goodness, we need not worry to night," "Have a cigar."

The box contained more than a fine brand of cigars. Bass was astounded to find inside a note: "To-night I shall



BASS USES THE MORSE CODE: "THIS MAN IS IN DISGUISE" TICKED OUT THE INSTRUMENT.

men to within a quarter of a mile of the Townsend Vaults on the night of the 27th," was the reply.

"Promising, but scarcely sufficient reliable data," protested Bass.

"Here is a map of London, and I dropped the men somewhere about here," pointing to a five-way crossing.

"A fairly wide choice of directions," grumbled Bass, drumming away with his fingers at the side of the table. In the adjoining room the instrument was ticking out: "This man is in disguise, follow him when he leaves, and report."

The movements were not lost upon Ultus, who, however, was on a big bluff, and intended carrying it through to the end. Consequently, he discussed the matter with the detective, and in a way which certainly puzzled Bass. Did this man really know anything, or was he only playing a part? Whichever it was the trailing would reveal.

At length Ultus rose to go, but, as an afterthought, sought permission to make a note of the suggestions given him.

Seated at the detective's table, he wrote a note which he folded and placed before him, and, folding up a second

only take the pendant Lady Townsend is wearing. —Ultus."

Again a threat! The daring of the man recognised no limits. But the detective smiled when he remembered how careful he had been to guard against a hidden surprise.

"I can checkmate him by taking care of the pendant myself," thought Bass. A little later he asked Lady Townsend to allow him to guard her diamonds for a few hours.

"Surely such a precaution is unnecessary, Mr. Bass," objected the hostess of the fashionable and wealthy people thronging the rooms.

"Be guided by Mr. Bass, dear," advised Sir Gilbert, as he deftly removed the necklet.

From behind a curtain one of the guests witnessed the transfer, and within a few minutes Ultus, for it was he, had set machinery in motion for securing the gems. Strolling unconcerned through the gardens he reached the window of the room in which Sir Gilbert and Conway Bass were talking. Ultus waited a while, and then made his way quietly into the room.

"No," Sir Gilbert was saying, "the chances are all against a criminal eluding justice for long!"

"Contrary to your own experience, isn't it?" asked a voice from behind.

"Ultus!" cried both men in astonishment. Quickly they rushed at the stern-looking figure, but Ultus made no attempt to evade the attack. In the struggle a little table was sent with a crash to the floor, and almost at once the baronet and the detective had the better of the intruder. With joy in his heart Conway Bass whistled for the police, and as the men tumbled into the room and hustled Ultus away, Townsend whispered, gleefully: "You've had a short career, my fine leader of criminals."

"Bide a wee, my fine fellow!" replied Ultus.

Into a waiting car the police pushed the Avenger, followed by Bass who began to congratulate himself upon the unexpected success of the evening, whilst Sir Gilbert Townsend announced to the guests that Ultus, a desperate criminal, had been captured.

The car tore madly down the road. "My dear Mr. Chauffeur, you are my prisoner now," exclaimed Bass to the handcuffed Ultus.

"I don't think so," was the quick response as Ultus sprang to his feet and led the "police" in an attack upon the detective. The tables were turned with amazing suddenness. Out into the road Bass was flung, and, struggling to his feet, he shook an impotent fist at the quickly receding car.

The dance was going merrily forward when a dishevelled man burst upon the startled company.

"Ultus has escaped!" shouted the newcomer, who was Conway Bass.

"Escaped? But—but—he was taken by the police!" roared Sir Gilbert.

"All confederates. The police are lying dragged down below," was the detective's rejoinder.

"I'm so thankful my pendant is safe!" remarked Lady Townsend.

"Yes, I have that," replied Bass, putting his hand in his pocket. Then—"No, by heaven, that has gone too!" he faltered.

With the engine running sweetly, the car containing Ultus and his men soon reached the Towers. A laughing, chattering crowd went into the house.

"Splendid!" cried the Avenger, triumphantly. "Now they know what they are up against, let us drink the health of poor old Conway Bass."

(To be concluded next week.)

"The harp that once thro' Tara's
halls its soul of music shed"

got fairly needled when it heard

"The Commuters" were coming.

Now it twangs out Irish ragtime.



"HOW I DRAW MY PICTURE PIANISTS."

By Fred Adlington.

1. I persuade the "charlady" to smuggle me into the cinema before the show opens. 2. I disguise myself as a piece of music and wait. 3. I proceed to draw him in his native wilds. 4. With this result if he sees me doing it.

THE WARRIOR RETURNED

WOUNDED and home from the Wars, a useful right arm blown away.

Maimed in his Country's Great Cause, back in his seat he lay.

Debarred in the future from sports, which he'd loved in the days long ago, Still, some relaxation is left there's always a picture show.

Here is another poor lad, not wounded, but deaf; cannon's shriek

Had saddened a heart that was glad, for he cannot hear other folks speak.

The Temple of Thespis he does not attend; words now convey nothing, and so—

He goes where he'll understand everything—there's always a picture show.

Here sit some poor wounded souls, one with his legs gone for aye,

No more will he shoot clever goals when in Winter "King Footer" holds sway. But there's one recreation left to him yet, and he'll go when he can, that I know—

He'll make it a custom, as most of us do, attending the picture show.

Thank God for these heroes; they're saving the world from the rutiless and ogre-like Hun.

They went and they fought with their banner unfurled, and thought it the greatest of fun.

We owe them a lot which we never can pay, but there's one way to help them, I trow—

Just give them a treat, when occasion demands, and "stand" them a picture show.

EDWIN HOLLINGSHEAD.



WANTED — THE HANDSOMEST MAN

Violet Mersereau, the beautiful screen star, will offer her heart, hand, and salary to the fair Adonis when he is found.



In a recent issue we told you that the Universal Company (known as the Trans-Atlantic in this country) of Los Angeles, California, are running a contest to discover the handsomest man, the winning one to receive a year's contract as a picture star. Now we learn that Violet Mersereau, considered to be one of the most beautiful screen stars, and whose portrait is published on the front cover of this issue, is going to kneel to the handsomest man in America.

According to the Editor of the Handsomest Man Contest, Violet declares that if any woman has learned to cook and keep house, love her children, doesn't nag, but is amiable, cheerful, and willing to trust her husband, and can be happy on a small income, then that woman is perfectly justified in asking the noblest of men to become her husband.

Furthermore, she would like to know if the sweet, docile, economical, domestic, guaranteed, sound-and-kind woman can't get a husband without asking for him, what is to become of the rest of us.

Now, there is no imagination so fertile as to conceive a reason for any Violet Mersereau's having to propose. But the very latest bulletin features the fact that this delightful personage is prepared to propose to the handsomest man. Who is he? That's the question which Americans have been asking ever since Columbus "came across," but it looks as though the Universal Company is going to settle this question for all time in the contest for this very purpose which they are now holding.

What is a year's contract as a star in Universal City compared with an offer of the hand, heart, and pay envelope of a girl who is known where the people can't even speak English or look civilized? Violet is just about the sweetest, dearest little thing that ever glided before an audience. To see her is to love her, for she has a wonderful personality which attracts every one to her.

Just what caused this rash promise is something her director and secretary refuse to discuss, while she herself will add nothing to her announcement that she will marry the handsomest man in America when he is found. Of course, there is a slight *alibi* here; she may not think the Universal's choice is really the handsomest man.

"I don't care who he is," she said the other day, "as long as he is really handsome and fills the specifications I have drawn up. He may be working in a coalmine or breaking bronchos out in Montana, but it will make no difference to me."

"What is your ideal?" was asked.

"Well, I should like to have the man I marry tall, broad-shouldered, with

dark eyes and hair streaked with grey on the sides. He must have fine, white, even teeth; an excellent disposition, and a deep, manly voice.

"Of course, he must be brave. I think the average big, handsome man is far from being a coward. I will propose to the man who wins the contest which is now being held by the Universal because I believe it will take an ideal man to win it. The stipulations of this contest say that the winner must be handsome, but in addition to this he must be physically and mentally as well as morally equipped. Such a man is worthy of any woman's love. The most wonderful thing in this world is a real man. But real men are scarce.

"I think you will find that the average wife will admit that her husband is the most interesting individual in the world — to her. The sincere husband will no doubt say the same thing of his wife.

"As long as married couples are contented with each other's company there can be no misunderstandings. But when they grow uninteresting it is the first step toward separation.

"I think that women are just as responsible for the large number of divorces we have in this country every year as men. Every wife has certain

domestic duties to perform, and she should see that she does them. Some women seem to have no interest in their homes. If they become lax how can they expect their husbands to keep up their interest? A wife should always greet her husband with a smile and a kiss. When he arrives at the door she should be there. I think one of the most unpleasant things to a husband who has been working all day is to come home and find his wife out.

"Every wife should know how to cook and keep house. The time has passed when girls were ignorant along these lines. The average girl today ought to make a better wife than the girl of a decade ago. It is no credit to any girl to lack knowledge of house-keeping. How can a wife command servants if she knows nothing about keeping a home? I think if we are going to improve American domestic life we must see to it that our girls receive better instruction in the art of housekeeping. I say art, because proper home living is an art. Every girl should be taught these things by her mother. Her mother should see to it that she receives the right kind of instruction, and the mother should insist that her daughter learn the things so essential to the average girl who some day must consider matrimony.

"What kind of a husband would I want? Well, I want a husband who will, first of all, return my affection. I must not love him more than he loves me. If I do, little jealousies will arise, followed by misunderstandings, which will be certain to culminate in sorrow. A successful marriage is where two people love each other equally. They must continually interest each other. The moment they cease to be interested in one another the spell of romance is broken; and where there is no romance there is no love."

Violet is fond of outdoor sports, is 5ft. 4in. tall, weighs 88t. 3lb., has blonde hair, and blue eyes. Now we are looking forward to her description of the handsomest man.



OUR PICTURE PENOGRAPHS.

No. 1: FRANCIS FORD

Why do

'THE COMMUTERS'

commute?

THE TAILOR OF BOND STREET

Adapted from the Film by NORMAN HOWARD.



A DRIFTING DERELICT.

THE Marquis of Edenbridge, impecunious peer and society parasite, looked bored. He had just called upon Marcovitch Einstein, the Bond Street tailor, with a view of collecting any sundry commissions that might be due to him. He had received instead, much to his disgust, a detailed account from the old man of how he intended arranging his son's future.

"You know," continued Einstein, frankly, "it was a great blow to me when my son Reggie refused to come into my business. A gentleman he had been brought up, he said, and a gentleman he meant to remain."

"Well, why shouldn't he?" agreed the Marquis, pleasantly.

"There's plenty of the necessary cash available to back him out. Send him up to Oxford and do the thing properly. My own son, Lord Alan Galberg, is there, and I'm sure he would be only too happy to look after the boy and put him up to the ropes," he added obscurely, watching Einstein through his half-closed lashes.

Einstein nodded "I suppose you are right after all," he agreed.

That night the Marquis wrote to Lord Alan. "Don't forget that old Einstein has plenty of cash," he concluded, "so make hay while the sun shines."

Upon opening his dad's letter Lord Alan grinned. "The Guv. needn't worry his head on that score," he muttered under his breath. "I'll look after old Einstein's cash all right. Just the thing to pull me out of some of my own troubles."

When Reggie arrived at Oxford some little time later, Lord Alan met him at the station. "Come along and share my rooms," he insisted, affably. "I've got a topping place."

"It's awfully good of you," answered Reggie.

"Not a bit of it," returned the other, laughing. "But I say," he added, seriously, "hadn't you better change your name? The chaps here will scarcely stick Einstein, you know, and you will have a rough time of it if you don't."

"I never thought of that," replied Reggie, uncomfortably. "What name do you suggest?"

"Oh! any old name," mused Lord Alan. "How will Murray do; or Maylett, say? Yes! Maylett is quite a good name; use that."

"Capital," agreed Reggie, gaily. "I'll change it to Maylett."

As soon as Reggie had settled down in his new quarters Lord Alan lost little time in commencing his "fleecing" operations. Race-meetings and card-parties speedily became their daily programme, and study was soon quite a secondary consideration.

"Look here, old chap," burst out Reggie one morning, as the two were seated at breakfast, "I'm going to chuck up all this sporting business and settle down to do some work. I'm absolutely broke."

Lord Alan looked at him critically.

"Don't be a fool," he remonstrated impatiently. "Your old man has plenty of tin, so what on earth are you worrying about?"

"It's not that," replied Reggie. "It's the principle of the thing. I hate trading on the Guv.; it's not playing the game."

"Playing the game be hanged!" spluttered Lord Alan, putting down his cup and rising from the table. "Do you suppose for one moment that your Guv. doesn't understand. He knows what it costs to fool about Oxford as well as you do. Probably did the same thing himself."

"I'm perfectly certain that he never did anything of the kind," flashed Reggie, indignantly.

"Oh, well, so much the better," replied Lord Alan, "for now, you see, you've got his share to do as well. Just drop

him a line telling him that you are hard up, and explain that your expenses here are heavier than you anticipated they would be. It's as simple as A B C."

"I suppose you know best," replied Reggie, wearily, "only I wish to heaven I didn't always want so much."

Reggie's persistent demands for money were beginning to worry old Einstein considerably.

"It's no good," expostulated Lew Mendel, his manager, "This sort of thing has got to stop. Business is by no means what it used to be, and your son's reckless expenditure is placing the firm in a very precarious condition."

"I know, I know!" muttered the old man, feebly. "I can't understand what the boy is doing. He seems to have no consideration for me at all nowadays."

"Let us go down and see him," urged his ward Esther. "I'm sure that if only I could have a talk to Reggie for a few minutes, I could make him see the folly of his ways."

And so it was agreed. Einstein and Esther decided to go down and see Reggie in his rooms.

"Well, I'm hanged if it isn't Alys Vereker and her sister Hilda," mused Lord Alan, when a few days later he spotted the two girls whilst enjoying his morning's walk.

"Fancy meeting you," he exclaimed, as he strode up to them. The Hon. Alys Vereker laughed lightly.

"Well, Alan," she rippled, "when creditors get too pressing you know, country air is frequently preferable to town."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Lord Alan. "Same old game. And who is dunning you this time, might I ask? Dressmakers, I'll wager."

"Well, I believe you are right. Why I actually had a letter from that wretched Einstein man this morning, demanding a settlement of his account, and threatening me with proceedings."

The amused expression upon Lord Alan's face changed immediately to one of amazement.

"A letter from Einstein?" he repeated, questioningly. "Not Einstein the Bond Street tailor, surely?"

"Certainly, why if he has written me once he has done so a dozen times."

Lord Alan collapsed once more into merriment. "This is too funny for words," he gasped. "Why, do you know I've got the old boy's son sharing rooms with me up here at Oxford."

It was the girls' turn to look amazed. "Here at Oxford!" they chorused together.

"Yes, and has been for some time. Now, look here, girls," continued Lord Alan, "here's the very chance that you are



"THIS SORT OF THING HAS GOT TO STOP," SAID HIS MANAGER.

looking for. Let me introduce you to the chap as a friend of mine. Then, Alys, you can make a tuss of him, and the rest will be plain sailing."

The girls at once agreed. The possibilities of the case appealed very strongly to both of them.

"I'll teach his precious father to annoy me with his unwelcome letters," thought Alys, as she accepted Lord Alan's invitation to lunch for the following day.

Next morning, however, much to Reggie's annoyance and vexation, his father, accompanied by Esther, appeared upon the scene.

"Why didn't you say you were coming?" he asked the old man irritably, as he ushered them into his rooms.

"I'm sorry if I've upset any of your arrangements," answered his father; "but we only made up our minds to pay you a surprise visit this morning."

"Of course I'm glad to see you," answered Reggie, hurriedly. "But the fact is I've got a luncheon party on with some friends of Lord Alan's, and I'm afraid I must ask you to—er—take a walk or something for awhile, and then come back again. Here they are," he continued, as the bell rang. "Come this way to my bedroom in case they meet you here."

Einstein picked up his hat and slowly followed his son into the inner room. As the door closed upon him he heard his son being introduced to the party as "Maylett." A puzzled expression stole over his countenance.

"Maylett? Maylett?" he repeated, questioningly. "Why do they call my son Maylett?"

But Esther remained silent, and, catching sight of her face, Einstein understood all. An icy chill swept over him. An intense bitterness filled his soul.

"Come," he choked, "we will go out this other way into the grounds."

Later in the day, succumbing to Esther's entreaties, Einstein set off with the intention of returning to his son's room. As he retraced his steps he ran into Hilda Vereker as she and Lord Alan were just setting out for a stroll.

"Why!" gasped Einstein, drawing back into the shadow. "there's that Vereker woman—the one who refuses to pay me her account. I will confront her with it at once."

But Lord Alan thought otherwise. Spotting the approaching Einstein, and realising what was about to take place, he hailed a bunch of student-friends who were passing at the moment.

I commute.

We commute.

Thou commutest.

You commute.

He, she or it

commutes.

They commute.

But how on earth is it done?



THE AWAKENING HOUR

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of
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of your
local cinema
when he
is going to
show this film.

ESSANAY FILM SERVICE, Ltd., 22, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

"That old chap is a tout, boys!" he cried out. "Chuck him out of the grounds!"

As Lord Alan's friends proceeded to carry out his request, Einstein caught sight of Reggie talking to Alys in the distance. "Reggie, Reggie!" he cried, rushing towards his son. "Tell these people who I am." But the horror of the situation overcame Reggie. "I don't know you," he exclaimed icily. "I think you have made a mistake." And, turning quickly away, he was soon lost to sight.

With a low cry of pain the old man staggered forward, and would have fallen had not the ready arm of Esther supported him. "My boy! My boy!" he moaned. "That I should have lived to hear such words from my own son!"



REGGIE IS "FLEECE" BY LORD ALAN AND HIS LADY FRIENDS.

On the following day Reggie went to London to explain the reason for his extraordinary conduct. "If the fellows knew who I was," he protested, "it would ruin my chances at Oxford for ever." Accepting his explanation, the old man forgave him and despatched him back to Oxford with his blessing.

But once again under the spell of the Hon. Alys, Reggie fell back into his old life of extravagance. Misfortune followed misfortune until at length his father was ruined. Disposing of his business to Mendel, his manager, Einstein determined to go out and face the world. "I still have the boy," he told himself, "whatever else I may have lost."

That night he discovered Reggie forcing open the safe in his own private office. The unexpected sight unnerved him, and he clutched at the wall for support. "My son—a thief! Go! Go!" he cried, with breaking heart. "Never enter my doors again. For you I have sacrificed everything, and, not content with ruining me, you would rob me. Go!"

Repenting bitterly for what he had done, Reggie went abroad.

A year's sheep-farming brought about a great change in him, for he had suffered deeply the acutest pangs of remorse.

Then came the chance glance at an English newspaper, which brought him home with all possible speed.

"Solly Einstein, return to your friend. All anxious"—the paragraph ran.

He little realised that after his departure for abroad his father had gone out into the world alone—an old, hopeless, and broken man. Destitute, he had looked about for the means of livelihood, but misfortune had dogged his footsteps wherever he had gone, leaving him a drifting derelict.

Upon his return home Reggie found his reception to be far from welcome. "I have come to find my father," he faltered, in low and even tones. "He is all I have left to live for now."

A great wave of sympathy swept over Mendel and Esther, as they watched his agony.

"Come with us, my boy, to the synagogue," said Mendel,

kindly, placing his hand on Reggie's shoulder, "we will look for your father together."

Outside the synagogue stood an aged and infirm man, helpless and poorly clad, begging for alms. "Thank you, kind sir," he mumbled, as a passer-by dropped a coin into his nerveless fingers. "May heaven bless you for your goodness!"

As Reggie approached with Mendel and Esther, the pathetic figure of the old man standing at the door of the synagogue attracted his attention. For a second he paused, and stared intently; then with a cry of surprise he rushed towards him.

"Father! Father!" he cried wildly. "Don't you know me? It is I—Reggie, your son. I have come back to beg your forgiveness." With a gesture of despair the old man shrank away. "I don't know you," he cried vacantly. "I have no son."

"For God's sake forgive me," implored Reggie, clutching his father to his breast. "I didn't understand."

For a moment the old man remained undecided; then, overcome by the great affection which he still bore his son, and also by the entreaties of both Mendel and Esther, he grasped Reggie by the hand.

"My boy! My boy!" he sobbed brokenly. "Thank God He has brought you back to me once more!"

The boy's strong arm supported his poor old father as they slowly crossed the threshold of the synagogue.

The *Tailor of Bond Street* is described as a comedy-drama in four reels. It was produced in London by the Barker Company. It is more than a story; it is a little bit of human life, and it features those clever actors Yorke and Leonard, the original Potash and Perlmutter.

The principal parts were played as follows:—"Einstein," Gus Yorke; "Reggie Einstein," (as a boy) Master Barker, (grown-up) Thos. H. Macdonald; "Mendel," Robert Leonard; "Esther," (as a girl) Miss Barker, (grown-up) Peggy Richards. The film is owned by the Gerrard Film Company, Ltd., of Gerrard Street, London, W. The release date is March 16th.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX NOVEL FILMED.

HIS admirers will learn with pleasure that the B. and C. Co. have secured the film rights of William Le Queux's well-known novel of political mystery *Fatal Flavors*. The novel is typical of its author: a sensational plot, abounding in powerful situations, excellent characterisations, and real human interest. The adaptation and production of the film has been intrusted to Eliot Stannard and A. V. Bramble, the producers of *Jimmy*, by John Strange Winter. Davison's Film Sales Agency will handle the film when completed.



MAYLETT? WHY DO THEY CALL MY SON MAYLETT?



If you miss seeing
Potash & Perlmutter
in
"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."
you'll be sorry.

A Tribute to Hepworth Popularity

Many of our readers have sent for extra copies of "PICTURES" containing photographs of the three leading Hepworth lady players, Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, and Violet Hopson.

We have not been able to meet the demand, as each of the issues has been out of print, and we consequently reproduce the photos on the three following pages, knowing that they will give delight to those who have been disappointed and to all lovers of good British Pictures.



Alma Taylor
"the girl who believed."

Hapworth Pictures Playing



Chrissie White

who plays the title role in the Hepworth Picture
Play "Sweet Lavender," by Sir Arthur Pinero.





Violet Hopson
"the dear delightful villainness."

A WONDERFUL SUCCESS *and an apology.*

MUCH as we are gratified at the success of 'The Cinegoer' we regret that so many have been disappointed in obtaining it. Owing to the shortage of paper it is impossible to extend the weekly supply and we wish that those who desire to receive this beautiful Cinema paper every week would place a regular order with their Newsagent at once or send 9/- to us for a year's subscription post paid.

This week's issue contains:—

THE LATEST AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF
CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

THE FILM STORY OF "AN AFFAIR OF THREE NATIONS"
Beautifully illustrated.

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BILLY MERSON

is the uninvited guest in
The Man in Possession.

This film is a scream from
beginning to end. Merson's
inimitable acting is a treat.
Lupino Lane is also in the cast.

DON'T MISS IT.

If you have not seen it, a postcard to us
will bring you a reply stating when and
where it will be shown in your district.



THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.,
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LONDON, W.



MI Deer ole pals—
Arter a lot of purswashun on mi part, the Eddetur has
kinely Konsented 2 me havin mi littel say in these ere
pajis. Of corse not bein edukated at Eaton Harroe or Kame-
brije, I aint eggssakly a brilliant spellar, but orl the saim deer
friends U must addmit that thair R verry fyoon peepul in this
World hoo kan rite a lettur like mee. The ole Eddetur sais as
ow Im a rotten spellar; but thats jist wear e shose is Higner-
unce. Wy oanle the other day I sore a lettur of his an it
wos full of mistaiks. E ad ackyally left the lettur "K" out
of "Korfdrop," witch oanle gose 2 proov that is edukashun
wos saddly neglekted wen e wos yung. Its orlso remarkabul
vot a rum spellar the Ansters Man is, in fact the hole starf
seams to ave a speshul stile of thear oan. Thair is orlso, I am
sorrrie to sa, a lot of jelusy in the biding. The Ansters Man,
fur instunce, as a narsty habbit of stickin 2 orl the nise Fotoe
the yung laidy reeders sends us. E as em orl lokked in his
desk an noboddy but im must gais on em. If I eaven suggest
as much as ave a peap at em e getts in a norful wacks. Still
I doant mind tellin U, Bitwean ourselves like, that our yung
laidy tipist is verri K-nise. The Ansters Man aint gott an
earthlea wif er. I orften gets the merre Optick from er wen
no wuns lookin.

Bi the wey vot doo yer fink of me poortrate at the top of
this ear paj: Fot Mistur Morley (that thin chap hoose hare
wood cum in andey as a mop) 2 skech me, an arthur he ad dun
it I orferd im a woodbine in retirn 4 his survisses, witch e
autly refuzed wiv a snit. Theze Rtists R Swankurs an' no
errer. Eny wey thairs my Foto an I am shure U wil nrgree
wiv me that I aint at awl bad lookkin. Corse it wood ave bean
mutch bettir if owr starf Fotografer ad takun it, but owin
2 sum rood remarks e maid as regards mi fais crackin the
plait I refused to B took.

Well ole pals I reely must clothes now, as the Eddetur
wants me ter poast sum letturs an dust the coles.

U will ere more from me necks weak if I Kan bribe the
guvvernur to skwash it in.

Yores orlwise,

THE PICTURES OFFIS BOY.



Don't forget to read the Story of
"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

in this week's "PICTURES."



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J. WARREN KERRIGAN, who is still a Trans-Atlantic star. The Victor films in which he appears are giving great opportunities for his wonderful art.



ELEANOR WOODRUFF, whose great popularity has been made in Pathé American films, and more recently in Vitagraph Broadway Star Features.



LEONIE FLUGRATH, the Edison player who appeared in *The Little Saleslady*, released in January. She is a sister of Edna Flugrath.



WILLIAM GARWOOD—his friends call him "Billy"—one of the most gentlemanly actors in pictures. He is a Trans-Atlantic (Imp) Star.

Read the Story of The Tailor of Bond Street On Page 550.



THIS is one of the finest everyday life dramas that has yet been filmed. The story centres round our well-known friends, "**Potash and Perlmutter**," whose splendid acting is a joy to all who see the film.

The story in another part of this paper will certainly create the desire to see this production. We advise you not to forget it. We can tell you where and when it will be shown in your district if you will write to us, but the better way is to draw the attention of the manager of your favourite Cinema to it, and ask him to put it in his programme soon.

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J. E. L. (Manchester).

A Cast Suggestion.

"Don't you think that the casts on the screen ought to be given after the film instead of before it? The list of characters before the picture conveys nothing to you, because you do not know the characters, and by the time the film is finished you have forgotten the players' names. I think it would be a great improvement if the names of the actors, producer, and author were given after the film."

J. H. (Godalming).

Wanted—A Mail Bag Friend.

"I am corresponding with thirteen people in the U.S.A., and to whom I have introduced PICTURES. One of them now wants to correspond with an English boy or girl, and as I don't know any up here I would be so much obliged if you would publish in your paper the following:—Michael Warady of 702 Sixth Avenue, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., would like to correspond with a 'picturegoer' in England. Age about 18."

B. R. (Liverpool).

American Reader Wants Correspondents.

"I have read two of your copies sent to me by one of your readers, and to say I enjoyed them is putting it mildly. I intend to subscribe for it at once. . . . Have you ever heard of the 101 Ranch? It is near Panaca City, Oklahoma, where I have been for the last six months. They make lots of movie pictures out there. I have played the lead in a few pictures, but have never joined any company, as I am a High School girl, and, of course, must stay in school. I would love to correspond with some of your readers—either girl or boy: I am eighteen."

"BABY BUNTING" (Nevada, Missouri).

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Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once.** Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the tenth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the

titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Mar. 11th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Name

10th SET.

Address



37. Scene from
Letters used: **I J M S T U**



38. Scene from
Letters used: **A D E F G H I L R T W**



39. Scene from
Letters used: **C D E G H I N O R S T**



40. Scene from
Letters used: **A E F H I L N O P S T X**

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By W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE

is now being shown at West End Cinema, London, W.C. Very soon it will be on view at all the leading London and Provincial Picture Theatres. You must certainly see this great boxing picture, which shows that a man is still a gentleman even if he is a professional pugilist.

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E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

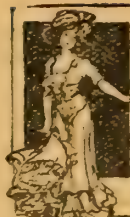
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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later



THE CIGARETTE MAKER.—Nordisk drama. Three reels. A drama of love, jealousy, and tragedy. Full story in No. 107, March 4th issue.

A DARK LOVER'S PLAY.—Keystone comedy. One reel. A film in which the leading players are real negroes and neeresses. Do not miss it.
—The Western Import Co.

THE FOREMAN'S CHOICE.—Selig drama. One reel. Tom Mix. This film shows how the dashing cowboy hero rescues his sweetheart from a perilous position on the face of a steep cliff.

'T WAS EVER THUS.—Eclair drama. Three reels. A picture with a typically Parisian treatment. It illustrates a phase of life that has its pains as well as its pleasures.
—Gaumont Film Hire Service.

AT THE HOUR OF ELEVEN.—Reliance drama. One reel. A splendid picture of how a little child's action averted a tragedy in her mother's life, although she herself was badly injured.
—The New Majestic Co.

A DESPERATE LEAP.—101 Bison drama. Two reels. Helen Holmes. A thrilling story of a stolen mail-bag, a wrong arrest, and the daring capture of the robbers by the hero's sweetheart.
—Trans-Atlantic Film Co.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EMPTY ROOM.—Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Florence Natol and William Dancman. After spending the night in a lonely inn, the girl finds her father missing and the room empty.

THE SPIDER.—Essanay drama. Two reels. Ruth Stonehouse and John Lorenz. A gripping story of the machinations of a wealthy scoundrel to entangle a weak and innocent girl in his web of dishonour.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WALKING-STICKS.—New Agency educational. One reel. Deals with the making of the sticks from the time the trees are felled in the West Indies to the time they become complete sticks ready for use.
—New Agency Film Co.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.—Turner drama. Four reels. Florence Turner, Dorothy Rowan, and Henry Edwards. A great human drama of a young lady who was wooed by three lovers. It is a picturisation of Thomas Hardy's famous story.
—The Ideal Film Renting Co.

ZAZA.—Famous Players drama. Four reels. Pauline Frederick and Julian L'Estrange. Zaza gives her love to a man, and when she discovers he is married she plans to avenge herself on the wife, but repents on seeing his daughter, and returns to the stage. Full story in February 28th issue.
—J. D. Walker's World Films.

DRIFTING.—Flying A drama. One reel. George Field, Edward Coxen, and Winifred Greenwood. During a sojourn in the woods Gladys falls in love with a guide. Her sweetheart returns to see her in his arms. But after showing his pluck by rescuing her from bandits, Gladys realises that the guide is not the man.
—The American Co., Ltd.

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In a few weeks everybody will be asking.

"Did you see

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Be sure you can say Yes.



WE HEAR



THAT, according to a contemporary, Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham, composer of "Who Carries the Gun?" "Who's that Calling?" and about 700 other songs, has remarked: "Once a week at least I see 'the pictures,' and am not ashamed to say that I enjoy them."

THAT the fact proves again that our picture-theatres attract more than those of ordinary or lesser intelligence.

THAT a feather was missing from the title of our *Four Feathers* cartoon; it must have moulted through going to press.

THAT we may expect some really comic pictures by Graham and Green from the Broadwest Studio, the second G being R. Judd Green, so long associated with London Films.

THAT Vesta Tilley, long known as the "London Idol" of the music-halls, is to make her first appearance on the screen.

THAT Constance Collier, the favourite English stage-player, is appearing with Sir Herbert Tree in the *Macbeth* film.

THAT Claude Harris, the photographer, of 122, Regent Street, W., is starting film-production on his own account, and in which he will introduce novel lighting effects.

THAT his first drama is *Sanctuary*, by Malcolm Watson, which will feature Sylvia Cavallo and Clifford Pembroke.

THAT *Smith*, Somerset Maugham's comedy, which was done at the Comedy Theatre, London, is now being produced by Maurice Elvey, as a "London" film, with Elisabeth Ri-don as "Smith," the parlour-maid, and Fred Groves also in the cast.

THAT J. R. Tozer, having recently finished playing in *The Hard Way* for Broadwest, will appear in their next big production, and in a part giving J. R. T. great scope.

THAT Cricks and Martin's latest trick picture, mentioned in last week's issue, is called *Only a Room-er*.

THAT the author is Ernest Dangerfield, whose wife has played the leading female rôle in their last six comedies.

THAT "Bakerloo Bunny," who turns the scale at 17st. 11lb., is appearing in light parts in Gaumont films in London.

THAT the Gaumont French Studios have produced *Diamond Cut Diamond*, the second of the series *Chas. De La Rue: Crime Investigator*, issued by the G.F.H.S.



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Beautiful scenery, and a thrilling
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A really great story, the
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These two films will be shown in practically every town in Britain. We want you to see them, for we know they will please you. It is a good idea to collect the synopses of all the fine films you see. Both of the above, with photo illustrations, for two penny stamps to cover postage.

If your favourite cinema is not showing,
ask the manager about it.

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in

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'Nough said.



MISS
LILY SAXBY,

the beautiful English picture player, is an enthusiastic user of "Oatine." She says:—

"I find Oatine delightful to use, and would not be without it for anything. It has a truly wonderful effect on the skin, and is quite the last word in face creams. It makes the skin soft, and does not leave it dry and hard, as so many of the face creams do. It should be used by every one who, like myself, must admit that their face is their fortune."

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If you mention it to the Manager of your favourite cinema he will book

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WITH YOUR FAVOURITES

EDITORIAL



IDA SCHNALL, who is featured in *Udine*, a Trans-Atlantic production.

NO prize is offered to the reader who guesses the exact angle at which this picture is technically right side up. It represents the lady who plays the water-sprite title-role in a characteristic pose in *Udine*, a Blue-bird masterpiece which Henry Otto has produced on an uninhabited island off the coast of California. A great part of the picture was played in a cave with outlets to sea and beach, but which was flooded at high tide. Twenty-five girls were costumed in sea-plants as water-nymphs, and although the work was not all sunshine and plain sailing the poetic effects in the production are stated to be superb. The filming of *Udine* would make a wonderful story, and I hope later to deal with it more fully, assuming, of course, that the picture will come to these islands per Trans-Atlantic in due course.

Final Weeks to Find the Film.

Only three more sets of scenes will appear. I can't yet foresee the size of the success of this competition. Some readers call it "charming," "interesting," "easy," and so forth, whilst others say it is difficult. It depends surely to what extent the competitor visits the cinema, as all the films pictured are popular films, and are and have been running all over the kingdom. Many readers have asked if a letter is missing from those given under Scene 17. On looking it up I find they are right. The letter "T" should be there, but is not. It must have mislaid itself in our foundry, where all the pages of PICTURES are cast in molten metal before going on to the great printing machine.

And—What Next?

Of course another big competition will immediately follow this one, and the all-important question arises—What? Although I have several excellent schemes pigeonholed, and can use one of them if I wish to, I am always open to suggestions. If any reader has a brainy idea for a competition which he or she would like to see in PICTURES, send it along, please, and I will give it my best and careful consideration.

Snow in Pictures.

Our own recent snowfall brings to my mind the great Snow World of Alaska,

where the action of the Metro drama *The Ice of Heart's Desire* chiefly takes place. I have seen this picture on the screen, and found it every bit as good as that other Metro drama *The Skating of Dan McGee*. The Alaskan scene, the land which bred the hero (Edward Bruce) and little Snowbird an Indian girl (Evelyn Brent), to fortune and death respectively are magnificent and if only for the sake of the native dogs and sleighs travelling over the snow the picture is worth anybody's while to go and see. But there is powerful drama in addition. If I mistake not, Evelyn Brent is going to make a big name in the picture world.

A Fine Art Film Feast.

The first number of *The Cinegoer*, the new paper advertised in our pages, is before me, and I find it a very beautiful production. Although, as previously stated, PICTURES is not in any way connected with it, I am sure that many readers who love fine art printing will wish to possess this most artistic record of cinema plays and players.

A Film All Will Like.

For tense, gripping drama commend me to *The Cheat*, the latest Lasky production, in which Fanny Ward (how many readers have seen her in comedy and drama on the London stage?) is featured. In *The Marriage of Kitty*, released in April, you will see her in comedy. In *The Cheat* you will be held spellbound by her wonderful interpretation of drama. At the Trade show they cheered her! When America can give us such pictures as these we want American films. Fanny Ward is one of the biggest successes ever seen on the screen, and in *The Cheat* she is going to create a sensation. It would not be fair to omit in this meagre praise of a wonderful performance the name of Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese actor who plays her Japanese lover, Tori. This gentleman must share with Miss Ward the honours due for some of the finest emotional acting ever given us in pictures. Watch for the story of *The Cheat* in a future issue.

Coming British Pictures.

Within a short time of going to press with this issue the Trade will see two notable productions—*Trelawny of the Walls* (Sir Arthur Pinero), produced by Hepworth, and *She* (H. Rider Haggard), produced by Lucoque. Both are said to be something that will set the picturegoer talking and prove to the world that Britain can produce perfect pictures. F. D.

Have You a Friend

to whom you would like to introduce "Pictures"? A specimen copy will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom on application to

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Turner Films



*"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said,"*

This is the theme of

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By WILL CARLETON.

We are re-telling it in a Picture.

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THE TURNER FILMS, LTD.,

Walton-on-Thames.

*The Young
Picture-
goer.*



cards came to hand. I had to enlist the services of a young lady in checking

them, and the work took two whole days to complete. With so few prizes and so many replies you may wonder how we judged them. Well, we first examined every card and threw out those which failed to give all the names correctly. Fortunately, for me, hundreds of competitors had one or more names wrong. Next we sorted those that were all right into boys and girls, and again put them in piles according to age. Then I had the delicate and difficult task of deciding which were the neatest.

The prizes will go to: G. Nash, 22, Somerset Place, Cathay, Redcliffe; G. Gundlay, 18, Trouville Road, Clapham; Arthur Russell, 2, Cattermouls Yard, Pitt Street,

Norwich; Vanda Newsome, 31, Aynhoe Road, Brook Green, Kensington; Yvonne Greuses, 72, Merthyr Road, Pontypridd; Winnifred Gough, 63, Rappart Road, Seacombe, Wallasey.

AWARD OF MERIT:—Marjorie Cook (Widnesbury), Lizzie Genaghty (Galway), Agnes Piper (Kingston-on-Thames), Margaret Crowley (Barons Court), Mabel Greenwood (Leeds), Zilpah Hinds (Coalville), Kathleen Caines (Devonport), Doris Watkins (Smet-hurst), Hilda Pennill (Hulme), Doris Meadows (Hackney), Winnie Barnard (Stoke Newington).

THE PUZZLE NAMES WERE:—Marguerite Clayton, Miriam Nesbit, G. M. Anderson, Charles Chaplin, King Baggot, George Larkin, Lillian Walker, Maurice Costello, Billie Ritchie, John Bunny, Sydney Bracey, James Cruze, Frank Farrington, Cleo Madison, Stewart Rome, Violet Hopson, Jane Gail, Roscoe Arbuckle, Rose Tapley, Kate Price, Wally Van, Harry Benham, Mack Sennett, Edward Coxen, Victoria Forde, Mabel Trunnelle, May Abbey, Leah Baird, Tom Mix, Mae Marsh.

Edmund Wadge, one of my young prize-winners in a previous competition, is a lucky boy. He gave as his favourite cinema "The Blue Halls, Hammer-smith," and in applying for the seats which I offered as a prize I sent to the theatre a copy of his criticism, which, no doubt, you have read. The seats came to hand with another prize of the value of one guinea from the theatre management. In a letter to Master Wadge the management wrote:—

"It has afforded us great pleasure to see the very nice description of our 'Blue Halls' that you have sent to PICTURES, and we are very glad indeed it has won you the prize which they so kindly offered."

"As far as we are concerned, we feel that such a clever boy as you are deserves a little acknowledgment on our part too, and we shall esteem it a favour if you will choose from any shop (within, say, two miles radius of our halls) anything you may fancy up to

CHARLIE, as he is represented in "Comedy Cartoons." (From *Morning Picture World*.)

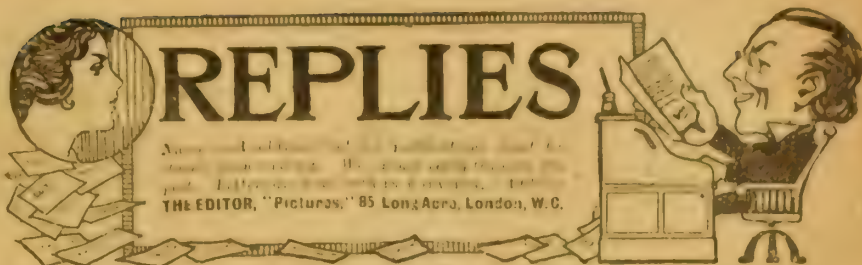
DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Little did I dream the task I had set myself when I asked you to solve the hidden players' names in puzzle-pictures. Hundreds and hundreds of



PICTURE
TELEVISION

UNCLE TIM.



A vintage, sepia-toned portrait of a woman with dark, curly hair. She is seated in an ornate, dark-colored chair with a high, arched backrest. She is wearing a dark, sleeveless dress and a large, ornate necklace. Her right hand is resting on her chin, and her left hand is resting on her lap. The background is a plain, light color. The image has a slightly grainy texture and a warm, aged tone.

ALMA TAYLOR, as seen in another of our new Hepworth series of picture postcards.

COSTIA (Birmingham).—The players are constantly changing their companies that is why you see the same player in different brands. Cast of "The Exploits of Elaine" was given in our Feb. 29 issue. Address: Blue Rhodes, c/o. Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1900, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. If your friend thinks it "silly rot" to write to stars he need not do so. Other—think differently.

PENNIE (Kingswinford).—You might address Madame Sarah Bernhardt, c/o. the Stage, York Street, Covent Garden, London. We have no postcards, but recently published a frontispiece picture of her.

CARTOONIST (Leicester).—Always glad to hear from you. Mabel Normand at one time played under the name of Muriel Fortescue.

P. C. (Liverpool).—We know of no place in this country where copies of the *Montreal Herald* can be obtained. Write out to the Publisher and tell him your difficulty.

R. P. (Cheltenham).—We have no picture postcards of House Peters, and so far no interview with him has appeared in our paper.

FLORENCE (Liverpool).—Pearl White is married.

SWEET SIXTEEN (Pontypool).—(A sweet age that makes the Answers Man sigh.) Warda Howard played the part of the Mother in "Temper." Casts you ask for were not published.

INQUISITIVE (Glasgow).—Mack Sennett played in "The Rent Jumpers" (Keystone). Write to the London offices of the Film Companies for the papers you want. Their advertisements appear in PICTURES every week. The Turner Films, Ltd., do not publish any journal. Other information not available.

JOHN (Nottingham) asks us to refrain from using Americanisms in PICTURES. Sure, John, we'll make a note of it right now. Alice Dovey played lead in "The Commanding Officer." Thank you for kind wishes. Same to you, "Reader from No. 1."

S. W. G. (London, N.).—The part you ask for was not published.

FRED (Fulham).—Try and get acquainted with some film players who can show you the ropes. You do not say if you have dramatic experience.

CLUTCHING HAND (Honor Oak Park).—Glad you are now one of our regulars. Address Pearl White, c/o. Pathé Co., 35, West 45th St., New York City, U.S.A. We have two different Id. postcards of her.

D. STRESSED (Forest Gate).—Almost all the French players have answered their country's call. When the war is over you will see your favourites again. We hope so at any rate.

SAPPER J. W. (Somewhere in England).—The result of the Screened Stars Competition appeared in our January 29th number. Sorry you missed a prize. We wish you years of "enjoyable hours" with PICTURES.

LITTLE JIM (Windermere).—Gee whiz! Likewise, great Jimmy! Thirty-three new readers! What a record, and what a popular Jim you are to have such legions of friends. Our souvenirs of *Barnaby Rudge* are 2d., post-free. Is this what your friend wants?

R. L. A. (Chorley).—Address Edna Purviance, c/o. Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1335, Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. She is not married, nor is Mabel Normand. Pearl White is. Pearl White will be seen in "The Iron Claw," the serial following "The Exploits of Elaine." We know of no producing company in Lancashire.

DOLLY (Barton-on-Trent).—See reply to "Fred."

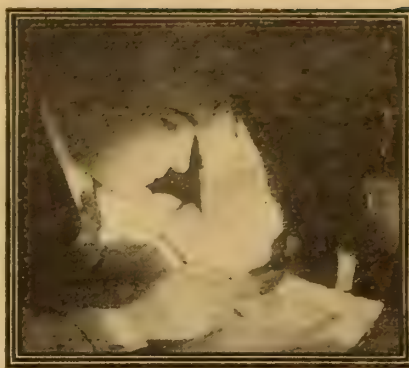
R. E. R. (London), through giving a standing order to her newsagent, receives PICTURES regularly. Victoria Forde, late of Nestor, now plays opposite Tom Mix in Selig Films.

ALMONITE (West Bromwich).—Alice Dovey played lead in "The Commanding Officer," and Mary Pickford in "A Good Little Devil." The others we have no record of. Did you get your *pea de plumme* from a football team?

ALICE (Wolverhampton).—"The Social Lion".—"Ted Allen," Herbert Rawlinson;—"Mrs. St. John," Helen Wright;—"Her Daughter," Anna Little;—"Bryson," Billy Quinn;—"Bob St. John," Jack Wells;—"The Gopher";—"The Doer";—"The Sheriff," Hart Hoxie;—"Deputy," Jack Pyles. Anna Little has played on the stage as well as for films. Interest in notes about her appeared in PICTURES, July 24th, 1935. She is now playing for Mutual films. As a general rule, film players stick to their own names. Lottie Pickford is with Biograph.

FOURTEEN (Bristol).—PICTURES, Vol. VIII, is 3s. 9d., and *How to Write a Picture Play*, is 2d., both post-free from this office.

C. K. (Leicester).—Perhaps your letter to "Little Mar." was torpedoed. The "World's Sweetheart" usually answers her letters.



EARLE WILLIAMS as he appears in *The Juggernaut*, the story of which we published in our January 8th issue.

AGGIE (Waterford).—Send orders for PICTURES to our publishers, Odhams, Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London. May you write again, Aggie? Why, certainly.

INTERESTED (Plaistow).—Yes we always want to be your friend so write again. We have no postcards of Edward Earle, House Peters or Page Peters, but we have The Famous Players and Lasky Stars: Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Hazel Dawn, Pauline Frederick, and Charlotte Walker. Sorry we have not the cast you want.

MABEL (Edgbaston).—So you won a prize in the Screened Stars Competition! May you have greater success in "Find the Filas." Slight earthquake shocks in England are by no means so infrequent as you imagine. Thank goodness they are slight. *N'est ce pas?*

TOMPS (Huddersfield).—Has Charlie Chaplin false teeth? No. Are Francis Ford and Grace Canard married? Yes. Did Owen Moore play "Princess Charming" in "Cinderella"? Yes.

JANE (South York).—Hugh A. Elliott's portrait and description of his visit to America appeared in PICTURES Feb. 12th, 1936. It can be obtained from our publishers, Messrs. Odhams, Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, 21, post-free.

LILY (Bristol).—Yes, Victoria Forde is now with Selig. Have sent your love to Alma Taylor and Pearl White, minus some for ourselves.

DINAH (Cardiff).—Addresses H. B. Wathall, c/o. Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1335, Argyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A.; Mabel Normand, c/o. Keystone Co., Long Acre Bldg., New York City; Anna Little, c/o. Mutual Film Corp., 71, West 23rd St., New York City; and Jack Pickford, c/o. Selig Polyscope Co., Girland Building, Chicago. We are still "in the pink," Dinah, dear.

D. R. (Penygraig).—No age restrictions in our "Find the Film" Contest. There will be thirteen sets (our lucky number).—"Lorna Doone" was filmed by A.B. Co. Many other well-known novels have been filmed—"Far from the Madding Crowd,"—"Still Waters Run Deep,"—"Three Weeks,"—"The Four Feathers,"—"The Woman Who Did,"—"She,"—"Burnt Wings,"—"Edwin Drood," are a few recent subjects.

E. H. (Hawthornth).—As the cast of the film you mention was not published, we are unable to tell if Thos. H. Mac could play in it.

PICTUREGOER (No num.)—no address: we shan't forgive you next time.—"The Deception" (Flying A):—"Violet Day," Winifred Greenwood;—"Tom Saxon," El. Coxon;—"Howard Loz," Geo. Field;—"Dr. King," John Stepping.

H. H. (Stockport).—Max Linder was wounded but is now O.K. once more. Which "Little Willie" do you mean? We're always trying to find the whereabouts of her.

Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
85 & 86, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone Gerrard 2595.

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SMILES

A DRY STORY.—A Scotsman and an Irishman went into a restaurant the other day to get something to eat, and the Irishman hadn't any money either.

Mary's "Much."

KIND LADY: "How do you like being an attendant at the cinema? The manager is such a nice man, you can't do too much for him."

MARY: "I don't mean to, either."

Ancient and Modern.

TOURIST: "And what is that building in the valley?"

NATIVE: "Well, if I can find a tenant it's a new pitcher pallis, and if I can't it's an old barn."

Silence is Golden.

MOLLY: "When she was on the stage she only got £20 a week. Now she is on the films she gets £40."

PEGGY: "The extra £20 was to keep her from talking, I suppose."

A New Use for Pills.

JIMMY: "Another box of pills like what I got for Dad yesterday, please."

CHEMIST: "They're doing your father some good, eh?"

JIMMY: "I don't know, but they just fit my pea-shooter."

The Chief Attraction.

DIRECTOR: "How long do you want for your honeymoon?"

MR. NEWLYWED: "How long do you think I should have?"

DIRECTOR: "I haven't seen the bride."

Heavy though "Light."

"That man makes a living by writing light fiction."

"Indeed; he doesn't look a literary sort of chap."

"He's not; he writes out statements for the gas company."

Heard in the Dark.

FIRST SHE: "Sylvia told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her."

SECOND SHE: "The little cat! I told her not to tell you."

FIRST SHE: "Don't tell her I told you because I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me."

A Sure Test.

FILM STAR (to his wife): "You shall have a car, my dear; but we must look round carefully before deciding on one."

WIFE: "I've saved you that trouble, dearest. I have seen the most perfect machine in the world."

FILM STAR: "Who told you it was?"

WIFE: "The agent."

Work—the Drawback.

MIKE (at the pictures): "Wot a lovely island, Bill; if it worn't sich a long way off. Cokernuts and bananas all over the place for nuthin'!"

BILL (ruminating for a moment): "I s'pose you got ter pick 'em?"


"Of course," came the reply.

"That's it; I knew there'd be some drawback!" said his energetic pal.



Henry Vibart
"The Nobleman of the films."

- Hepworth Picture Player -

A black and white photograph of actress Alice Brady sitting on a classical pedestal. She is wearing a light-colored, ruffled dress and a tall, pointed hat. She holds a long, thin object, possibly a whip or a wand, in her right hand. Several disembodied faces float around the pedestal, looking up at her. The background is dark and textured.

Men lose
their heads
and hearts
to
**ALICE
BRADY**

The
Cup of Chance

GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE
LONDON & BRANCHES

PICTURES

The AND PICTUREGOER

THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

1^d.



JESSE L. LASKY

presents

THE POPULAR STAR

**BLANCHE
SWEET**

in

An exciting drama
of a dual personality

**"The Case
of Becky."**

Released March 20th.

Produced by

JESSE L. LASKY

Feature Play Co.,

166-170, Wardour St., W.

THE REVIEW.

The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and J. D. Walker's, may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of 3/- post-free.



BESSIE EYTON

The charming and popular Selig Star. We have long asked the Studio to send us a new portrait of her, and, having just had our patience rewarded, we hasten to present her latest to our readers.

COMING!

The Chronicles of "Bloom Centre"

A Series of Special Selig Comedies of Rural Life.

THE new Selig Series is a novel form of entertainment which has never been offered to the public before. "Bloom Centre" is the name of an American village, specially erected by the Selig Polyscope Company, for the purpose of presenting on the screen true American life in a comical manner.

The first release will be made on May 15th. "LANDING THE HOSE REEL" will commence the series of eleven unique pictureplays.

Each story is complete in itself and has a well-defined plot. Thus there is a connecting link in the "Bloom Centre" Series, but at the same time every release does not necessarily have to be seen to keep in touch with the entire series.

"The Chronicles of Bloom Centre" are going to set up a new record in Screen Comedy.



The Selig Polyscope Company,

E. H. MONTAGU (Sole Agent)

93-95, Wardour St., London, W.



A Few Words to Cinema Managers and Picture Patrons about



commencing Thursday, April 6th, 1916.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO.,

"The Home of Serials." LTD.,

MANAGING DIRECTOR: J. D. TIPPETT.

37-39, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

To the Cinema Manager.

The Trans-Atlantic don't do things by halves. When they set out to produce a serial they put every ounce of punch and grip into it that they can. They make it a certain-sure success with the result that Trans-Atlantic serials are the finest guarantee of good business that an exhibitor can have. The Trans-Atlantic's latest serial will be as good a money-getter as all other Trans-Atlantic serials have been. It has the novelty and interest that will hold your patronage steady for six certain weeks. Don't forget to book "The Purple Iris," commencing Thursday, April 6th.

To the Picture Patron.

You know what to expect when you see the name Trans-Atlantic on a serial. You know that you can look forward every week to hours of keen enjoyment with absolute certainty that each episode will be as thrilling and full of real live incident as the Trans-Atlantic can make it. Then you know what to expect in "The Purple Iris," for this enthralling re-enactment of the amazing adventures of the Princess Tousson during her life in a Royal Harem is one of the most brilliant, expensive, magnificent, alluring photo-plays ever produced. Ask your manager to book it; then take your friends to see it.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VOL. IX.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916.

New Series, No. 109.



THINKING OF HIS NEXT PART—TOM FORMAN

The Lanky heavy lead poses restfully for PICTURES. His very latest appearances are in *Kindling*, *The Fighting Hope*, *The Marriage of Kitty*, and *The Explorer*.

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES



"THE PICTURES" STAFF.
No. 2. THE EDITOR'S ASSISTANT.

DO NOT CONFUSE

"Pictures and The Pictur goer"
with any other publication
This journal, published
every Saturday, is the only
one in which Pictures, Ltd.,
is interested.

NEXT week's issue completes our
ninth volume. Don't miss the
tenth!

The Selig crocodile has struck work
because he has the toothache.

Another two weeks only in which to
"find the film." How are you getting on?

Are you reading the delightful Hep-
worth P.P.P.? Number Three is better
than ever. The first numbers were fine.

Bryant Washburn's son has made his
appearance in pictures in the Essanay
drama *Destiny*. He is five months old!

It is stated that *The Birth of a Nation*
will be shown at Drury Lane Theatre
after the run of the pantomime. A big
theatre for a big film!

Sixty-four reels of Essanay have
arrived. They comprise some wonderful
picture-plays, in which wonderful stars
have given their best in acting.

Which is the "handsomest" film com-
pany in the world? asks a member of
the staff. Answer: Essanay, because it
has such perfect "features."

A real live Anarchist is playing a
part in *The Fatal Fingers* the drama
now being produced by B. and C. from
the novel by William Le Queux.

The rise of Bessie Epton (whose por-
trait appears on our front cover) from
an extra girl to leading woman was
accomplished in less than a year.

So far as the public is concerned, the
next picture to feature the World's
Sweetheart is *Esmeralda*. Yes, you are
quite right—we mean Mary Pickford.

Nine hundred and thirty-nine letters
in one week's post-bag is not bad, is it?
That is the number which came into the
editorial office last week—and they were
just ordinary mails, too.

"Kick me, 'Ham,' I've missed you,"
are the first words Bud Duncan says to
"Ham" in the comedy that marks the
latter comedian's return to the screen
after a three months' absence.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, the film
of which is being looked forward to
with such keen interest, was produced
in 1893 at the St. James's Theatre,
where it played continuously for 245
nights. It was revived in 1912 at the
St. James's Theatre, but in the interval,
and even since that date, the play has
constantly been performed throughout
the provinces.

Filming a Comedy Theatre Play.

LARRY TRIMBLE informs us that
he has just started producing *A
Place in the Sun*, Cyril Harecourt's
play which was put on at the Comedy
Theatre. Reginald Owen, who created
and played the leading part on the
stage, will play the same part in the
film, and be supported by well-known
West End artistes.

More British Films.

THE Everman Film Company have
now started work in earnest. Their
studio at St. Margaret's Lodge,
Twickenham, where Alfonso Frenguelli,
who is producing, has a clever company
around him, was exceptionally busy all
last week, and the snow which fell came
in handy for some very dramatic out-
door scenes. Kathleen Vincent (now
playing at the Palace) promises to be
quite an acquisition to "Everyman."

Hopwood's Living Pictures.

FOUR hundred pages of wonderfully
interesting matter are contained in
Hopwood's Living Pictures, by R. B.
Foster, B.Sc., just published at 6s.,
by the Hatton Press, Ltd. It will tell
the student all he wants to know con-
cerning the production and practical
working of motion pictures, and includes,
besides a classified list of British patents,
many line diagrams and half-tone en-
gravings. The volume stands in a con-
spicuous place on our bookshelf, and we
know it will often be made use of.

Screen Pleases Wounded Soldiers.

A SUCCESSFUL method was hel-
d at the Northwood Cinema recently,
the guests being wounded soldiers
from the local V.A.D. Hospital, and by
special request the picture shown was
The Man Who Stayed at Home. The men
thoroughly enjoyed it, as also did the

Sister and Matron of the hospital, who
were in attendance. A number of
wounded Anzacs from the 1st Australian
Auxiliary Hospital at Harefield were
expected, but owing to the snow, which
rendered the roads impassable, they
were unable to attend.

One Egg Feeds Twenty-eight.

WITH eggs at a price which makes
them almost as much of a luxury
as a private yacht, Violet Hagner,
who is starred in the William Fox pro-
duction, *The Marble Heart*, offers the
following omelette recipe, which calls
for one egg and which will make suffi-
cient omelette for twenty-eight persons:

"Beat up one egg with iron fork;
Add six quarts of milk;
Salt and pepper to taste;
Cook in hot buttered omelette-pan."

If it is desired to double the recipe, use
two ostrich eggs instead of one.

What are "Gosha" ladies?

A CORRESPONDENT in India
has sent *The Cinema* copies of the
programmes issued by cinema
proprietors in Calcutta and Madras,
from which it would appear that the
residents in those distant parts have
little to complain of in the way of
photo-play entertainment. Some of
the announcements on the programmes
have a distinctly exotic flavour. For
instance, "Gosha ladies desirous of wit-
nessing the show may, by special
arrangement, have their motor-cars
drawn up in the theatre." What are
"Gosha" ladies? Perhaps some in-
structed reader can enlighten us. Then,
again, we notice that there are "sepa-
rate seats for Indian ladies," which
seems a very diplomatic way of putting
it, and that monthly and quarterly
season-tickets are in vogue. There are
three Sunday shows, and altogether
they seem very up-to-date out there.

The Cinematograph Casino.

FOR the Lasky production of *Me-
Gee at Monte Carlo* several scenes
are laid within the casinos of that
famous resort. Four great halls are
revealed in panorama, and nearly one
thousand persons are seen playing at
the various tables. Many local celebri-
ties answered the Lasky Studio's "call"
for people for these gambling scenes;
and when a company of twelve hundred
sat down to lunch during the interval it
was quite amusing to note how persons
who had won and lost fictitious millions
a moment before were of one mind
around the dinner-table.

Henry Ainley,
Hepworth picture
player, is a most pop-
ular London actor.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **LONDON UNDER SNOW:** Our Tommies enjoyed merry snow-ball fights and sport on Hampstead Heath. 2. **THE BURNING OF CANADA'S PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT OTTAWA:** The fire, it is believed, was caused by an incendiary bomb placed by enemy agents. 3. **LEIPSIK IN LONDON:** The largest Teddy Bear in the world at the All-British Toy Fair organized by the Board of Trade. 4. **VISCOUNT FRENCH** during his tour of inspection of our New Army in the West of England, opens new Baths at Bath. 5. **ICY COLD!** The rigours of winter on the Vosges Front. 6. **FOR GAS ATTACKS:** Now our barbarous enemy compels the Allies to go into battle. 7. **A VILLAGE ROLL OF HONOUR** at Chew Magna, Somerset, where every eligible man has joined up.

"MY HOBBY"

HOW PICTURE "STARS" FILL
:: IN THEIR SPARE TIME ::

"TELL me what you like and I will tell you what you are." This quotation from Ruskin applies with peculiar aptness to those clever people who gain popularity, fame, and a large supply annually of that "root" which philosophers would have us believe is responsible for all evil by acting for the cinematograph. A producer who knows the tastes and spare-time recreations of the various members of his company is well off, for they reveal to him their real personality and acquaint him with their temperament to an extent which is most useful when he has to allocate parts which require an unusual amount of characterisation in their interpretation.

An example of this came with the production of the Essanay five-act detective drama *The Alster Case*, when John Cossar was selected for the part of the detective solely because the study of criminology has been his hobby for many years past. There were other actors in the company just as clever at portraying character parts, but Cossar's hobby was the deciding point which made the producer allocate the part to him.

On hearing of the above incident it occurred to us that it would be interesting to learn of the hobbies of other Essanay favourites, and to what extent they had been made particular use of in the various pictures.

Accordingly we wrote to most of these artists, and herewith append their replies, accompanied by the names of some of the films in which their spare-time pursuits were turned to good account:—

Henry B. Walthall—I am keenly interested in all forms of psychic research, and in the study of biology and Darwinism. Incidentally, I also take some interest in moustache growing. (*The Misleading Lady* and *The Raven*.)

Edna Mayo—My hobbies are sculpturing and clothes. These are rather contradictory items, for, more often than not, the art of sculpturing, instead of being concerned with the wearing of clothes, has to do with the lack of them. (*The Misleading Lady*, *The Strange Case of Mary Page*, &c.)

Warda Howard—I have no hobbies outside business, unless it be that of reading classical literature.

Lillian Drew I collect oriental rugs, and venture to believe that I have a unique collection of the finest to be purchased.

Bryant Washburn—Athletics, particularly those appertaining to the running track. (*The Woman Hater*.)

Richard Travers—Boxing. (*The Man Trail*.)

G. M. Anderson—Playing "Broncho Billy" parts.

Marguerite Clayton—Riding. (Most of the films she appears in.)

Nell Craig—The study of medical science.

Ruth Stonehouse—Classical dancing. (*Lioness*.)

Betty Brown—Yachting. (*The Lighthouse by the Sea* and *The Sea's Attraction*.)

Thomas Commerford—Chess.

Elizabeth Burbridge—I am keenly interested in Christian Science, and read every book I can on the subject.

John Lorenz—I am an enthusiastic violin-player. (*Twice Into the Light*.)

Ernest Maupain—Painting. (*A Daughter of the City*.)

Ben Turpin (Boggie)—Practising eccentric gymnastics, which I have found very useful in many of my impersonations.

Charles Chaplin—Music, though I am also exceedingly fond of signing receipts.

The Mackenzie Twins—Ida: Going to the pictures with Ella. Ella: Going to the pictures with Ida.

"Winston," the Essanay bull dog—My hobby is film actors. I sometimes get very "attached" to them. (*Champion Charlie*.)

WHAT THE FILM PUBLIC DESIRES.

"WE English people know what we want in our country. Our tastes are not difficult to cater for," writes E. H. Montagu, the London representative for the Selig Company, in discussing the outlook in the British Isles. "We can go to a West-end of London picture-theatre and see a great three-act Tom Mix film like *Pals in Blue* vigorously applauded by the *élite* of our greatest city, and we can go straight to the poorest district in London's East End and hear the same film cheered to the echo. The same result is obtained by a really fine Selig animal picture such as *The Fast Man*. Animal films must be really novel or they will not go in England nowadays. Give us English people—Bessie Eyton, Kathlyn Williams, Tom Mix, and Tom Sant-elli—as often as possible, and in worthy vehicles, and enable them to put themselves in their parts. Then I tell you that the star of these people will never set."

Our Cinematographic Cartoons: No. 51: "VERSATILITY."



THE CROWDED, CHANGEABLE WEEK OF A FILM ACTOR.



ULTUS: THE MAN FROM THE DEAD

Adapted from the sensational Gaumont Exclusive

— By ALEC J. BRAID.

SYNOPSIS OF LAST WEEK'S STORY: Morgan and Townsend, partners in a mining adventure, discovered a rich deposit of diamonds and started for England across the Great Desert. Townsend robbed Morgan, cutting his hand and leaving him for dead. Five years later Townsend, now a baronet, was enjoying wealth and popularity in London, when Morgan returned as "Ultus: the Man from the Dead." With a band of confederates, Ultus set to work to revenge himself upon Townsend. He robbed the safe of the Diamond Syndicate and then Lady Townsend of a valuable diamond pendant, and took refuge with his men at his secret residence, The Towers. Meanwhile Conway Bass, crime investigator, was on the track of Ultus.

Part III.—Conway Bass in Pursuit.

DEEPLY wounded, and feeling that his reputation was at stake, Conway Bass resolved upon immediate pursuit. Travelling west at a great speed, the car containing Ultus and his men was already miles away.

"There is only one good road for a car from here," said the baronet. "If he uses it he will pass the 'Bath Arms' in five minutes."

"Good!" said Bass, and the landlord of the hotel was summoned to the telephone. "Conway Bass, detective, speaking. If a car containing several men passes your hotel in the next few minutes—track it somehow. Ultus is in it. £500 reward for the capture."

"My son Alf will wait on the road with his motor-cycle, and if the car passes it shall be tracked," came the reply.

Two cars brought Sir Gilbert, Conway Bass, and the more venturesome men of the house party to the Bath Arms.

An imperative ring called them to the telephone, and Bass at the receiver heard the landlord's son report success.

"He says that he traced Ultus and the others to their hiding-place," Bass told the company. "So far as he knows, the house in which they are hiding is locally known as The Towers. The man is waiting us on the Staines road."

Inside The Towers the Avenger had

related the full story of his visit to Conway Bass. "It will never do for all of you to stay here," he continued. "The presence of that motor-cyclist was so unusual, it is possible that Bass has been making use of the phone. Take the car along the road which runs north, and travel to London."

In the road Alf was joined by the party of pursuers. "Follow me and I'll point out the house," cried the cyclist.

Whilst Ultus sat alone and congratulated himself upon the triumphant success of his daring raid upon the country house of the wealthy baronet, he heard mysterious noises.

"I was right after all concerning the cyclist," he muttered.

Then a near sound alarmed him, and acting quickly as his pursuers entered the hall, he pressed a key and a section of the floor disappeared. The resulting check gave him a moment's respite and he belted up the stairs. Bass sprang over the gap in front of the men, and grappled Ultus as he came into a room. Fierce though the struggle Ultus was able to turn the key in the lock. Each man strained every muscle to overcome the other, but Bass was not equally matched. He failed to stop a fierce lunge and fell. Then Ultus pulled a cord and the floor of the room rose.

At that moment the detective's helpers burst open the door, and the foremost fell into the cavity. Overhead the principals in the fight were waging bitter war. Again did the Avenger succeed, and making good use of the interval escaped to the roof and dropped the canvas fire shoot to the ground. Into the tube he climbed, and shot earthwards, reaching the ground as Conway Bass, who had quickly recovered from the knock-down blow, realised the way of escape.

Following as rapidly as he could, Bass was soon in the shoot, but at the bottom he was checked. The artful Ultus had already tied the end of the shoot into a knot. The detective wriggled about in the canvas in impotent rage as the Avenger strode away, enjoying the joke.

Some time elapsed before the detective's plight was discovered, and then all hope of capture was abandoned.

Spring had merged into summer, but no trace of Ultus had been discovered. Standing at his window one evening, Bass looked over the roofs of the houses stretching towards the centre of the great metropolis, and asked himself: "Where in all this great city does

Ultus hide? King of criminals, he is indeed, and I admire his daring, though the thought that up to now he has proved the better man is a rankling one. But I am not to be beaten by the greatest criminal that ever lived. Has the skill of Conway Bass lost its keenness that such a man as Ultus can laugh at me with impunity?"

And what of Ultus? He had just read this paragraph in a newspaper.

"The Carinthian Ambassador, who, despite his age and infirmity, is a well-known visitor at the dining-tables of the Regency, has made the biggest deal in diamonds of the year. We understand that Sir Gilbert Townsend is selling his famous blue diamond to His Excellency for six million pounds. The gem is to adorn the crown of His Majesty King Juan X. of Carinthia."

"This gem so rare for kingly brow

To me belongs."

exclaimed Ultus. "We will cut out the six millions—that's near enough for a newspaper, and secure it if possible." Londonwards hastened the Avenger to summon his men. To Louis and the more fearless of the gang he outlined his idea. "Great," was Louis's comment. "If we pull it off it will atone for our long period of idleness."

"I tell you the diamond shall be mine," was the master's answer.

That same evening he dined at the Regency. No wonder Louis was sceptical. Ultus had actually resolved to impersonate the Ambassador at the sale, and his present object in dining at the Regency was to study the appearance of that diplomat. Whenever he came to London Ultus dined at this palatial hotel, and the waiter was not in the least surprised when the distinguished-looking guest said "Find me a table next to that of the Ambassador."

Throughout his meal Ultus carefully studied the features of the diplomat. Of a similar height, he saw that it needed but careful disguising and care in reproducing his gait to carry his amazing idea to a successful issue. The very daring of the scheme was half way to the diamond. Ultus watched every movement of his victim, and as the old gentleman went out the eyes of the watcher were held by the arrival of another well-known figure.

"Conway Bass" whispered Ultus. Calling a waiter, he handed the man a note to "take to the tall gentleman sitting at the fifth table in the centre," and then left the hotel.

"To-morrow!" Ultus read the detective as he unfolded the note, and wondered what the message meant. Knowing the hatred between Townsend and Ultus, Bass read a meaning into the

Pen Sketches of Picture Plays. — No. 6.



FRANK R. GREY DRAWS HIS SCREEN IMPRESSIONS OF "ULTUS."



THE OLD AMBASSADOR COULD GIVE NO EXPLANATION.

mysterious note, and early in the morning called upon the baronet.

At midnight Ultus met his confederates. "I believe I can take the place of the Ambassador at the sale if you keep cool and act sharply. We will go to the Embassy now. Upon our next move depends success or failure."

With skill they obtained entrance into the Embassy, and, having ascertained the whereabouts of the Ambassador's bedroom, Ultus said—"Wait here. While the Ambassador sleeps I can copy every detail of his face. We run tremendous risks; my disguise must be perfect or we shall fail."

Seated by the side of the bed, Ultus carefully copied each lineament of the sleeping man, and then joined his waiting confederates. "Follow me," said he, "in a few hours it will be time to act. Until the time arrives I have found a safe hiding-place in the study."

"Sir Gilbert, can you throw any light upon this note which was handed me in the Regency last night?" asked Conway Bass of Townsend in his study.

"I do not think I can. Yet, stay. I wonder if it has anything to do with the sale of our blue diamond to the Carinthian Ambassador!"

"Surely not. I do not see how Ultus can possibly upset that arrangement. But come with us," said Bass. "If Ultus tries any of his devilry we shall be ready for him."

To the Embassy Townsend and his fellow directors were accompanied by Bass and other detectives. Saluted by secretaries and members of his retinue, his Excellency went into a small room and awaited the arrival of Sir Gilbert Townsend. The visitors being announced, the Ambassador sent his secretary to bring them to the room.

Left alone, the Ambassador was suddenly attacked, drugged and gagged, and hidden behind a screen. Into his chair flopped the cleverly-disguised Ultus, and when Townsend and his party came into the room they were greeted with dignity by the impostor.

The Baronet had previously met the diplomat, and to him he explained the meaning of such a large party. "We

are more numerous than we should have been, your Excellency. We have reason to believe that a criminal known as Ultus has cast eyes upon our treasure. Mr. Conway Bass has accompanied us."

"A wise precaution, my dear Baronet. I have many times heard of Mr. Conway Bass, the eminent crime investigator, and the exploits of that engaging scoundrel Ultus are not unknown to me. But here we are all above suspicion and perfectly safe. Here is the cheque for your wonderful gem. My royal master will be delighted with it."

The diamond changed hands, and the representatives of the Syndicate bade His Excellency adieu, being accompanied from the room by the Secretary. Rapidly writing a note, the pseudo-Ambassador summoned a footman and ordered him to deliver the note to Mr. Conway Bass. He then deftly removed wig and beard, and, signalling for Louis, pulled back the screen and disappeared. Certain escape, even now, depended upon

two factors—that the time occupied in recalling the detective would give Ultus and his confederates time to reach their waiting car and that Bass and the whole party would rush to the room when the note was read.

Ultus had not misjudged the probabilities. "You will find His Excellency behind the screen. Ultus" were the words written in the startling note. Bass read it aloud, and shouting to the others to follow him, ran back to the room. There behind the screen lay the bound and gagged Ambassador. The old gentleman could give no explanation. He was suddenly attacked.

Of Ultus and his confederates not a sign remained. The constable on point duty remembered a car driving rapidly past him. There all traces ended.

PART IV.

A Thousand Pounds on Ultus.

SIR GILBERT TOWNSEND was becoming alarmed, for the criminal was still at large. It was increasingly evident that Ultus was too good a man even for Bass, and the baronet sent for the detective.

"Well?" was Townsend's greeting.

"Anything but well. This man Ultus is devilish in his ingenuity. I have not a single clue."

"It will never do, Bass, to give the beggar 'best.' Money is no object. Dead or alive, he must be captured."

The next morning the papers contained this advertisement:—"£1,000 reward will be paid for any information leading to the arrest of the man who calls himself 'Ultus.' All communications in the strictest confidence to 'C. B.,' 23, The Grove, West Kensington."

London was becoming too hot, but Ultus deprecated the idea of showing the least alarm. He met his men in the familiar hut, and advised a retreat to their secret meeting-place in the hills.

"Comrades," said the Avenger, "we



"THUS," SAID ULTUS. "DO I DEAL WITH TRAILERS."

will shake the dust of London from our feet for a time. Join me in the hills on Wednesday night. Here is money for your needs. Till then—*Adieu*."

The men left the smiling Louis alone, and he was on the point of leaving when Louis returned.

"What can I do for you?" asked Ultus.

"I want more money," was the reply.

"Why? Are you not content with your share? Surely you do not value your services higher than Wilson, or Conrad, or Thompson, or the others?"

"I do. I was your chief assistant in the Blue Diamond coup, and one share is not sufficient," replied Louis.

"How dare you say that? You know perfectly well that our agreement was that all should share alike. Apologise, or I will kill you." At once, and Ultus turned upon the man in a towering rage.

"I apologise, Chief," he gasped.

"Then go, and meet me on Wednesday night. Any more of this and I will denounce you to your fellows."

Louis slunk from the room pretending contrition, but his altered attitude had not deceived the Chief.

That night Louis visited Conway Bass.

"Who, or what I am," said the traitor, "is neither here nor there. You want Ultus; I know where you can find him. If you assume I am a member of his gang you may not be far wrong; but it is not the likes of me you want, it is the Chief himself. Play the game and I'll lead you straight. Act on the crooked and I'm dumb. See?"

"Clearly," was the response, "and I will take a chance and trust you."

For a while the two talked together. The traitor drew a plan of the Retreat in the hills, and finally said, "On Thursday night I will signal you from the hillside with a lamp. Bring plenty of men with you." Bass was quite satisfied, and having paid the reward money in notes, the traitor took his departure.

Late on Wednesday night the gang went into the Retreat and the Avenger told them that on the following night he would lay his new plans before them. As the moon rose on Thursday night, Ultus, round a table with his men, sat closely watching Louis. The man was evidently ill at ease. Once or twice he took a furtive glance at his watch. At length the traitor judged the time to be ripe, and, secretly followed by Ultus, he left the cave and waved his lamp the agreed signal to Bass and his men below. It was not part of the Avenger's plan to reveal himself; he intended dealing with the traitor in drastic fashion.

Down in the valley Bass saw the signal, and the police began climbing the hillside. The traitor returned to the cave and resumed the game of cards he had abandoned. Ultus was awaiting him. Louis attempted to take up a card, and suddenly shrieked with pain. Ultus had driven a knife through the man's hand. "Thus," said he, "do I deal with traitors. Quick, men, we are betrayed. Conway Bass and the police have found us."

Steadily climbing the face of the hill, the police were nearing the retreat when Ultus and his men broke into view. For a time there was a brisk little fight. Revolvers flashed, and men on either

side rolled over with low moans of pain. Numbers triumphed, and slowly the gang was forced back to their cave.

"We are outnumbered," cried Ultus; "we must bolt! Each one look out for himself, and wait word from me. You, Wilson, come in quick, and fasten a bomb to the diamond casket."

While Wilson obeyed Ultus wrote a note—"The diamond is in the box, but I warn you to leave it there if you value your life, Ultus." Leaving the note fixed on the casket, Ultus ran through the tunnel, trusting that the note would induce Bass to stay. But the detective, at whose side panted Townsend, was not to be delayed by such a manoeuvre. "Don't stop, Townsend," he shouted. "It is only a trick to delay us. Follow me." In the open they tore, and while Bass ran forward and had a parting shot at Ultus, the baronet returned and lifted the box. A deafening explosion ensued, and Sir Gilbert Townsend paid the debt of his disobedience, and robbed the Avenger of his full revenge.

Ultus had not forgotten the traitor, whom he discovered was now at the detective's house. One day when Bass was absent Ultus, disguised as a tramp, walked into the room where the traitor was nursing his injured hand.

"You!" he gasped.



ULTUS PAYS A SURPRISE VISIT.

"Yes; I have simply come to tell you that I leave London to-morrow. You remain to suffer. I shall deal with you when it pleases me." Flinging the craven-hearted man to the floor, Ultus walked out of the house.

Conway Bass paid little regard to the old tramp he passed on the pavement.

"Quick, quick!" shouted the traitor, as he entered. "If you passed a tramp it was Ultus!"

"Missed again, by heaven!" cried the irate detective, and he was little comforted by the traitor's assurance that the Avenger would be sure to go to the old barn to collect his papers. But if Ultus was leaving London the same night, Bass would make one more effort to capture him.

The traitor's guess was right. Bass and several men awaited Ultus at the barn. Scarcely had he begun to gather together the most important of the documents from the drawer of an old table than he grabbed at them and fled, with Bass at his heels. Doubling back to the barn he shook off his pursuers and gained an upper room, which he fastened against them by tying the door, which opened outwards to a post. The detective and his helpers could not force the door, but Ultus would have but a short breathing-space. His revolver he tied to the wooden wall, attaching to the trigger a piece of string, one end of which he carried in his mouth as he climbed to a beam. At length the door was forced open, and the men rushed in. Suddenly the revolver cracked, and before either of them realised what was happening Ultus had dropped from the beam and fled.

Only Bass succeeded in reaching the outside before a beam fell, holding the door fast against the others. Running to the river bank the Avenger jumped into a row-boat and rowed for dear life to the opposite bank. Conway Bass made use of a passing motor-boat, and was so quickly upon the fleeing man's track that Ultus had to hide against the wall to avoid discovery. The detective discovered him, and pluckily fought him in the water. Good fortune aided Ultus, and having seen Conway Bass sink he made his way home, and afterwards disappeared from London and the haunts which had known him. Pinned to his table by a dagger was this note: "*Adieu*, Conway Bass. I go where I please.—Ultus."

THE END.

"Ultus" is a six-reef picture, and "British" is stamped all over it. One part of the country has provided the desert scenes; another the wonderful scenery among the hills. A noted West-end circus is seen in one act; the gateway to "somewhere in France" in another. The London studios of the Gaumont Company have proved their utility in scores of scenes, brilliant and sombre. Photography and acting are of the highest quality. The cast is:— "Ultus," Aurele Sydney; "Bass," J. L. V. Leigh; "Sir Gilbert," A. Caton Woodville; "Lady Townsend," Marjorie Dunbar; "The Traitor," M. Gouget. The film is released by the Gaumont Film Hire Service on March 20th.

Our Picture Players Portrait Gallery



CLIFFORD PEMBROKE, who is playing the Artist in *Songman*, a Claude Harris film, the scenario for which was written by Malcolm Watson.



STELLA RAZETO, the charming and clever wife of E.J. le Saint (the well known producer), who, besides playing for pictures, is also a talented authoress.



BARRY O'MOORE, the genial comedy man of the Edison Co. He can be serious, but he doesn't like to be.



DOROTHY GREEN, a talented and beautiful Californian actress, now with World Films. She will be remembered for her clever work in Famous Players films.

A PICTURE PLAYER'S PATRIOTISM

"Pictures" interviews Lily Saxby, the busy Film Actress who is helping the "Prisoners of War in Germany Fund."



"I SHALL never again ride in a green cab!" exclaimed Lily Saxby as she burst into our office a few days ago.

"Why a green cab?" we asked.

"Because one has just been smashed up by a motor bus," she replied, greatly agitated, "and of course poor me was inside. How I escaped with no more than a shaking I cannot imagine, but the fact that I was on my way to your office has, I am sure, brought me good luck."

And so we congratulated her.

We had heard that Miss Saxby had been visiting London cinemas where films in which she appeared were showing to sell postcards on behalf of the "Prisoners of War Fund," and we guessed that she had called to tell us something about that good work. We helped her to forget her thrilling escape from the cab by saying how much we liked her acting in *Burnt Wings*, the Broadwest film, in which she is Lila Stebbing, the adventuress.

"Oh, I am so glad you liked it," she exclaimed, brightening up, "and I have just finished the part of Clarice Creighton in *The Hard Way*, another Broadwest production.

I played in many films for the Weston Film Co.—yes, Charles Weston, who has since returned to America—and I have also played for Cricks and Martin and Davidsons, and in two pictures for Vitagraph.

"You have been to America then?" we remarked.

"I am American," she answered, with emphasis, "and although I have lived in England most of my life, I have visited Philadelphia, my home, every year since I was eight years old.

"Yes, I have been on the stage. I had three years on and off in drama and four pantomimes at Drury Lane, and have appeared as a single turn. I am told I have a very good voice you know—on the halls.

"Have I been to America since the war? No. My last trip back to England happened soon after war broke out. It was an experience that I hope will never be repeated. The boat was so packed it had a list the whole voyage. Rich and poor alike were jammed together, and I had to sleep on deck. We went three hundred miles out of our

course and met huge icebergs. During a storm my largest trunk was smashed to atoms. I had gone out by the Hamburg-America line, and because that Company's labels were still on my luggage I was treated as roughly as if I had been of German origin. I actually had to descend to the hold myself and hunt for my luggage. On the voyage out I took all the sports prizes—swimming, diving, running, and even in a potato race."

Now, please, tell us about your Prisoners of War Fund work.

"Well, for a year past," answered Miss Saxby, "I have been visiting cinemas showing *Vice and Virtue*, *A Woman Without a Soul*, and other films in which I appeared, and from the stage I have asked for the addresses of British prisoners of war in Germany. My postcards were then sold for anything the patrons liked to give, and the proceeds sent out in food and clothing to the prisoners in my name."

"How nice!" we exclaimed, and have our fellows acknowledged these gifts?" "I should rather think so," she answered, smiling. "I have brought you a few of their letters and postcards."

Here Miss Saxby paused to hand us a large parcel containing the "few" referred to.

We will read through them with great interest, we observed.

"Of course, I get plenty of letters from picturegoers," she went on. "One came from a Scotchman, who said he would like to marry me, and if I thought him too old he had a handsome son interned in Germany who could take his place if I cared to wait for him."

"I ought to take an interest in the war," remarked Miss Saxby. "Five of my seven brothers are fighting. Two are at the Dardanelles, two are badly wounded—one lost his right arm at Mons and my baby brother, who is only seventeen, has been 'missing' since June last. It really looks as if he might be dead," she sighed. "My two other brothers are ineligible."

Seeing that you are American born, your family is certainly a remarkably patriotic one. We sincerely hope your baby brother will turn up safe and sound. Have you met with any film accidents?

"Several. I was nearly blown up whilst a safe was being blown open with gunpowder. The safe-door was supposed to kill me, and it nearly did so. Another time I was set on fire, nearly suffocated, and badly burnt about the ankles. As a lady burglar I was hiding in a box-ottoman, and during my disappearance the house was set on fire (for the film), and the burning petrol accidentally ran over my box."

Pretty warm quarters, that?

"Yes, and by way of contrast I dived off Windsor Bridge just before Christmas in full evening dress, and fought with a detective in the cold waters of the Thames.

I am playing in "Everyman" films

next week, and am promised a part in another Broadwest production. In the summer I *may* pay another visit to America."

After Miss Saxby had robbed us of her charming presence, much to our regret, we went through the parcel of letters, and here follow two of them as a fair sample of the whole.

From British Prisoners of War in Germany.

"DEAR MISS SAXBY—I am writing you this simple letter-card to convey the very heartiest thanks that a lonely soldier, under such circumstances, can send. Dear Miss Saxby (if you don't think I am too forward in addressing you as such, you can hardly guess how pleased I am and thankful for the parcel you sent me, which I received quite safe and sound. It was needed very much, as I have no parents in the Old Country to send me anything; but just lately through some medium I have received one or two parcels which have cheered me up a good deal. I wish I could say lots more to you, but space will not permit a longer letter."

"DEAR MISS SAXBY—I received your parcel a week ago to-day, but could not



LILY SAXBY IN STATUESQUE POSE.

answer you until now. I didn't keep any account of the contents, but what I got was good. I think it was good of you for performing such a kind act and for letting me have such a nice gift. I have been in Germany eighteen months now. I was captured at a place called Etrenex and from there I was sent to a camp called Paderborn. I was four months there. I was seven years in India in the Army, then fifteen months in Gibraltar. When I was two I went to America, but returned when I was nine. I live in Stockport and am longing to get back to my dear folks at home.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

"In Reply to Yours——"

"In a recent issue I noticed a reader complains about the result of the World's Greatest Artists Competition. Surely he can never have seen Mary Pickford if he does not agree that she is worthy of the first place. If he has, and he maintains that there is a daintier, sweeter, more lovable, or truer artiste than Little Mary, I'd like to meet him to know whom he considers is so. Of course, if his quarrel is with the choice or order of the remaining artistes, I have no remarks to make—they may or may not be correct—but, seeing that they are the choice of the people, why worry? After all, it is for the majority, not for the individual, to decide.

H. B. A. (Ilford).

A Cinema for all Tastes.

"It is with great interest that I have followed the attacks on American films which have been published in the *Evening News* and the *Daily Express*, and I have at last come to the conclusion that the writers of those articles have a very limited knowledge of the cinema or the cinema-going public. They would have the latter believe that they have got to go and witness dreadful things being enacted in American pictures, whether they like them or not. On the contrary, I think that the picture-going public are hyper-critical and will only have the very best of pictures, whether they are American or British or any other nationality, and personally I have usually enjoyed American pictures better than any others. The *Daily Express* objects to pictures in which detectives, murderers, gaublers, forgeries, drinking-bars, and police courts are shown, and seems to think that they are seen exclusively in American films. But I am sure I have seen them in other films, especially those made on the Continent. As for cowboys and sheriffs, some of the pictures with those people in are of the highest quality. Naturally there are some rather lurid and melodramatic films, but then there is a large percentage of the public who enjoy this style of picture, even as numbers of theatregoers prefer a Walter Melville melodrama to a Shakespearean play. The cinema must cater for all tastes, just as the theatre and music-halls do.

L. W. (Wandsworth).

SCHOOLMISTRESS (to dullest boy in class): "Decline the present indicative of the verb 'to commute'."

JOHNNY (sharply): "I commute, thou 'commutest, &c."

SCHOOLMISTRESS: "How on earth did you know it?"

JOHNNY: "Please, miss, I read 'Pictures'."



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"HER PREY"

Adapted from the Gold Seal Drama by MICHAEL DEANE.

GAZING intently at the rippleless waters on which their boat floated, George Hearn waited for the reappearance of his partner and life-long chum from the depths below. Presently he reached out his hand, and grasping that of the almost breathless pearl-diver assisted him aboard.

Tom Harvey flung the coarse sack which contained his haul of oysters into the boat and shook himself. "They don't seem any different from our usual hauls of late," he growled. "Maybe the luck will change soon," he added, reflectively.

With the sure, quick strokes of practised oarsmen the two chums sculled their light craft inshore. Then, shouldering the results of his day's labours, Tom Harvey led the way to the bungalow where little Grace, a waif of the sea, whom he had brought up almost from babyhood, awaited them.

"George, dear," she cried, as the two men approached the building, "here's a letter for you from Frisco."

"A letter for me?" Hearn exclaimed, as he tore the envelope open; then a moment later he turned to face his two inquisitive companions with a smile.

"There you are, you old pessimist," he cried, waving the missive in Tom Harvey's face. "You don't believe in mankind, and you've tried to make me as bad as yourself. D'you remember that chap Edwards I pulled out of the quicksand at the Point last summer—?"

"Remember him, sure," Harvey grunted; "a city rake—all froth."

George Hearn chuckled triumphantly. "There's just where you get off the track. He said he'd give me a leg up, but you laughed and said words were cheap. Well, by Jove, you owe him an apology. See this—he says there's a vacancy in his office at a good wage, and the job's mine if I care to come along!"

The pearl-diver glanced over the type-written letter his friend thrust into his hand. "Yes, it seems straight enough—he don't seem to have forgotten what you did." He handed the letter back, and his eyes wandered away over the stretch of beach to the blue sea beyond. "A job in the city, son—are you going to chuck away this for that?"

Hearn followed his gaze. "Why not?" he said at last. "There's money to be earned out there—"

"There's money to be earned out there," Harvey interrupted, waving a strong arm towards the horizon; "big money sometimes, and a man's life with it."

"Yes, sometimes; but in the city it's a cert. Besides, when I make my pile, we can have that fleet of boats we've so often talked about, and besides there's the city—light and life. You live there; here you simply vegetate. I want to see life—I want to live as other men do."



TOM "RESCUES" LENORA.

He spoke vehemently, and Grace drew back, but the other man frowned. "The city!" he exclaimed. "Ah! that's simply a variation of the old story—the moth and the candle. Don't be deluded by this fairy-yarn about the 'city' and its lights, its gaiety. It's artificial, boy—like its glaring light. You can buy anything there, but very little is genuine. It's food is faked, and the glare of a brass band can't make it wholesome—it's drinks are doped, and its women—well," he laughed harshly, "their smiles are bought as a merchant buys a bale of cotton. You can't tell me, boy—I've had some. You call that life! then, gad! this"—he waved his hand towards the blue sea and the golden strand—"is Heaven!"

But despite all his friend's warnings Hearn accepted Edwards' offer.

In the city he received a great welcome and, newly rigged out under his new friend's advice, soon began to forget the little bungalow and the old friends who had been so true to him.

If you've got nothing better on to-

night," Edwards said one morning, after he had been a few weeks in his new berth. "Come up town and have dinner with me at Sewinardine's. It's a quick place, but the stuff is worth it. I've booked a table, be there at eight sharp, and afterwards we'll beat up some of the boys and make a night of it."

True to the appointment George arrived at the restaurant only to find his new friend missing, although the table was reserved; then, after waiting some time he proceeded with the meal, but Edwards failed to put in an appearance, and he was almost on the point of terminating his meal and paying the bill when his eyes met those of a beautifully-gowned woman who, accompanied by an elderly cavalier, sat at the table next to him.

Slowly the cold stare with which she treated his glance changed into a smile.

George gasped. "I'm not sorry Edwards didn't show up after all. It only the old fool with her would get out—!"

As though in obedience to the youngster's thoughts, the fair one's companion rose and sauntered down the room. Hearn was about to cross over to her, but she shook her head, warningly, and taking a card from her handbag she reached over and handed it to him.

George saw that her companion was returning, and, settling his bill, he left the restaurant.

By the light of a street lamp he read the card. "Lenora Carewe" he muttered. "A name as pretty as its 'owner' and her address, too. Poor old Tom, with his prehistoric ideas of women—you can buy their smiles as a merchant buys a bale of cotton, can you? Well, at any rate she's not in the open market, Lenora, by Jove. I'll look her up to-morrow afternoon. She wants me to."

One visit to the enchantress was quickly followed by another and yet another, until hardly a day passed without Hearn calling on the beauty who had gained complete power over him. His was the mad infatuation of the young man who had been suddenly flung into contact with something beyond his comprehension. Some one, the like of whom he had barely thought of in his wildest dreams, but with Lenora Carewe it was very different. Their chance meeting had been more the result of wayward caprice than anything else, followed by a liking which had sprung into her heart for the young man whose strength and innocence were a novelty in the life she lived; but beyond that liking she did not mean to go.

"What's wrong, kid?" she asked, one afternoon, as Hearn sat by her side.

"Everything!" he growled.

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"Oh! thank you," she exclaimed, drawing further away; "if you feel like that, don't let me keep you —"

"For God's sake don't put a misconception on my words," he interrupted almost fiercely; "you know what you are to me — all the world. Lenora, why do you play with me? Why won't you give me the answer that'll give me the right to take you away from this?"

Lenora shrugged her sleek shoulders. "This is all right," she answered, "so's your friendship, Kid; but —" her smiling eyes narrowed as she flashed a glance at his darkening face — "yes, friendship's a pretty thing, but it doesn't put clothes on my back or jewels on my fingers, and I reckon I could find a good use for a pile of dollars just now."

Hearn sprang to his feet. "Money, always money — and you know I haven't a bean beyond my pay."

"And that hardly pays my shoe bill," she answered; then, snatching up a paper, she pointed to a paragraph with a heavy-typed heading. "Why aren't you this man, Kid?"

Hearn took the paper from her, then gasped. "Diver discovers 100,000 dollar black pearl," he read, "and, by the lord, it's old Tom —"

"Tom?"

"Sure — my old partner," He told her all about the old life, its risks, and its rewards. "We often used to talk of what we'd do when we struck it rich, and now he's done it, and I — I'm up here working like a nigger for beggar's wages!"

Swiftly the woman's mind worked. "You were friends, old friends?"

"Brothers, more like," Hearn replied. "All our lives we've run together, and, come bad luck or good, it was always halves with Tom and me!"

"And now?" she laughed, "he'll be only too glad to give his old pal a lift, and — you know what money means to us."

"But that's not the game. He made good on his own, while I —"

"Don't be a fool!" the woman interrupted, with a flash of anger; "unless you can part with the dollars we must say 'Good-bye.' I can't live on kisses!"

"Lenora — Lenora!"

She saw he was weakening.

"You shall go down by the morning train," she whispered, winding her warm arms around him, "and I'll follow to see that that pretty kid you've told me about doesn't steal your heart from me. If we meet at all down there it must be as strangers. Now, off you go. There!" she struggled from his embrace, "no more! but when we come back I'll give you a kiss for every dollar you bring to me."

As she heard the door of her palatial flat close behind the man whose infatuation for her was luring him to ruin, her fair face became sinister in its hardness.

"Good!" she muttered; "but why only half? I can do well with the lot! Yes, it's all or nothing. That fool mayn't be so tied to my smiles as I think, so I reckon I'll take a hand in the game myself. One hundred thousand dollars! Why, I'd sell every friend I have and chuck in what's left of my soul for a tenth of it!"

The following morning Hearn proceeded home, as she suggested, and, in the delighted warmth of his old friend's

reception, almost forgot the woman at whose bidding he was prepared to sacrifice his honour; but the tremor which ran through his being at the memory of her red, smiling lips told plainly that, though absent, she had in no way loosened the meshes of the net she had cast round him.

"What's wrong, old man?" Harvey asked, noticing his preoccupation.

"Nothing I was only thinking!" With an effort he thrust aside his gloomy thoughts. "Well, old chum, what sort of luck have you had?"

"What! Haven't you heard?"

"Heard of what?" Hearn was unable to face his old chum's honest eyes.

Then, interrupted by Grace and his mother, Tom told his story of the finding of the great black pearl. "100,000 dollars they say it's worth, but it's worth more, and I've already had that offered by a City firm."

A few moments later Hearn held the perfect gem in his hand. "It is a

"Mr. Harvey chooses to make light of his bravery," she said, softly. "But I shall never forget that he risked his life to save mine. I am staying at the Metropole Hotel, and your friends are dining with me to-night — perhaps you will join them!"

Hearn muttered a few conventional words of thanks, and a few moments later the adventuress left them, but not before she had planted a bitter thorn in Grace's loving heart by the way she looked at the handsome diver.

That afternoon Hearn managed to snatch a brief interview with his accomplice. "What's the game now?" he demanded, roughly.

"Please don't speak to me like that!" she answered. "And what do you mean by coming here publicly?"

"I had to see you: how can we carry off this coup unless I'm put wide?"

"True," she lighted a cigarette and laughed softly. "As you know, I managed to gain an introduction to your



"I'LL GIVE YOU A KISS FOR EVERY DOLLAR YOU BRING TO ME."

beauty. You've had all the luck, Tom," he said enviously, as Harvey once more locked it away.

All that morning George could think of nothing but the great black pearl and the light that would leap into Lenora Carewe's eyes when he placed it in her hand.

Returning for lunch, he was met by little Grace. "Oh, George dear," she cried, excitedly. "Tom has just rescued a lady who was bathing and got out of her depth."

"And she's pretty — at least I'm certain Tom thinks so, she pouted, but here they are!"

Turning quickly, Hearn found himself looking into the eyes of Lenora, who walked towards him with his friend.

"Ah, George, old fellow," Tom cried, "let me introduce you — this is Miss Carewe, I was able to render her a small service this morning. This is my old chum — George Hearn, Miss Carewe!"

A warning tightening of the beauty's red lips drove the dangerous look of recognition from her dupe's eyes.

friend by the simple expedient of feigning drowning. Oh, I had no difficulty in locating him — everybody knows handsome Tom Harvey, and his luck is on the lips of the whole town. I gained admittance to his home. I even persuaded him to show me the pearl, and I've decided that the game is too important for you to handle. I shall steal the pearl myself."

"Steal the pearl?"

"Precisely. Oh, you shall have your share; I always play square."

"Suppose I split —?"

"Do so," she retorted swiftly, "and you've said 'Good-bye' to me for all time. Don't be a fool, George," she added, with a caressing look and touch that sent the young man's blood racing through his veins. "Think what the pearl means to us both!"

The dinner-party that night promised to be a great success, but during the second course Lenora suddenly leaned back heavily in her chair.

"It's nothing," she said in answer to the anxious inquiries of her guests — "a

PERFECT TEETH IN PICTURES

Screen Artistes cannot hope
to succeed without them

IT may be one of the little facts which have escaped your notice, but perfect teeth help to make perfect pictures.

The hero or heroine of the picture play who could not display a perfect set of teeth would be like Hamlet without the Prince—a poor and expressionless sort of show.

Imagine a "close-up" on the screen of the smile of your favourite if he or she showed broken, missing, badly grown, or crooked teeth! It is too horrible to contemplate, and, as a matter of fact, is not likely to happen, because the man or woman stupid enough to neglect their teeth would never be engaged to play the hero or heroine of a picture play.

We dare not say that all picture players have false teeth, but we dare assert that thousands of the world's artistes, both on the screen and on the stage, have been glad to seek the dentist's aid in order to possess beautiful rows of

TEETH which in themselves are MOVING PICTURES.

The purport of this column is to draw the attention of picture-players and picturegoers alike to the dentists awakening to the true art of dentistry.

"The state of people's teeth is appalling. I doubt if there is a single normal jaw in Great Britain," says Dr. Henry Campbell, in a London contemporary. But Mr. H. Goldberg, of 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, goes further and says: "The idea of bad teeth amongst the civilised races, and especially the white races, has grown to be considered a natural heritage of manhood and womanhood, while a complete set of false teeth is looked upon with pride as a beautiful possession, many having really fine, sound teeth extracted that they may enjoy the possession of a complete set."

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The new system of dentistry which this wizard of the dental chair has introduced is certainly the last word in dental science. It is painless and inexpensive, and especially beneficial to those who value appearances. Perhaps this is one reason why so many of the feminine sex, both of title and stage, are amongst his clientele.

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10-6, and his 'Phone No. is Mayfair 222.

Note from the Advertisement Manager of PICTURES:—"Mr. Goldberg has been falsely accused of being a German. We have investigated the matter, and the appearance of this announcement in our columns is sufficient contradiction."

IT'S INDIGESTION NOT THE LIVER.

That Constipation which gives so much trouble when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home is not due to the Liver, but is due to Bowel Indigestion.

CICFA IS THE ONLY CURE READ THE REASON WHY.

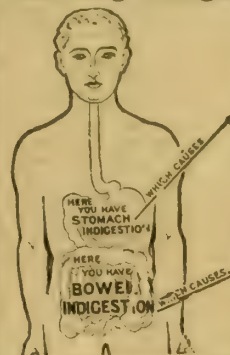
You have a liver. You think it is affected. The chances are ten to one that you are. Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by food not digesting, but fermenting and creating gas.

As it is rolled down the Bowel it is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and prevent the Liver from doing its duty. As a defective Bile Circulation, Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you trouble—some symptoms, therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are forced by Indigestion into the Bowel and carried on into the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing rheumatism, lameness, and Stiffness.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lameness, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must cure that Indigestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia. Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or any other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion has its own succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of Digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects Digestion in other portions. Certain Remedies, such as Peppermint, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, &c., cannot do more than be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots where any Remedy which can cure may be able to correct the error of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired.
Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or I am fed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Cramping and Constipation.

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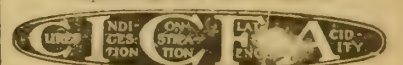
DO YOU KNOW that when you take anything which neutralises the acid in your Stomach, you stop digestion, for the Gastric Juice which Nature pours into the Stomach to digest the food is very acid and if you neutralise that acid you destroy its power to digest food and thus cause Indigestion? These are not our ideas; they are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion.

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"little faintness. I am subject to such fits. If you will excuse me for a little while, and continue I shall soon be all right again."

But as the door closed behind her a smile of triumph trembled on her lips.

Hastily donning her hooded cloak, she stole unnoticed from the hotel, and a sharp drive brought her to the house of the man she was about to victimise. The door yielded to her skill, and a few moments later the great pearl lay in her hand. She hid it in her corsage, then prepared to leave the room, but at the door she paused. Again she saw the strong figure and handsome face of the man who cleft the water for her rescue; again she heard his voice:

"No, I can't, I won't do it," she cried aloud: "I won't rob him—I yes, even I have discovered at last that I am not heartless—that I would sacrifice anything for the man who gladly offered his life for mine, for"—a sob choked her utterance—"God help me! I know that at last I love."

When George Hearn heard that their plot had miscarried, he was furiously angry. "I knew you'd make a mess of it," he raved. "Now we shall have to think out another scheme."

"No," she answered, "there will be no fresh attempt to gain possession of the jewels. I refuse to rob Tom—"

"Tom," he sneered, "you're mighty familiar—maybe you're sweet on him, and you're going to chuck me over?"

"Yes; I am sweet on Mr. Harvey; the love in my heart would take me to him if he was a beggar. Now I'm through with you. Go!"

"Curse you!" Hearn hissed. "You promised yourself to me, and no other man shall have you. You—"

"Go!"

Still swearing madly, the wretched man stamped out of her apartment, and Lenora was left face to face with the most bitter moments of her life.

"It's no good," she sobbed. "I can't shut him out of my thoughts, out of my heart; and I'm not fit to take his hand. To-morrow I'll return to the city."

But the morrow and many succeeding "to-morrows" found her still by the sea, and each day only increased the love she felt for the diver and her hatred for her one-time lover who, also staying on, spent his time between drinking and threatening the woman who had lured him to destruction.

Then, one summer's day, when alone with Tom in his motor-launch, she acted on a sudden impulse and, scarcely knowing what she did, confessed.

For a moment Harvey was dumb-founded. "You want to rob me—went to the house that night—"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I was hard up. The man who was my lover could scarcely pay for my shoes out of his beggarly clerk's pay. Between us we planned the coup. That failed. Now you know all, Mr. Harvey—all but the reason why your pearl was not stolen, and that you said never know."

Harvey's face set in rigid lines. "Who was your accomplice?"

"Oh, don't ask me that for the sake of your own name."

Answer? Who is this cur?"



SHRIEKING OATHS, HEARN RUSHED AT HER.

Her eyes fell beneath his compelling gaze. "George Hearn," she whispered. "George!" he gasped—the man who was more to me than any brother the man I— With an oath, he swung the boat round, and brought it to land. Without another word he leaped ashore, and ran towards the town.

Outside a saloon he met the object of his search.

"Hulloa, Tom," exclaimed George, "why you're white as a ghost, man—surely, nothing has happened—"

"By Heaven," Harvey cried, "if guilt was not written on your trembling lips I should hardly believe the truth now; you, you infernal cur!"

"What do you mean?"

"That I know you for a thief—that if you dare to enter my house again I'll break every bone in your body; you miserable hound. Oh, don't worry to lie, your accomplice—the woman who sells her love—has told me everything."

"Lenora—"

"Yes; Lenora—now quit the town—"

"Steady; two can play that game! So you've bought her love, have you, and paid her a bit extra to betray me? Well, you're welcome to your shop-soiled bargain—"

Hardly had the words left his mouth, when a blow from Harvey's heavy fist stretched him on the floor. In a second he was up and each was struggling to slay the man he had once loved for the sake of a wanton's money-lust, until the bystanders separated them.

Half an hour later George Hearn found Lenora on the cliffs.

"So you've added treachery to your other accomplishments," he cried.

"Stand aside, and let me pass, or"—a nickel-plated revolver flashed in the sun—"I'll shoot in self-defence!"

Shrieking obscene oaths, Hearn rushed at her. The pistol cracked, and

he fell, and, rolling down the slope, crashed to his death on the rocks below.

For a moment Lenora listened, but no sound save the screaming of sea-gulls broke the silence. Then, hurling the weapon far away from her, she crept back to the shelter of her hotel.

"One moment—I must speak to you!"

With a stare, Lenora Carewe swung round to look into the dark eyes of Grace, who had accosted her as she was about to leave the hotel to catch a train.

"Last night," began Grace, excitedly, "George Hearn was done to death, and this morning my—the sweet voice trembled—Mr. Harvey was arrested for his murder."

All the colour left Lenora's cheeks.

"Tom—Mr. Harvey arrested for George Hearn's murder?" she gasped. "What has it to do with me?"

"Everything—the girl's calmness grew as the woman trembled—you can prove his innocence by giving yourself up for the crime you committed." Grace made her accusation boldly enough, then once more her enforced calmness deserted her. "Oh!—can't you understand—George and Tom quarrelled—each swore to kill—"

"Why do you accuse me?"

"I know. I saw it all in a dream. You and he quarrelled on the cliff, and you—you shot him. Refuse to do the right thing and I'll—oh, God knows what I shall do, but even if I give myself up Tom shall not suffer! Dear Tom—so brave, so gentle, so good!"

For a moment the adventuress hesitated—the girl could not prove her charge, and she—she seemed to live again that day when the diver had run to her assistance; again she heard his voice, and her eyes filled with tears as she turned to Grace.

"Tell me, child—what is he to you?"

"I love him, and until you came I knew that he loved me!"

"Then go home," the adventuress answered softly, "before many hours have passed he will be with you again. I—I love him too. Yes, I shot Tom Hearn—shot him in self-defence, but—she laid her hands appealingly on the girl's arm—"try to think of me as kindly as you can, and one day, who knows? you and the man you love will be able to forgive."

Without another word she turned, and leaving the girl standing in the summer sunshine, walked slowly towards the grey building, where the only man she had ever loved lay, charged with the crime she had committed.

For cast see "Guide" on page 582.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace
bled have never seen

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Below you will find the eleventh set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. We leave the spaces provided

the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in PICTUREGOER on sale Mar. 18th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

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11th SET.

Name

Address



11. Scene from
Letters used: **A E H R T V Y**



12. Scene from
Letters used: **A C D E F H I L N O R T U**



13. Scene from
Letters used: **A C D E F H I L N O R T**



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"PICTURES"
GUIDE

New films now showing and recom-
mended by the Editor. They are sure
to reach your cinema sooner or later



THE DEATHLY DANCE.—Nordisk drama. Three reels. A thrilling picture, well up to the usual standard of this company's productions.

THE WAY OF A MOTHER.—Reliance drama. Three reels. The story of how the love for her son guided the mother in the straight path throughout her life. —*Gumout Film Hire Co. Inc.*

THE PURSUING SHADOW. Picture Playhouse drama. Three reels. Tom Terriss. A mystery picture in which this well-known actor appears to the best advantage. —*Waltman Co., Ltd.*

A BROTH OF A BOY.—Edison drama. One reel. Andy Clark, the delightful boy actor who is such a favourite amongst picturegoers, will touch the stoniest heart in this pathetic picture.

THE CHINESE LOTTERY.—Reliance drama. One reel. Irene Hunt. The thrilling adventures of a girl reporter who, finding a lottery-ticket and attempting to trace its origin, is captured by a Chinese gang. —*New Majestic Co.*

THE MASQUERADE HERO.—Cub comedy. One reel. George Ovey. A story of a concocted yarn about redskins, and how McQuarrie said he gained the redskin's head-dress, in the "Wild West." —*David Horsley Productions.*

A SULTAN OF THE DESERT.—Selig drama. One reel. Kathryn Williams. The general technique, photography, and acting of this beautiful production are the last word in pictures. You must not miss the heroine's encounter with a full-grown lion.

TO RENT—FURNISHED.—"Flying A" comedy drama. One reel. Vivian Rich. The story of a bungalow and the trouble caused between two tenants owing to the loss of the agreement. —*The American Co.*

HER PREY.—Gold Seal drama. Two reels. Full story in this issue. Herbert Rawlinson as "Tom," Barney Furey as "George," Lonella Maxam as "Grace," and Louise Hamilton as Lenora. —*Trans-Atlantic Film Co.*

THE RING OF DESTINY.—Rex drama. Two reels. Cleo Madison. A drama redolent of the wild atmosphere of the West. Great fights and strong emotional situations are included in this wonderful picture. —*Trans-Atlantic Film Co.*

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A GIRL.—Vitagraph comedy. One reel. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. A screaming picture. Hubbie is coerced into promising to speak at a Suffrage meeting. He collapses, and is taken to a hospital. Go and see of what he dreams in 1959.

CLARISSA.—Famous Players drama. Four reels. Hazel Dawn and James Kirkwood. How a young lady strongly disapproved of the old marrying the young. How her father marries his stenographer, and in the end her opinion is altered. —*J. D. Walker's World Film.*

THE WHITE HOPE.—Hepworth drama. Three reels. Stewart Rome, Lionelle Howard, Violet Hopson. A picture that is a success because it deals with boxing, and is in keeping with the fighting spirit which is aroused throughout the country. Full story in December 18th issue. —*Moss Empires, Ltd.*



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WE HEAR



THAT Milton Rosmer, the popular film actor, has attested, and will be shortly called up for the Army.

THAT Douglas Munro is said to be a scream in the London film production of *Vie et Mort*.

THAT Douglas himself asserts that the sight of Douglas as a boy on the screen actually made Douglas laugh.

THAT he further asserts that he would not go through the West End again on a child's scooter for any money.

THAT, as a matter of fact, he had to do it twice to satisfy his exacting producer, Maurice Elvey.

THAT the Nordisk Co. have two magnificent exclusives in *The Master Physician*, a modern Faust story, and *The Price of Silence*, a strong three-part drama.

THAT thirty-five students of the Victoria Cinema College appeared in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which the Ideal Company have filmed at Isleworth.

THAT in all probability Bannister Merwin will produce a film which Harold Shaw was going to produce when he left the London Film Company.

THAT Charles Rock is returning for a time to his old love the stage—from the "movies" to the "talkies," so to speak.

THAT he has a fine part in Arthur Bouchier's production of *Claude Duval*, at His Majesty's Theatre.

THAT L. B. Lestock, the London Film Company's stage manager, phoned to an agent the other day for four black men—one of them to be *White*.

THAT the same were duly supplied, the "white" gentleman being coloured but named Jasper White, a well-known fighting man.

THAT Mary Dibley has accepted an important offer from the Gaumont Company to appear as leading lady in their new production.

THAT the Hepworth plays, *Face to Face* and *Trelawny of the Wells*, have both been secured by Butcher's Film Service, Ltd., who evidently know good things when they see them.

THAT Eric Desmond, who is still to be seen in Hepworth films, is doing theatrical work in America.

THAT Harold Lockwood, the former Famous Players star, is now engaged by Lasky.

THAT the Gaumont Film Hire Service have now opened their new private theatre, and that, like the films to be projected therein, it is "tophole."

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WHY, I would rather go without washing my face than go without my Oatine, as nothing is so refreshing and soothing after a hard day's work. I have found none to compare with the purity and efficiency of 'Oatine.'

This is what Mr. J. R. Tozer, the well-known screen and stage actor, says, and he knows from personal experience.

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The secret of its success is that it gets down into the pores and removes the dirt and grime embedded there, and by nourishing the skin it prevents the appearance of wrinkles and ugly lines, which soon make their appearance when the complexion is uncared for. Oatine Face Cream is sold by all Chemists and Stores, in white jars, 1, 1½ and 2/3.

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TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

"THE LAST ONE!"

Daddy's been eating them!"

EVEN "grown-ups" never grow out of a liking for the toothsome Mackintosh's. And as for the kiddies—well, give them some coppers and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.

Nothing could be more pure and wholesome than this sweetmeat—which never scintillates nor palls on the palate.

Toffee-de-Luxe.

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."



Mint-de-Luxe.

We take as much care in selecting and blending our Peppermint as we do of the other ingredients in Toffee-de-Luxe.

4ozs., 4½d., and in tins at 1/1, of all Confectioners.

Loll



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Mother says Veno's has never failed in her family.

The incomparable efficacy of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure as a remedy for all kinds of bronchial and chest troubles in old or young is well seen in the experience of Mrs. Hill, of 257, Alliance Avenue, Newington, Hull. This lady says: "I want to thank you for all the benefit my family have derived from use of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I first used Veno's for my eldest girl when she was suffering with influenza and bronchitis. She coughed terribly, coughed by the hour, and none of the ordinary remedies I tried brought any relief. Her breathing, too, was very bad. But when at last I gave her Veno's Lightning Cough Cure it was quite wonderful how quickly she recovered. Since then I have made Veno's my family medicine for coughs and bronchial troubles. Some time ago one of my boys had an attack very similar to that of his sister. I used to be afraid he would choke altogether, his breathing was so very difficult. But Veno's cured him, too, and that in a remarkably short time. I may say that all my children have had Veno's at one time or another, and it has never failed to cure. My husband also has taken Veno's with good results. Once he had caught influenza, and I advised him to try Veno's. He did, and it cut short the attack almost at once."



The Hill Family, Hull.

**SIXPENNY
BOOK FREE.**

Write for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without.

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Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the best Remedy for:—
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Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/4, of Chemists and Stores. It is sold in all parts of the world, including London, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Insist on having Veno's, and reject all substitutes.

**ASTHMA
NASAL CATARRH
WHOPPING COUGH
BLOOD-PITTING
BAD BREATHING**

But how on earth is it done?

Turner Films



*"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."*

This is the theme or

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY

By WILL CARLETON.

We are re-telling it in a Picture.

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The Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman St., W.C.

THE TURNER FILMS, LTD.,
Walton-on-Thames.

THE YOUNG

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

The delightfully quaint little "Chaplin" on this page is a portrait of Ronald Barton, of Liverpool. In his equally quaint letter he writes: "Will you please put it in your gallery? I am hoping to be clever like the real Charlie some day." In drawing your attention to Ronald's picture, I would remind you that I have in hand a lot of photographs of children made up as Charlie Chaplin, but I want more, and when I get them I will select the very cleverest for publication and run a Competition in connection with them. Now, if any of my readers have been photographed as a "Charlie Chaplin," or will get themselves photographed as such, and will send me the picture as soon as possible, I will judge them with the rest and publish the best.

In reply to numerous inquiries by letter, all my boy-readers may consider themselves my "nephews" and all my girl-readers may consider themselves my "nieces." I don't know how many thousands I have already, but I'm greedy, and, like Oliver Twist, I still want more. I am glad to hear that new readers of PICTURES, both young and old, have been literally rolling in lately.

I note that the Thanhouser film *The Flying Twins*, in which those delightful children Marion and Madeline Fairbanks appear, is now being shown at the cinemas, and as I told you a few months ago, when I reproduced a picture of them on the trapeze, you should on no account miss this splendid drama. Two fascinating little actresses, who have charmed picturegoers the world over, are Marion and Madeline. With expressive dark eyes and oval faces framed in



A COMICAL CHARLIE

This quaint little impersonator of a great comedian is nine-year-old Ronald Barton.

See "Uncle Tom's" letter

PICTUREGOER

soft, dark, curling hair, these beautiful and refined girls are now, I believe, in their fourteenth year. *The Flying Twins* was produced especially for them, and tells a thrilling, laughable, also pathetic story of two little daughters of wealthy parents who ran away with a circus and became trapeze artistes. In addition to the circus games there are charming views of farm-life, the chickens, colts, ducks, and cattle. Harry La Pearl as acrobat, clown, and actor has a fine part. He is one of the few men who can do acrobatic work and still be a real actor. When you see the film write and tell your "Uncle" what you think of it.

The Competition in which I asked you to give a title to the picture of Ella Hall and her doll in *Jewel* brought in a host of replies. Among the titles I have selected as being good are: Playmates Two Dainty Jewels The Little Mother Her Jewel Dolly Mine A Priceless Possession Jewel's Baby A Child's Affinity and Dolly's Nurse. The prizes have been awarded to: Ida Keighley, Springfield Terrace, Woodside, Horsforth (11); Nellie Marsh, 12B, St. John's Road, Waterloo, Liverpool (10).

AWARD OF MERIT (six awards win a special prize). Ruby Nicholls (Hford), Violet Burgess (Swanscombe), Lillian Burgess (Swanscombe), B. Longson (Manchester), Vera Arnold (Chiswick), Nellie Smout (Smethwick), Winnie Gibbs (Croydon), Queenie Rowlett (West Bromwich), Irene Osborne (Plymouth).

I am afraid that last week's Name Competition, in which I printed stars for missing letters, will miss fire. The reason for this will be that I said the letters correctly guessed would form the Christian names of players, whereas I should

have said "Surnames." It was a silly mistake, and I can only wait and see what the results, if any, will be like.

This week I have something quite new to offer you so far as this page is concerned. It takes the form of a letter from one girl to another, and in which are missing words. But first let me give you the letter.

PRIZES FOR MISSING NAMES.

DEAR JOYCE

Thank you for your kind invitation to spend a few weeks with you. I am sending my box by — and expect the — will arrive at your place by Friday. I myself will travel by — on Saturday. This morning I heard from my — brother who is at the Front. He is having a dreadful time. The — is ever so thick out there, and a few nights ago, when they were sleeping in a country — with only a — for pillow, a terrible — sprang up and they had to take refuge under a —. They often have to — through water. It wants pluck to do a — like that in the —. He had rheumatism rather badly some time ago, which I am afraid may cause the — in his — to return. Did I tell you my sister has taken a job as —, and is doing awfully well? She will soon be quite —. I went to the — to dinner last night. It was quite a change after —. *Au revoir*. Will come along Saturday after I have visited my —.

Yours with much love,

PAULINE.

So much for the letter. The missing words are actually the *Surnames of Film Players*, which makes it much more interesting, don't you think? Write the names only in order on a postcard, and post it to "Joyce," PICTURES, 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C., by Monday, March 20th. I will present two seats at the cinema to the boy and girl who get them most nearly correct. The ingenious letter, by the way, was sent in to me by a lady reader, who is here and now sincerely thanked by —. UNCLE TIM.

It has yet to be decided
whether Adam could claim
to be one of

'THE COMMUTERS'

COLOURS!

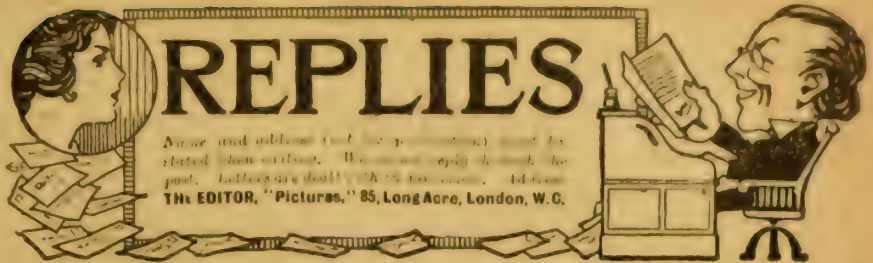
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Gertrude Seiby, Blanche Sweet, Baby Lillian
Wade, Charlotte Walker, Pearl White, Kathlyn
Williams.

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Name and address of the person to whom the letter should be sent, should be stated, then address. We will reply to each letter post. Letters are dealt with as they come. Address: THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

G. N. (Newport). Glad your prize was appreciated. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try.

A. E. (Swallowworth). No doubt Pte. Lawson has received this week's numbers you kindly sent him, and I am sure they will be well read.

PEARL (Eastbourne). Your suggestion is great, but alas! we are afraid the Editor could not comply with your request, although it is so small. Of course we forgive you for your rumble.

PICTUREGOER (Aberdeen). Two cent stamps are not necessary. Obtain stamp vouchers from your local post office, and all will be well!

LILY (Clapton). Address Henry Ainley, Haymarket Theatre, London, W.; Jane Gail, Universal City, Los Angeles, California. Look out for the film "Infelice."

MOLLY (West Kensington). Florence Lawrence has returned to the screen with Universal.

W. G. (Stoney). Marshal Neilan, Famous Players Film Co., Los Angeles, California.

MORTIS (—). Yes! Charlie did take the two parts in "Charlie at the Show."

NETERNE (Enfield). Sheldon Lewis is married to Virginia Pearson.

MABEL (Edgmont). Have sent you autographs as desired. Glad you liked consolation prize. Thanks so much for getting new readers. You are fortunate in hearing from your favourites.

DANIEL (Penrhyvelford). Back numbers can be had from our Publishers—Odhams, Ltd., 93-94, Long Acre, London—2d. each, post-free.

FREDA (Leigh-on-Sea). T. H. Macdonald has joined the Army. You might write him c/o. Broadwest Film Co., 245, Wood Street, Walthamstow, and mark the envelope "Please forward."

AUTHOR (Dublin). You think Percy Bennett is "The Clutching Hand"—Let's hope you are right. Possibly your letter to America would be censored, but "what of it?" dear boy? The film was German, we believe, hence its disappearance from England. Rex & Rossell is French and Florence La Badie American. E. K. Lincoln is playing for Laion. Eric Desmond is in America. "impli" is in the Army and hopes to make the enemy feel when he begins to operate—he's not yet released for duty in the trenches. The dates of filming "The Exploits of Elaine" were not published.

IRIS M. (Bowe Park). If you are under fifteen you can enter any of "Uncle Tim's" Competitions. Sorry we cannot answer your other question.

LITTLE DORRIS (Monkstown). Address Anita Stewart, c/o. Vitagraph Co., East 14th St., and Loew's Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A., and Olga Ictinva, c/o. Metro Film Co., 1, 95, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

SUREY (Birmingham) (and other enquirers).—In our "Find the Film" competition, the letters for No. 8 should read—A C D E G H I O R S T V. The letter H seems to have dropped out of some copies, and in No. 17 the letter T is missing.

E. F. W. (Beebles).—Address Grace Curard, c/o. Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1609, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. We have no postcards of the players you mention—all new ones are announced in PICTURES.

G. G. N. (Derbyshire). Henry Ainley's address—c/o. Hepworth Mfg. Co., Deuman Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

PHYLLIS (Birmingham).—Righto, Phyllis, we have put Robert Warwick on our list for interview.

RELIANCE (Dublin).—Harry Carey is now playing lead with Universal. Reliance, Majestic, and Kent films are all handled by one firm. Love la M. and Virginia Kirtley acted with Tom Mix before the advent of Victoria Forde. The Swedish Biograph Co. is no relation of the American A.B.C.

EDIE (Swansea).—We have postcards of Anita Stewart and Pearl White (two of the latter, one being coloured) penny each, postage extra.

FIRM (Glaston). "The Eternal City" was released on Nov. 19 last, but when first shown in Manchester we do not know.

M. D. P. (Chesham).—Sidney Drew is now with Metro Pictures Corp., 1, 465, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Thank you for congratulations and new readers.

CONSTANT READER (Chapman Junction).—Address of Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Perhaps Mary Pickford has been too busy to reply to your friends' letters, her mail must be an enormous one.

PHYLLIS (Bredbury).—J. H. Martins, Ltd., were filming at Dovedale last summer, so perhaps your friend saw them.

DINAR (Cardiff).—We seem to remember having answered your letter (if not, please let us know what addresses you want. We receive hundreds of letters per week, but all are answered in turn. You should see our daily post bag 939 letters last week—fortunately all did not require answers.

M. L. B. (Burnley).—Owing to Keystone not publishing their casts we are unable to settle your bet—so sorry. Mabel Normand is now with Triangle.

TIMMY (Sunbury).—We can still supply Vol. 8 of PICTURES (including index), 2s. 9d. post-free. Send order to PICTURES Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London. The souvenir of "Barney Rudge" is 2d. post-free.

FITLER (Swansea).—How to Write a Picture Play, 2d., post-free, might help you in arranging your plot. What a delightful place Mumbles must be!

LIZZIE (Clydesdale Blk.).—Address Ed. Coxon, c/o. American Film Mfg. Co., 6227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. Wise girl to place a standing order with your newsagent. All the back numbers offered by a reader have been distributed. There were crowds of applicants, Lizzie, and many had to be disappointed.

DOROTHY (Margate).—Four new readers since Christmas is excellent, Dorothy. Thanks so much.

LIZZY (Cheltenham).—Have not heard if Jane Gail is married. The postage on twelve cards is 2d.



RUTH STONEHOUSE, the Essanay Actress. Selected from our stock of thousands of players' portrait postcards.

PLAYING A BARBER.—In our Foreign Film Artists Voting Contest our readers cast their votes in the following order for the first six actresses:—Mary Pickford, Florence Turner, Kathlyn Williams, Anita Stewart, Mary Fuller, and Marguerite Clark. Vivian Rich was placed seventh. The last week and concerning Charlie Chaplin's income was that it is about £1,000 a week. "The Bells" was a Hepworth production.

B. M. R. (Liverpool).—We, too, hope your patience in our Competition will result in a cash prize.

J. S. (Shedfield).—We regret we did not address you correctly—we might have guessed you were "all that's nice" and not one of the boys. We cannot trace the two names you mention.

RENE (Aldershot).—Oh! yes, the Answers Men know your town. He saw Queen Victoria on Lady's Plain at the Review of troops there in the Jubilee year. "A Freight Car on a moon" (Thanhouser).—"Dan Bogton," Harry Benham; "Alice Reed," Flo La Badie; "Jonathan Bush-kirk," Morgan Jones. If you have fallen out with your friend, tall in again, Rene life's too short for disagreements. Have sent your love to the players you mention.

N. H. B. (Keighley).—Space is too valuable now that the paper supply is restricted to leave the back of our Gallery page blank. Why not buy an extra copy and save cutting into interesting matter when you take out the portraits?

ALF (Slough).—Writing a picture-play is not the easy job it looks; but as you have some literary ability success may come your way. Have you read our little book *How to Write a Picture Play*, price 2d., post-free?

DIAMOND RING (S. Wales).—Laura Oakley is married. We have no postcards of her. Have sent her your love. Mes' likely she would reply. Have had no wedding-cards from Frank Macquarrie yet, so presume he is still unmarried.

SILVER TEAPOT (Briton Ferry). The films you mention sound like Keystone productions, and they do not publish their casts. We have no postcards of the players mentioned. Roscoe Arbuckle is a man—some man too; and therefore not Marie Dressler.

ARCADUM (Westbourne Park).—You can obtain picture postcards of English cinema players from us and we think the players would autograph them if you wrote nicely, enclosing stamp.

M. M. P. (Bristol).—In "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" Tom Terriss played Edwin Drood. Milano is an Italian Company and Hecla French. Don't know if other Company is now producing.

J. M. (Swansea).—Address Mary Miles Minter, c/o Metro Film Co., 1,465, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Owen Moore is with Keystone. We cannot trace the film from your meagre description. "Pimple" played in a film or two just after he joined the Army. We know Eddie Lyons, Lyons' Tea shops, and the Lions in Trafalgar Square, but who is Harry Lyons?

MARGUERITE (Edinburgh).—Address Bryant Washburn, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1,333, Argle Street, Chicago, U.S.A., and Jackie Saunders, c/o Balboa Film Co., Long Beach, California, U.S.A. Have posted your love to all the nice girls you mention, Daisy.

FLAPPER (Frouce).—Though only sixteen you appear to be rather a good girl on the movies and should stand a good chance as cinema pianist. Try your local theatres. Good pianists can command good salaries. We know of one who gets £3 10s. a week in London. We have not seen the Newport Cinemas, but Glasgow, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Bradford all have some huge ones. The casts wanted were not published.

EDITH (Portsmouth).—Gretchen Lederer was born at Cologne, and is now playing for Universal.

RUSSA (Orkney).—Helen Badgley is the daughter of James Cruze and Marguerite Snow—all three use stage names. Have not heard if Royd Marshall is married. Have put him on our list for an interview. Always glad to hear from you.

DOROTHY AND MINNIE (Stoke Newington).—Stewart Rome, c/o Hepworth Studios, Walton-on-Thames. We require names and addresses of our readers wanting replies—as evidence of good faith and not for publication. The Editor's portrait was published in PICTURES age 52, and a good sketch of him appeared in last week's issue—look out for the Answers Man's picture. So far as we know Eve Balton and Tom McDonald are neither engaged nor married. Thanks, dear girls—the same to you.

TRANSALANTIC (Newington Butts).—Francis Neil on plays in Imp films. The Majestic Kids formerly played for Sterner. Margarita Fischer is with Equitable. The Impersonation Films are reissues.

JEANIE (Manchester).—No cast of "Nurse Cavell" film was published.

LOUIS (Reading).—Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little appear in "Romance" and "Her Prey." Write to the Trans Atlantic Film Co., 37 and 39, Oxford St., London, W., for the book you want.

ELA (Fulham).—We are as much cut up as yourself that you did not win a prize, but we are sure you are going to "try, try again." We wish you the success you would wish yourself. Cast of "The Exploits of Elaine" was given in "Cartoonist" in February 26th issue. Address the Pathé Co., 25, West 5th St., New York City, U.S.A.

ADMIER OF G. O. ACTING (Earl's Court).—No photo of Mae Marsh appeared in our screened Stars Competition, but we published an interview and excellent ones of her in our December 14th and 25th, 1935, numbers. We do not know if Betty Marsh is related to her.

INQUISITIVE KID (Leeds).—We have four different postcards of Grace Cunard; we think she would autograph them. Nina Cunard is Grace's sister. The latter wrote "The Broken Coin." Your secret code is wonderful. Of course you are going to be a detective.

EVELYN (Coventry). In the film version of "Cinderella" the ugly sisters' parts are played by female players. On this stage it is generally the other way about.

R. U. (Hammersmith).—Mary Pickford is 3 years old. *The Life of Mary Pickford*, 2d. post-free from us, will give you a lot about her.

ANNIE (Paisley).—Welcome, new reader. We published portraits of Ella Hall in PICTURES of April 10 and Aug. 25, 1935. Book numbers can be obtained of O'Hams, Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London. Hope to have your photo soon.

M. J. (Folkestone).—Moving pictures were first shown in 1871, and before that we had the Zoetrope, which was a round cardboard box (without lid) fixed in a stand and was revolved thereon showing through slits in the side an animal in motion. There is only one Harry Pollard.

SATURDAY (Norwich).—"Brigadier Gerrard" was filmed entirely in England. Glad you like your prize, old friend.

MARY (Hampstead).—The Bamforth Film Co. is now The Holmfirth Co., 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

T. D. (South Croydon).—In "A Study in Scarlet" Fred Paul played "Jefferson Hope" and Agnes Glynnie "Lucy." Charlie Chaplin played for Keystone before joining Essanay. No "trouble."

ROSA (Ashford). Now you have joined our band of readers we will try to make you happy. Postcards of most of the players can be had from our postcard department. Florence La Badie, c/o Thanhouser Film Co., Main Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. Many readers have had letters and photos from their favourites, so why not you?

BOTHENEM (S. Arkhill).—"The Corsican Brothers":—"The Corsican Twins," King Baggot, "Chateau Renard," Hall Clarendon; "Emile de Lespance," Jane Gail. "Honour to Die" is an Ambrosio film. No cast published. The others we cannot trace without names of producing companies. Thanks for photo. Charming.

CONSTANT READER (Leeds).—Bryant Washburn is American, married. Address him c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1,333, Argle St., Chicago.

EMMA (Hind worth).—Address Blanche Sweet, c/o Lasky Feature Play Co., 624, Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California, U.S.A. Have sent your love to Pearl White.

LEON (Lytham). So glad you like the consolation prize. Hope you will soon be a cash winner.

A. C. H. (London, W.).—Thanks for yours, which has been published in "Our Letter Bag." Hope the cash prize arrived in time to be useful.

CHIQUELLE (Newport).—You should get our *Film Lit. of Mary Pickford*, price 2d., post-free. It will settle the arguments about the "World's Sweetheart," and peace will come again. Love George Washington, we cannot tell you, so please guilty to being "nice people."

ELAINE (Swansea).—Creighton Hale is English, and we believe unmarried.

Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"

85 & 86, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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SMILES

SHE: "You know, dear, I always speak as I think."

HE: "Yes, but more often."

Music Hath Charms.

HE (at a concert): "She's a finished musician, isn't she?"

SHE: "I hope so. I don't want her to sing again."

The War-time Youngster.

PROUD FATHER: "Well, Jim, what do you think of your new baby-sister?"

JIM: "Oh, she's all right. But couldn't we have done without her in war-time?"

A Useful Pal.

FIRST ACTOR: "Come and have lunch: I've borrowed a fiver from a pal."

SECOND DITTO: "Give me his address quick. If he trusts you, he'll lend to any one."

Bald and Banned.

The bald-headed uncle asked little Mary if she didn't want him to play with her.

"No, you're no use," said she, "we're playing Indians in pictures, and you're scalped already."

More Mystery.

PARSON: "Is there some one dead at the butcher's. I see the blinds are down?"

URCHIN: "Dunno, sir; but they're making sossiges!"

Method in Madness.

WIFE (dreamily): "Darling, what would you do if I were to die?"

HUSBAND: "I should go raving mad."

WIFE: "Would you marry again?"

HUSBAND: "Probably, if I were mad enough."

The Bump and the Brick.

"What a awful bump on yer head! 'Ow did yer get it?"

"Playing in a Chinese film."

"Hit by a piece of bric-a-brac?"

"Well, I know it was a brick, but I don't remember any bric."

"Physic-ally Unfit."

COUNTRY YOKEL (to village parson, who asks why he is not in khaki): "Wal, I saw the recruitin' officer 'smarrin', and he tole me, e did, that I was physically unfit. Why, I've never touched a drop of physic in me life!"

The Kiss and the Kuss.

Little Tommy disliked being kissed, and great was his disgust when he went to the cinema to see a lot of cuddling. When mother came to bid him good-night she asked for a kiss, but was refused. In desperation he turned to his father. "For heaven's sake, daddie," he cried, "kiss this woman!"

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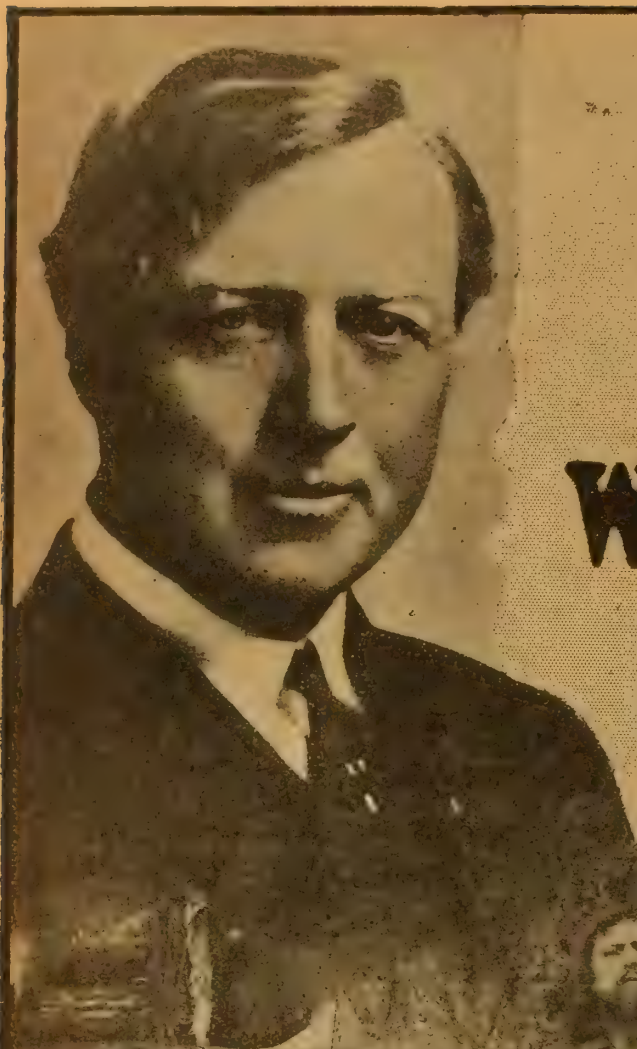
WEEK ENDING
MARCH 27, 1910

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THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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NELL CRAIG

Who for a year past has endeared herself to millions of picture-goers through her performance in many fine Essanay plays (See page 596.)

A DATE TO REMEMBER

MONDAY

15

MAY

The Chronicles of
Bloom Centre.

MONDAY, MAY 15th, is an important day to the Public and Picture Theatre Managers. On that day Selig's release,

Landing the Hose Reel,

the first record of the doings of

"Bloom Centre,"

the Selig Comedy Village we told you about last week. (See last week's advertisement.)

The inhabitants of "Bloom Centre" create happy and energising laughter an essential tonic during War Time.

Make an entry in your diary or mark your calendar for May 15, 1916, as a reminder to see the first of

"The Chronicles of Bloom Centre."



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The first episode will be released on May 1st.

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The most virile, stirring serial ever produced.
Make a point of asking your manager to book it.

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...piece
...him taken
...craps in the

the dinner given
the London Film Stock
to Harold Shaw, who is
America, makes quaintly
ing, the words in italics
"London" films pro-
aw. Menu:—*Chowder* by
and by; *T.C. Salmon*
(Don't lose a foot:
Chicken (Not
Saddle of Mut-
The Heart of a
Season from
Two Columbians
Sauce England's
Baby's Milk if
Still pictures:
Comparable Bel-
gels on Horse-
er by Breas-
Officers out of
st Challenge;
Make (Good).

means

British

makers"

1898.

Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM **PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.**



1. **GERMAN TROOPS IN WARSAW:** The Wurtemberg Regiment, the first to enter the City, now drill daily in the municipal park. 2. **AN UND GROUND HOS PITAL** behind the fighting line near Verdun. 3. **THE WATCHERS:** In some parts of the French front the listening patrols are accompanied by trained dogs. 4. **THE MASCOT:** A tit-bit for the Welsh Fusiliers' goat on St. David's Day. 5. **GROUP MEN IN TRAINING:** Soldiers who, but a few weeks ago were in civil life, quickly prove adept in various phases of trench warfare. 6. **AFTER BEING WOUNDED:** New Zealanders, while waiting to be redrafted to the Front, hold sports at their depot.

THE MAN BETWEEN

How Big Plays and Novels are prepared as Plays for the Screen.

The writer is well known as an adapter of very many famous works and plays for the screen, and two recent notable ones were "Sail Waters Run Deep," filmed by the Ideal Film Co. Mr. Stanton has just done the scenario from the Newman Flower's novel "Is God Dead?" which is now being produced by the Broadwest Company.—ED.]

PERHAPS very few people realise how such big works as Hall Caine's *The Christian* or Sir Gilbert Parker's *Seals of the Mighty* are prepared for the cinematograph.

"Oh, they are produced," airily dismisses the problem. True enough, but how?

To cut short on it. Have my readers ever heard of a scenario writer? He is "the man between," usually an unknown worker, of whom the public knows little about.

Adapted and arranged for the cinematograph by "The Man Between," my readers have doubtless seen something like that on the film-title.

The scenario writer is a very important worker in the moving-picture world, and his work is becoming a highly specialised branch of cinematography.

With the rapid development of "the pictures" has come a demand for a highly-skilled specialist who can take any book or play and visualise it into a moving-picture play.

Suppose that the picture-play is likened to a building. Then the producer is, so to say, the master-builder, and the actors are his labourers—carpenters, bricklayers, tilers, if you like. The architect, the man who prepares the plans on which the master-builder works, is the scenario-writer.

The photo-play architect works usually on this plan. He makes himself familiar with the story which is to be filmed, learns every detail in the plot, studies the theme of the story, gets to know thoroughly all the characters. He studies these characters, their psychology, all their little weaknesses and foibles he examines.

By reason of the fact that the scenario-writer is thoroughly acquainted with every detail and difficulty of film-production, he acquires the knack of seeing the story as a picture-play. He thinks in pictures just as the novelist thinks in sentences.

A synopsis of the story as he sees it as a film-play is quickly prepared, and there follows a lengthy interview with the producer.

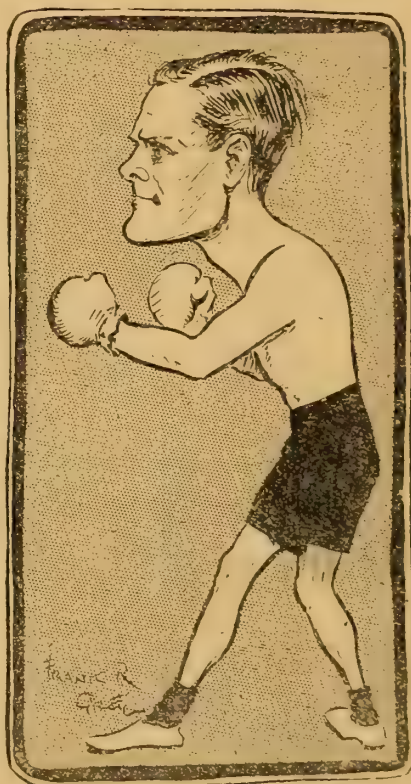
The two take this synopsis and submit it to a rigorous and merciless criticism. They talk in pictures, each testing the little group of scenes which the scenario writer suggests shall picture a given portion of the novel under discussion.

"Will it get across?" asks the producer. "Don't you think that is a little clumsy? Could we have so-and-

so?" and many other criticisms can be heard.

Eventually the synopsis is settled upon, and the scenario-writer retires to his study to produce the full scenario—the architect's plans.

A scene in cinematography is understood to be everything photographed from one position of the camera. Scene by scene the scenario-writer sets down what the camera will photograph, the setting, whether it is an indoor one or a



OUR PICTURE PENOGRAPHS.

No. 2: STEWART ROME.

scene to be enacted in the open, the time of day during which the action will pass, the characters that will be in that scene and what they are to do, their thoughts, their psychology.

This latter may surprise some readers, but it is highly necessary that the actors and the producer shall understand the thoughts and motives of the characters in each and every scene. Without such information correct impersonation cannot be obtained.

The M.B. and the Producer.

"Here you are, Mr. Producer, here is the scenario," and "The Man Between" hands a volume of two or three hundred typed pages to the man who wears the

white coat and is always supposed to have a megaphone tucked under his arm.

"Ah, good man, what does it run out to?"

"Oh, about 149 scenes. Twenty-three sets."

The producer quickly turns to a little tabular statement in the scenario, and glances eagerly at it.

"Seventeen scenes in the drawing-room set—nine in the office—ah! glad you've kept the exteriors down. It's rotten weather this time of year."

"Yes," interposes "The Man Between." "The author is awfully wild because I altered the end of the story. I couldn't make him see that it wasn't photographable."

The Producer has been rapidly scanning the scenario. He stops suddenly at a long scene.

"I say, why have you made him do that?"

"The Man Between" looks at the page, and then laughs.

"Oh! I wanted to avoid that long Leader we discussed. Turn over, Thor! You see I use a Fade Out and a 'dissolve.' We save ten feet by avoiding the Leader, and the 'dissolve' saves that rotten break in the big scene in reel two. We can't have that scene between Lady— and Sir— stopped while we sandwich in a Vision to explain why he—", and so the two men talk on. Sometimes they agree, now and then they argue a point. Many matters have these two to consider. Among them are questions of cost, for it is quite a mistake to imagine that producers can spend as much money as they please.

"Got your cheque?" It is the Producer who is speaking.

"The Man Between" grins an affirmative.

"Well, pop along and see us when you're near. I'd like to have a chat with you. Trade Show? Oh! about a couple of months' time. What's your next play?"

"I'm going to do the 'Man in the Moon' for the Top-Hole people," answers the other.

"Are they going to do that? Don't envy you. Well, good-bye, old chap. We'll drop you a line when we are ready for another one."

And "The Man Between" walks out of the studio to live on the cheque he has earned. May be he is going to do "The Man in the Moon," may be he isn't. Probably the chances are that he is, for a good "between" is not given much time in which to be idle.

DANE STANTON.

He came straight home
every night for a week
after he had seen

'THE COMMUTERS'

THE EXPLORER

JESSE LASKY PRODUCTION FEATURING LOU TELLEGEN.

Adapted from the film of William Somerset Maugham's play

— By PATRICK GLYNN. —

HOPES TO SUPPRESS SLAVE TRADE.

AND ADD COUNTRY TO OUR EMPIRE.

It was announced last night by the Colonial Secretary that the famous explorer, Alec McKenzie, would undertake a special expedition into the heart of darkest Africa. . . .

LUCY ALLERTON read the newspaper announcement with lively interest. She knew her gallant lover had set his heart on this expedition which was now officially announced after many visits to the Colonial Office. When the expedition was over Lucy knew that Alec McKenzie would put the important question to her, and he was not the kind of individual to take "No" for an answer.

The door of the drawing-room opened, and her brother George staggered into the room. Lucy rose greatly distressed. His dissipated habits had caused his dismissal from several important positions in the Diplomatic Service, and the degradation did not appear to affect him. Only the previous Monday a powerful friend of the Allerton family had secured him another chance, and Lucy divined that George had jeopardised this also.

"I've just been fired, Sis," said the young man, seating himself heavily in an armchair. "I've lost some despatches, and Lord Kent told me never to show my face inside his department again. Rotten luck, isn't it?"

"You have risked your whole career by drinking," began Lucy, passionately. "You are the last of our family, and this is how you bring disgrace on our fame."

"Don't grouse, Sis, I can't help it; it's awful to have such an honourable name as ours. People expect me to be a saint."

"No one expects you to be a saint," replied Lucy, sadly. "A man would suffice."

George winced under the sarcasm, and rose from the chair.



"MAY I HOPE FOR YOUR ANSWER ON MY RETURN FROM AFRICA?"

"I'll chuck up the whole game," he said at last. "I'm tired of England. I'll go abroad."

He staggered out of the room just as Alec McKenzie was announced. Lucy rose to greet the new arrival with a smile.

"I have come to say good-bye, Lucy," said the explorer, taking her hand. "May I hope for your answer on my return from Africa?"

Lucy hesitated. She had put him off before by specious excuses, but she had made up her mind at last. Seeing her hesitation, McKenzie continued, "At least you are not engaged to any one else?"

"No," replied the girl quietly.

"The expedition I am going on will be a very dangerous one, for I must penetrate amongst the most savage tribes in Africa. But it is for the sake of Britain."

"And I would not keep you back," replied Lucy proudly. "When you return my answer will be the same as now."

"Since you love me," said the explorer a few moments later, "the jungle cannot harm me." Lucy smiled at the foolishness of the remark and gently disengaged herself from the young man's arms.

"When are you going?" she asked, as an idea suddenly entered her brain.

"To-morrow," replied McKenzie.

"I want you to take my brother with you," said Lucy. "You know he has disgraced himself in the eyes of the world, and he must win back its respect. Give him a chance to redeem his name."

The explorer looked embarrassed. He would have preferred George Allerton's absence to his company on an expedition which demanded the utmost endurance and sobriety of every individual in the party. If any one else, from the Prime Minister of England downwards, had made the request, he would have flatly refused; but the suppliant was Lucy, and, with a sigh which he tried to suppress, he promised to carry out her wishes.

CHAPTER II.

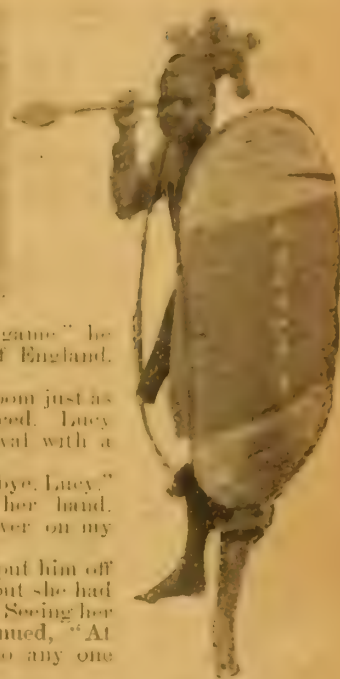
"DON'T lie to me," said McKenzie, sternly. "You attacked a native girl, and then shot her lover because he was man enough to protect her."

George Allerton looked weakly from the face of the explorer to the equally stern face of the doctor to the expedition. Both had heard the sound of a revolver shot only a half-hour previously, and the chief of the local tribe, who had promised to be friendly with the expedition, had come into the camp with a story of how one of the expedition had fired on a native, and had demanded the person of the murderer with a threat that if the request was not complied with the entire tribe would attack and wipe the expedition from the face of the jungle. No wonder McKenzie looked stern.

"I shot at a snake this afternoon," explained Allerton at last. "I didn't tell you, because I knew you wouldn't believe me."

McKenzie held up a gold watch with George Allerton's monogram on the case. The culprit looked even more embarrassed.

"That is what the chief brought in," said the incensed explorer. "It was found in the dead native's hand after his struggle with you to protect the girl. There is no use your denying the charge. I wondered where you got the brandy from until I examined the bottle which the doctor keeps for





GEORGE ALLERTON'S ATTACK ON A NATIVE GIRL.

medicinal purposes for the party, and I found half of it gone. Do you know what it means? Every man of the expedition will be dead by twelve o'clock to-night unless we give you up."

A sinister sound broke the silence of the jungle, a tom-tom was beaten with fiendish strength, and its sonorous, harsh sounds rang in the air bringing its deadly import to the expeditionary party.

"There are twenty-two men in our party," said the doctor, turning to the explorer. "Are we all to lose our lives to pay for the madness of this one man?"

Alec McKenzie was silent. He remembered that the culprit was the brother of Lucy Allerton. How could he go back to England and seek the hand of Lucy in marriage after he had given up her brother to the vengeance of the wildest tribe in Central Africa.

"We'll have to fight our way through. We cannot give up George Allerton," he said at last. "We'll put up a stockade around the camp before it gets dark, and one man must stay behind to do the fighting whilst the rest escape. As long as there is one man here to keep on firing, they will think we are all here."

"And who will stay behind?" demanded Dr. Adamson.

"I shall," replied the explorer quietly.

"It's absolutely wicked!" shouted the doctor, now almost beside himself with anger. "If any one stays behind, it ought to be the man who made all the trouble. Besides, you are the only man who can lead the expedition back. You cannot stay."

George Allerton's face as he listened to this dialogue grew pale. His own thoughts had been very troubled, but he emerged from the ordeal with a new light in his eyes.

"The doctor is right," he said, turning to the explorer; "let me stay. I have caused all the mischief. Don't take away my only chance to atone."

For the first time for weeks Dr. Adamson looked at Allerton with approving eyes. "By gad, there's no yellow streak in him, after all," he muttered.

"I have only one request to make before you leave me," continued Allerton; "don't let Lucy know that you let me stay behind because I murdered a native; it would break her heart."

The doctor and the explorer looked at each other.

"You both promise on your honour?" persisted Allerton.

"Yes," replied both the men in unison.

"Two hours is all I want," explained the explorer; "if you can keep the natives busy for that time, and then follow up our trail, the whole party will be in safe quarters."

But Allerton had seen enough of his surroundings to realise that he never would come out of the fight with a whole skin.

"If I don't reach you," replied the young man, "tell Lucy I died like a man."

The party threw up a hasty stockade, and then stole silently away, leaving Allerton with several loaded rifles and a store of ammunition. They were just in time. The allotted

period to give up Allerton had passed, and the natives were gathering for an attack on the stockade. The sound of tom-toms grew more harsh and nerve-racking, whilst the yells of the natives as they advanced to the attack chilled the blood of the solitary defender.

The expedition found themselves intercepted by a small party of the savages, hastened to the scene of the attack by the sound of the tom-toms. After ten minutes' sharp fighting the natives were scattered, and the expedition arrived safely on the territory of a friendly tribe. Alec McKenzie climbed to the top of a hill and watched the fight in the jungle. Spots of flame flashing like diamonds broke the darkness, and he could hear the sound of Allerton's rifle mingling with the shouts of the natives. Suddenly the sparks of flame died away, and the whole jungle lit up. The stockade had been set on fire, and the natives, with fiendish yells, climbed into the enclosure. A few minutes later the fire died away, and an uncanny silence reigned in the jungle.

"It's all over," muttered McKenzie, as he descended the hill.

CHAPTER III.

Six months later a little dinner of welcome was given to Alec McKenzie and the members of the expedition. The Colonial Secretary made a speech congratulating McKenzie on the success of his labours, and mentioned the fact that the intrepid explorer had added eight hundred miles of territory to the British Empire.

"The whole nation is proud of you," he concluded, bowing to the guest of honour.

McKenzie replied with an almost absent-minded speech. He was wondering what effect the death of Lucy's brother would have upon her.

When he paid his visit to Lucy he found to his relief that she had already heard the news of her brother's death. She was quiet and subdued in her manner, and McKenzie, who brought Dr. Adamson and another leading member of the late expedition with him, were entertained to tea. Dr. Adamson, with a glance of amusement around the table, rose to propose a toast.

"To Lucy and Alec," he said, drinking the wine which he favoured rather than the tea.

The pair blushed and laughed, whilst John Lascar, the young engineer to the expedition, smiled bitterly. He was feeling a little jealous of the lionising of McKenzie, and owned, only to himself, a sneaking regard for Lucy, who was soon to become the explorer's wife. After tea Adamson and McKenzie returned to the drawing-room to receive the congratulations of Allerton's friends, and Lascar seized the opportunity to whisper to Lucy.

"Before you marry him, ask him why he left your brother George to die alone."



EVERY MAN OF THE EXPEDITION WILL BE DEAD BY TWELVE O'CLOCK.



ALLERTON WAS NO COWARD AND DIED LIKE A MAN.

"What do you mean?" asked Lucy, in pained amazement. "I mean that he left your brother in the lurch to fight a forlorn action whilst he and the others beat a retreat."

"It's a lie!" replied the girl angrily.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't take my word for it—ask him."

Lascar walked away with a sneaking feeling of satisfaction. He knew that Dr. Adamson and McKenzie had promised George Allerton not to reveal the circumstances that led to the latter's choice of the defence of the stockade, and that the promise was a sacred one. Much harm might ensue before the real explanation could be given.

Dr. Adamson was the first to return, and Lucy took him aside. "Lascar has just told me that Alec left my brother to die in the jungle. Is it true?"

A flash of anger leapt to the doctor's eyes. "Do you believe it?" he asked brusquely.

"No, I don't believe it," replied the girl; "but you must deny it before he tells others."

"We cannot discuss the subject at all," he replied sharply; "Lascar has been guilty of the grossest treachery, for he knows the real reasons as well as Alec and myself."

"If there is any mystery about my brother's death," continued the girl hotly; "I want to know it."

"It's better that you shouldn't," replied Dr. Adamson, with a pang of regret, for he realised that the new developments held no good to McKenzie.

"Then I shall ask Alec myself," said the girl imperiously.

McKenzie returned at this moment, and Lucy, with an impetuous gesture, motioned him towards her. She pointed to another room, and he wonderingly followed her in. Then she hurled her question at him.

"Why did you let my brother remain alone to die?" she demanded.

McKenzie eyed her for several moments in dumb amazement and consternation. Some one had told her—but how much? He was about to explain, when the dead man's last words recalled him to his sense of honour.

"I have no explanation to offer," he said, a deadly paleness succeeding the bronze colour of his face.

"You coward!"

A devilish light sprang into McKenzie's eyes, and the girl realised with a little tremor that if she had been a man, the words would have been her last. Controlling himself, McKenzie bowed ironically and turned away. His romance was over.

The remaining guests wondered at McKenzie's sudden departure, and the strained look in Lucy's eyes. The doctor followed McKenzie, for, he with the knowledge of Lascar's treachery, sensed that McKenzie was in serious trouble. He sought the explorer that evening in the quiet of the other's smoking-room, and heard the result of the interview between Alec and Lucy.

Dr. Adamson thought hard for several minutes, and without vouchsafing any explanation he left, saying he would return the next day. Early on the following morning he sought Lucy and found her looking irritable and distressed, and with her eyes looking ungenerously red-rimmed.

Now, young lady, announced the doctor, I put my word of honour to your brother that I would not divulge the circumstances leading to his death, but I am the happier of two lives—I will break my word of honour.

"What do you mean?" asked Lucy, with a gasp of hope.

"I mean that Alec would have left you to protect your brother's memory. Well, I am not so proud."

Quietly and dispassionately the doctor told her the story of the assaulted native girl, the murdered lover of the girl, and the enraged chief's demand for the body of the murderer, and the last grim choice. It was a bitter disillusionment for the girl, and when he finished the story he remained silent for several minutes, until Lucy dried her eyes and glanced timidly towards him.

"Your brother atoned for his crime," said the doctor at last. "At any rate, you have the consolation of knowing that he was no coward, and died like a man."

"Yes," replied the girl, quietly. Then she continued,

"Where is Alec?"

A ghost of a smile hovered round the doctor's lip.

"Shall I send him to you?" he asked.

"Yes," came the soft reply.

The Explorer is in four parts, and handled by J. D. Walker's Worlds Films, Ltd. Cast: Alec McKenzie, Lou Tellegen; George Allerton, Tom Forman; Lucy Allerton, Dorothy Davenport; Dr. Adamson, James Neill.

PICTURE HOUSE ETIQUETTE.

SO many people seem to have forgotten how to conduct themselves in picture houses, that we venture to remind them of what they should do to be really up to date.

Having gained admission, and got an eye on a seat, make a dash for it, regardless of anybody else. If, when you are seated, other people wish to pass along, don't move your feet, stick, or umbrella; they would hate to put you to so much trouble.

If a male and you wish to smoke, be sure you blow the smoke well past the people in front; it disinfects their hair, and does them nothing. A pipe and a thick black "is best if you wish the thanks of the front-beachers, to say nothing of your neighbours on either side.


If, when the orchestra plays a popular ditty, you think the front-becher is not appreciative enough, beat time on the top of his hat with your boots; this small electric shocks up his spine, and he is bound to keep his brain in tune. If you are not sure that this method he succeeded in its object, put your boots up on the back of the seat, and every now and again push hard. This raises the occupant, and his spirits must rise; for it never fails, but it is more efficacious on a wet night, and with galling boots, as these get a fine crop on the plash.

At all times remember that the arms on each side of your seat are for your arms alone. Get them well over and shift them for nobody.

So far as the pictures are concerned, we would suggest that when with a friend you should read all the letter and title about your friend. This shows a lot of people that you have been to school, and the example might send some of them to evening classes to improve their own education.

If a picture is shown which has been seen previously elsewhere, this should be remarked upon in a loud, unregarded tone. The rest of the audience will regard you with awe as an expert, and the management may even offer you an apology.

When leaving the house don't do so until a picture has commenced. The other people in the row of seats like it best that way; your passing out helps them from falling asleep.



'DOORSTEPS'

The story of a theatrical boarding-house slavey who made good and won her ideal.



MARY DIBLEY AS-HERSELF.

WE reproduce a new portrait of this charming British player. Miss Dibley made a striking success as the handsome adventuress, "Belle Cavendish," in the lovely Turner picture woven round the old English ballad, *Sally in our Alley*, which will be released in May; and she will be seen again in a coming Gaumont production. She has done much good work in the "London" films: *The Middleman*, *The Heart of a Child*, *Jell's*, *The Derby Winner*, *Whoso Diggeth a Pit*, *The Shulamite*, and *The Christian*.

She has had, too, very considerable stage experience, appearing in eight or nine plays with Arthur Bourchier during a nearly two years' engagement, and also with Sir George Alexander and Gerald Du Maurier. Before her first stage engagement she was an art student, and it was soon after she made her debut upon the boards of the legitimate that she started a happy life



PICTURE PERSONALITIES

engagement by getting married.

Miss Dibley in private life is the wife of that popular stage and film actor, Gerald Ames, an interview with whom we published recently in these pages.

Our Cover Portrait.

AS an exponent of "sympathetic" parts, Nell Craig, whose portrait is published on our front cover, has no superior on the cinema stage. Her work as the self-sacrificing young wife in the *Counter Intrigue*, and as the beautiful and accomplished girl who, in the *Adventures of Dominica*, has turned thief for the love of adventure and excitement, is particularly fine. The latter, a five-part series, now showing, was the first Essanay production in which she appeared. "Dominica," as many of our readers will already have discovered for themselves, is a quite unique heroine, with her own code of morals—elastic as to the property rights of others, rigid as to her own personal conduct.

This black-haired, dark-eyed beauty was born at Princetown, New Jersey, twenty-two years ago. She was educated at the Girls' High School, Philadelphia, and Pennington Seminary. When she left school, at the age of seventeen, she had an inordinate ambition to become a surgeon; but she forgot her hopes and desires in this direction when, hearse of her personal charm and delightful voice, she was offered a part with the Orpheum Stock Company.

After a year on the stage she made her debut in photo-play work, in which she found excellent scope for her rare histrionic powers—a strong emotional nature. Although but twenty-one years of age, she had had a great deal of experience in stage and screen work when the Essanay Company brought her to its Chicago studio to take leading parts.

Matrimony and the Studio.

THREE happy couples, all belonging to the Lasky studios, have lately been joined together in matrimony. The contracting parties are Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen, Fannie Ward and Jack Dean, and Marie Doro and Elliott Dexter.

Geraldine Farrar (Mrs. Tellegen) is of course a prima donna of Grand Opera, and Lasky's famous *Carmen*, whilst Lou Tellegen was Sarah Bernhardt's leading man and created the part of "The Explorer," in the Lasky film, the story of which appears on other pages.

Fanny Ward, the famous comedienne, commenced her film career in *The Marriage of Kitty* and followed this up by her wonderful work in *The Cheat*, both by the Lasky Company. In each of these productions Jack Dean took the part of her husband, which part he will now play permanently.

Marie Doro is known to film fame as the charming feminine lead in *The Mores*

of *Morans* and *The White Pearl*, both by the Famous Players Company. She has now become a permanent Lasky star. Her husband, Mr. Dexter, another Famous Player, took the part of the half-breed in *Helene of the North*.

Circus Horse for Cinema.

THE joys of the free street parade and the noisy circus land are no more for "Black Beauty." That famous steed of the American sawdust circle is the latest "star" to be lured to motion-pictures.

With or without his consent Black Beauty will spend the balance of his days in the silent drama, for Kalem has purchased him from the Robinson Brothers' show, and signed him to a life contract to "support" Helen Gibson in *The Hazards of Helen*.

The problem of finding the right horse to use in the *Hazards*, in which Helen Gibson will be seen in both railroad and equestrian feats, was a difficult one, because of the necessity of securing an animal who would not become uncontrollable when brought too close to speeding railroad trains.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Pity the Poor Editor.

"Ser Sun rising to you thanks you for the Beautiful Postcard you sent Me Jack Haley is my cousin I asked him to right to you for one for me Mrs Whalshall he very Beautiful I admire he very much I am a gentleman small daughter I hope is not Married will you right to me and how I will call and see you and have some More Postcards from you from yours sincerely."
(London.)

The Thoughtless Trio.

"Last week I saw *The Crocodiles* at a suburban Palace, but my enjoyment was spoiled by the absurdly inappropriate music played by the orchestra of three. Upon the appearance of the artist's studio scene, in which Marguerite Clark, in the role of an artist's model, poses for a picture in scanty attire, they excelled themselves by a quite pathetic rendering of 'Nearer My God to Thee.' When I left the theatre I cornered one of the attendants and spoke my mind. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I don't believe them poor chaps know what they're scooping half their time.' And I don't believe they do either, but, oh! the pity of it!"
H. L. (Penge).

Hush! Hush! Hush!

here comes

'THE COMMUTERS'

Our Picture Players Portrait Gallery



LEAH BAIRD, who, after two years with Vitagraph, joined Universal and is now back with Vitagraph. Her "first" picture was *Chumps*, in which John Bunny appeared.



JACK PICKFORD, the younger brother of Mary and Lottie Pickford. He has played in films since 1909, and is now with the Selig Company.



CARLYLE BLACKWELL, a very great favourite now with the Lasky Company. He has written, produced, and acted his own stories.



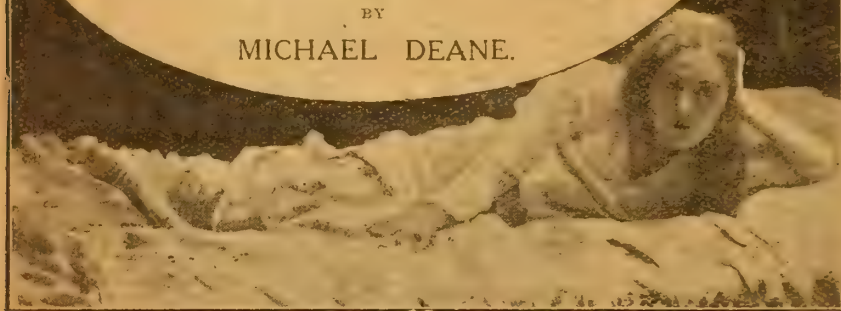
RUTH ROLAND, who went from Kalem to Balboa, where she is now being starred in a detective story serial. She has appeared in over one hundred picture-plays.

TO SAVE HER NAME

Adapted from the Milano Film

BY

MICHAEL DEANE.



MADAME HESPERIA, WHO PLAYED THE LEADING FEMALE ROLE.

"YOU beast!"

With a cry Hesperia sprang from her seat at the dinner-table; then, without another glance at the inflamed face of the man who had insulted her, fled from the room.

"What the dickens do you mean by creating such a scene?" her guardian demanded as he followed her. "Upon my word, Hesperia, this is too much!"

"As my guardian it is your duty to protect me from the insults of any black-guard whom you may call friend—"

"Insult?"

"What else? Ever since he arrived in his manner, his looks have been those of a libertine, and now—" Her cheeks burned at the thought of the kiss Harry Morley had pressed upon her lips.

"Bah! A moment's forgetfulness for which he is now sorry. Morley wishes to make you his wife, and—"

"His money would be useful to you," the girl interrupted. "Then you can tell him that I refuse to be sold!"

The man's face grew purple with rage. "You will return to the dining-room at once, and apologise for your behaviour!"

"I will not!" she answered defiantly.

"Then," his voice rose, "you will find another roof to shelter you."

With an oath, he flung out of the room leaving Hesperia alone.

"I won't, I won't," she told herself. "Oh, if only Claude—"

Again a flush, but not of anger this time, dyed her cheeks as she thought of her secret artist-lover and the words he had spoken at their last stolen meeting.

"Darling," he had whispered as he held her to him, "if ever danger threatens, if ever you are unhappy, come to the shelter waiting for you in my arms."

"He could not be false!" she exclaimed half aloud, "his eyes spoke the truth. He loves me, loves me!"

Shutting out all thoughts of what might be the result of her conduct, she hastily flung a cloak over her flimsy

evening gown and crept stealthily from the house. Calling a passing taxi, she was swiftly whirled to the great block of flats in which her lover lived, and as the lights of the vehicle vanished in the distance, she banged the outer door as though determined at all costs to place an invincible barrier between herself and the old life; then hurrying across the floor, she knocked timidly at the entrance to his studio.

No answer came, and softly turning the handle she entered.

"Claude!"

At the sound of her tremulous voice the artist sprang from his seat before an unfinished work; then, as his eyes took in the exquisite picture she made as she stood there in the soft light, he sprang forward with a glad cry.

"Hesperia—my darling!"

Laughing softly she allowed him to draw her into his embrace, and held up her face to meet the passionate kisses he rained upon it.

"My beautiful darling," he whispered, hoarsely, "why, whatever good fortune brings you here to-night, when, by all the gods, I was beginning to wonder if either the present or the future held anything worth slaving for!"

"Don't you remember, dear?" she whispered back as she nestled against him, "you said if ever I was unhappy I had to come to you!"

"By Jove! I should think I do remember; but surely the world is not cruel enough to bring unhappiness to you?"

She nodded her head sadly. "I am unhappy!" Her voice broke in a sob. "Oh, my dear, my dear, be very good to me, for you are all I have!"

Her lover looked at her with a new light in his eyes, then drew her down on to a settee before the fire.

Stilling her sobs, Hesperia told him of the man who had been her guardian's guest, the man who thought to buy her,

and of the final insult against which the whole of her sensitive nature had risen in revolt.

"Poor little woman!" Claude said as she finished, "forget about him, dear. Let us think only of ourselves. You are happy now?"

She raised his hand shyly to her lips. "I am quite happy now."

The blood raced madly through the artist's veins. "Oh, Hesperia, if I was only rich—only famous—"

For a long while they clung to each other; then, as a distant church chimed the hour, he sprang to his feet.

"Great Scott, midnight!" he exclaimed. "Too late to—" Smouldering fires her coming had fanned into life flamed in his dark eyes. "Little one," he whispered hoarsely, "soon we shall be man and wife—soon—but until then—Hesperia—" she raised her eyes to his, and in them was reflected the passion of his own "until then you—you must trust me, sweetheart!"

He held out his arms, and she crept, trembling, into his embrace.

The weeks that followed were full of a glorious happiness for Hesperia, and although the Bohemian *ménage* often felt the pinch of want, for Claude Duroy's pictures were still unknown, the young couple gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the present, making up for their lack of means with the fervour of their kisses. At first they would often talk of their approaching marriage, but after a time Claude referred to the matter less often until, at last, it was almost completely dropped; and although Hesperia's woman-heart was often troubled by her irregular position, she learned to forget all but her love when she felt his arms around her.

Inspired by her radiant beauty, he set to work on a great picture which he swore would make his name. "Woman and Wine" he called it, and as he swiftly transferred the voluptuous beauty of the girl who lay before him to the canvas he felt certain that at last time and all it meant was in his grasp. But as the picture grew a subtle change came over him—the living woman of flesh and blood began to lose her power, and he would sit for hours gazing dreamily at the masterpiece his genius had wrought. Slowly but surely Claude Duroy's infatuation for his mistress was being absorbed in his love for his work.

Then one day she came upon him with an open letter in his hand.

"What is it, Claude, dear?"

"Oh, curse it! I beg your pardon, sweetheart, but—here's my mother coming up to see me. We've been strangers practically ever since I took up art, and now—"

Hesperia clapped her hands delightedly. "You're going to make it up. Oh, how glad I am."

"But," he paced the studio irritably, "don't you understand. If my mother learns that you—that you and I—oh, don't you understand, Hesperia?"

The colour faded from her face. "I think I do," she answered slowly. "I am in the way now, is that not so? Love has been killed by ambition, and this—this visit leads so easily to parting—"

"Hesperia—"

"No, don't touch me. I gave you all, dear, now I give you back love itself."

"When she has gone you will return—we will start our life honeymoon where we left it off."

"No!" her eyes flashed, and before them he recoiled. "I gave myself to you for love's sake—because I loved you, and, God help me! I thought you loved me. All that is dead. She held out her hand. 'I shall never forget the happiness you gave me—never regret—but good-bye!'"

Slowly the man sank into a chair before the great picture that had usurped the woman's place, and, without once looking back, she passed from the room.

Chapter II.—After Long Years.

Years crept on. Years bringing many changes to the life of the girl who had sacrificed her youth at the call of love. From poverty and grinding hard work she passed in time to fame, and ranked with the first actresses of the land, and then it was that Morris Alba, world-famed as a connoisseur of art, stood before her and humbly sought her hand.

"Don't speak yet," he said, gravely, as she raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his. "Whatever the past has been—for I am a man of the world, my dear, and understand the world's temptations, I ask you to forget all. All I ask is, if you love me with a love a tenth of that which I have for you, to give your honour and love into my keeping. Hesperia, will you be my wife?"

For a moment Claude Duroy's face appeared before her, but, as she looked into the grave eyes of the man before her, a curtain seemed to shut out the past.

"Is it love?" she whispered.

"As God is my judge—it is love!"

"Then," she placed her slim hands into the big ones that trembled at her touch—"I will be your wife, and," tears choked her utterance, "with God's help, I will try to make you happy!"

They were married very quietly, and in the days that followed Alba did much to make Hesperia forget the old days. Not once did he ask her of her life before she burst meteor-like upon a delighted, artistic world, and at last the affection she had first felt for him grew into a love that almost equalled the passion she had felt during her early *liaison* with Claude Duroy. Then a little child was born to them, and, holding it in her arms, she felt that her cup of happiness was indeed full to overflowing.

But times were hard in the City, and one day Alba had to confess to his beautiful wife, that only a hair-breadth stood between him and financial ruin.

"There is one chance and one only," he said, ruefully, "Armand Kaleb may consent to pull me out!"

Armand Kaleb! Hesperia remembered the dark-eyed almost Oriental art dealer who had lately been a constant visitor at her home and, with almost a return of her girlish repulsion, remembered how his eyes had sought and held hers whenever opportunity had thrown them in close contact.

"At any rate," Alba continued, "it's no good crying until we're really hurt, dearest, and he may come to the rescue. Go to the International Artists' exhibition. Kaleb and I will meet you there."

A couple of hours later while Hesperia



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production—and you know how good they are.



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"YOU WILL FIND ANOTHER ROOF TO SHELTER YOU." (See page 598.)

was wearily listening to the gushing conversation of a group of women who would have fain joined her "set," her husband, with Kaleb, approached her.

"It's all right, darling," he said, delightedly, as she joined them, "our friend has pulled us out of the fire. I must rush off now to a company meeting.

He hurried away and Hesperia turned to Kaleb with a smile.

"How ever can I thank you," she said frankly, holding out her hand.

Armand Kaleb held it firmly.

"I have done nothing, dear Mrs. Alba," he answered softly, "believe me, it is purely a business arrangement between your husband and myself. Still," he laughed, "if you wish to be very good to me, I would like a signed portrait of the people's darling. Ah!" he added, turning swiftly before she could answer, "allow me to introduce you to the Empire's most famous painter, Mr. Claude Duroy!"

With a strangled gasp, Hesperia shrunk back, conscious only of the smiling face before her, then of a great

thankfulness as Kaleb turned away to greet another laughing group.

"Hesperia! at last! Hesperia!"

Exerting all her self-control, Hesperia drew her hands away.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Duroy," she said so that all might hear them. She added, in an almost fierce whisper, "I will tell you all later."

"When?" Duroy pretended to point out an item in his catalogue.

"You are in the old studio?" He nodded, walking beside her to the entrance of the exhibition. "Then I will come to you—to-night!"

* * * * *

"Hesperia! You are more beautiful than ever!" was Claude's greeting that night in his studio. "As if," he murmured, "our parting was only a dream—"

"Hush, you must not speak like that, you forget I am a married woman!"

"A married woman, true!" he spoke bitterly. "I had forgotten that; still I—Do you love your husband, Hesperia?"

"Yes, I love him with my whole being.

He is the father of my little one." Her voice trembled. "And I pray that my love may bring him happiness!"

"Does he know?"

"He has never asked; but, did he do so, I would tell him all."

The sincerity of her tone, her look, was all-convincing, and with a groan, Duroy turned away. For some moments he paced the valuable carpet, then halted suddenly before a heavy curtain.

With a wrench he dragged it aside, and a hot blush of shame swept over the woman's cheeks as once more she looked upon his picture of "Woman and Wine"—her picture, her portrait, to the life, magnified by the sensuous brain and master-hand of the man who had persuaded her to throw aside her maidenly reserve and sit to him.

"Ah, you have not forgotten the picture," he exclaimed, again attempting to seize her hands, "and remembering it you cannot forget the passion that gave birth to my genius—the passion you inspired, Hesperia. You loved me once, and now—"

He paused as a knock sounded on the outer door.

In a frenzy Hesperia seized his arm. "If I should be found here I shall be ruined," she gasped. "Years ago I trusted you, Claude. I trust you now to save me from that!"

For a moment Duroy looked at her, and perhaps some memory of how cruelly he had betrayed her trust came to him, for he led her hurriedly to a concealed door; then, as the curtains dropped behind them, Armand Kaleb entered the studio.

"Sorry to disturb you, Duroy," he began, then looked round in bewilderment at the empty room. "Why, found it! I would swear I heard voices, and—ah!" his sharp eyes saw the portrait Duroy had forgotten to re-cover, then he gasped again as he recognised the central figure. "Mrs. Alba!" by all that's wonderful! and in the—by Jove!" glancing swiftly round the room he saw a dainty sun-shade reclining on a chair, and a second later was examining the golden monogram upon the handle. "Her's, by Gad! her's!" so my beauty can give her kisses as well as refuse them. By heaven! the next time we meet she may not look so haughtily at the man who saved her bankrupt husband for her sake."

* * * * *

Some days later Duroy was delighted to receive an invitation to lunch with the great art-dealer, and, scenting a commission, accepted immediately.

During the elegantly-served meal that followed Kaleb chattered lightly on affairs of art.



"WHAT AILS YOU, MAN?" KALEB EXCLAIMED ANXIOUSLY. (See page 603.)

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stomach. A doctor treated me for this, and after a time I got a little better. Soon, however,
I fell ill again, and then began my long sufferings. I had indigestion dreadfully, with pain
in my back and round my side, and positively I was never free from heartache. I was so cold,
and always my stomach felt as though something were gnawing at it. I wanted to eat and could
not. Often, indeed, I was unable to retain what I did manage to swallow.

"I was dreadfully nervous, too, and I became so depressed that I used to say I should be
better dead than living in pain and misery.

"All these years I had been trying one doctor after another, and had also taken various
advised things, but nothing any good. Then at last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. At first
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"Now, if you'll just come into my den and smoke a cigar we'll talk over—What's this, Stanton?" he broke off abruptly, as his servant entered bearing a silver on which rested a small parcel.

"A lady left it just now, sir. Said she wanted to see you, but drove away immediately when I told her you were not alone," answered the man, skilfully schooled beforehand.

"A lady, eh?" Then, as the servant left the room, "You'll excuse me, won't you, Duroy, but—" he winked knowingly as he tore the packet open. Inside was a portrait, and he allowed a tender smile to flicker round his lips as he gazed at it; then he sighed, "My peerless beauty—oh! if only. Well," he shrugged his shoulders, "I'm getting too old, now, to hanker after kisses that belong to another man, although—" he stopped as though on the point of saying something better left unsaid, then, as though impelled by an after-thought, handed the portrait to his companion, "Perhaps you knew her, Duroy?"

Claude Duroy glanced casually at the pictured face, then dropped the portrait as though he had been stung.

"Why, what ails you, man?" Kaleb exclaimed, anxiously, although a gleam of intense satisfaction shone in his eyes. "Surely you—oh! don't say that you're another poor moth who has singed his wings at the candle?"

For answer the artist turned on him furiously. "No, curse you no!" he choked; then, without another word, without apology or excuse, left the room, banging the door behind him.

Laughing softly in triumph, Armand Kaleb looked down on the fatal portrait of Hesperia Alba, the one she had given him when he came to her husband's rescue. "Capital," he sneered; "my little drama is playing out well; it will be interesting to see on what situation abandoned home or jealous murder—the final curtain will descend!"

Chapter III.—"To Save Her Name!"

Contrary to expectations, the money advanced by Kaleb proved insufficient to stem the tide of disaster that threatened Morris Alba, and again trouble descended like a black cloud on the connoisseur's household, and, to add to Hesperia's other worries, her only child was taken ill. One day, as she sat by the little convalescent's bedside, a newspaper paragraph caught her eye.

"It is said," she read, "that Claude Duroy will show a picture painted some

time ago, but not exhibited before for some unknown reason."

The room swam round her. Only too clearly she guessed what picture the writer alluded to, and in a flash she realized the awful predicament its exhibition would place her in.

"Hesperia!"

Turning, she faced her husband, and one glance at his livid face warned her to prepare for some further blow.

"What is wrong?" she faltered.

"Everything," he answered, wretchedly. "Kaleb refuses to lend me more money, and even speaks of foreclosing himself, and now the one frail hope I had is dashed to pieces. A company, composed of whom I do not know, commissioned me to buy a picture, which it was their intention to exhibit. Some scandal attached to it would draw all the town they said, and I was to have a good fee for obtaining it and a generous commission, but now, Duroy—"

"Duroy?" she scarcely breathed.

"Yes, confound him, he writes to-day refusing to either sell or allow the picture to be exhibited."

"Oh, thank God!—thank God!"

Morris Alba did not hear the whispered prayer of thankfulness.

"By jove, I never thought of it before," he exclaimed. "You must see this man, Hesperia. You must plead with him. Men will do anything you ask. Tell him that unless he sells as arranged I shall be a beggar. Tell him that my fall will hurl hundreds to the depths of ruin and despair!"

"I go to him—go to Claude Duroy?"

"That was what I said—surely it is not much to ask you after all these years, Hesperia, if you love me now—"

She interrupted him with a queenly gesture. "Hush, Morris; I owe you this and more. It shall be as you wish!"

That night she once more stood in the studio where her first lessons in love and passion had been learned; but this time her old instructor faced her with no welcoming fire in his eyes.

"To what do I owe the honour of this visit, madam," he asked coldly.

"The picture—my portrait—my husband wishes to buy it, and—"

"You need have no fear, madam; he wished to buy it, true, and at first I agreed to sell; but by now he must have received a letter from me rescinding my original consent." He laughed shortly.

"No, you need have no fear—I grant you, I thought to revenge myself on you in this way; but, thank God, my man-

hood proved stronger than jealousy. I shall never part with the picture."

Tears dimmed her eyes. "But I come to-night to beg of you to plead with you on my knees, Claude, to sell the picture, as you originally agreed."

"To sell!" he stared at her in amazement. "Do you know what you are saying? Do you remember of whom the portrait is? Why, every man and woman in the town would recognise—"

"I know, God help me, but still I beg of you to sell!"

"Why?"

"Because I love my husband, and—"

"Love!"—the old jealousy blazed up.

"Ah, you know much of that—is your love for him the same as that you had for me—for Armand Kaleb?"

She raised her head proudly.

"My love for you was the first in my life; now you threw it away, you yourself know how. Kaleb is a man I could never think of without loathing."

Duroy sneered. "Then do you give your portraits to all men, even those you loathe?"

"I gave one to him because he asked for it, and I was grateful, for he had just saved my husband from ruin. Now," she clasped her hands appealingly, "he is once more faced with financial destruction. Oh, Claude, Claude, he married me without a question as to the past, nor has he ever asked me. All these years he has loved and trusted me, and now I do the only thing I can to help him in his dark hour."

"You know what it means to you!"

"I know, and I will face it gladly for his sake; it is part of my atonement!"

For some moments he was silent; then, striding across the room, drew aside the curtain that concealed the mysterious picture. "It shall be, as you wish," he said, quietly, "but—" his manner changed, and, snatching up a paintbrush, he quickly effaced the features of the voluptuous central figure. "Only you and I know whose portrait it was, Hesperia—and that knowledge shall go no further. When the picture is delivered it shall be as beautiful as my art can make it, but the face will be one of phantasy. Oh! Hesperia," he took her unresisting hands, "if I had only known how different my lonely life would have been—still, thank God, however badly I used you, Heaven has been merciful in giving me the power to save your name—the name of the woman I won and lost, the woman whom I shall love in silence to the end."





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The YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Friends to me are the greatest things in the world, and without them I could never have gained the success I have in the silent drama. That is what a popular film-actor in America has written to one of my little "nieces," and it reminds me that many of his friends are my friends. I often wonder how many reader friends I possess—if every young picturegoer who reads this page suddenly took it into his or her head to write to me how many letters I should receive? Of course the number would run into four figures, and perhaps five.

I have often told you how I love to see little children on the screen and am always regretting that so few children's pictures are produced. If I had a heap of money and a lot of time to spare I would start a studio of my own for the sole purpose of producing picture-plays in which none but children took part. And one of my secrets would be a nursery for very young children, a room with a hole in the wall to fit the front of my cinema camera so that I could get perfectly natural pictures of children at play without their being aware of it.

Nearly all children are a great success on the screen, and cannot help being so, because they are too young to know anything about acting and posing, neither of which is wanted in screen pictures. But at present there is no respect of my producing pictures of any description. Perhaps some enterprising producer may read these lines and take the hint. I am quite sure that when you go to those so-called "children's matinees" your delight would be great if most of the films screened were children's pictures instead of dramas the inner meaning of which you do not understand, and which are not always to the taste of even the grown-ups.

Children, as a rule, are very willing to play before the camera. I came across a bunch of them quite recently in one of our big studios, and found them the happiest little people in the building. During the long waits they crowded round the studio stove (for the day was bitterly cold), told each other stories, and feasted on oranges and sweets, and during one interval they passed the time merrily by skipping. When their time came to appear in the street scene they were neither tired nor bored, but played their little parts to perfection.

A single child, however, is sometimes troublesome. A producer friend of mine had a beautiful boy, about three years of age, brought to him the other day, and particularly wished him to laugh in a comedy scene; but all the efforts of producer and mother alike were useless. The little fellow had made up his mind to be obstinate. He did not like the look of the camera. It seemed to insist on staring at him, and being so young he did not know whether it boded good or evil for him. The producer's patience began to wear out, and when, finally, he spoke rather sharply to the child, the much-



AN EXAMPLE OF "PICTURE-MAKING AT HOME." (See next page.)
The picture is made up from six different pages of a magazine.

OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. No. 52: "THE PICTURE-HATERS."



desired laughter seemed to be farther off than ever. The child began to cry, and tears soon led to a real homely baby's howling.

In fact, it was so real that Mr. Producer thought it too good to waste. He brought the camera close up to the boy and used up a nice length of film on his howling. The result was a splendid picture of a child's misery, which he has since worked into an entirely different subject with complete success.

I come now to the second series of picture puzzles in which were hidden "Film Titles." I have not counted the entries, but if I say they were over a thousand in number I shall be on the right side, and you will say that the Competition has been a colossal success.

The solutions are as follows: (1) The Million Dollar Mystery; (2) The Exploits of Elaine; (3) The Avenging Conscience; (4) Cabiria; (5) The Birth of a Nation; (6) The Prisoner of Zenda; (7) My Old Dutch; (8) Fruits of Vengeance; (9) The Sign of the Cross; (10) The Man at the Key; (11) Charlie's Night Out; (12) The Message from Mars.

The two prizes go to: Ivy Clark, 18, Aintree Avenue, East Ham, London, E.; Richmond Dickens, 152, Oundle Road, Peterborough. But two prizes with so many correct seem rather mean, and I therefore award in addition twelve consolation prizes as follows:

Peggy Kent (Tredgar), Gerty Fellows (Stoke-on-Trent), Lucy Evans (Birmingham), Gordon Wheatley (Chichester), Albert Barber Sattley, May Stevens (West Hartlepool), Gerd n Morris (Epsom), Kitty Irwin (Stockton-on-Tees), Norman Goffin (New, Brighton), Reginald Pollard (Highgate), Maize Johnson (Longsight), William Davison (Walthamstow), Gordon Peam (Bristol).

Award of Merit (six of which win a special prize).—F. Wright (Bradford), M. Capland (Birmingham), J. Croucher (Southampton), B. Simons (Mile End), D. Waite (Selby), A. Phillips (Manchester), P. M. Shaw (Farnworth), L. Money (Nunhead), K. Lawdham (Muswell Hill), P. Baxton (Mosbro'), E. Tetley (Liverpool), N. Blakenore (Wolverhampton), E. Southorpe (Liverpool), W. Perrock Swanson, F. Waite (Brixton), John Tripp (Islington).

Now this is very important. Will you please note that in judging the above (and all Competitions) I had to award prizes to the *most* after considering age. To send prizes to all who were correct would have needed hundreds of prizes.

I mention this because several readers write to complain that they had all the previous puzzles right, but got no prize. The kisses from baby Hilda Norah for "Uncle Tim" have been gratefully received. I wish I could return them in person.

PICTURE-MAKING AT HOME.

For this week's Competition I have a very charming scheme to lay before you. I want you to make a composite picture on a postcard by cutting out figures, animals, or anything you please from other pictures appearing in any paper and pasting them together, so that the whole forms a picture in itself. To show you exactly what can be done I am reproducing on page 604 a picture made up in this way in this office. When you have made *your* picture give it a title, state your age, address it to "Home-Made" PICTURES Office, 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, March 27th. Six prizes will go to the senders of the cleverest pictures, and the award of merit to the next best. Now, my dears, set to work and show what you are capable of doing in this direction, to please your affectionate

UNCLE TIM.

READ MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLES TO WOMEN

IN
'EVERYWOMAN'S'
The Penny Paper that is different.



If you want to see a top-hole thriller look out for

'DOORSTEPS'



READ
THE STORY
on page 598,



"TO SAVE HER NAME."



We know you will like it. It is a first-rate drama, and cannot fail to hold your interest. You will certainly want to see the film, which is splendidly acted, beautifully photographed, and artistically staged.

Ask your favourite cinema manager when he will be showing it, or drop us a postcard and we will tell you.

TO EXHIBITORS.

If you will glance through this story you will see immediately that it is a very suitable subject, and will surely hold your audience. We supply really attractive posters. If you are not on our mailing list, a postcard will immediately remedy the matter.

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AVENUE, London, W.

'Phone: Gerrard 6139.
Wires:
"Kinolicit, Piccy, London."



"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later.



HIS WIFE'S PAST.—Nordisk drama. Three reels. A thrilling detective tale, showing how an adventurer is cleverly captured.

TWO HEARTS AND A THIEF.—Buddy comedy. One reel. A clever little plot in which a love affair is mixed up with chases, mixed letters, and a burglar. —*American Co. Ltd.*

THE BLOOD TEST.—Z. funny drama. Three reels. An engrossing story crammed with interest and human interest. Neil Craig, John Lorenz, and Edmund Cobb at their best.

THE STAGE-COACH GUARD.—Selig comedy. One reel. A lively cowboy story, full of incident and movement, ending in a pretty love episode. Tom Mix performs more of his amazing stunts.

OUT OF THE ASHES.—Flying A drama. One reel. A strong love-story, emphasizing the love of a mother for her child. Vivid acting, breathless situations, happy ending. —*American Co. Ltd.*

THE PINE'S REVENGE.—North-Western drama. Two reels. Story of a giant tree's retaliation upon renegade foreman incendiary who set it afire. Cleo Madison and Len Chaney. —*Trans-Atlantic Film Co. Ltd.*

HER HEART'S DESIRE.—Mutual Comedy drama. Four reels. Margarita Fischer. The story is charming and thrilling, and there are many beautiful scenic effects throughout the film.

—*Gaiety Film Hire Service*

ESMERALDA.—Famous Player comedy drama. Four reels. Mary Pickford. A true-to-life story of the kind that keeps one entranced; hovering between tears and smiles. The "World's Sweetheart" in the title-role is of course as fresh and as charming as ever.

—*J. D. Walker's World Films, Ltd.*

THE TAILOR OF BOND STREET.—British-made comedy drama. Four reels. A human story in which comedy and pathos is ingeniously mingled. The original "Potash" and "Perlmutter" (Verke and Leonard) are featured in this. Full story in issue of March 11th.

—*Gerrard Film Co. Ltd.*

IRIS.—Hepworth play. Five reels. The record of the Sir Arthur Pinero plays produced by Cecil M. Hepworth. In some respect, it is better than the stage version, much more being shown on the screen than was possible on the stage. Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor play leading parts.

—*Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd.*

THE WYE VALLEY.—Urban interest. One reel. "A Rush of Many Waters." Hereford, old houses and many arched bridges. Ross, the market-place, Symond's Yat, a typical view of the Wye country. The old and the new in locomotion—Chenoweth Railway and an old English comrade. Seven Sisters Rocks. —*Urban Trading Co. Ltd.*

PATRIOTIC MRS. BROWN.—Brown comedy. One reel. Fred Leslie, the music-hall star, seen on the screen. Mr. Brown is so anxious to do a bit for her country that he does not do a bit for her home. Her little husband becomes a Boy-Scout, and puts down his foot, which is the only great thing about him, and reverses things.

—*Brown and Co. Ltd.*

NIAGARA FALLS.—Edison scenic. One reel. This picture will provide all the thrills experienced by a first-time visit. Beginning at the Horseshoe Falls, we follow the cameraman around the Rapids, until, from the Canadian shore, we see the wonder of the American Falls. Our trip leads us around numerous whirlpools and rapids, until, from the Gorge belt-line, we get a view of the whirling rapids at their worst. Millions of gallons of water rush by us at a furious rate; it makes us wonder how man could ever have bridled such power, and yet, in the distance, we see the factories with their water-wheels helping to create the works of man. Winter scenes are also shown. The beauty of the falls rushing onward in a background of snow and ice is superb.



FLORENCE TURNER

is

'DOORSTEPS'

You really must see her.



WE HEAR



THAT as the poorer classes, who work harder than ever since the war began, find their chief entertainment at the cinema, the Theatre Committee of the L.C.C. think it undesirable to close the cinemas on Sunday.

THAT if they were closed many charities would be deprived of funds now devoted to useful work.

THAT Cecil R. Shape has migrated from the Kinematograph Trading Company to the Globe Film Company, whose manager for Exclusive films he now is.

THAT Fred Paul, the popular Samuelson and Ideal producer, is now or will be in one of Lord Derby's groups.

THAT George Fitzmaurice, who is producing for Pathé the A. H. Woods' play, *Big Jim Gierity*, is using in one of his sets a bed with a counterpane which was once used by Marie Antoinette.

THAT a friend of his, a well-known collector, lent it to him for the purpose.

THAT Franz Lehar, famous as the composer of *The Merry Widow*, is now engaged on writing serious music for a patriotic film-drama.

THAT Anthony Hope's stirring romance, *Rupert of Hentzau*, filmed by the London Film Company, is being put out in America as one of the Bluebird masterpieces.

THAT the Harold Shaw farewell dinner given by the "Stock" of the London Film Company was a terrific success.

THAT Ralph Dewsbury's speech was a revelation—the entirely unsuspected brilliance of the "hard nut" taking every one by surprise.

THAT Harold's reply was just that manly statement that *was* expected.

THAT Charley Bland, the Secretary, handed over to the Percy House Military Hospital the sum of £5 7s. 6d. surplus from the Dinner Fund.

THAT Chinese idols are absorbing some attention from Alma Taylor, the Hepworth player, to whom some one has presented a book dealing with the subject.

THAT Alma has leased a riverside house, including a beautiful garden in which is a fine rockery in which is a ditto Chinese idol.

THAT the war-time "National," run on Friday, March 24th, at Gatwick, will be filmed exclusively by Barkers.

THAT Cupid has been busy within the last few weeks at the Lasky Studios, no fewer than three marriages having taken place. See page 595.



"SHE"

By RIDER HAGGARD

The new Photogravures produced from the finest scenes in the play have been so much appreciated by Picture enthusiasts, that we have decided to make it a feature.

They are made up in sets of six, and can be had post-free for 6d.


All sets include portraits of

ALICE DELYSIA,

the famous actress, as "She," and will make a handsome addition to your collection.

Send P.O. at once to
LUCOQUE Ltd.,

Film Renters,
93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET,
LONDON, W.



In

'DOORSTEPS'

you see

FLORENCE TURNER

at her best.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE!

OUR FREE COMPETITION, "FIND THE FILM."

1 MORE
SET
ONLY.

£65 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES

1st prize, £10; 2nd prize, £5; Ten of 10s. each.

TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

PREVIOUS SETS

are still obtainable through all news-agents, or direct from Odhams, Ltd., 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once**. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the twelfth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided

the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the final set in PICTURES on sale Mar. 25th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Name

12th SET.

Address



45. Scene from
Letters used: **H I N O S T U W**



46. Scene from
Letters used: **E I N R S T V**



47. Scene from
Letters used: **A C D E F G I L M N O P R S T U V**



48. Scene from
Letters used: **C E H I P R T**

PICTURES PREPAID

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EDITORIAL

LAST week I told you of my visit to the B. and C. Studio, and below I am able to reproduce the splendid set of a street in Italy, which I then saw being photographed. The scene shows A. V. Bramble on left, as the Earl of Ellersdale, the victim of circumstantial evidence, and Harry Latimer as Don Mario Mellini, the priest poisoner, who never forgets to live up to his reputation as a friend of the people.

Next Week's Issue!

It begins the 10th Volume of PICTURES, and the Fifth since it became amalgamated with THE PICTUREGOER. We're getting on, aren't we. Another thing to note is that it will contain the final set in our "Find the Film" Competition. What you have not yet found begin finding now. It does not follow that you must find *all* the titles to win a prize. Even the first prize-winner of that pretty little cheque for £10 may not be successful in getting all correct.

Great Cast in Great Picture.

Sir George Alexander's screen *début* has come off with flying colours, and his countless friends, I am sure, will be delighted to hear it. I refer, of course, to the splendid film *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (another of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays), which I had the pleasure of seeing a few days ago. If the well-known play suffers in the film by the absence of the spoken lines, it gains in scenes and characters which were not shown on the stage, including, for example, the "first" Mrs. Tanqueray. The screen has not robbed Sir George Alexander of his good looks (it *does* alter the features of some players), and in his old part of Aubrey Tanqueray he looked as hand-

some, and acted as naturally as if he were playing the part a sam on the stage. Hilda Moore in the title *role*, and many other well-known stage players supported him. A striking and successful departure at this particular trade show was the subdued music right through the production and the five minute interval, when lights went up and chocolates went round (on sale) just as if it were a first night at the St. James's.

Greedy for "Greedy."

Verily the Trans-Atlantic is the home of photography serials. Even whilst the great picture public is being fascinated with one, two, or three of them news comes to us of *The Broken Coin's* successor. It is *Greedy*, and, according to their own statement, it is the greatest of all of them. There are forty reels of *Greedy*, and it will occupy twenty weeks in showing. I am not greedy, but I hope to soon see a big lump of *Greedy*.

The Crime and the Cloak.

Once more I have seen Irene Fenwick, and further strengthened my opinion that she is a first-class cinema actress. This Globe film in which she is featured is *The Green Cloak*, the said garment nearly getting the wearer (Miss Fenwick) arrested for a murder of which she was innocent. The first Act is a maze of mystery, and would have made a better second, but it all grins. Exhibitors who elect to put on the "green cloak" will assuredly be rewarded.

The Romance of Civilisation.

Some months ago I published an article concerning the expedition of the renowned explorer Professor A. G. Dorsey, Curator of Anthropology for the Chicago Natural History Museum. This gentleman has taken a series of wonderful films in all the most interesting corners of the earth, and I am referring to him again because I find the Globe Film Co. are handling the films in this country. I have seen two reels of them—viz., *Imperial J. d. a.* and *Japan*, the whale industry of Aikawa.

Work in a Whale.

Both pictures fascinate, and the last-named is one of the most interesting I have ever seen. It shows various whales being cut up and prepared for the markets of the world. Many men are seen at work in a whale's head (which alone measures some eighteen feet) digging out masses of blubber and howling out gallons of oil. We can do with any number of pictures of this type—they are such a relief from drama.

F. D.

I commute. We commute.
Thou commutest. You commute.
Ha, she or it They commute.
commutes.

But how on earth is it done?

TYPEWRITERS. Big bargains. Over 50 excellent machines ready for immediate delivery, from £2 to £100. American machines mostly made, by writer to list—J. K. B. and Co., 12, St. James's Avenue, Southampton Row, W.C. Telephone Museum 1212.

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CONCERTINAS. Every make, new, secondhand, Electricos, Accos, English, Dan, Argos, 14/6. Music. Catalogues free. Vickers, Royal Mail, Great W.

CINEMA Artists wanted, for British Productions. We create and place them. We are press agents and "star" agents on the screen. Write for free G. A. to Victoria Cinema Studios, 35, Rathbone Place, London, W.

PICTURE Postcards of Film Players, 14 for 1s., 3d. for 2s. 6d. Your selection of stars. Handily carried. "Star" List free on application. "Picture Postcard Co., Ltd., 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

ARE your plots any good? Expert will read them and advise you. Fee £3 and must accompany 1000 words or 10, which should be written in. Box 561, Pictures Ltd., 85 St. Long Acre, W.C.

EXPLOSIVE Cigarettes, Ickyloo Bombs, Smoking, Hot Chocolates, 51 samples, 2s. 3d.—British, Laidwood Street, Manchester.

50 Screaming Comic Postcards, 1s. gross, 1s. 6d.—D. Hughes, Publisher, Harborne, Birmingham.

TO Picture-play Writers. Get our latest guide, "A Few Hints on how to Write a Picture play," by Victor Montmore, price 2d., post-free, from Pictures Limited, 35 & 36, Long Acre, London, W.C.

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"FATAL FINGERS," the B. and C. version of William Le Queux's novel now being produced by A. V. Bramble and Eliot Stannard. This scene alone is a fine example of the progress made in British productions.



FLORENCE TURNER.

"A WELSH SINGER"

By ALLEN RAINE.

PRODUCED BY

HENRY EDWARDS.

CONTROLLED BY

BUTCHER'S FILM HIRE SERVICE.

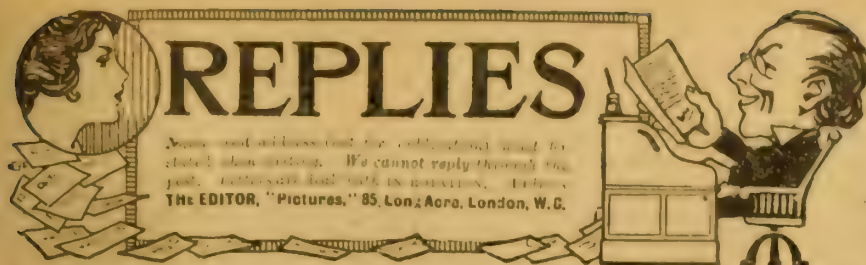
THE SOLE AGENTS FOR—

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LONDON, W.





Send me address card for cutting out and for
clipping, please. We cannot reply through the
post. Letters will only be answered by
The EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

ANNEUS (Stoke Newington).—We have only the
souvenir booklet of "Barney Rulace," price 2d.

CARLTONIST (Lancaster).—Victor Moore is not
related to Owen Moore. Glad you liked our
postcards. Congratulations on joining the
Y.M.C.A. In what capacity are you? We have
not heard that Creighton Hale and Allan Hale
are two distinct companies. Many happy returns.

MABEL (Cardiff).—Glad you like your prize. Are
you "Finding the Film?"

J. B. (Edinburgh).—Do you like "The Girl in
the Red Dress"? full name and address. Miss
Beverley Byrnes, 327, W. Arch, Nevada, Missouri.

THE MUSWELL HILL.—Mr. Marsh, c/o. Reliance and
Manoeuvre Co., 4,500, Sunset Boulevard, Los
Angeles, California, U.S.A. The cast you want
is not available.

VICTOR (Willesden).—We have twelve different
penny postcards of Billy Morgan. He played in
"The Terrible Tee," "The Man in Possession,"
and "The Spanish Love Spasm."

READER FROM PARIS (Hackney).—Harry Gilbey is
not now with Hepworths. He played for
M.L.B. film since leaving them. He was not
cast in "Alone in London." James Lindsay
played "Re-eade" in this.

DOROTHY (Eastleigh).—Majestic address is given to
"Ead," and Ruth Roland's is c/o. Bilboa
Amusement Prod. Co., 10, 12 Beach, California,
U.S.A. Other information not available. English
films are increasing in number and quality. The
day may come when you will see as many
English films as foreign. Thanks for cuttings.

KITTY (Kilgobley).—Glad to have your opinions on
film players. There are poor ones amongst them,
but they are few and far between. Always glad
to hear from a nice old reader.

INQUISITIVE (Gillingham).—Write nicely to the
players, and you should get most of their auto-
graphs. The posters outside cinemas are mostly
lithographed—that is, printed from stones, each
colour being on a different one.

D. EDITH (Porth).—We are unable to say if you
will get on the films in America. If you have
friends over there they may be able to put you in
touch. Pathe's a French firm, but have offices
in New York City and studios at Jersey City.

FRANK (Birmingham).—The London office of the
Selig Polyscope Co. is 93-94, Warburton Street, W.

LISA (London, W.).—We are afraid the novels of
the author you mention are too out of date for
filming. We do not know of any likely firm to
produce them. Have you tried Samuelson Film
Co., Wotton Hall, Isleworth, or the Broadwest
Film Co., High Street, Walthamstow?

ANXIOUS (Brighton).—Write to the office of the
paper a disk if you are one of the lucky ones.

FRANKIE (Bath).—"Master of the Bengals"
(Selig).—"Bruce Gordon," Geo. Tarkin, "Tom
Kelly," Sidney Smith, "Rajah," John Lancaster,
"Gaya," Irene Wallace, "Pundit Singh,"
Wm. Scott.

A. K. F. (S. B. W.).—(Looks like a "wireless.")—
The titles and reading matter on films taken by
English companies abroad are added on their
return to England. The film is too old to trace.

DIANA (Grimsby).—Thank you for drawing of
pussy, and for photo of your little brother
and him a kiss from "Uncle Tim." So good of
you to get us new readers. We know of no
opening for a girl to act for cinema.

A NEW READER (Falmouth).—We have postcards
of Henry Ainley and Jane Gail. The former in
character, "and very nice too."

ROSA (Tredworth).—"The Rosary" (Selig) was
written by Edward E. Royle and produced by Colin
Campbell; cast: "Vera Wallace," Kathlyn
Williams, "Young Brian Kelly," Roland Sharp,
"Brian Kelly," Chris. Cleary, "Alice Wallace,"
Gertrude Ryan, "Father Ryan," Frank Clark,
"Widow Kelly," Eugenie Bossor, "Bruce
Wilson," Wheeler Oakman, "Kenward Wright,"
Harry Lonsdale, "Skaters Martin," Sydney
Smith, "Evarts," Fred Huntly. Send for our
free postcard list.

LIMONT (Manchester).—Any one not paralysed
can write to film players. Thos. H. Macdonald
has joined the Army. Address Eva Dalton, c/o.
Broadwest Films, Ltd., Pavilion Studio, Esher,
Surrey. Shall look out for your photo.

TESSIE (Fulham).—Dustin Farnum, c/o. Famous
Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, New York
City, U.S.A. Harold Lloyd was the hero in
"Wildflower." Mangier to Clarke played lead.

DOROTHY (Kentish Town).—The film you mention
is "The Girl in the Red Dress." No cast was published. We
are glad your brother enjoys PICTURES. We do not know where the verses you want can
be found. Your love despatched to the players.

LEO (Treherbert).—Albert Chevalier played lead in
"The Bott," and cast of "My Old Dutch"
was published in March 11th, 1916, issue.

R. E. D. (Peckham).—Have put Herbert Rawlinson
and Bryant Washburn's names on the "waiting"
list for interviews. We agree with you, Hep-
worth's films are good.

BROWN EYES (Stockport).—Address J. Warren
Kerrigan, c/o. Universal Film Manufacturing Co.,
1,600, Broadway, New York City. Why have you
not sent name and address according to rule?

WINNIE (W. Croydon).—Ella Hall was born in New
York City on March 17th, 1897, so she is just 19
years old. Thanks for promise of photos.

LORNE (Birmingham).—The letters in No. 14 of
"Find the Films" are A D E H I L M N T. Single
brands appear more than once in the whole com-
petition, but only once in each set. Keep at it—
"Lorne."

D. M. A. (Kingston-on-Thames).—"The Wild
Goose Chase" (Lasky).—"Betty Wright," Im-
Claire, "Rob Randall," Tom Forman, "Grind,"
L. C. Littlefield, "Betty's Mother," Helen
Mariborough, "Betty's Father," Raymond
Batton, "Mr. Randall," Ernest Joy, "Mrs.
Randall," Florence Smith, "Horatio Brutus
B. n. s.," Theodora Roberts.



CHARLES CLEARY, who has played
in many companies, including Selig,
and is now with Lasky. This is our
postcard of him.

SYLVIA (Preston, Lancashire).—How good is "The
Girl in the Red Dress." Address: Arthur A. Lee, c/o.
New York City, U.S.A. I have a letter from
Lionel Lincoln Co. H. L. Wood, Cambridge, U.S.A.

ALICE (London).—Thank you for the postcard and
letter. I have a letter from you, and
hope father will be pleased.

MARY (Waltham).—Glad to hear from you, and
hope father will be pleased.

D. R. J. (Waltham).—The album presented with
our other of 100 postcards for £5.00. Would the
same number of cards.

JACOB (Hertford).—You might see what you want
from the Waltham Co., Gerrard Street,
London, W.

FLORENCE (Hertford).—Here's wishing you luck in
"Finding the Film."

EVERY (West Ham).—You have our sincere sym-
pathies. We agree to the difficulty of making
a livelihood out of screen work.

M. E. W. (Worlesworth).—Lillian Walker is with Vita-
graph Co., E. St. 15th Street and Locust Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. For spreading the
name of PICTURES. Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!

TINY (Woolwich).—Your letter was lovely. Tiny.
Address: Metro Film Co., 1,165, Broadway, New
York City, U.S.A. The cast is not available.

A READER (Leith).—Address Olga Petrova, c/o.
Metro Film Co., 1,165, Broadway, New York City.

JACK (London, S.E.).—Charlotte Walker played lead
in "The Wolf," "Just a Wife," "Boots and
Saddles," "Warriors of Virginia," and "Two
Virtues." Her address is c/o. Lasky Feature
Film Co., 6,284, Selma Avenue, Hollywood,
California, U.S.A. Send your full name and
address and we will see what can be done for your
offer friends. Sidney Drew, c/o. Metro (as
above).

NOVA (Lancaster Gate).—Creighton Hale is un-
married—history says he has age and colour
of eyes and hair. Address c/o. Pathe Co., 25,
West 45th Street, New York City, U.S.A. Pearl
White's is the same. Delighted to hear you
intend to read PICTURES "until you die." May
the feast never cease.

JACKDAW (Selly).—We have typewritten letters.
Cast of "My Old Dutch" was given in "Reviews,"
March 4, 1916. Addresses: Earl Williams, c/o.
Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.;
Kathlyn Williams, c/o. Selig Polyscope Co., Los
Angeles, California, U.S.A.; and Helena Badger,
c/o. Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle,
New York, U.S.A. No photo buttons of Geo.
Madison or Warren Kerrigan, postcards only.
Have sent the autograph.

NANCY (Middles).—We all love your photo. Nancy.
Lois Webster is Mrs. Phillips Sutley; she was
born at Pittsburgh, and plays for Universal Films.

E. H. C. (Edmonton).—We publish only one
paper—PICTURES—"the best," as you say. The
cast was not published.

H. WOOD (Kentish Town).—Any of Smith and Sons'
bookstalls should be able to get the magazine
you name; if not write to American office.

MARY (Lurgan).—Pleased to send a y of your
friends a postcard list. For six new readers, our
grateful thanks.

WHITE ROCK (Dalston).—Marshall Neilan's address
is given above. Muriel Osterlie in December
last joined the Equitable Co., 316, West 52nd St.,
New York City, U.S.A.

PHYLLIS (Horne Hill).—"The Cinemas" is not pub-
lished by PICTURES. Write to the Editor at 413,
Imperial House, Kingsway, London, W.C., about
your coupon.

MIRIAM (London, N.).—The office girl has packed
and posted your love to Mary Pickford and
Pauline Frederick.

CISSIE (Ross).—It is indeed horrible to be too old
to go to the pictures, but the PICTURES which
comes to you will soon make it well. Your
love sent to Kerrigan and Marc McDermott.

F. H. (Denaby Main).—Your drawing of Penney
Turner is better than the Answers Man can do
it, clever as he is. Hope your wounded soldier
brother is getting better.

MARY (Canterbury).—We are almost tempted to ask
you to take us with you when you travel again,
but where would PICTURES be without us? Some
sketch shows promise, why not take lessons?

ROMA (Kingston-on-Thames).—"Is the Answers
Man married?" If he is, the answer had been
it dark. Fancy calling the name of the man
"ling" and blaming PICTURES because you were
so absorbed in it, but as you meant the term for
us we forgive you, Roma. We believe the player
you mention is a Peneuist.

DORIS (Tottenham).—Yes we are pleased with
"ever so many new readers" you have obtained
for PICTURES.

NEW DELIVER.—We have postcards of Ethel Clayton. We know of no other films than "The Bachelor," "The Middleman," and "My Old Dutch" in which Albert Chevalier appeared.

MARY (Tulnall Park).—In "Underella" (P.P.) Mary Pickford played lead with Owen Moore opposite. Full cast appeared in March 27th, 1935, is she. "Dawn of a Tomorrow," "Glad," "Mary Pickford," "Dandy," David Powell; "Sir Oliver Holt," Forest Robinson; "His Nephew," Roberts Cain; "Polly," Margaret Taddon; "Bet," Blanche Craig. Pleased to see you.

JOLLY TARTAN (The Friary).—Vol. VIII. of PICTURES is 3s. 9d., post-free, from Pictures, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, and will help to pass the weary days waiting for Topsy and his men to come out.

TITHEL (Clapham Junction).—Sorry—cast not given. D. R. (Penny-rails), L. A. W. (Reading), and dozens of others.—See reply to Lorrie S.

LOYAL READER (Yarmouth).—No. 16 in "Find the Jims" contains these letters—E H I L T V Y. See also reply to Lorrie S.

ETHEL (Amberwell).—We have penny postcards of Elisabeth Risdon and Gerald Ames. Hope you will always be a reader of PICTURES.

GLADYS (Slough).—Congratulations on winning prizes in six of our competitions. The more you win the better we are pleased.

DRIVER W. HOLT, 9282, and DRIVER L. CLARK, 16339, 169th Brigade, R. Battery R.F.A., Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, c/o G.P.O. London. Would like to be cheered up by readers of PICTURES, who will write the dear boys?

JOLLY (Frishtyn).—Thanks for photo, you look a jolly girl. Glad you have not forgotten ye ancient Anzwers Man. Address Francis Forde, c/o Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1900, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

FLORENCE (Mansfield).—Maurice Costello was born in 1877. Hope you win your bet—we take sevens in gloves.

ROBY AND PEARL (Kettering).—T. H. Macdonald, played "Paul" in "Three Weeks," and Eve Balfour "Viola." Address Billy Garwood, c/o Universal Film Co., Universal City, California, U.S.A., and Earle Williams, c/o Vitaphone Co., East 15th Street, and Locust Avenue, New York.

UFFITZ (Dublin).—Have never heard of Arthur St. E. mo. Sorry we cannot live up to what you expect from your *non-de plume*.

MURK (Dublin).—Our little Souvenir War Albums in gilt metal are still selling each, and *The Film Life of Mary Pickford* is 2d. Address PICTURES Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

ERNEST (Birmingham).—Louise Glamm now plays for New York Moving Picture Co. We do not know if Irene Vernon is now acting.

VITA DORIS (Dublin).—Maurice Costello has left Vitaphone; his present address is Screen Club, New York City, U.S.A. Gerald Ames with whom you have "fallen head over heels in love" is still with London Film Co., and Hayford Hobbs too. Have asked the Editor to give some children players' portraits in the Gallery. Many thanks for your promise.

BLACK CAT (Ludlow).—Perhaps Florence Natal is the player you are thinking of. We have no postcards of her. The Neptune Co. is not producing now. New Majestic Co. is at 5, Gerrard Street, London, W.

MOLLY (Merthyr Tydfil).—Look up your back numbers for cast of "The Middleman." The date is given to another reader in this number.

OLIVE (Perly).—We have postcards of Helen Badgley, a penny each, postage extra.

FRED (Bristol).—Glad you took *Plumprilting for the Cinema*, was such a help to you. It is worth every bit of its price—14 pence. Hope you will see your work on the film. Have forwarded your letter to "Author."

ARTHURCAR (Dublin).—Irish scenery has often been utilized in films. "Pimple" is in the Army. Goldie Colwell played opposite Tom Mix in Schleg films before joining David Horsley's Co. "The House of Mystery," we think, was handled by the Waltham Co. Violet Batcliff played in Sterling and Keystone Comedies, and Tiny Tina of Gaumonts, is about eight years old.

VITA (Tulham).—The picture you saw of Valli Valli is the cinema player of today. "A Girl of Yesterday" (Famous Players).—"Jane Stuart," Mary Pickford, "Aunt Angela" Gertrude Norman; "John Stuart," Jack Pickford, "The Aviator," Glenn Martin; "Stanley Hudson," Marshall Nolan. So you have a place in cast of Charlie Chaplin? We had one until someone took a fancy to it.

ANNIE (Tadmorden).—Henrietta Crosman played lead in "The Unwieldy Mrs. Hatch." Other particulars not available. Love and kind regards distributed as requested.

BLAIR (Witton).—Have not heard of the interesting event you mention. The Famous Players Review is published monthly; see advertisement on front cover. You can get a return stamp voucher if in your post office, probably the local office. We did not publish *Cinema Stars*. Love despatched to players.

BERNARD (Birmingham).—"Kissing Cup" (Hepworths).—"Sailing" (Hetherington). Harry Gilbey; "Christie" (His Daughter, Christie White); "Jack" (His Son), Good Mannerings; "Richard Cardow" (a Racing Millionaire, Alce Worcester); "R. Ingham" (a Trainer), John McAndrew; "Daisy Ingham" (His Daughter), Flora Morris; "Arthur," Bobby Ingham.

LAVENDER (Bradford Park).—We have only one postcard of Henry Ainley—in character. Alma Taylor is not married! Mary Pickford is. Marshall Neilan played in "Madame Butterfly."

IVY (Canning Town).—We try to deserve the nice things you say about us. Warren Kerrigan is with Universal Co., 1689, Broadway, New York.

MILNROSE (Southampton).—Write to the American offices of the *Motion Picture Magazine*, it is unable to get it through Smith's. We shall interview Carlyle Blackwell, so don't lose hope. The reader who had PICTURES to give away received scores of applications, and many were disappointed. We note what you say about the popularity of the Jumble letters (Self: competition, and will bear it in mind).

SONNY (Gravesend).—In the first episodes of "Elaine" Roydon Owens is "Walter Jameson" and in the later ones Creighton Hale.

SWEET BLUEBELL (Wombwell).—The particulars you want are not available, sweet one. So sorry, but glad you like us so much.

TORPEDO (Richmond).—(Be careful what you do with it old fellow).—How to Write a Picture Play is 2½d., post-free, from this office.

RAY (Glasgow).—Name of Metro player was not given, so we must disappoint you.

WINIFRED (Manchester).—Hearty thanks for all you have done for PICTURES. Lucky Winnie to possess so many autographs of stars and actresses!

KATHLEEN (near Cardiff).—We have postcards of James Cruze. Surely he would reply to letters.

CREMONA (Ilford).—Before Charlie Chaplin played for films he acted in Fred Karno's sketch "The Mummifying Birds," but we don't know if he roller skates.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.



NOT MOVING PICTURES.

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SMILES

"HOW do you manage to pass your time when your wife is away?" "I don't pass it. It flies too quickly."

This Way Out.

MR. STAYLATE: "I've just thought of a splendid idea for a scenario."

MISS SWEET (yawning): "I'd like to see you carry it out."

The Move-in Picture Crowd.

"The cinemas haven't been so crowded lately as usual."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Last night I waited only twenty minutes before getting a seat."

Walking and Driving.

"Give you a penny for a bus to the cinema! Certainly not—when I was a boy I walked three miles to school."

"Yes, dad, I know; grandfather told me how he drove you with a stick!"

A Film Star's Correspondence.

"Fanny, I forbid your opening any of my letters!"

"But this is just a business letter, and you used to—"

"Yes, my dear; but even my business letters are personal."

"Punctuality" at the Pictures.

"How late you are, dear," whispered the meek youth. "I seem to have been waiting for hours."

"Then you mistook p.m. for a.m.," she retorted. "I said I'd meet you at six, and it's barely seven yet!"

Up and Down.

A young lady entered a crowded car with a pair of skates slung over her arm. An elderly gentleman rose to give her his seat.

"Thank you, sir," she said, "but I've been skating, and I'm tired of sitting."

Two in One.

JOHN: "I had your letter weighed, sir, and had to put another stamp on it."

MERCHANT: "That's right. I hope you didn't obliterate the address!"

JOHN: "No, sir. I stuck it on top of the other stamp to save room."

"Pictures" First.

A man sent a little boy to buy a stamp. He handed him two pennies, the extra one being for himself. Some time afterwards the boy came back blubbering, with PICTURES under his arm. He had lost one of the pence.

"But why didn't you buy me the stamp?" asked the man.

"It was y-your p-penny I lost!"

The Dear Old Dad.

THE GOVERNOR (closing the door): "Now, my boy, I am told by friends who know, that the other night you were seen in a popular cinema with three pretty girls. Is this true?"

THE SON: "Yes, sir."

GOVERNOR: "Well, what do you suppose your mother would say if she knew this?"

SON: "She would probably ask me, sir, not to let you know who they were."

(A sample page from the Hepworth monthly, 2, Denman St., W. Post paid 2s. a year.)

The Hepworth Picture — Play • Paper •

□□□□

February

1916

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PRICE 1s

There is in the Thames valley a plot of ground which is unique in all the British Isles for "great deeds per square foot."

Many historic spots in all Britain—hundreds in the Thames valley alone—are alive to-day with the memory of great deeds done, of deeds great in their intensity and humanity if not in result. The memories of the playing fields of Eton are fuller than those of Runnymede down the river.

Yet if the awkward phrase "great deeds per square foot of ground" could be taken as representing an actual standard of measurement, no plot in all the British Isles would stand so high as that which is known to the people of Walton as Hurst Grove, on the banks of the Thames.

For there, in a space of but a few hundred square feet, have been fights and struggles both physical and spiritual, deaths by murder and by suicide, promises made and refused, kept and broken, loves plighted and forgotten, sacrifices offered, accepted, refused.

Hepworth complications

On this plot of ground is the Hepworth studio for the production of picture plays. There for eighteen years have plots almost without number been re-lived by players whose natural power of sincerely accepting the complications thrust upon them, has kept them on the company's list of capable artists.

More than two thousand separate stories of life in its most intense moments have been portrayed there in all the reality of whole-hearted action.

It almost seems—and some believe it—that Hurst Grove, on the banks of the Thames, must be a plot of ground as far superior to other plots in its knowledge of life as is all of London in comparison with the wastes of Sahara.

I have lived a million lives.

In each life I have uncovered the sharp crises

I have torn the truth from a million souls.

I have not always told the truth myself:

But that was not because I did not know nor because I could not discover.

All the world with all its hidden places,

And with all its common places,

With all its sacred places,

Is in my power to dissect.

I can show you the answer to any riddle in your life if you will but watch me.

I am the picture play.

Chrissie White



Greatest British

One day, when Chrissie White was nine years old, she wrote a note to the chief producer of a picture play company to say that her sister couldn't work in a film that week as requested, and would she do as well?

It was the same eagerness to work that gave Chrissie White the first Tillie-the-Tomboy part when Unity Moore left. And on through all the years in which she has been one of the best loved of all Hepworth players this same enthusiasm has remained. It was the Tilly pictures, which she did,

Picture Players (No. 3)

together with Alma Taylor, that first made her famous. Since the time when those charming comes gave way to changed tastes among picture goers and changed abilities in the two Tillies, she has played heroine in many dramatic productions. Perhaps her work as Sweet Lavender in the Hepworth version of Sir Arthur Pinero's play is her most popular achievement, but it must not be forgotten that it is on the immense breadth of her film experience and on the great variety of her roles that her popularity with cinema patrons rests.

J. Warren Kerrigan

*The most vers-
atile film actor
in the world*

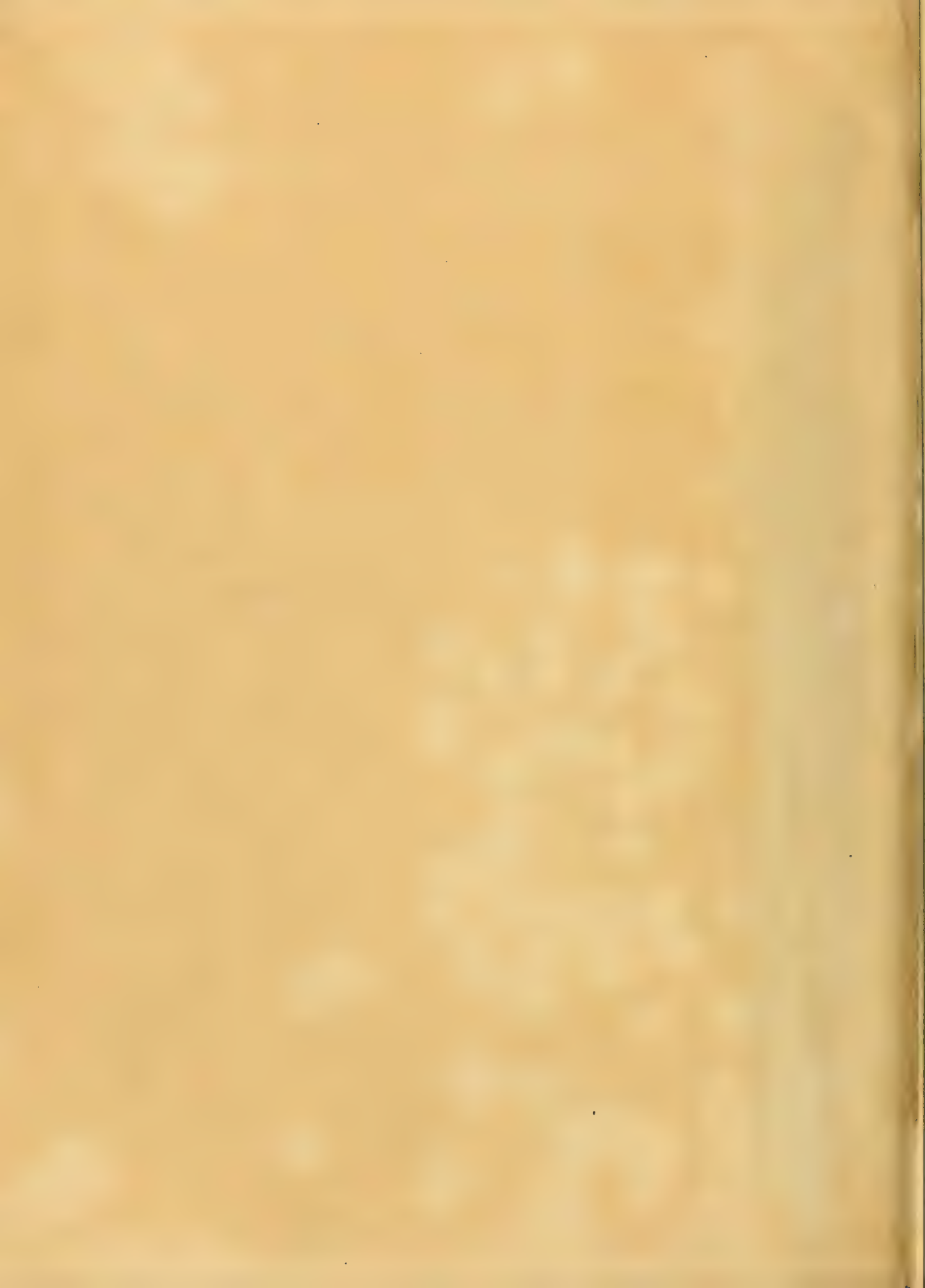
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Sandon's Legacy

*Absorbing story of a
fight for a Peruvian
Mine and a peculiar
inheritance* —

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